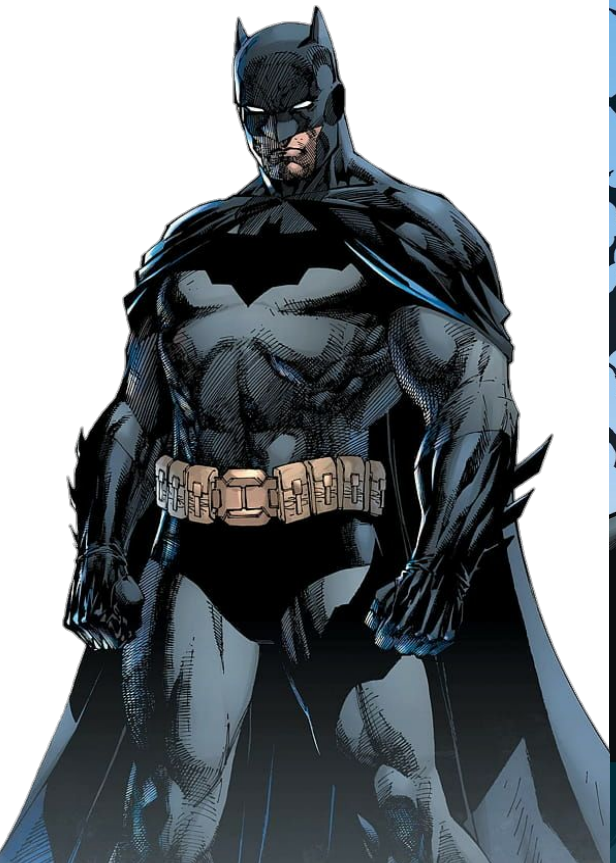
WATCHMEN

EXTRACURRICULAR



THE BUTTON DELUXE EDITION
BATMAN vs. The FLASH
FABOK
DC
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON • TOM KING
JASON FABOK • HOWARD PORTER

BATMAN/THE FLASH
THE BUTTON DELUXE EDITION

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BATMAN/THE FLASH: THE BUTTON–DELUXE EDITION

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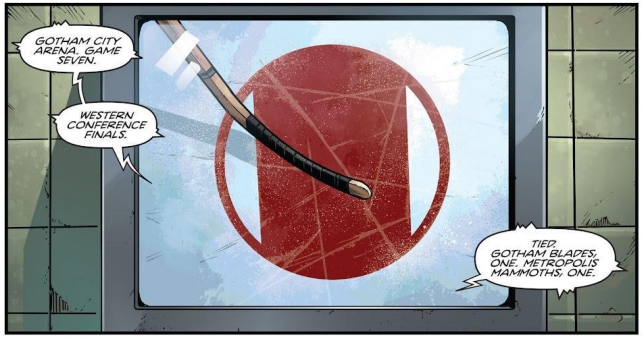
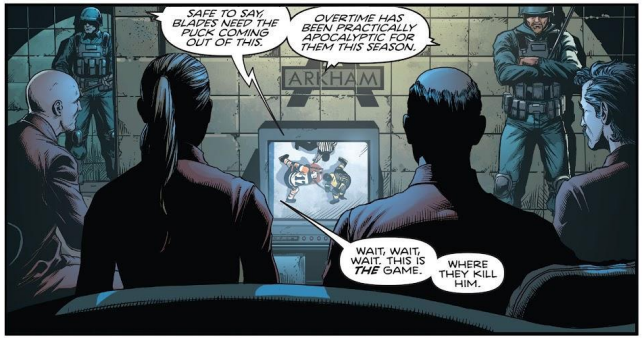
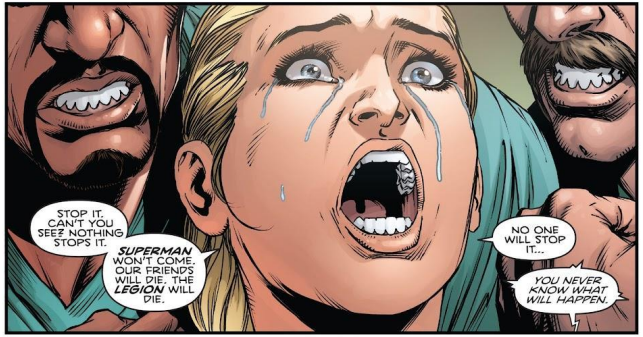
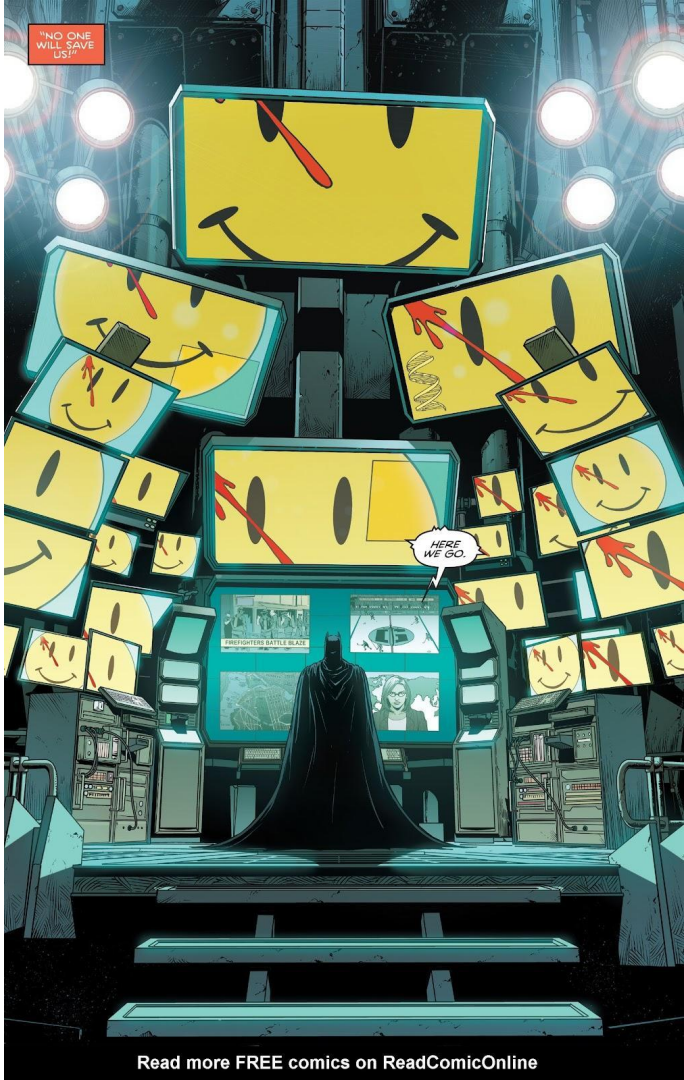
FABOK

WE'RE DOWN TO THE FINAL MINUTE HERE, FOLKS.


GOTHAM CITY ARENA. GAME SEVEN.
WESTERN CONFERENCE FINALS.
TIED. GOTHAM BLADES, ONE. METROPOLIS MAMMOTHS, ONE.


SAFE TO SAY, BLADES NEED THE PUCK COMING OUT OF THIS.
OVERTIME HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY APOCALYPTIC FOR THEM THIS SEASON.
ARKHAM
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT. THIS IS *THE* GAME.
WHERE THEY KILL HIM.





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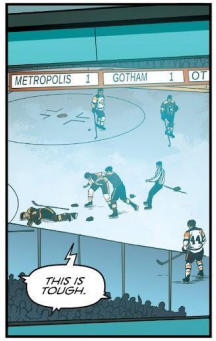
PUCK GOES TO FARFANICK.

TWO-ON-ONE BREAK. FARFANICK TO BUNGAY. BACK TO FARFANICK.

FARFANICK FIRES WIPE. SKIPS ALONG THE BOARDS.

TAYLOR UNABLE TO CLEAR. SHUSTER JUMPING ON THE LOOSE PUCK.

LOOK HERE. TAYLOR AND SHUSTER ARE GETTING INVOLVED.
THEY HAVE A HISTORY. BACK TO THAT SUSPENSION WHEN SHUSTER WAS WITH CENTRAL CITY.


METROPOLIS 1
GOTHAM 1
THIS IS TOUGH.

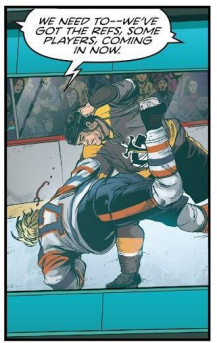
SHUSTER'S COMING IN HARD.
THROWING LEFT AFTER LEFT.

SHUSTER'S ONE OF THOSE GUYS. BUT SO IS TAYLOR.
JUST THESE TOUGH GUYS.

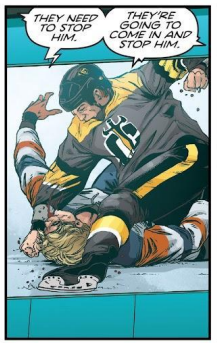
TWO HEAVY HITTERS AT CENTER ICE.

TAYLOR WITH A HARD LEFT HERE. SHUSTER STILL FIRING.

OH!
OH, YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT.


WE NEED TO--WE'VE GOT THE REFS. SOME PLAYERS, COMING IN NOW.

TAYLOR LOOKS LIKE HE'S OUT. BUT SHUSTER'S NOT STOPPING HERE.


THEY NEED TO STOP HIM.
THEY'RE GOING TO COME IN AND STOP HIM.

AT SOME POINT WE HAVE TO SEE--
I MEAN, THIS IS--THE MEDICAL STAFF. I'M SURE IS COMING IN NOW.

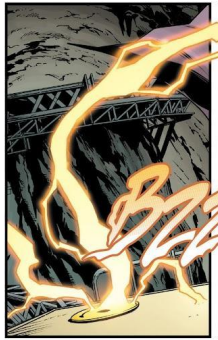
THIS IS JUST A GAME. SHUSTER KNOWS THAT.

WE'RE ALL JUST TRYING TO HAVE FUN OUT HERE.

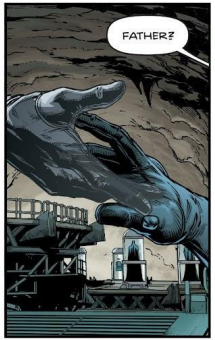
I MEAN, IS THIS FUN?

KLLK

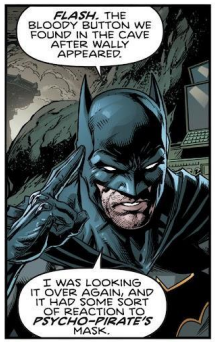
BZZT


BZZZT

BRUCE?


FATHER?

FATHER?


FLASH. THE BLOODY BUTTON WE FOUND IN THE CAVE AFTER WALLY APPEARED.
I WAS LOOKING IT OVER AGAIN, AND IT HAD SOME SORT OF REACTION TO PSYCHO-PIRATE'S MASK.

OH, BRUCE, HEY!
SO, YEAH, I'M KIND OF IN THE MIDDLE OF A KIND OF SAMUROID INVASION THING.
SORRY, CAN THIS WAIT?

THE RADIATION WE FOUND ON THE BUTTON SEEMS TO HAVE SPIKED.
APPEARED AS IF IT RIPPED A HOLE IN THE SPEED FORCE.
I SAW...THERE WAS...SOMETHING WRONG AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE.

OKAY...WELL, THERE'S, LIKE, STILL THIRTY-SEVEN OF THESE THINGS COMING.
SHOULD TAKE ME...I DON'T KNOW...
HOW ABOUT I MEET YOU AT THE CAVE IN ONE MINUTE?
1:00

KKKSACKK
ALL RIGHT.
0:59

YOU SAID A MINUTE.
OF ALL PEOPLE, FLASH, DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE EARLY.
FLASH? NO.
0:58

QUITE THE *REVERSE*, ACTUALLY.
0:57

MY NAME IS EOBARD THAWNE.
0:56

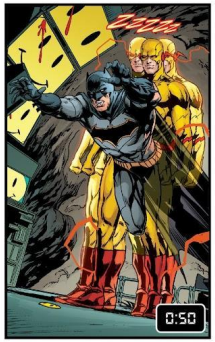
I HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME.
0:55

I SHOULD BE DEAD FOR SOME TIME MORE.
0:54

BUT A POWER...
0:53

IT WOKE ME. IT CALLED OUT.
FOR ME.
0:52

AND I AM RESURRECTED.
0:51


0:50

HM.
0:49

OH.
DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT MORE?
0:48

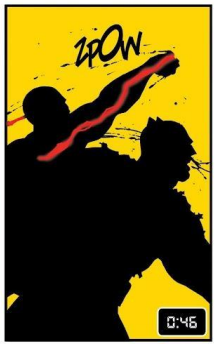
ZPOW
0:47

ZPOW
0:47

ZPOW
0:47

ZPOW
0:47

ZPOW
0:46


ZPOW
0:46

ZPOW
0:46

ZPOW
0:46

ZPOW
0:45

STILL ALIVE?
0:44

0:43

HOW FUN.
0:42

0:41

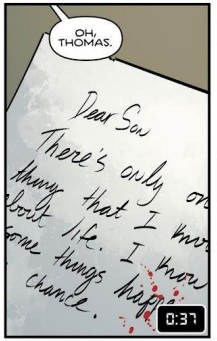
0:41

0:41

KKKRASH!!!
0:40

ING
0:39

HUH?
AND WHAT IS THIS NOW?
0:38


OH, THOMAS.
Dear Son
There's only on
thing that I know
about life. I know
some things happe
chance.
0:37

IS THIS WHAT YOU DID AFTER YOU KILLED ME?
BEFORE YOU DIED WITH YOUR WORLD?
0:36

A MESSAGE SENT ACROSS TIME.
A LETTER TO YOUR DEAD SON.
0:35

"I'M NOT THE HERO OF THIS STORY."
0:34

WAS IT CONSOLING, THOMAS, KNOWING HE WOULD HAVE IT?
THAT THOUGH HE LOST YOU, HE COULD ALWAYS SEE YOU LOVED HIM.
0:33

DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER, THOMAS?
AS YOU BURNED?
0:32

I BET IT MADE YOU FEEL JUST FANTASTIC.
0:31

NO!
0:30

OH YES.
0:29

GET OUT OF MY CAVE.
0:28

OH, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BABY BAT?
REMEMBER, WHEN I BLUR, NO ONE CAN TOUCH ME.
0:27

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.
BUT, Y'KNOW WHAT'S ALSO RIGHT?
0:26

WHEN YOU BLUR, YOU CAN'T STAND STEADY.
UNLESS SOMETHING SOLID'S TOUCHING THE GROUND.
0:25

WHAT?
0:24

0:23

AAAAA!
0:22

PROWW
0:21

PPOW
0:20

BOOM
0:19

KKRASH
0:18

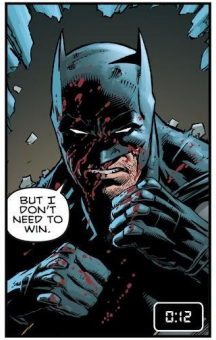
RrrR.
0:17

AAAA!
0:16

GET OUT OF MY CAVE.
0:15

YOU HAVE TO KNOW...
YOU CAN'T WIN.
0:14

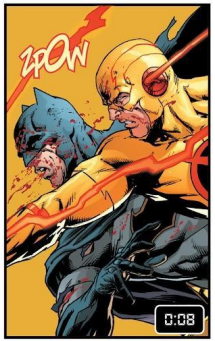
I KNOW.
0:13


BUT I DON'T NEED TO WIN.
0:12

I JUST NEED ELEVEN SECONDS.
0:11

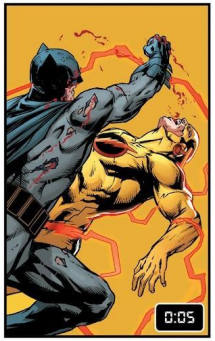
0:10

0:09


ZPOW
0:08

0:07

0:06

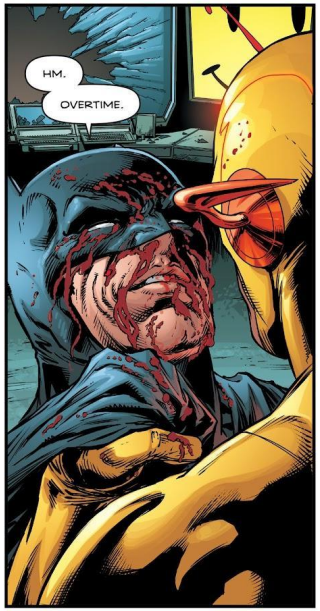

0:05

0:04

0:03

0:02

ONE.
0:01


HM.
OVERTIME.

KRCW

PATHETIC.
NOW.
WHAT IS THE MYSTERY OF YOU?
BZZT
BZZT
GOD...
GOD...
I SAW...
...GOD.
KRAKRACK
HEY, BRUCE, SORRY, STOPPED AT THE BLADES GAME TO SEE IF I COULD SAVE TAYLOR.
BUT I GUESS HE DIED ON THE ICE FROM THAT LAST BLOW.
I WAS JUST TOO...

THE BUTTON PART 1

TOM KING Script
JASON FABOK Pencils & Inks
BRAD ANDERSON Colors
DERON BENNETT Letters
FABOK & ANDERSON Cover
REBECCA TAYLOR Associate Editor
MARK DOYLE Editor

Batman created by BOB KANE
with BILL FINGER
Special Thanks to GEOFF JOHNS & JOSHUA WILLIAMSON

...LATE.

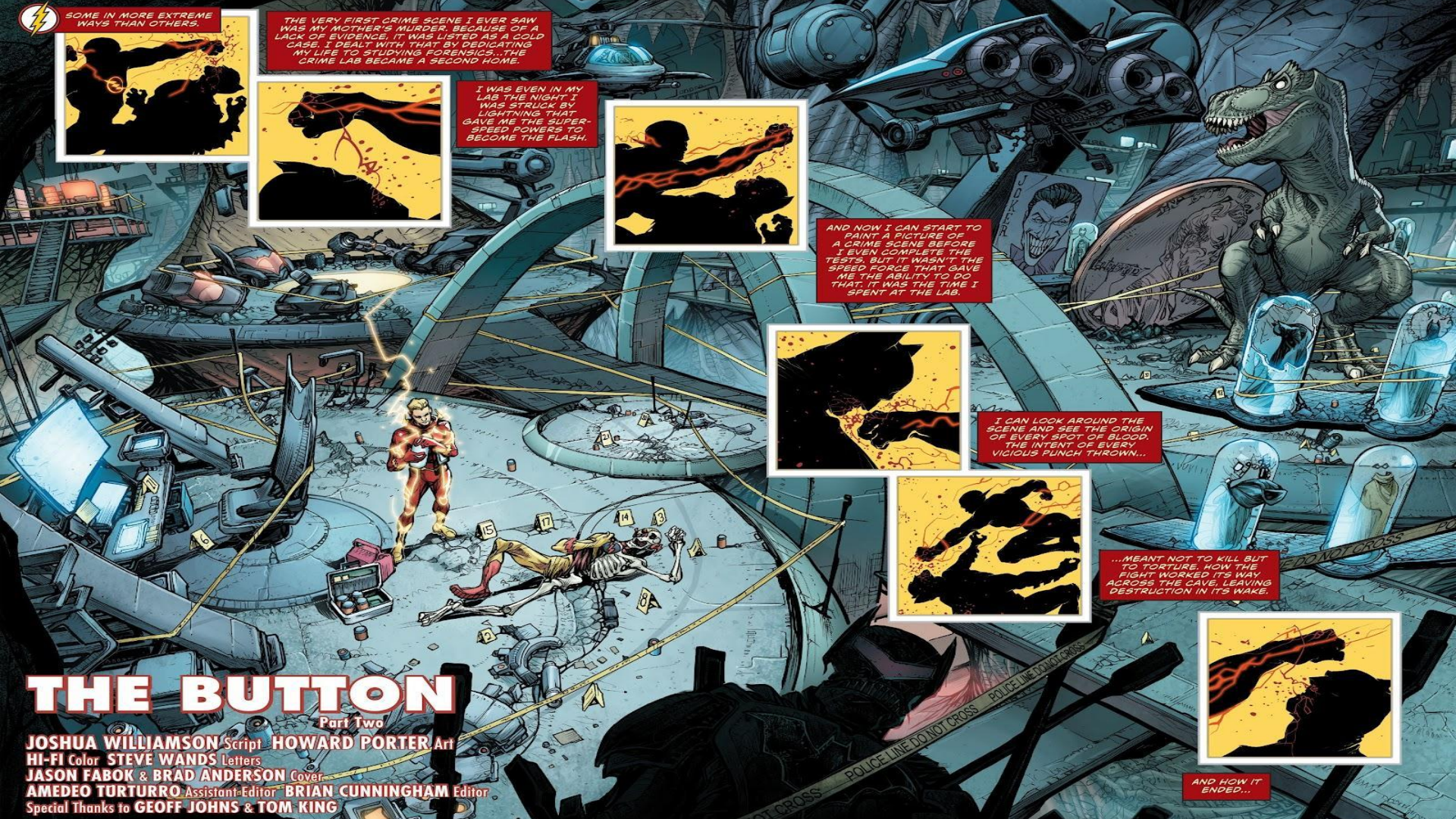
FABOK 2017 BA

WHERE ARE YOU, THUNDER-BOLT?!

CEI-U!
PLEASE!
I DIDN'T MEAN FOR ANY OF THIS TO HAPPEN. YOU HAVE TO COME BACK TO ME!
GOOD LIFE

MR. THUNDER?! HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET UP HERE?!
STOP!
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME LOCKED UP!
DAMN, HE'S GOT A LOT OF FIGHT FOR A NINETY-YEAR-OLD.

TELL THE NURSE TO UP HIS MEDS!
THE LIGHTNING SAID WE NEED TO FIND MY FRIENDS!
SURE IT DID.
WE LOST THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT!
EVERYONE DEALS WITH LOSS IN DIFFERENT WAYS.


SOME IN MORE EXTREME WAYS THAN OTHERS.
THE VERY FIRST CRIME SCENE I EVER SAW WAS MY MOTHER'S MURDER. BECAUSE OF A LACK OF EVIDENCE, IT WAS LISTED AS A COLD CASE. I DEALT WITH THAT BY DEDICATING MY LIFE TO STUDYING FORENSICS...THE CRIME LAB BECAME A SECOND HOME.
I WAS EVEN IN MY LAB THE NIGHT I WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING THAT GAVE ME THE SUPER-SPEED POWERS TO BECOME THE FLASH.
AND NOW I CAN START TO PAINT A PICTURE OF A CRIME SCENE BEFORE I EVEN COMPLETE THE TESTS. BUT IT WASN'T THE SPEED FORCE THAT GAVE ME THE ABILITY TO DO THAT. IT WAS THE TIME I SPENT AT THE LAB.
I CAN LOOK AROUND THE SCENE AND SEE THE ORIGIN OF EVERY SPOT OF BLOOD. THE INTENT OF EVERY VICIOUS PUNCH THROWN...
...MEANT NOT TO KILL BUT TO TORTURE. HOW THE FIGHT WORKED ITS WAY ACROSS THE CAVE, LEAVING DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE.
AND HOW IT ENDED...
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
THE BUTTON
Part Two
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON Script HOWARD PORTER Art
HI-FI Color STEVE WANDS Letters
JASON FABOK & BRAD ANDERSON Cover
AMEDEO TURTURRO Assistant Editor BRIAN CUNNINGHAM Editor
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...WITH EDBARD THAWNE DEAD.
A SCIENTIST AND CRIMINAL FROM THE 25TH CENTURY WHO WAS OBSESSED WITH THE FLASH. HE CALLED HIMSELF THE "REVERSE-FLASH" TO HURT ME. THAWNE TRAVELED TO MY PAST AND KILLED MY MOTHER, CHANGED MY HISTORY SO I'D GROW UP SUFFERING.
HE CALLED IT "REVENGE IN REVERSE."
FOR YEARS I WORRIED HE'D KILL SOMEONE ELSE CLOSE TO ME, BUT NOW...
IT'S OVER, MOM...
THAWNE'S DEATH DOESN'T CHANGE WHAT HE TOOK FROM ME... AND IT ISN'T JUSTICE.
IF SOMEONE COULD KILL THAWNE, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MUCH POWER THEY POSSESS.
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
THAWNE WAS A SPEEDSTER, BUT HIS REAL POWER WAS HOW HE WOULD RACE THROUGH TIME TO MANIPULATE EVENTS TO SATISFY HIS OWN SICK NEEDS.
BEEP
MY ABILITIES COME FROM THE SPEED FORCE. BUT THAWNE PULLS FROM HIS OWN CREATION—THE NEGATIVE SPEED FORCE. EACH HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE ENERGY SIGNATURE.
BUT THAWNE IS COVERED IN MINE.
WHICH MAKES ME QUESTION... AT SOME POINT IN THE FUTURE...
...DO I KILL THAWNE?
DO NOT CROSS
POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
ANY LUCK, ALFRED?
ALL OF THE BATCAVE'S SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT APPEARS DAMAGED, SIR.
THAWNE'S LIGHTNING MUST HAVE FRIED IT.
THAT MEANS THERE IS ONLY ONE WITNESS...

BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN.

THE DAY I JOINED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WAS THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT LIKE I HAD REAL FRIENDS I COULD RELATE TO...

...BUT WHENEVER I TALKED FORENSICS... I COULD SEE IN THEIR EYES THAT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN SPEAKING ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

EXCEPT BRUCE. WE COULD TALK ABOUT EVIDENCE FOR HOURS.

EVEN NOW, AFTER ALMOST BEING KILLED BY THAWNE, HE STILL WANTS TO TALK SHOP.

THAWNE SAID HE SAW GOD?

WITH A CAPITAL G.

THAWNE WAS ALWAYS MORE A MAN OF SCIENCE THAN FAITH.

EVEN IF HE DISAPPEARED FOR ONLY A FEW MOMENTS...WITH HIS SPEED--

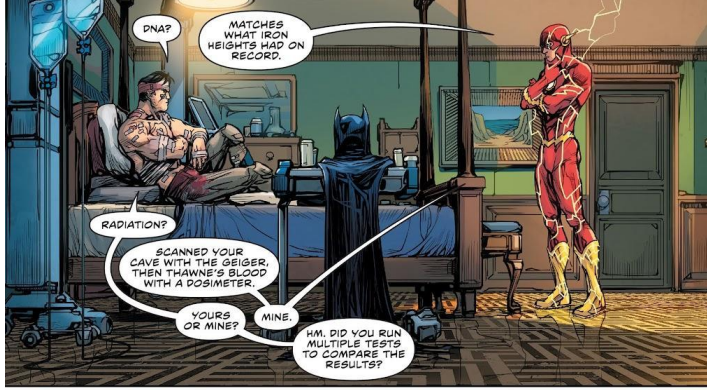
I'M WELL AWARE OF HOW FAST THAWNE WAS.

AND WITH HIS TIME-TRAVEL ABILITIES, THOSE MOMENTS FOR ME COULD HAVE BEEN DAYS FOR HIM BARRY.

THAWNE MIGHT HAVE TRAVELED ALL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE BEFORE HE WAS KILLED.

HOW DID HE GET BACK TO THE CAVE? WAS HE FORCED?

I KNOW THAWNE'S VIBRATIONAL PATTERNS... AND THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THEM BEYOND HIM BEING DEAD.



IT WAS MY FATHER.
HE HAD ON A COWL AND BATSUIT SIMILAR TO MINE BUT I COULD TELL IT WAS HIM.

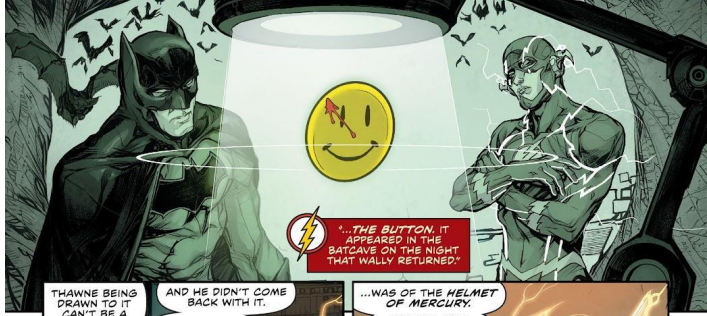
THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE BATMAN FROM THE FLASHPOINT...BUT HOW COULD YOU RECOGNIZE HIM AS YOUR FATHER?
I WOULD KNOW HIM ANYWHERE.

MY FATHER HAD A PRESENCE. HE HAD A WAY HE CARRIED HIMSELF... BUT ABOVE THAT...

...HIS VOICE. IT WAS HIM.
I REMEMBERED WHAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THAT OTHER TIME...THAWNE, YOUR MOTHER, THE LETTER...

THEN THIS IS MY FAULT.
WHEN I TRIED TO SAVE MY MOM AND CREATED THE FLASHPOINT...IT LEFT US VULNERABLE TO ALL OF THIS...
THE LOST TIME, THE CHANGES... THAWNE'S ATTACK ON YOU.

BARRY, YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE.
WHATEVER MESSED WITH TIME WAS DOING SO LONG BEFORE THE FLASHPOINT.
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING WE'RE MISSING.
THERE IS ONE PIECE OF EVIDENCE THAT I CAN'T FIND ON THAWNE'S BODY...


"...THE BUTTON. IT APPEARED IN THE BATCAVE ON THE NIGHT THAT WALLY RETURNED."

THAWNE BEING DRAWN TO IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.
AND HE DIDN'T COME BACK WITH IT.
YOU SAID YOUR FATHER SEEMED LIKE A GHOST...
SINCE WALLY'S RETURN I'VE HAD A FEW VISIONS. ONE WAS OF THAWNE. BUT THE OTHER...

...WAS OF THE HELMET OF MERCURY.
WHEN I SAW IT, A WAVE OF CALM WASHED OVER ME. IT GAVE ME HOPE. I WISH I KNEW WHY.

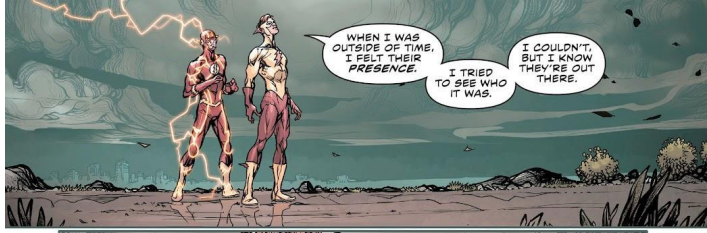
I FEEL LIKE YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME SOMETHING, BARRY.
WHY WOULD I KEEP ANY PART OF MY INVESTIGATION FROM YOU?
NO, NOT THAT. YOUR MOTHER'S KILLER IS DEAD.
IF YOU'RE FEELING RELIEF...OR EVEN HAPPINESS...I'D UNDERSTAND.
NOTHING LIKE THAT, BRUCE.

I'LL UPDATE YOU IF I FIND ANYTHING ELSE.
IF BRUCE HAD BECOME A COP INSTEAD OF BATMAN, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM.

Justice League Watchtower.
THE TRACES OF MY SPEED FORCE ON THAWNE'S BODY WASN'T ALL I DIDN'T TELL BRUCE ABOUT... THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE, TOO. MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF THE SAME RADIATION WE FOUND ON THE BUTTON. MUCH MORE THAN COULD HAVE COME FROM JUST THE BUTTON.

WHEREVER THAWNE WENT, IT WAS RICH WITH THE SAME RADIATION.

HAL NICKNAMED THIS "THE HALL OF LOST AND FOUND."
AFTER THE JUSTICE LEAGUE'S MISSIONS, WE SECURE THE STRAY ARTIFACTS HERE.
I WISH BATMAN AND I HAD PLACED THE BUTTON HERE THE NIGHT IT SHOWED UP IN THE BATCAVE...THE NIGHT WALLY RETURNED...


WHEN I WAS OUTSIDE OF TIME, I FELT THEIR PRESENCE.
I TRIED TO SEE WHO IT WAS.
I COULDN'T, BUT I KNOW THEY'RE OUT THERE.

AND THEY'RE WAITING TO ATTACK FOR SOME REASON.

WALLY SAID A FORCE MORE POWERFUL THAN DARKSEID WAS WATCHING US. THAT THEY MADE CHANGES TO OUR LIVES TO HURT US.
HE'S GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED I DIDN'T GO TO HIM FOR HELP, BUT WALLY...I CAN'T RISK ANYTHING HAPPENING TO HIM WHEN I JUST GOT HIM BACK...
SO I'M GOING ON THIS TRIP ALONE.

THAWNE WAS ABLE TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME FREELY, WHILE WALLY AND I ALWAYS NEEDED HELP.
WE USED SOMETHING I SWORE I'D NEVER SET FOOT ON AGAIN. I SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT.

BUT I SAVED IT FOR A RAINY DAY.

AND THERE'S A STORM COMING.
WITH THE COSMIC TREADMILL I CAN FOLLOW THE BUTTON'S RADIATION...

THE LAST TIME I USED THE TREADMILL TO GO BACK IN TIME...I WAS DESPERATE AND TRIED TO STOP THAWNE FROM MURDERING MY MOTHER...

BUT IT CREATED THE FLASHPOINT. AN ALTERNATE HISTORY IN WHICH THE WORLD WAS AT WAR AND ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION.
THIS TIME I'M NOT TRAVELING BACK TO MAKE A CHANGE... JUST TO FIND WHO KILLED THAWNE AND IS MANIPULATING TIME.

THE RISKS ARE ENORMOUS, BUT I HAVE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.

YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD LET YOU GO ALONE?

THIS IS MY CASE, TOO, BARRY.

HOW DID YOU KNOW...?
THE VAULT'S ALARM WENT OFF.
BRUCE, WITH YOUR INJURIES, YOU SHOULD BE IN BED. YOU CAN'T--
I'VE BEEN HIT HARDER.

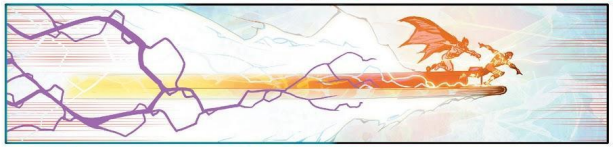
WHEN I'VE USED THE COSMIC TREADMILL IN THE PAST, I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE AND WHEN I WAS GOING AND EVEN THEN...
...IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO CATCH A SINGLE SNOWFLAKE IN A BLIZZARD.

TIME TRAVEL IS NOT--
I'M AWARE OF THE DANGER. I'VE TRAVELED THROUGH TIME BEFORE, FLASH.

NOT LIKE THIS, BRUCE.
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THINGS...IMPOSSIBLE THINGS... BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT.
THE TIME STREAM IS VOLATILE TO NAVIGATE. IF YOU DETACH FROM THE TREADMILL, YOU COULD BE LOST THERE FOREVER. WE'LL NEED TO BE VERY CAREFUL--
WE'RE WASTING TIME.

SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT WAS POINTLESS ARGUING WITH YOU.

HOLD ON!



KRAKAKATUUUM

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

THIS TURBULENCE IS MAKING IT HARD TO KEEP THE TREADMILL STEADY--!
LOOK!

WHAT--WHAT IS THAT...?
WE OUGHT TO FORM A CLUB OR SOCIETY!
A LEAGUE AGAINST EVIL!
...THAT'S NOT HOW THE JUSTICE LEAGUE FORMED!

ARE THESE... ALTERNATE REALITIES?

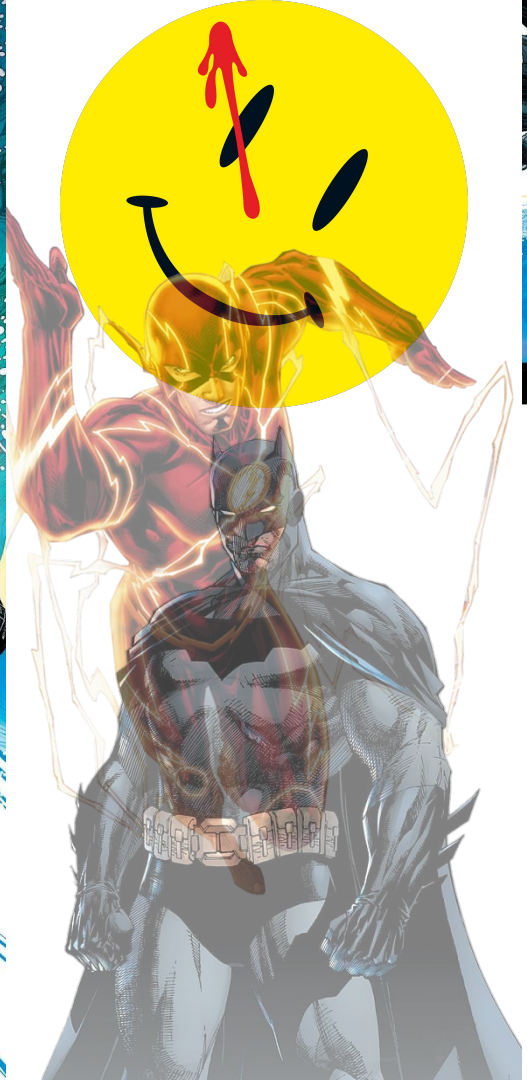
WALLY TOLD ME "YEARS" WERE TAKEN" FROM US...
OLLIE, THINK FOR A SECOND!

DYING...THE WORLD IS DYING...
IRIS...DYING...MAY ALREADY BE DEAD...
SAVE US...SAVE US...
...SAVE US...
I DON'T THINK THESE ARE ALTERNATE REALITIES. THESE ARE FROM OUR UNIVERSE.

THE STORM--IT'S GETTING CLOSER!
NO, IT'S DRAGGING US TOWARD IT! WE NEED TO OUTRUN IT!

MUST... RUN... FASTER!

KRKOOOM



FLASH!
DON'T LET GO--

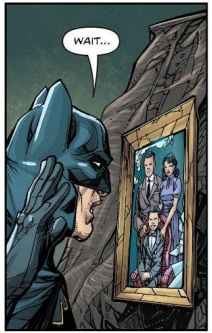
KRASH

UNNH...
THE TREADMILL...

FLASH...THIS PLACE...
I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE...

I'VE KNOWN IT EVER SINCE I FELL DOWN HERE AS A CHILD...AND MY FATHER FOUND ME...
OH NO...
DID WE GO BACK IN TIME?
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SETUP I HAD WHEN I FIRST STARTED TO PATROL GOTHAM, BEFORE I PUT ON THE COWL.

BRUCE, I NEED YOU TO LISTEN TO ME...


WAIT...

THAT GUN...

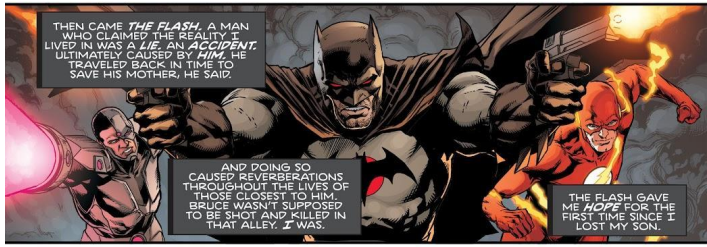
I NEVER RECOVERED IT. HOW IS IT HERE?
BARRY...

...WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
I DID ALL THIS BECAUSE OF YOU...

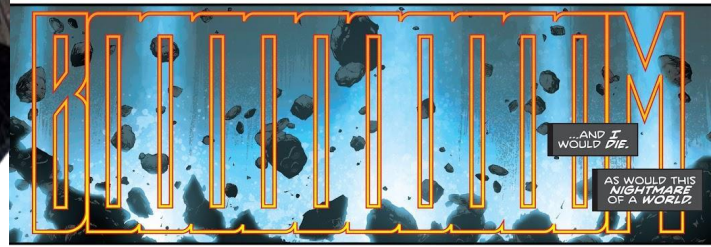
...SON.

FABOK

ALL I WANTED WAS TO *SAVE MY SON.*
BRUCE DIED IN FRONT OF ME IN AN ALLEYWAY. SHOT BY A MAN I LATER BEAT TO DEATH.
MY NAME IS THOMAS WAYNE. *THE BATMAN.*
AQUAMAN AND WONDER WOMAN'S WAR WAS SPILLING ACROSS THE EARTH.


THEN CAME *THE FLASH.* A MAN WHO CLAIMED THE REALITY I LIVED IN WAS A *LIE.* AN *ACCIDENT,* ULTIMATELY CAUSED BY *HIM.* HE TRAVELED BACK IN TIME TO SAVE HIS MOTHER, HE SAID.
AND DOING SO CAUSED REVERBERATIONS THROUGHOUT THE LIVES OF THOSE CLOSEST TO HIM. BRUCE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE SHOT AND KILLED IN THAT ALLEY. *I* WAS.
THE FLASH GAVE ME *HOPE* FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I LOST MY SON.

I PUT MY FAITH IN HIM TO CHANGE IT ALL TO THE WAY IT WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE. SO THAT BRUCE WOULD *LIVE...*


BOOOOOOM
...AND *I* WOULD *DIE.*
AS WOULD THIS *NIGHTMARE* OF A *WORLD.*

BUT SOMETHING PUT THE WORLD ON *LIFE SUPPORT*... AND THE NIGHTMARE DIDN'T STOP.
IF A PATIENT ON MY TABLE WAS TOO FAR GONE...IT WAS BEST TO LET THEM PASS...INSTEAD OF CONTINUING TO CUT AT THEM...
THE WAR CONTINUED...THE FIGHTS, THE FLOODS, AND THE DEATHS OF MILLIONS...
...I WAS A *FOOL* TO HOPE...
...TO THINK I COULD DO ANYTHING TO SAVE MY SON.
AND NOW...
MY ENEMIES COME FOR ME.
WONDER WOMAN AND AQUAMAN FINALLY *AGREED* ON SOMETHING AND HAVE SENT THEIR SOLDIERS TO PUT ME DOWN.
THEY'RE GOING TO BE WELCOMED BY MORE THAN A KINDLY BUTLER.
FLASH TOLD ME THAT MARTHA AND I...
...WERE MEANT TO DIE IN THAT ALLEY.
TWO PULLS OF A TRIGGER...
...TOOK MY SON FROM ME.
NOW THE TRIGGER IN MY HAND...
...WILL TAKE ME TO HIM.
KRACK

FLASH...THIS PLACE...
I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE...
I'VE KNOWN IT EVER SINCE I FELL DOWN HERE AS A CHILD...

...AND MY FATHER FOUND ME...
BARRY...
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
I DID ALL OF THIS BECAUSE OF YOU...
...SON.
IT...CAN'T BE...
BRUCE...IT IS YOU, ISN'T IT? HOW? WHY?
WHAT'S GOING ON, FLASH?
I DON'T--
NO. IT'S A TRICK. THIS HAS ALL BEEN SOME CRUEL JOKE.
DR. WAYNE THIS ISN'T A TRICK OR A JOKE.
THIS IS YOUR SON--

THIS ISN'T REAL!
≥GKK≤

DR. WAYNE, PLEASE LISTEN... SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.
IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE THE TIMELINE WAS REPAIRED. SINCE I LEFT YOU AND CHANGED IT ALL BACK.
BUT SOMEONE ELSE...SOMETHING ELSE KEPT THE FLASHPOINT GOING... THAWNE, MAYBE. WE WERE TRYING TO FOLLOW HIS TRAIL AND...

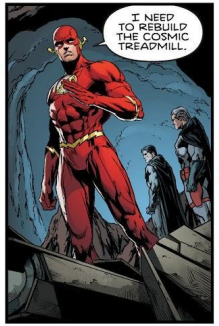
"...NOW WE'RE HERE.

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO ACCEPT, BUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON, WHATEVER'S HAPPENED, THAT IS YOUR SON. AND BRUCE? THAT IS YOUR FATHER.
THE VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCIES HERE ARE...RIGHT. THIS ISN'T AN ALTERNATE WORLD OR TIMELINE. THIS IS...OURS.
WE'RE HOME.

BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? THE FLASHPOINT WAS NEVER AN ALTERNATE WORLD. IT'S AN ALTERNATE HISTORY.
THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST ANYMORE.

IT'S BEING HELD IN PLACE JUST LIKE THOSE VISIONS WE SAW IN THE TIME STREAM.
SOMETHING IS HOLDING IT TOGETHER.
THIS IS A GHOST OF A WORLD... SOMEONE IS USING IT TO HAUNT US.

WHY WON'T YOU LOOK AT ME, BRUCE?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS EITHER, BUT—


I NEED TO REBUILD THE COSMIC TREADMILL.

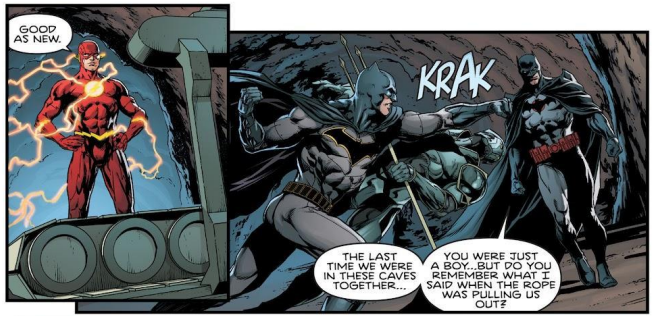
I NEED TO FIX THIS.

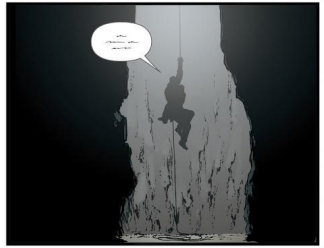
YOU'D BEST MAKE IT QUICK.
IT WILL ONLY TAKE ME A MINUTE.
WE DON'T HAVE A MINUTE.
WHY NOT?

BECAUSE OF THEM.
BY THE ORDER OF KING ARTHUR OF ATLANTIS AND QUEEN DIANA OF NEW THEMYSCIRA...
PREPARE TO DIE, BAT!

YOU BOTH NEED TO GET AWAY FROM HERE.
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF WHILE YOU FIX YOUR TREADMILL—
KLICK
THK
WE'RE ALL LEAVING, TOGETHER.
NO. YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE, BRUCE.
IS YOUR CAVE OUTFITTED WITH ANY DEFENSES FOR UNWELCOME GUESTS?
ELECTROSHOCK WAVES, EMPS, ULTRASONICS...
...ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
YOUR MOTHER WAS MORE OF THE PLAN-AHEAD TYPE.
FISTS IT IS.
FATHER... THAT LETTER YOU WROTE...I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS...
I KNOW, SON. ME TOO. HOLD ONTO THEM.
FOR NOW...

...WE FIGHT!
C'MON, BARRY...
...ALMOST THERE...
...WHERE IS THAT ROTOR...? C'MON...

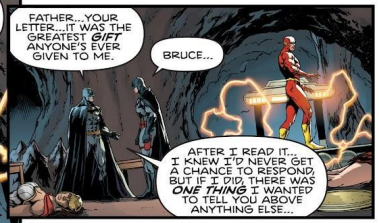

GOOD AS NEW.
KRAK
THE LAST TIME WE WERE IN THESE CAVES TOGETHER...
YOU WERE JUST A BOY...BUT DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I SAID WHEN THE ROPE WAS PULLING US OUT?



BARELY... YOU WERE WHISPERING BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T...
...WANT TO SCARE THE BATS...
DAD.

OKAY, GUYS, LET'S GO!
KRACKAKRACK

Um, DID YOU FEEL THAT?
I THINK WHATEVER WAS HOLDING THE FLASHPOINT IN PLACE...
IT JUST LET GO!

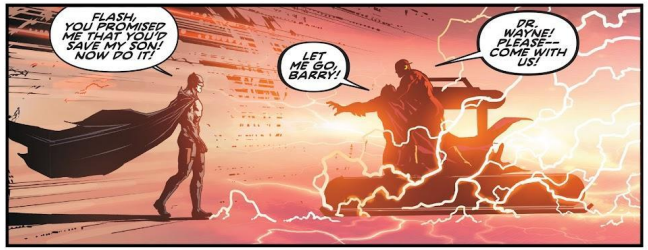

FATHER...YOUR LETTER...IT WAS THE GREATEST GIFT ANYONE'S EVER GIVEN TO ME.
BRUCE...
AFTER I READ IT... I KNEW I'D NEVER GET A CHANCE TO RESPOND, BUT IF I DID, THERE WAS ONE THING I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOVE ANYTHING ELSE...

...YOU'RE A GRANDFATHER.
I HAVE A SON.

BATMAN! THE TREADMILL IS AT FULL POWER WITHOUT ME RUNNING ON IT!
IT'S GOING TO LEAVE WITH OR WITHOUT US!

COME WITH ME, FATHER.
PLEASE.

GO!

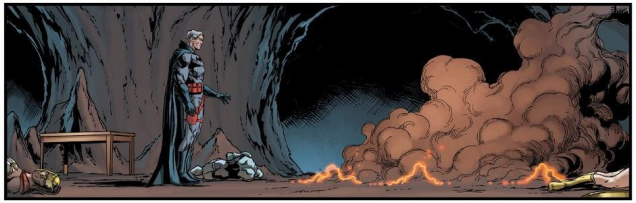

FLASH, YOU PROMISED ME THAT YOU'D SAVE MY SON! NOW DO IT!
LET ME GO, BARRY!
DR. WAYNE! PLEASE--- COME WITH US!

YOU WERE MY WORLD, SON.
I DELIVERED YOU MYSELF...AND THE MOMENT I SAW YOU...I KNEW EVERY CHOICE I'D EVER MADE HAD BEEN THE RIGHT ONES...

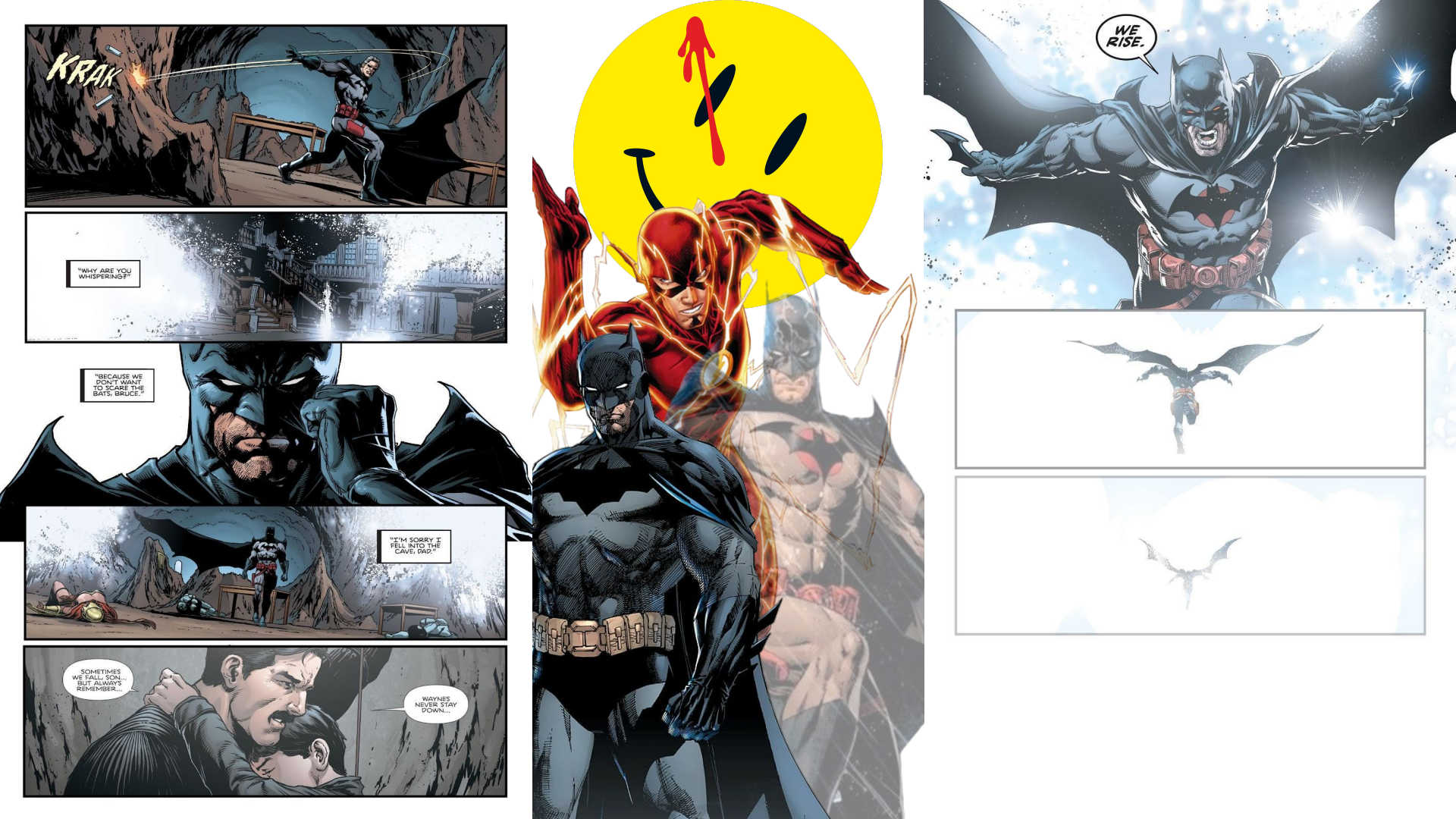
...BECAUSE THEY LED TO YOU.
YOU'RE THE GREATEST GIFT THIS LIFE GAVE ME. AND THERE IS MORE I SHOULD HAVE SHARED IN THAT LETTER, SO LISTEN TO ME...

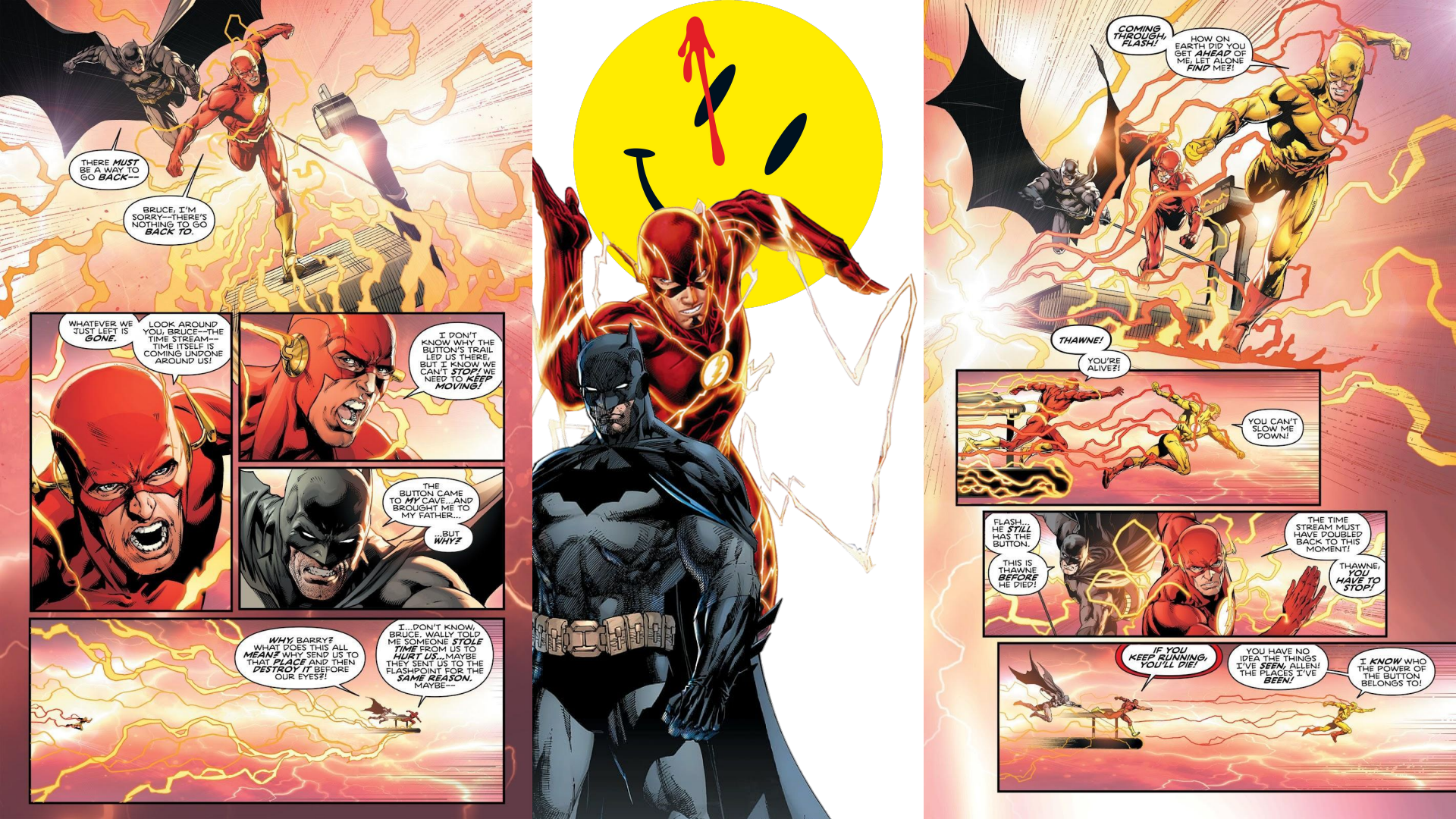
DON'T BE BATMAN.
FIND HAPPINESS. PLEASE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. DON'T DO IT FOR ME. DON'T DO IT FOR YOUR MOTHER.
BE A FATHER FOR YOUR SON IN A WAY I NEVER COULD BE FOR YOU.
LET THE BATMAN DIE WITH ME.

WE CAN SAVE YOU!



YOU HAVE.


KRAK
"WHY ARE YOU WHISPERING?"
"BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE THE BATS, BRUCE."
"I'M SORRY I FELL INTO THE CAVE, DAD."
SOMETIMES WE FALL, SON... BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER...
WAYNES NEVER STAY DOWN...
WE RISE.


THERE MUST BE A WAY TO GO BACK--
BRUCE, I'M SORRY--THERE'S NOTHING TO GO BACK TO.
WHATEVER WE JUST LEFT IS GONE.
LOOK AROUND YOU, BRUCE--THE TIME STREAM--TIME ITSELF IS COMING UNDONE AROUND US!
I DON'T KNOW WHY THE BUTTON'S TRAIL LED US THERE, BUT I KNOW WE CAN'T STOP! WE NEED TO KEEP MOVING!
THE BUTTON CAME TO MY CAVE...AND BROUGHT ME TO MY FATHER...
...BUT WHY?
WHY, BARRY? WHAT DOES THIS ALL MEAN? WHY SEND US TO THAT PLACE AND THEN DESTROY IT BEFORE OUR EYES?!
I...DON'T KNOW, BRUCE. WALLY TOLD ME SOMEONE STOLE TIME FROM US TO HURT US...MAYBE THEY SENT US TO THE FLASHPOINT FOR THE SAME REASON. MAYBE--
COMING THROUGH, FLASH!
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET AHEAD OF ME, LET ALONE FIND ME?!
THAWNE!
YOU'RE ALIVE?!
YOU CAN'T SLOW ME DOWN!
FLASH... HE STILL HAS THE BUTTON.
THIS IS THAWNE BEFORE HE DIED!
THE TIME STREAM MUST HAVE DOUBLED BACK TO THIS MOMENT!
THAWNE, YOU HAVE TO STOP!
IF YOU KEEP RUNNING, YOU'LL DIE!
YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE THINGS I'VE SEEN, ALLEN! THE PLACES I'VE BEEN!
I KNOW WHO THE POWER OF THE BUTTON BELONGS TO!

AND THEY'VE NEVER FACED SOMEONE LIKE ME!
THE BUTTON PART 2
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON & TOM KING Story
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON Script
JASON FABOK Pencils & inks
BRAD ANDERSON Colors
DERON BENNETT Letters
FABOK & ANDERSON Cover
REBECCA TAYLOR Associate Editor
MARK DOYLE & BRIAN CUNNINGHAM Editors
Batman created by BOB KANE
with BILL FINGER
Special thanks to GEOFF JOHNS

NO. 22
FLASH Comics

NO. 22
FLASH Comics
399¢
THE BATMAN
THE FLASH
REVERSE-FLASH
RED ROBIN

I WATCH THEM RACE ACROSS TIME AS IT ALL FALLS APART. SHOUTING FROM A DISTANCE. SILENT AS A GHOST.
FORGOTTEN LIKE ONE.
I KNOW WHO THE POWER OF THIS BUTTON BELONGS TO, FLASH!
AND THEY'VE NEVER FACED SOMEONE LIKE ME!
BARRY ALLEN IS THE KEY. HE SAVED WALLY WEST.
NOW IT'S MY TURN.
THE BUTTON
Part Four
JOSHUA WILLIAMSON Script HOWARD PORTER Art
HI-FI Color STEVE WANDS Letters
JASON FABOK & BRAD ANDERSON Cover
AMEDEO TURTURRO Assistant Editor BRIAN CUNNINGHAM Editor
Special Thanks to GEOFF JOHNS & TOM KING

HE ONLY HAS TO LISTEN.

BARRY?!

THAWNE, I'VE SEEN YOUR FUTURE. IF YOU KEEP FOLLOWING THAT TRAIL, WHATEVER YOU'RE RUNNING TO, IT WILL KILL YOU--

MY FUTURE, BARRY? LIKE THE DAY YOU BROKE MY NECK? OR THE NIGHT YOU WATCHED BATMAN'S FATHER SLIDE A SWORD THROUGH MY BACK?

EMPTY THREATS TO A LIVING PARADOX.

THERE IS NO FUTURE. NO PAST.

UNTIL I DECIDE TO PUT IT ALL BACK TOGETHER.

KRAKKOOOM

THAWNE--

THE LAST TIME I SHAPED YOUR LIFE, I MURDERED YOUR MOTHER. SENT YOU SPIRALING INTO A SEA OF DESPAIR THAT YOU SOMEHOW ROSE UP FROM.

WHEN I GET THIS POWER, BARRY, THIS TIME...THIS TIME I'LL DO SO MUCH MORE.

BARRY, I'M HERE!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEONE CALLING TO YOU.

ANY VISIONS WE'RE SEEING, ANY SOUNDS, ALL OF THEM ARE FROM MOMENTS THAT COULD'VE BEEN BUT WEREN'T.

I'VE HEARD MY MOTHER. IRIS. THE SIREN CALLS OF HYPERTIME.

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, BRUCE. YOU'LL STRAY. GET PULLED TO AN ERA. LOST.

BARRY!

MY FATHER WASN'T A VISION, BARRY. HE WAS REAL.

I HAVE AN IDEA, BARRY.

THE NIGHT YOUR MOTHER DIES, I'M GOING TO BE THERE. A SOCIAL WORKER. OR A LIFELONG NEIGHBOR. A FRIEND. I'LL TAKE YOU IN. RAISE YOU AS MY OWN.

MAKE YOU MY SON.

MY ACOLYTE.

BOOM

BRUCE, HANG ON! THE TREADMILL...IT'S BREAKING UP!

WE NEED TO LAND SOMEWHERE, BARRY.

WE NEED TO CATCH THAWNE. STOP HIM FROM--

LIKE ALWAYS, YOU'RE TOO LATE, BARRY.

I'M HERE.

SNAP
YOUR LIFE IS ABOUT TO BE UNDONE.

YES! THE TRAIL ENDS...

...I HAVE ARRIVED.

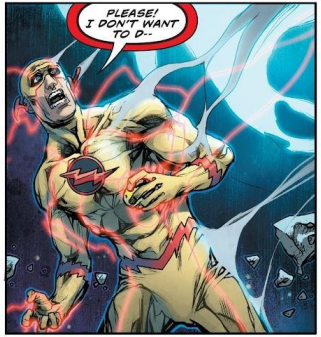
...HELLO.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SHY NOW. I CAN FEEL YOUR PRESENCE. LIKE A WAVE OF STATIC ELECTRICITY. IT'S POWERFUL, I'LL ADMIT. IN FACT, I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT.
YOU'VE DONE SUCH STRANGE THINGS TO THE TIMELINE. THINGS I WON'T BEGIN TO QUESTION. AND YOU'VE REMAINED HIDDEN. FROM ALL OF THEM...

...BUT I AM NOT LIKE THEM.
MY EXISTENCE IS THE ONLY CONSTANT IN A SEA OF POSSIBILITIES.
I CANNOT BE ERASED.
BY YOU. BY ANYONE.
SHOW YOURSELF--

...I...

...MY GOD.

WAIT! WAIT, I DIDN'T KNOW!


PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO D--

THAT SCREAM.
THAWNE. HE'S...GONE.
BARRY, I'M RIGHT HERE!

BRUCE, WITHOUT THE TREADMILL, I DON'T HAVE ANY TRACTION. I CAN'T--
BARRY!

LISTEN TO THE VOICE, BARRY. GRAB ONTO IT.
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHERE IT'S GOING TO TAKE US.

WE'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE!
RIGHT HERE! JUST S-SAY MY NAME...
JAY...

JAY?

KRAKAKOOMM
AT LAST.

I'M FREE!
AAAAARRRGGHH!
HANG... HANG ON...
POWER ENOUGH...
...TO GET...
...YOU...

KRAAKOOOOMMM
...HOME!

THE CAVE...MY CAVE. REVERSE-FLASH'S BODY. WE'RE BACK AT THE BEGINNING.

YOU. WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU KILL THAWNE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?
I--I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE, BARRY.

MY N-NAME IS JAY GARRICK.
I'M YOUR FRIEND...A FLASH...

BARRY, LISTEN TO ME. I NEED YOU TO REMEMBER.
IF YOU R-REMEMBER ME...LIKE WALLY...

HE TOLD ME I FORGOT THINGS. PEOPLE.
SOMEONE DID THIS. DO YOU KNOW?

THEY TOOK EVERYTHING FROM ME, BARRY.
I DON'T KNOW HOW. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

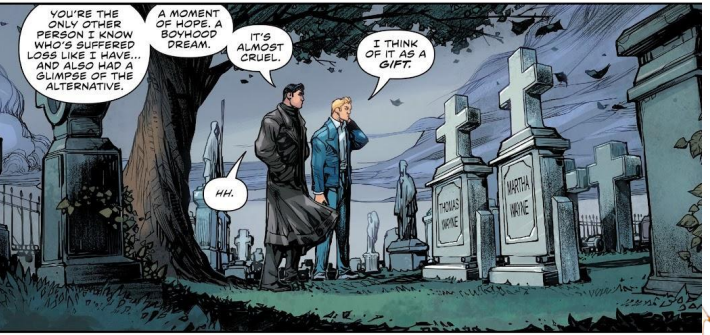
BARRY... YOU HAVE TO...
YOUR NAME...
...WHAT WAS YOUR NAME?

KZT

WHAT... HAPPENED?

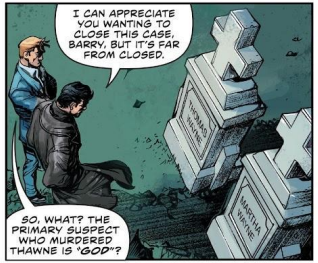
THAT MAN SAID HE KNEW ME... THE SAME WAY WALLY DID.
BUT HE'S NOT HERE. MAYBE HE CAME FROM ANOTHER TIME. A TIME THAT NO LONGER EXISTS, LIKE MY FATHER.

MAYBE.
OR I WASN'T THE LIGHTNING ROD HE NEEDED.

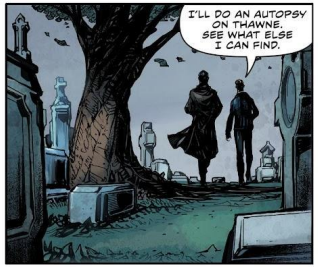

YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER PERSON I KNOW WHO'S SUFFERED LOSS LIKE I HAVE... AND ALSO HAD A GLIMPSE OF THE ALTERNATIVE.
A MOMENT OF HOPE. A BOYHOOD DREAM.
IT'S ALMOST CRUEL.
I THINK OF IT AS A GIFT.
HH.
THOMAS WAYNE
MARTHA WAYNE

I WONDER... WAS THIS ALL THAWNE'S DOING?
TIME RUPTURING, CHANGING, PEOPLE FADING IN AND OUT OF REALITY. LIKE YOUR FATHER AND THAT OTHER FLASH...

HE DIED.
BUT MAYBE HIS DEATH IS WHAT TRIGGERED ALL OF THIS.
MAYBE THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO CHASE.


I CAN APPRECIATE YOU WANTING TO CLOSE THIS CASE, BARRY, BUT IT'S FAR FROM CLOSED.
SO, WHAT? THE PRIMARY SUSPECT WHO MURDERED THAWNE IS "GOD"?

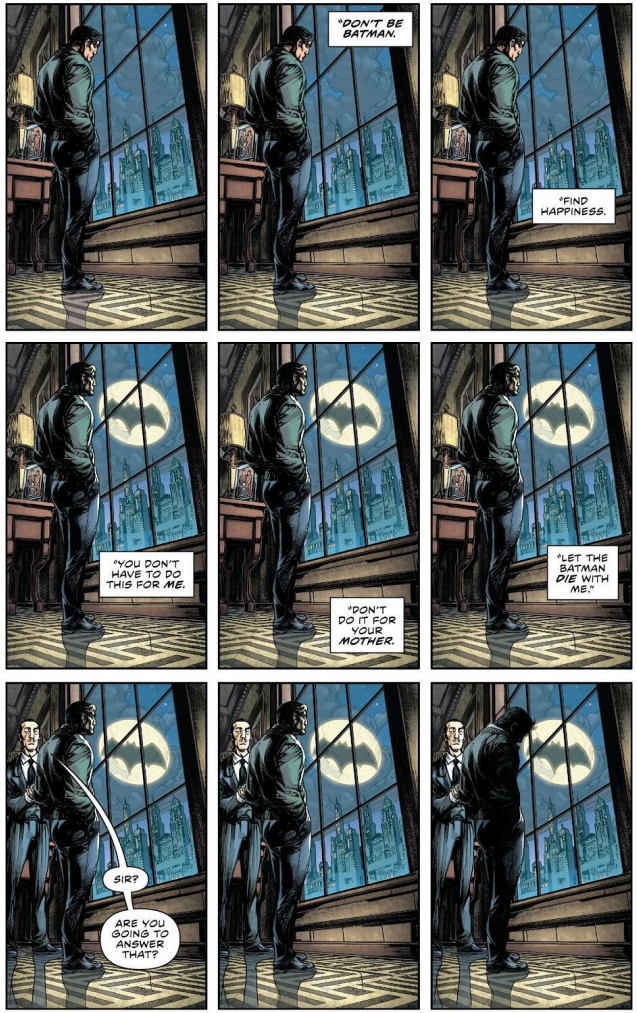
FOR NOW...THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON. IF WE STILL PURSUE THIS.
...


I'LL DO AN AUTOPSY ON THAWNE. SEE WHAT ELSE I CAN FIND.

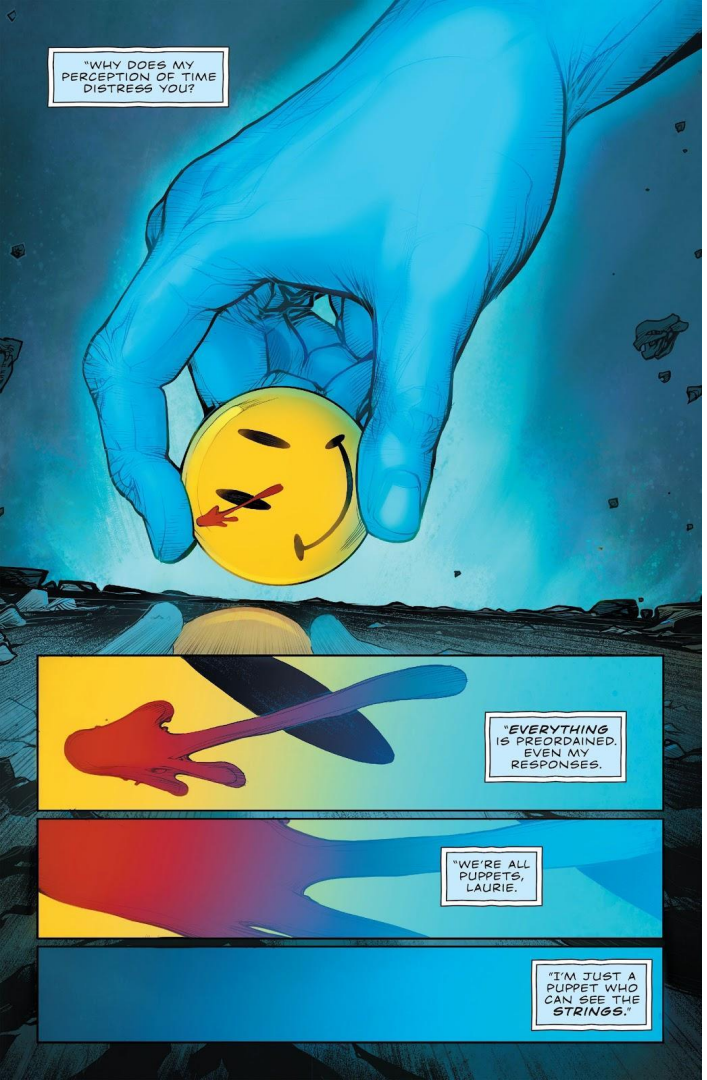
I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WE JUST WENT THROUGH, BARRY...BUT WHAT WE EXPERIENCED WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.

BEING GIVEN THE CHANCE TO SEE MY FATHER, ONLY TO LOSE HIM AGAIN... THAT OTHER FLASH WHO SAID HE WAS YOUR FRIEND, AND WE WERE POWERLESS TO HELP HIM... WHAT REVERSE-FLASH SAID RIGHT BEFORE HE DIED... HOW HE "SAW GOD"...
I DON'T KNOW, BARRY...

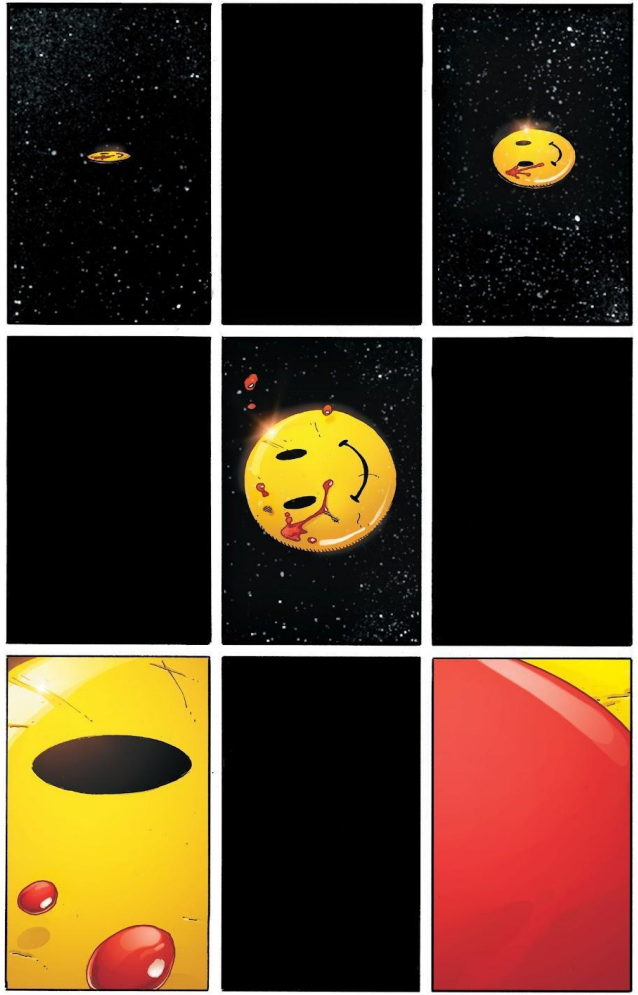
"...IT CAN'T ALL BE BY ACCIDENT."

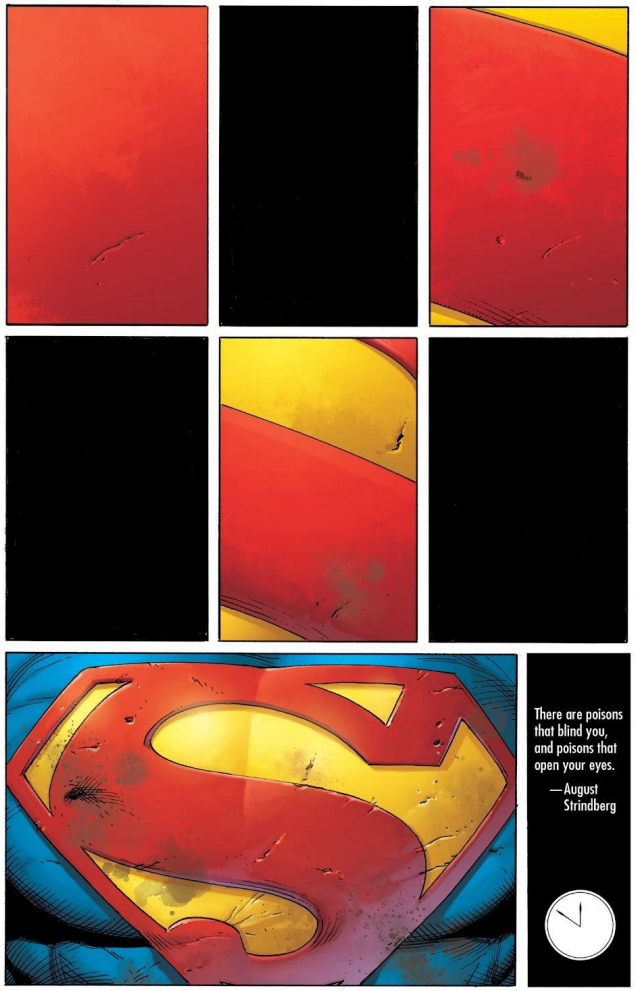

"DON'T BE BATMAN.
"FIND HAPPINESS.
"YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS FOR *ME*.
"DON'T DO IT FOR YOUR *MOTHER*.
"LET THE BATMAN *DIE* WITH ME."
SIR?
ARE YOU GOING TO ANSWER THAT?

"SIR?"


"WHY DOES MY PERCEPTION OF TIME DISTRESS YOU?
"EVERYTHING IS PREORDAINED. EVEN MY RESPONSES.
"WE'RE ALL PUPPETS, LAURIE.
"I'M JUST A PUPPET WHO CAN SEE THE STRINGS."

EPILOGUE

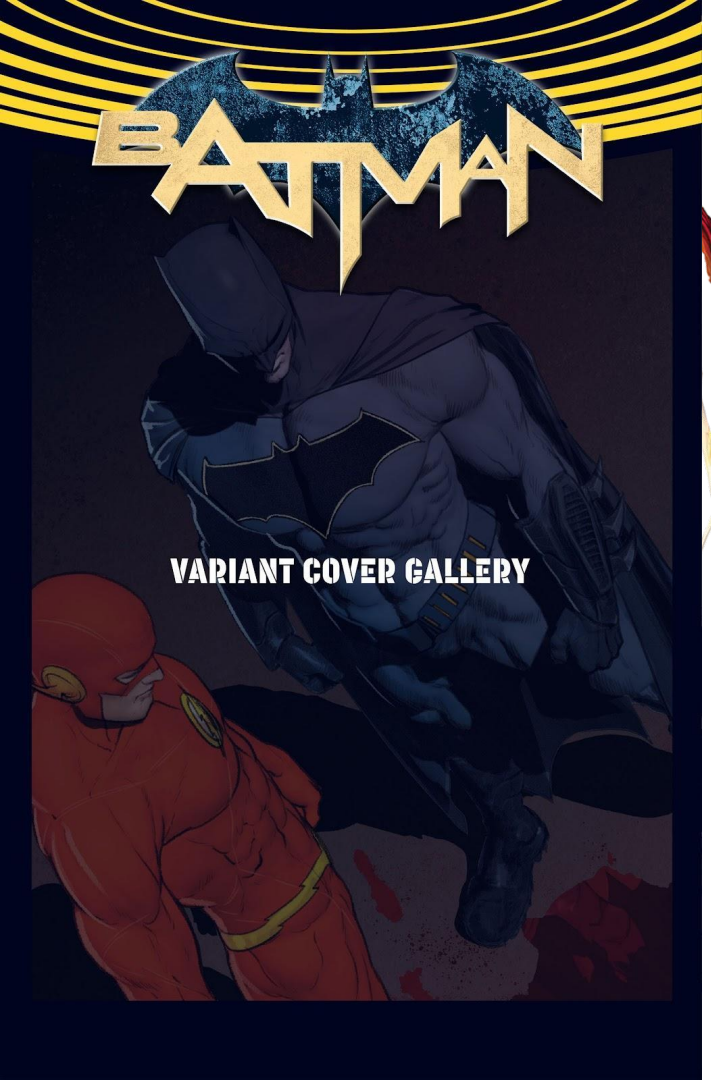



There are poisons that blind you, and poisons that open your eyes.
—August Strindberg

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

Geoff Johns • Gary Frank • Brad Anderson

COMING SOON



BATMAN #21 variant cover by Tim Sale & Brennan Wagner

BATMAN #21 international variant cover by Mikel Janín

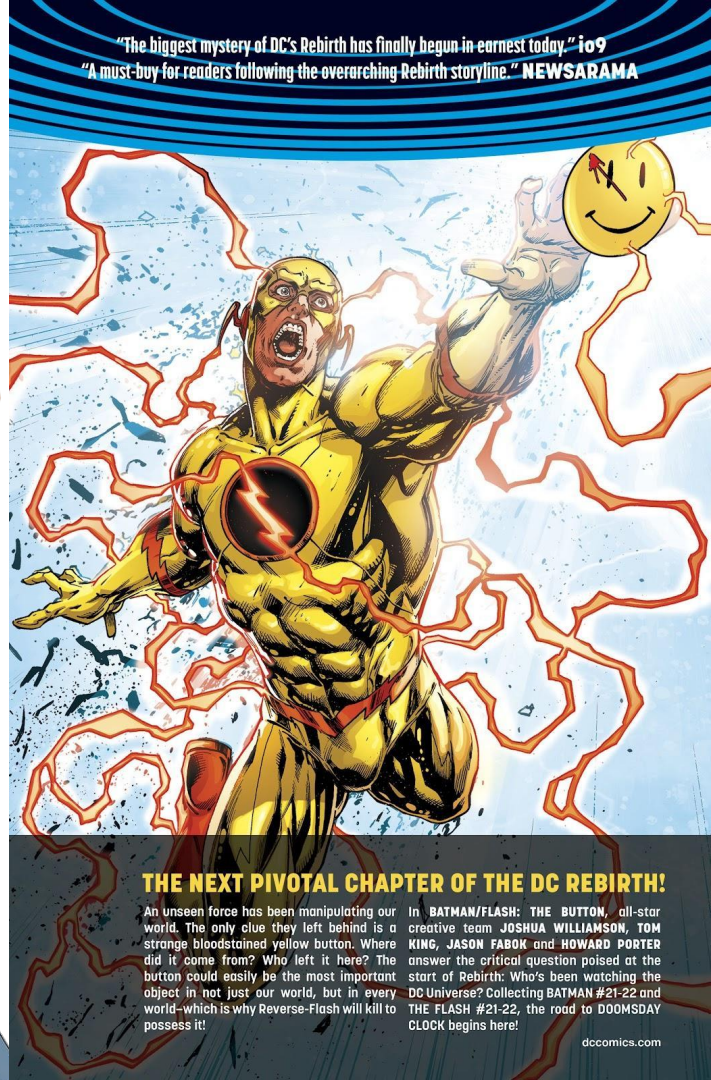
THE FLASH #21 variant cover by Howard Porter & Hi-Fi

THE FLASH #21 international variant cover by Mikel Janín

BATMAN #22 variant cover by Tim Sale & Brennan Wagner

THE FLASH #22
variant cover by
Howard Porter & Hi-Fi

"The biggest mystery of DC's Rebirth has finally begun in earnest today." io9
"A must-buy for readers following the overarching Rebirth storyline." **NEWSARAMA**



THE NEXT PIVOTAL CHAPTER OF THE DC REBIRTH!

An unseen force has been manipulating our world. The only clue they left behind is a strange bloodstained yellow button. Where did it come from? Who left it here? The button could easily be the most important object in not just our world, but in every world–which is why Reverse-Flash will kill to possess it!

In **BATMAN/FLASH: THE BUTTON**, all-star creative team **JOSHUA WILLIAMSON, TOM KING, JASON FABOK** and **HOWARD PORTER** answer the critical question poised at the start of Rebirth: Who's been watching the DC Universe? Collecting BATMAN #21-22 and THE FLASH #21-22, the road to DOOMSDAY CLOCK begins here!

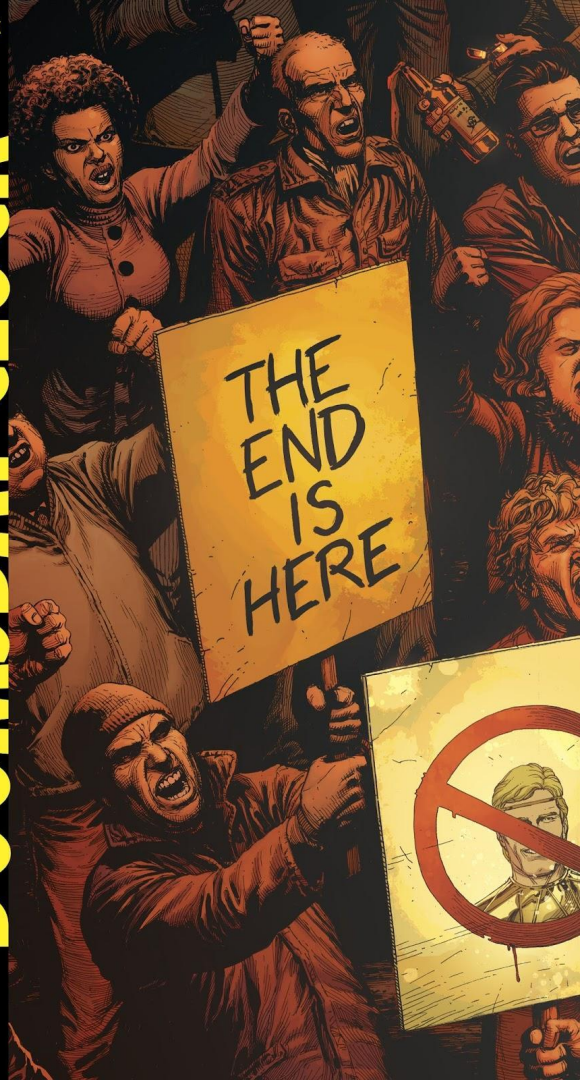
dccomics.com

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 1 of 12

DC

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

JANUARY 2018



DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 1 of 12

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

JANUARY 2018

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 1
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ROB LEIGH
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lenticular cover based on existing art by
DAVE GIBBONS

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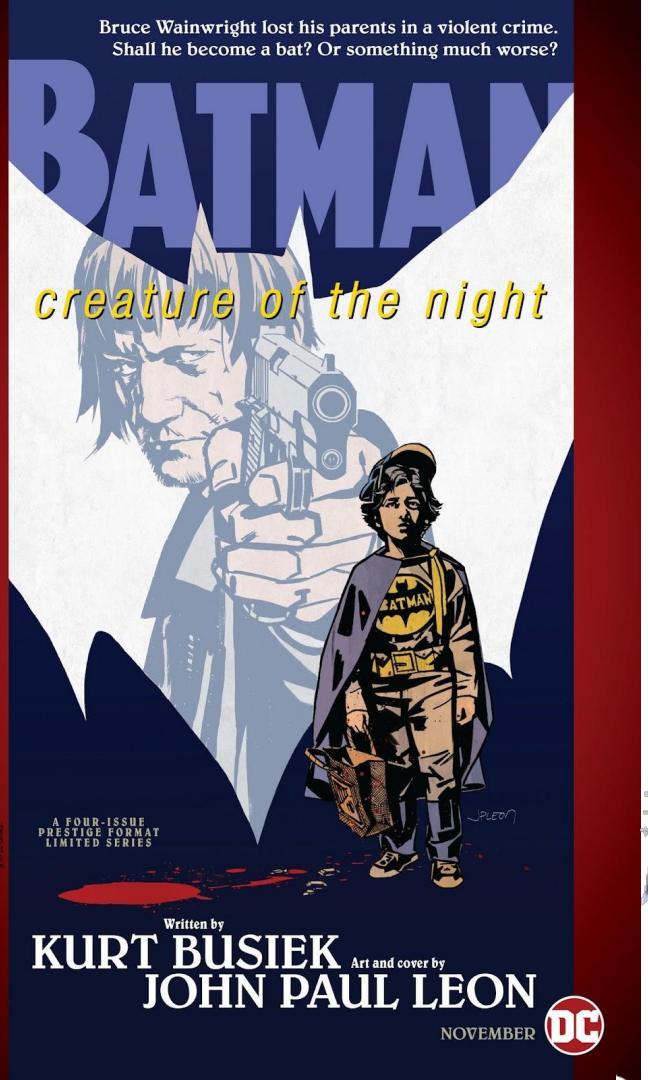
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
editor

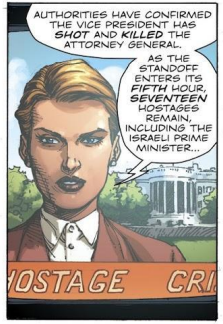
Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel Family.


Bruce Wainwright lost his parents in a violent crime.
Shall he become a bat? Or something much worse?
BATMAN
creature of the night
A FOUR-ISSUE PRESTIGE FORMAT LIMITED SERIES
Written by
KURT BUSIEK
Art and cover by
JOHN PAUL LEON
NOVEMBER
DC

NOVEMBER 22ND, 1992.
OR MAYBE IT'S THE 23RD...
THE END IS HERE
STREETS WERE LITTERED WITH BODIES, BRAINS BOILED OVER BY GROTESQUE NIGHTMARES OF FICTIONAL INVADER. CLOCK STARTED OVER. WE HAD A CHANCE.
THE END IS HERE
BUT THEY BLEW IT.
ALL OF THEM.
THE UNDEPLORABLES SCREAM TO HEAR THEMSELVES, DEAFENED IN THEIR ECHO CHAMBER, BLAMING THE OTHER SIDE FOR WHAT THEY HAVE INSTEAD OF WHO THEY ARE.
America Safe Again!!!
THE END IS HERE
THEIR TOLERANCE IS A ONE-WAY STREET.
WHILE THE TOTALITARIANS STAND THEIR GROUND, COVERING THEIR EYES, PREACHING FOR A RETURN TO A ROSE-COLORED REPUBLIC.
UNAWARE THAT FOR THOSE NOT LIKE THEM, THE GOOD OLD DAYS WEREN'T SO GOOD.
DEPENDS ON YOUR PERSPECTIVE.
GOD TURNED HIS BACK. LEFT PARADISE TO US. LIKE HANDING A FIVE-YEAR-OLD A STRAIGHT RAZOR.
WE SLIT OPEN THE WORLD'S BELLY. SECRETS COME SPILLING OUT. AN INTESTINE FULL OF TRUTH AND SHIT STRANGLED US.
SOON THE BUGS WILL BE ALL THAT'S LEFT. AND THE COCKROACHES WILL GO TO WAR WITH THE MAGGOTS, FIGHTING OVER THE SCRAPS OF THE MODERATES.
THEN THEY'LL EAT THEMSELVES AND FINALLY CHOKE.
UNLESS WE BRING GOD BACK DOWN.
KICKING AND SCREAMING. BECAUSE MAYBE WE DON'T DESERVE IT.
POLICE
MAYBE THE WORLD SHOULD BURN THIS TIME.

WE SHATTERED THE AMERICAN DREAM.

THIS IS THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE.


AUTHORITIES HAVE CONFIRMED THE VICE PRESIDENT HAS SHOT AND KILLED THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.
AS THE STANDOFF ENTERS ITS FIFTH HOUR, SEVENTEEN HOSTAGES REMAIN, INCLUDING THE ISRAELI PRIME MINISTER...
HOSTAGE CRI

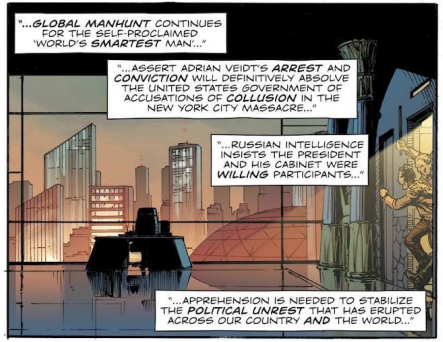
"THE PRESIDENT SCORED A HOLE IN ONE EARLIER TODAY, BEATING HIS PREVIOUS RECORD..."

LESS THAN TWO WEEKS INTO THE COLLAPSE OF THE EUROPEAN UNION, RUSSIA HAS AMASSED ITS MILITARY IN BELARUS, AND IS THREATENING TO ENTER POLAND...

"WORLD LEADERS HAVE PROCLAIMED THEY WILL NOT STAND BY IF BLOOD IS SHED..."

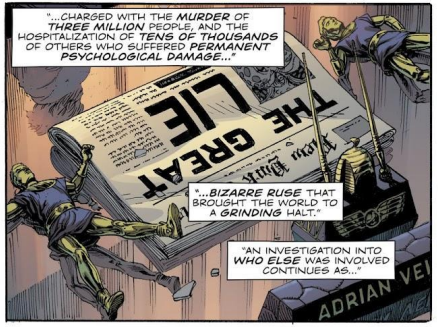
"...NORTH KOREA NOW CAPABLE OF REACHING AS FAR INLAND AS TEXAS."
"HUNDREDS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH THE WALL AND FLOODED INTO MEXICO. THOUSANDS MORE ARE EXPECTED TO FOLLOW..."

WE ARE STILL WAITING ON A STATEMENT FROM THE PRESIDENT.


"...GLOBAL MANHUNT CONTINUES FOR THE SELF-PROCLAIMED 'WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN'..."
"...ASSERT ADRIAN VEIDT'S ARREST AND CONVICTION WILL DEFINITIVELY ABSOLVE THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OF ACCUSATIONS OF COLLUSION IN THE NEW YORK CITY MASSACRE..."
"...RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE INSISTS THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET WERE WILLING PARTICIPANTS..."
"...APPREHENSION IS NEEDED TO STABILIZE THE POLITICAL UNREST THAT HAS ERUPTED ACROSS OUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD..."

...RE-ELECTED ON A CAMPAIGN PROMISING THE CAPTURE OF THE MOST-WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD.
ONCE A CELEBRATED COSTUMED HERO, ADRIAN VEIDT BECAME A BUSINESSMAN AND PHILANTHROPIST AFTER UNMASKING IN '75.

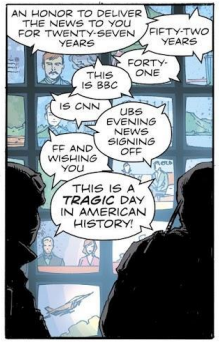
"TAKING THE SEAT OF CEO AT HIS OWN CONGLOMERATE..."
"...VEIDT LED THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC MARKETS TO NEW HEIGHTS."


"...CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF THREE MILLION PEOPLE, AND THE HOSPITALIZATION OF TENS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHERS WHO SUFFERED PERMANENT PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE..."
THE GREAT LIE
"...BIZARRE RUSE THAT BROUGHT THE WORLD TO A GRINDING HALT."
"AN INVESTIGATION INTO WHO ELSE WAS INVOLVED CONTINUES AS..."
ADRIAN VE

"...NO SIGNS OF HIS FORMER TEAMMATES, INCLUDING THE SO-CALLED AMERICAN DETERRENT, DR. MANHATTAN..."
"...BETTER KNOWN AS THE COMEDIAN, WAS MURDERED BY VEIDT AFTER HE..."
"...LAST SEEN ON NATIONAL TELEVISION WHEN IT WAS REVEALED THOSE CLOSEST TO HIM HAD BEEN STRICKEN WITH CANCER, THEORIZED TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY MANHATTAN HIMSELF."
"...TEAM OF NITE OWL AND RORSCHACH LONG INACTIVE, THEIR CURRENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN..."
"...HIS JOURNAL DECIPHERED AND VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATIONS BEFORE IT WAS STOLEN FROM..."
"...SILK SPECTRE VANISHED..."
"OZYMANDIAS REMAINS AT LARGE."

"THE NEW YORK GAZETTE WAS THE FIRST TO BE FORCIBLY SHUT DOWN AFTER THE INFAMOUS FRONT PAGE THAT EXPLODED ACROSS THE WORLD..."

...RESTLESS LEG SYNDROME, YOU NEED TRAVODART TO CALM YOUR NERVES...
...FINAL INDEPENDENT BROADCASTS AS THE NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK IS INSTATED AT SIX O'CLOCK THIS EVENING...
...MAY CAUSE: MUSCLE ACHES, NAUSEA, STOMACH CRAMPS, HAIR LOSS...

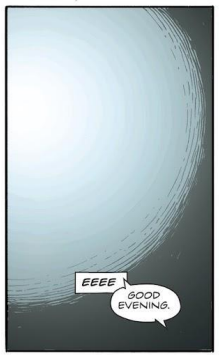

AN HONOR TO DELIVER THE NEWS TO YOU FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS
FIFTY-TWO YEARS
FORTY-ONE
THIS IS BBC
IS CNN
UBS EVENING NEWS SIGNING OFF
FF AND WISHING YOU
THIS IS A TRAGIC DAY IN AMERICAN HISTORY!

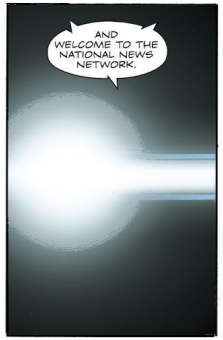
REFUSE TO BE SILENCED!

RISE UP! DO IT RIGHT NOW!
SHIT! WHAT THE HELL IS HOWARD DOING?
LET GO! LET GO OF ME!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, CUT THE FEED! CUT IT N

EEEEEEEEEEEEE
02
FEB. 10
03

EEEEEEEEEEEEE


EEEE
GOOD EVENING.


AND WELCOME TO THE NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK.

I'M WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., SPEAKING TO YOU ON BEHALF OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
I'M SORRY TO REPORT THAT RUSSIA HAS INVADED POLAND.

THE EVILS OF THIS WORLD HAVE FORCED OUR HAND.
THE EVILS OF THIS WORLD HAVE FORCED OUR HAND.

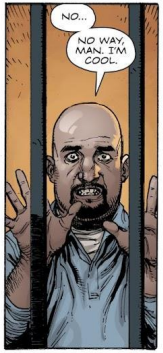
"IF THE RUSSIAN MILITARY DOES NOT WITHDRAW WITHIN FOUR HOURS, THE PRESIDENT WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LAUNCH THE FULL FORCE OF OUR MILITARY MIGHT.
"THEREFORE, A MANDATORY EVACUATION HAS BEEN ISSUED ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
LET US OUT!
"WE URGE YOU TO GATHER YOUR FAMILY AND MAKE YOUR WAY CLEAR OF THE DESIGNATED RED ZONES."

"IF THE EMERGENCY NUMBER ON YOUR SCREEN IS BUSY...
"...CONTACT YOUR LOCAL POLICE."

GIMME THE GODDAMN KEYS!

OH SHIT...

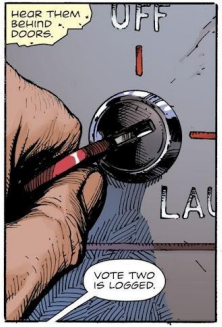
THAT ANNIHILATED PLACE



CHRIST, OMAHA, IS THIS FOR REAL?

SAS CODE DELTA-CHARLIE-ZULU-FOUR-THREE-THREE-ZERO HAS BEEN VERIFIED.
SHIT... VOTE ONE IS LOGGED.

CELL UNLOCKS. ECHOES DOWN HALLWAY.


HEAR THEM BEHIND DOORS.
OFF
VOTE TWO IS LOGGED.

HEAR THEM ALL.
LAUNC
VOTE THREE IS LOGGED.
VOTE FOUR IS LOGGED.

SCREAMING TO GET OUT.
READY TO LAUNCH
LAUNCH GO
VOTE FIVE IS LOGGED.
GOD FORGIVE US...

"MR. PRESIDENT? VEIDT'S GLOBAL DATA EXCHANGE PROGRAM FROM '89 HAS LEFT THE COUNTRY EXPOSED."
"OUR ANALYSIS OF THE INFORMATION WE SHARED WITH THE RUSSKIES SUGGESTS THEY COULD WIPE OUT OUR ENTIRE INFRASTRUCTURE BEFORE WE COULD FIRE OFF A FART."

"THE COUNTDOWN'S BEGUN, MR. PRESIDENT."
BUT BEHIND HER DOOR.
"WE'RE WAITING ON YOUR WORD."

SILENCE.

ERIKA MANSON?
THE MARIONETTE?

RORSCHACH?!

HAVE THREE HOURS, THIRTY-SIX MINUTES BEFORE PRISON BECOMES ASH.
MAYBE LESS. WATCH RUNS SLOW. MEANT TO FIX...

IT CAN'T BE...
DON'T WANT FLESH BURNED OFF BONES, COME WITH ME.
COME WITH YOU?
YOU SAID YOU'D THROW ME DOWN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT THE NEXT TIME WE MET.
HA HA. FUNNY.
BUT WASN'T ME. NOT SAME GUY. DIFFERENT.
DIFFERENT?
MMHM...

PROVE IT.

PROVE IT. TIRED OF PROVING...
MM.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN MIND DRESSING LIKE THAT.
RORSCHACH FINDS YOU...
I AM RORSCHACH.
WHERE'D I PUT IT...

HERE. PAYMENT.
FOR WHAT?
JOB.

IT'S STICKY.

SYRUP...
ROUGH MORNING.

HUH. YOU DO SOUND A LITTLE LIKE HIM FROM WHAT I REMEMBER...
SO WHERE'S THE REAL RORSCHACH? HE DEAD?

THEY SAY HE KILLED HIMSELF. THAT RIGHT?

PICTURE'S A LITTLE OLD...

BUT YOU COME WITH ME. DO JOB.
FIND OUT WHERE BOY IS.
DEAL?

AAAA!

WHERE'S MY SON?

DON'T YELL. DON'T KNOW. PARTNER DOES. DO WHAT HE ASKS.
DO WHAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
FIND GOD. SAVE WORLD. WILL EXPLAIN.
FIND "GOD"?
WILL EXPLAIN, BUT...

NEED TO HURRY. THREE HOURS, THIRTY-FOUR MINUTES. PROBABLY LESS. DEFINITELY LESS. WATCH RUNS SLOW. THOUGHT I MENTIONED...

DO JOB. THEN SEE YOUR SON.
IF YOU... IF YOU'RE LYING ABOUT HIM, GODDAMNIT, I'LL TEAR YOUR BALLS OFF.
SO YOU'RE COMING?
NOT WITHOUT MY HUSBAND.

HUSBAND? NO, BAD MAN. NOT PART OF DEAL.
IT'S THE BOTH OF US... OR YOU CAN SHOVE YOUR DEAL UP YOUR ASS.
RATHER NOT...
NEED TO GO. WORLD DYING.
TO HELL WITH THE WORLD.

OUR BEAUTIFUL BOY...
MOMMY AND DADDY MISS YOU SO MUCH.

GOOD...TO HAVE FAMILY...
NN.

MARCOS MAEZ. THE MIME.
WHERE IS HE?

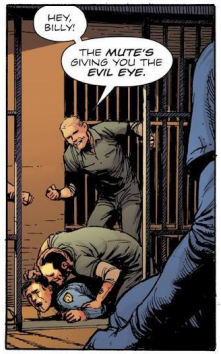
KKKFF!
GET HIS KEYS, BILLY!
I WANT MORE THAN KEYS.

OPEN THE CELLS.
WE ALL GET A TURN WITH THE PIG BEFORE THIS PLACE GOES GONE.

WAIT! I CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY OUT!
THE WAY OUT?

THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO.
C'MERE...
NUH-NO. PUH-PLEASE...

EEYIIIAAA!


HEY, BILLY!
THE MUTE'S GIVING YOU THE EVIL EYE.

WUH...WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT?

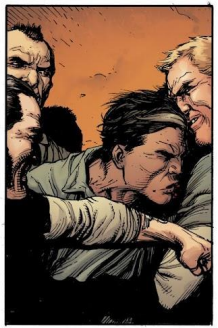
YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY?

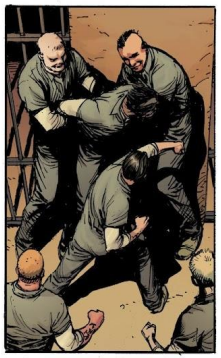
YOU KNOW MIME NEVER SAYS NOTHIN'.
HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY.

SO SAY IT. COME ON, SPEAK, FREAK.
HE CAN'T! NEVER MAKES A SOUND.

HE'LL MAKE A SOUND.

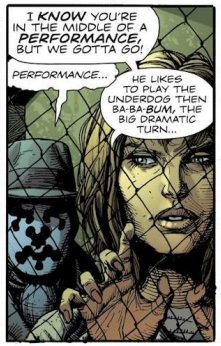
HOLD HIM.





BABY!
SHIT. YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S NOT HIM, IS IT?

COME ON! WE'RE LEAVING!


I KNOW YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A PERFORMANCE, BUT WE GOTTA GO!
PERFORMANCE...
HE LIKES TO PLAY THE UNDERDOG THEN BA-BA-BUM, THE BIG DRAMATIC TURN...

KK

MY EYES! MY--
"NO TIME FOR GAMES..."

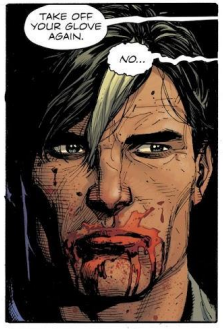
"HUSH.

"HE DOESN'T LIKE PEOPLE TALKING DURING HIS ACT."

OH, BABY. GOD, I MISSED YOU...

REUNIONS LATER. CAUSE TROUBLE AND I TAKE AN EYE...

CHECK THIS OUT. THIS AIN'T EVEN THE REAL RORSCHACH.
I AM RORSCHACH...


TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVE AGAIN.
NO...

AND DON'T TOUCH HAT. TOUCH AGAIN AND...
HE WANTS US FOR A JOB.
YES. NEED TO LEAVE. RIGHT NOW.

WHAT'S THAT? PERFORMING AGAIN?
HE'S MISSING HIS WEAPONS. THEY'RE IN LOCKUP.
WE'LL GET HIM NEW ONES.
THEY'RE VERY SPECIAL WEAPONS.

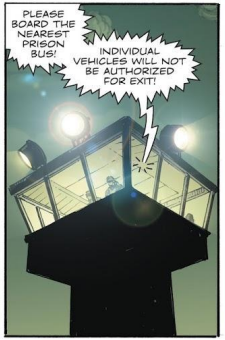
NOT MUCH TIME LEFT. THREE HOURS AND...
...NO IDEA, REALLY...

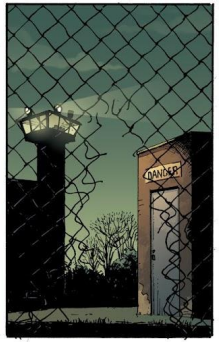
HE'S NOT LEAVING WITHOUT THEM. I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT HIM.
HH...
YOUR WEAPONS. WHERE ARE THEY?

MUST HAVE CLEANED YOU OUT. NEED TO GO...

TT.

YOU HAVE BIG PROBLEMS.


PLEASE BOARD THE NEAREST PRISON BUS!
INDIVIDUAL VEHICLES WILL NOT BE AUTHORIZED FOR EXIT!


DANGER

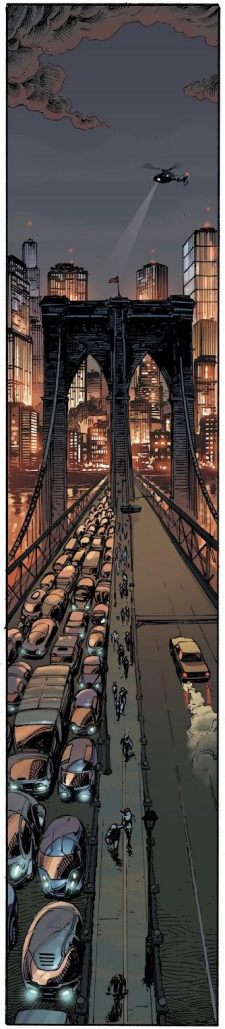
WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE OUR SON?
WHEN JOB IS DONE.
HOW LONG'S THIS JOB GOING TO TAKE?
DON'T KNOW.
WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?
NO MORE QUESTIONS. DON'T LIKE YOU.

IS THAT A GAS GUZZLER?
HHH...
IS IT YOURS?
DON'T TRUST ELECTRIC.
MY GRANDPA HAD ONE. SAME COLOR TOO. SHIT BROWN.
COLOR... IRRELEVANT...

JESUS CHRIST!
IT SMELLS LIKE SHIT BROWN! WHAT, DO YOU LIVE IN HERE?
YES...

AND I CAN'T SMELL THROUGH MASK.
WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO DRIVE. CAN YOU SEE THROUGH IT?

PERFECTLY.
PRISON AREA
DO NOT PICK
HITCHHIKE



Gunga D

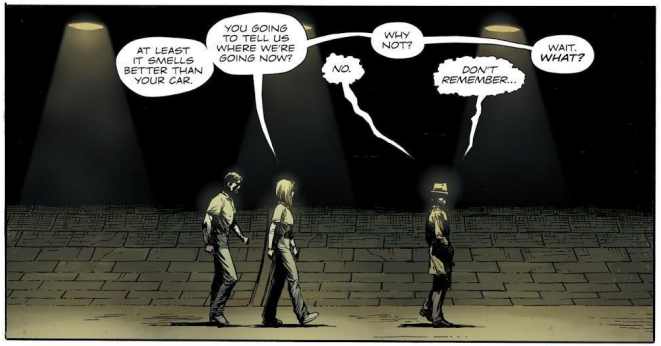
WE ARE PICKING MY MOTHER UP!
SHE'S WAY OUT IN QUEENS...
AND SHE'S IN HYSTERICS!
I TOLD HER NOT TO VOTE FOR REDFORD.

THIS IS A MANDATORY EVACUATION!

DO NOT RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!

LEAVE BEHIND NON-ESSENTIAL POSSESSIONS!

IF YOU REFUSE, YOUR SAFETY CANNOT BE GUARANTEED!


AT LEAST IT SMELLS BETTER THAN YOUR CAR.
YOU GOING TO TELL US WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW?
NO.
WHY NOT?
DON'T REMEMBER...
WAIT. WHAT?

DON'T REMEMBER...

WAS IT LEFT?

OR RIGHT?

DON'T POINT IMAGINARY GUNS AT ME.

WASN'T FUNNY THE FIRST TIME.

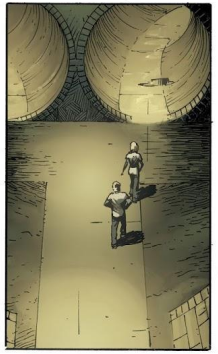
LET ME TELL YOU HOW THIS IS GOING TO GO, "RORSCHACH."

YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE US TO YOUR PARTNER. HE'S GOING TO TELL US WHERE OUR SON IS. OR WE'RE GOING TO PULL YOUR TONGUES OUT OF YOUR MOUTHS.

THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HUSBAND? SOMEONE TAKE A PAIR OF PLIERS AND REACH IN?
HE DID. SO NO MORE GAMES.
ALRIGHT?
ALRIGHT...

RIGHT.

THAT'S RIGHT.



DAN GER
FLOOD DOOR

GOING THIS WAY...
WHERE?

INTO THE LIGHT.

NO WAY...

YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE, BABY?
LOOK AT ALL THIS SHIT!

THAT'S THE OWLSHIP!
ARCHIE...
THIS IS NITE OWL'S PAD, RIGHT?
WHERE IS HE?

OR ARE THE RUMORS TRUE?

WHAT RUMORS NOW?
THAT RORSCHACH KILLED NITE OWL AND THE SILK SPECTRE BEFORE HE OFFED HIMSELF. HE WENT TOTALLY NUTS. IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED?
FALSE...
PUT SCREWDRIVER DOWN...

SO HE'S ALIVE...
YOU'RE PARTNERED UP WITH NITE OWL!

NO.
HE'S NOT.

I HOPED TO LURE NITE OWL BACK, BUT HE'S RETIRED.
RORSCHACH'S WORKING FOR ME.
RREOW!

WITH YOU... NEVER FOR...
OZYMANDIAS?
HELLO AND WELCOME. I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR HUSBAND ALONG.
DISAPPOINTING, BUT EXPECTED. I DOUBTED RORSCHACH COULD PERSUADE YOU OTHERWISE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT WITH US...
I ONLY NEED YOU, TRUTHFULLY.
ME THEN...

BUT IF YOU KNOW WHERE OUR SON IS, YOU'LL TELL US. RIGHT NOW.

OR WE KILL YOU AND THIS PRETENDER.

AND I'M BETTING WE COLLECT A SHITLOAD OF MONEY FOR IT.
WHAT'S THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD ANYWAY? TEN MILLION? TWENTY?

OH, I WOULD THINK QUITE A BIT MORE, MRS. MANSON.
I'M HAPPY TO PAY YOU FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION. A HUNDRED MILLION. TWO, IF THAT SOUNDS BETTER.
ALONG WITH THE WHEREABOUTS OF YOUR SON.
BUT NO MORE THREATS. THEY'RE ILL-ADVISED.

PARTICULARLY WITH HIM.

THE FIRST RORSCHACH WAS AN INTERESTING MAN. A CRUEL ONE IN SOME RESPECTS, BUT SOMEONE WHO HELD ONTO HIS PRINCIPLES. HE WAS PREDICTABLE. UNCOMPROMISING.
BUT THIS ONE...

STOP.

RORSCHACH, I'M PAYING YOU A COMPLIMENT...
SHUT UP, VEIDT.

I AM RORSCHACH. NOTHING ELSE TO TELL.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU.
I'M NOT UPSET.

NOT YET.

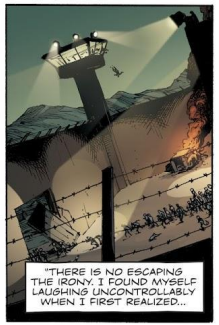
LET'S START OVER HERE.

AND THEY SAY WE'RE THE ONES WHO BELONG IN PRISON...
LOOK, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US? WHAT'S THIS BULLSHIT ABOUT FINDING "GOD"?

"FINDING GOD." THAT'S WHAT RORSCHACH CALLS IT.
I ASSUME YOU'RE AWARE OF WHAT I DID...
EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT YOU DID.
IT TOOK A LIFETIME TO CONCEIVE AND ORCHESTRATE. FOR A MOMENT... THERE WAS HOPE.

"BUT EVEN THE GREATEST OF EMPIRES DECAYS.

THE VERY NAME I TOOK IS A TESTAMENT TO THAT.


"THERE IS NO ESCAPING THE IRONY. I FOUND MYSELF LAUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY WHEN I FIRST REALIZED...

LAUGHING UNTIL IT HURRNGG.

...AS THE CLOCK HITS THE TWO-HOUR MARK, I AM SAD TO REPORT THAT FORCES IN POLAND CONTINUE TO ADVANCE DESPITE WHAT ANY FOREIGN PRESS MAY CLAIM...

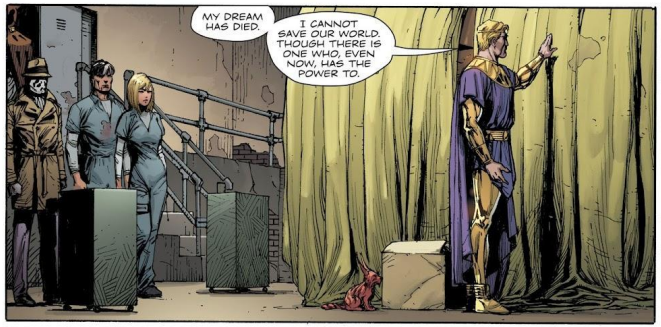
"DO NOT BELIEVE THEIR LIES."
NNG.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
HE'S AN ASSHOLE.
YES.
I ALSO HAVE CANCER.

"AND IT'S SPREADING.

ANOTHER REMINDER OF MY MISTAKES.

"TAKING WHAT IS MOST PRECIOUS TO ME...
ONE WORLD


MY DREAM HAS DIED.
I CANNOT SAVE OUR WORLD. THOUGH THERE IS ONE WHO, EVEN NOW, HAS THE POWER TO.

DR. MANHATTAN.

DR. MANHATTAN?
NO ONE'S SEEN HIM IN YEARS.
YES, I KNOW.

I'M LEAVING THIS GALAXY FOR ONE LESS COMPLICATED.

THAT IS OUR MISSION, ALL OF US.
WE NEED TO FIND JON.

"WHEREVER HE'S RETREATED TO."

WAL-DEN TWO

"THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE YOU, CLARK."

Senior P
CLASS OF
IF THEY DID, A LOT OF 'EM WOULD BE AFRAID.

IS THAT WHY YOU'RE MAKING ME GO TONIGHT? TO PRETEND I'M LIKE EVERYONE ELSE? EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE ELSE THINKS I'M A LOSER?
NO ONE THINKS THAT, CLARK. NO ONE WHO MATTERS. WHERE'S LANA?
PETE TOOK LANA TONIGHT.
I TOLD YOU TO ASK HER, SON.
WELL, I'M SURE LANA'S SAVING YOU A DANCE.

WEARING THIS FEELS WRONG.

YOU LOOK HANDSOME.

ONE DAY YOU'LL LET THE WHOLE WORLD IN ON YOUR SECRET, CLARK.
AND LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, SON, I CANNOT WAIT FOR THAT DAY. I REALLY CAN'T.

BUT I WOULDN'T BE YOUR FATHER IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU IT ALSO SCARES THE BETESUS OUT OF YOUR MOTHER AND ME.

IT'S NOT YOU, CLARK, IT'S THE WORLD.

I'M GOING TO GO SEE LANA ABOUT THAT DANCE...
THANKS FOR THE RIDE.

I WORRY ABOUT HIM, JONATHAN.

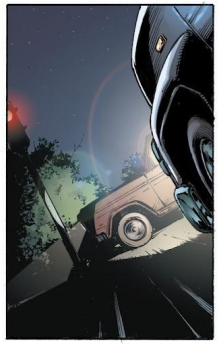
"DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH, MARTHA.

"HE'S NEVER GOTTEN SO MUCH AS A PAPER CUT.

"HE CAN'T BE HURT."

BUT CLARK'S ALONE.
HE HAS YOU AND ME.
WE WON'T BE AROUND FOREVER.

I WISH WE COULD'VE GIVEN HIM MORE. A BROTHER OR A SISTER.
ME, TOO, MARTHA.
BUT THIS IS GOD'S PLAN...



JONATHAN?

JONATHAN!

"CLARK?!"

Dedicated to
Len Wein

"The Only News That Matters!"

New York Gazette

Late Edition

New York: **Today**, overcast. High 52. **Tonight**, thunderstorms possible. Low 38. **Tomorrow**, limited sun, scattered thunderstorms. High 50. **Yesterday**, high 75, low 55. Details, page B10.

50 CENTS

NOVEMBER 2, 1992

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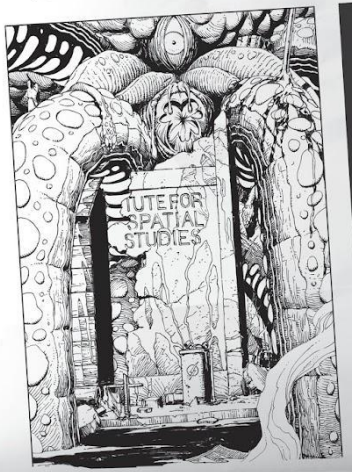
THE GREAT LIE



WARNING: The images within this special edition of *The New York Gazette* are not suitable for children.

Left: Adrian Veidt's "Invader."

Photograph by JAMES NACHTWEY

By JACK N. ANDERSON
Special to The New York Gazette

MANHATTAN, New York, November 2 -- On the eve of the election, while he trails behind in the polls, President Redford will deliver a speech revealing the alien monster that attacked New York was a hoax perpetrated by "the world's smartest man" and "humanity's savior" -- Adrian Veidt. At four o'clock today, the President will unveil the details of a covert investigation dubbed "Operation: Commodus" that was launched earlier this year. "Operation: Commodus" was so secret, it was run out of the White House and overseen by the President directly.

The final report was turned into the President last night and connects the mysterious and unsolved deaths of writers, artists, engineers, physicists, journalists and even Ozymandias' former costumed colleagues to Adrian Veidt. In the wake of "The New York City Massacre," wars ended, political enemies became allies and Veidt stepped into the spotlight. For the last seven years, he has influenced the world more than any other man in history, creating new policies and brokering alliances across the globe. Although never taking political office, Veidt has been seen by the world as a

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AG | NOVEMBER 5, 1992 — New York Gazette

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT STALLS

GRAPHIC ABOV France, South Af

By MARTHA

Adrian Veidt's pe disarm the world's finally looking his latest developments waves throughout the halted the battle in it in 1988, the anti-nu seen its share of succe be on its way to calm believed to have w election, President Re Free" proposal becam campaign. While S Mikhail Gorbachev's i in any kind of disarma led to the failed coup d' wake, Gorbachev res Soviet Union collapsed. Yeltsin took control o Federation and pro Redford and the other n NTA in their nuclear po Veidt leading the charge a

THE STRANGE CASE OF ROGER JACKSON

BY DOUG ROTH

The FBI are hoping new clues will point them in the direction of the journal of one of New York's most infamous figures and the possible true killer of a man who had it in his possession for years. In 1986, the now-defunct publication known as *The New Frontiersman* gained mad rampling

his home. Initially, the police believed it to be a break-in gone wrong, leading to the arrest and conviction of Roger Jackson, a young thief who had evidence seemingly mounted against him. Now, in a turn of events, subsequent investigations

seemingly the countries of the world

continued on page 2A

NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT STALLS

GRAPHIC ABOVE: Nuclear powers include the United States, the United Kingdom, France, South Africa, Russia, Israel, Pakistan, India, China and North Korea.

By MARTHA GELLHORN

Adrian Veidt's personal campaign to disarm the world's nuclear arsenal was finally looking like a reality, yet the latest developments have sent shock waves throughout the world and seemingly halted the battle in its tracks. Launched in 1988, the anti-nuclear mission has seen its share of success and appeared to be on its way to culmination. Commonly believed to have won him the '88 election, President Redford's "Nuclear Free" proposal became central to his campaign. While Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev's refusal to engage in any kind of disarmament discussions led to the failed coup d'état of '89. In its wake, Gorbachev resigned and the Soviet Union collapsed. President Boris Yeltsin took control of the Russian Federation and promptly joined Redford and the other members of the NTA in their nuclear peace talks. With Veidt leading the charge and the United Nations embracing his Global Data Exchange Program, the NTA agreed to a disarming of all nuclear weapons over a 20-year period. But one world superpower was still standing in the way. Over the years, Israel has been steadfast in its refusal to confirm possession of nuclear weapons. That all changed with the Vela incident, long rumored to be evidence of Israel's nuclear testing. Veidt's tenacity paid off when his investigation using global forensics to uncover the truth behind the mysterious event of 1979 forced Israel to admit the existence of its nuclear arsenal. The country reluctantly joined the NTA's disarmament plan. But just three years in, that plan has come to a grinding halt. As the world reels from the accusations against Adrian Veidt, President Redford has terminated his "Nuclear Free" program and withdrawn from the NTA. It's only a matter of time before the rest follow as everything Ozymandias has touched, crumbles.

Gunga Diner Food Poisoning Confirmed

THE STRANGE CASE OF ROGER JACKSON

BY DOUG ROTH

The FBI are hoping new clues will point them in the direction of the journal of one of New York's most infamous figures and the possible true killer of a man who had it in his possession for years. In 1986, the now-defunct publication known as *The New Frontiersman* printed the mad ramblings of Walter Kovacs, today better known as the vigilante *Rorschach*. Pages from Rorschach's alleged journal were transcribed and squeezed between a Sunburst candy ad and an interview with a man who Kovacs bit when they were children. It was ignored, as most things in *The New Frontiersman* were at the time. Shortly after the publication, the man who first found Rorschach's journal, Seymour David–an employee at *The New Frontiersman*, was found brutally beaten to death in his home. Initially, the police believed it to be a break-in gone wrong, leading to the arrest and conviction of Roger Jackson, a young thief who had evidence seemingly mounted against him. Now, in a turn of events, subsequent investigations are telling a different story. New information is pointing to Jackson's innocence and that this robbery was not random at all. At the center of this mystery, which could be the key to finding the true killer, is what was missing from Seymour David's hands when his body was found–Rorschach's journal. Where is it and what additional information does it hold that would cause someone to kill for it? The FBI are tight-lipped, but Jackson's attorneys have already filed a motion for the judge to overturn the jury's guilty verdict. ■

Mug shot of Walter Kovacs

OBITUARIES

MR. BYRON LEWIS passed away this Sunday, October 11, at the age of 80. He was born in Bethlehem, Connecticut, but moved to New York to pursue a career in engineering and aviation. Mr. Lewis was one of the largest private donors to "The New York City Massacre Victims Fund" and an advocate of mental health programs. Funeral services for Mr. Lewis will be held at 9 o'clock Friday morning at the Fitzgerald Mental Home at 22 Second Street North, Waterville, Maine, where he spent the last years of his life. Burial will be in Pine Grove Cemetery. Donations in Mr. Lewis' name to the Fitzgerald Mental Home, which was damaged in a gas explosion last week, are encouraged.

SCHRODINGER'S CLOCK & WATCH REPAIR

"Broken is a state of mind!"

We specialize in Antique Clocks, Pocket Watches and Grandfather Clocks!

Reasonable prices! All repairs done in-house!

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Servicing Manhattan for Over 30 Years!

1935 Bowery 212-555-1985

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Drop forged from an extra grade of steel. The handles are so designed that they fit in the palm of the hand, thereby making it an easy cutting tool.

SIX USEFUL TOOLS IN ONE

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Only the Genuine Bear This Mark

Dad's

DAD'S DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., 6 Progress Avenue, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

MORNING JOE'S

WELCOME TO MORNING JOE'S!

Fruits and Juices

Orange Juice $1.10
Grapefruit Juice $1.25
Tomato Juice $1.10
Apple Juice $1.25
Pineapple Juice $1.25
Half a Grapefruit $1.25
Full Grapefruit $2.00
Fresh Fruit (in season) $1.25

Morning Joe's Famous Pancakes!

A small stack of Joe's Famous Pancakes $2.00
A large stack of Joe's Famous Pancakes $3.50
Joe's Famous Pancakes with Blueberries ..... add $1.00
Joe's Famous Pancakes with Strawberries ..... add $1.00
Joe's Famous Pancakes with Peaches & Cream ..... add $1.50
Joe's Cinnamon Swirl Pancakes $3.75

JOE'S SPECIAL! ADD A SMALL STACK OF JOE'S FAMOUS PANCAKES TO ANY BREAKFAST FOR $1.50!

From the Grill!

Fresh Eggs (2) Fried, Boiled Poached or Scrambled $2.50
Fresh Eggs with Ham, Bacon or Sausage Links $3.75
Side Order of Ham, Bacon or Sausage Links $1.65
Plain Omelette (3 eggs) with Toast and Jelly $3.75
Ham and Cheese Omelette $3.60
Blini with Smoked Salmon $3.25

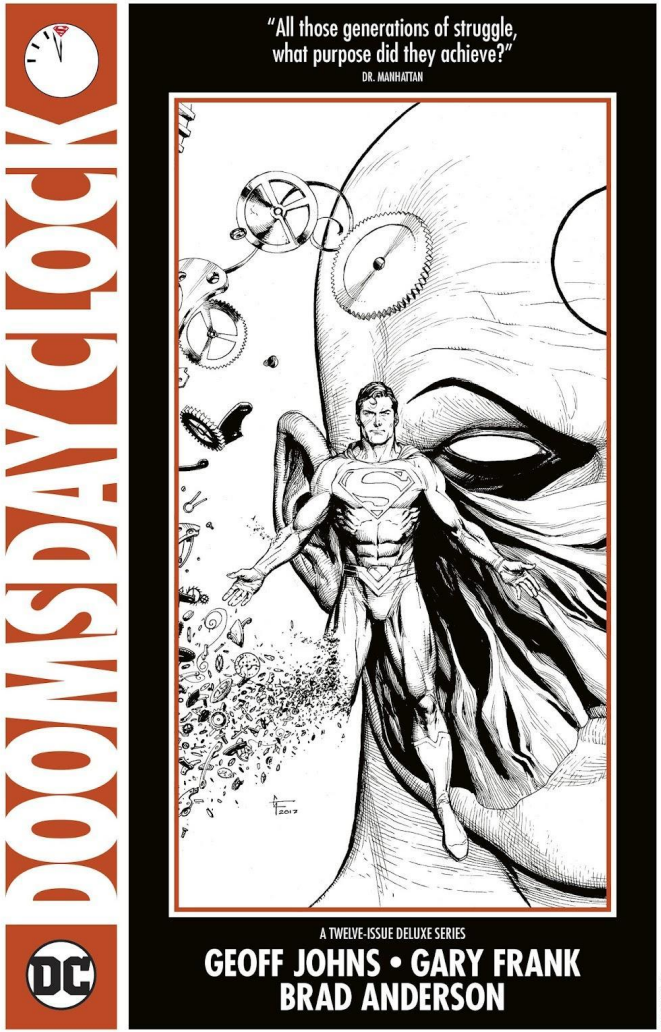
Beverages

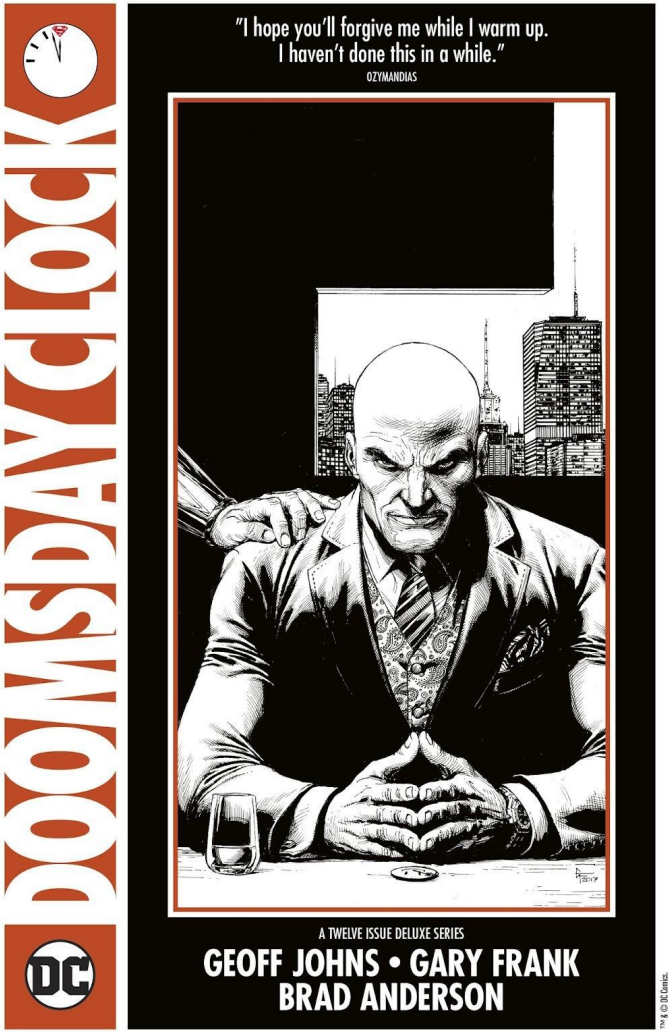
Cup of Joe's, Freshly Brewed $0.60
Tea (Black or Mint) $0.60
Milk (Skim or Whole) $0.60
Hot Chocolate $0.90

For the Kids!

Joe's Famous Silver Dollar Pancakes $1.25
Sunny-Side Eggs and Toast $1.50
Sugar Frosted Flakes or Cornflakes and Milk $1.00

THE BEST BREAKFAST IN THE CITY! SERVED FROM 5AM UNTIL 11AM!


DOOMSDAY CLOCK
"All those generations of struggle, what purpose did they achieve?"
DR. MANHATTAN
A TWELVE-ISSUE DELUXE SERIES
GEOFF JOHNS • GARY FRANK
BRAD ANDERSON
DC


DOOMSDAY CLOCK
"I hope you'll forgive me while I warm up. I haven't done this in a while."
OZYMANDIAS
A TWELVE ISSUE DELUXE SERIES
GEOFF JOHNS • GARY FRANK
BRAD ANDERSON
DC

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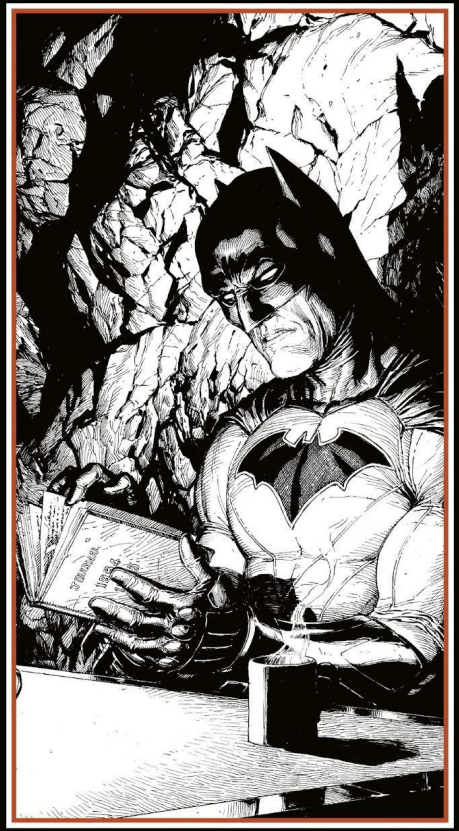
"If reading this now, whether I am alive or dead, you will know truth."

RORSCHACH



A TWELVE ISSUE DELUXE SERIES

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"Go on. Tell me what you really see."

DR. MALCOLM LONG

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"What's so goddamned funny? I don't get it. Somebody explain it to me."
THE COMEDIAN

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TOP 25

WHAT'S ON YOUR WISH LIST?

DC ESSENTIAL
GRAPHIC NOVELS 2018

- ☐ JUSTICE LEAGUE V1: ORIGIN
- ☐ WATCHMEN
- ☐ BATMAN: THE KILLING JOKE
- ☐ BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS
- ☐ THE SANDMAN V1: PRELUDES & NOCTURNES
- ☐ BATMAN V1: THE COURT OF OWLS
- ☐ V FOR VENDETTA
- ☐ PREACHER BOOK ONE
- ☐ BATMAN: HUSH
- ☐ ALL-STAR SUPERMAN
- ☐ WONDER WOMAN V1: BLOOD
- ☐ BATMAN: YEAR ONE
- ☐ DC SUPER HERO GIRLS: FINALS CRISIS
- ☐ DC UNIVERSE: REBIRTH THE DELUXE EDITION
- ☐ THE FLASH V1: MOVE FORWARD
- ☐ BATMAN ADVENTURES: MAD LOVE DELUXE EDITION
- ☐ INJUSTICE: GODS AMONG US YEAR ONE—THE COMPLETE COLLECTION
- ☐ DARK NIGHT: A TRUE BATMAN STORY
- ☐ BATMAN: THE LONG HALLOWEEN
- ☐ SUPERMAN V1: SON OF SUPERMAN
- ☐ IDENTITY CRISIS
- ☐ THE SANDMAN: OVERTURE
- ☐ BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT: MASTER RACE
- ☐ BATMAN V1: I AM GOTHAM
- ☐ AQUAMAN V1: THE TRENCH

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DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 2 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
FEBRUARY 2018

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 2
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Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

AFTER THE MINUTEMEN SHOWED UP IN '39, EVERY WANNABE GANGSTER AND LOW-RENT THUG IN NEW YORK WANTED A MASK.

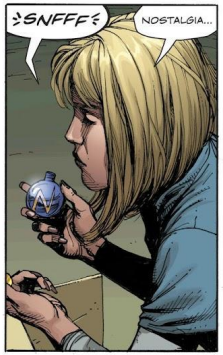
"THEY ALL LINED UP TO SEE THIS WOMAN OUT IN JERSEY."
GOOD MORNING, MR. PATTERSON!
WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT IT?
"THE TAILOR'S WIFE, THEY CALLED HER.

FOR A PRICE, SHE'D SELL ANYONE A NAME AND A COSTUME.
DOCTOR VAN GOGH, THE TELL-TALE MAN, BILL THE LIZARD.
PUNKS AND LOSERS WANTING TO MAKE A REP FOR THEMSELVES, CON MEN AND CROOKS TRYING TO HIDE BEHIND A GIMMICK.

"MOST OF THEM WOULD SHIT THEIR PANTS AS SOON AS THEY RAN ACROSS THE COMEDIAN OR NITE OWL AND TOSS THEIR SUITS IN THE TRASH.
"BACK THEN, YOU WEREN'T THE REAL THING, YOU GOT YOUR ASS SHOWN THE DOOR.

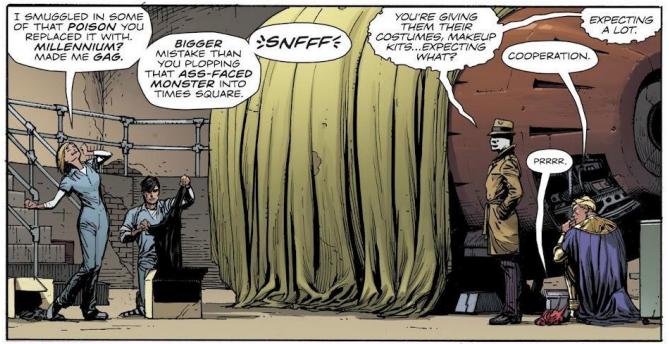
IT'S DIFFERENT TODAY THANKS TO YOU, VEIDT...

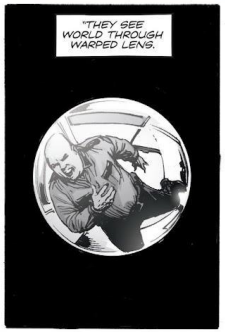
"LIFE'S NOT BLACK-AND-WHITE LIKE IT USED TO BE."
YOUR ACCOUNT'S OVERDRAWN AGAIN.
THE BILLS ARE PILING UP, AND...
IT'S OKAY, ANISHA. I'LL LEND YOU SOME MONEY MYSELF.
"YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR FAITH IN ANYONE THESE DAYS.


SNFFF
NOSTALGIA...

OH, SHIT...

THEY DON'T MAKE THIS ANYMORE.
1


I SMUGGLED IN SOME OF THAT POISON YOU REPLACED IT WITH. MILLENNIUM? MADE ME GAG.
BIGGER MISTAKE THAN YOU PLOPPING THAT ASS-FACED MONSTER INTO TIMES SQUARE.
SNFFF
YOU'RE GIVING THEM THEIR COSTUMES, MAKEUP KITS... EXPECTING WHAT?
EXPECTING A LOT.
COOPERATION.
PRRRR.


"THEY SEE WORLD THROUGH WARPED LENS.

"PSYCHOTIC. SADISTIC.
"MAYBE MASOCHISTIC.

"NEED TO WATCH THEM CLOSE."
OH, MY GOD... IT'S THEM!

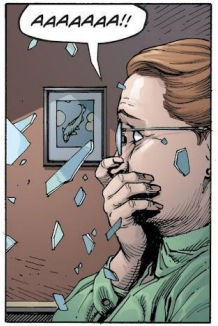
"LIKE I'M WATCHING YOU."

"I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE, RORSCHACH."
"NOTHING EXCEPT EVERYTHING, VEIDT.

YOU'RE GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY AGAIN.
2

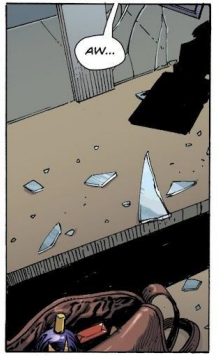
PLACES WE HAVE NEVER KNOWN

PLEASE! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, I...


AAAAAAA!!

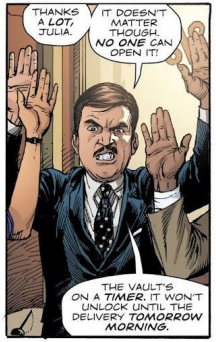
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT...

WHAT A NICE PICTURE!


AW...

HE'S VERY CUTE. I BET HE LOVES HIS MOTHER VERY MUCH.
AND I BET HIS MOTHER LOVES HIM.
5

I'M SORRY! I'M SO SORRY!
DON'T SPEAK, JUST LOOK.
LOOK?
LOOK AT WHO IN HERE CAN OPEN THE VAULT...


THANKS A LOT, JULIA.
IT DOESN'T MATTER THOUGH. NO ONE CAN OPEN IT!
THE VAULT'S ON A TIMER. IT WON'T UNLOCK UNTIL THE DELIVERY TOMORROW MORNING.

JULIA... IS THAT TRUE?

YES.
NO!

MR. MANGOLD'S LYING. HE CAN OPEN IT.
JESUS CHRIST, JULIA! FOR GOD'S SAKE, HE'S POINTING A FREAKING FINGER AT YOUR EMPTY HEAD!
WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, YOU ARE FIRED!

WHAT? NO! NO, PLEASE, MR. MANGOLD! I NEED THIS JOB!
THEN YOU SHOULD'VE KEPT YOUR FAT MOUTH SHUT!

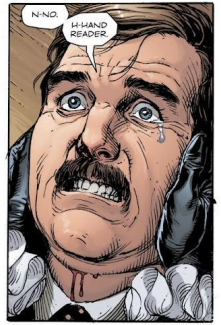
I'VE NEVER LIKED YOU. YOU TALK TO THE CUSTOMERS TOO MUCH. YOU COME IN LATE, YOU LEAVE EARLY!
HE'S A RETARD! LIKE HIS MOTHER!
YOU KNOW, MY SON HAS NEEDS!

AND YOU'RE A BORE TO LOOK AT!
OH, THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH.
6

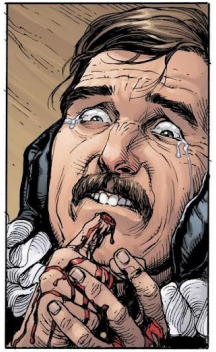
YES! YES, IT IS ENOUGH, YOU DERANGED BITCH! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO OUR CUSTOMERS ARE?
WE'RE ONE MILE AWAY FROM ROCKEFELLER...

WHAT ARE YOU...

EEEYYAAA!!
I KNOW, I KNOW, MY SLICING STRING CUTS DEEP.
BUT IT COULD'VE BEEN MUCH WORSE. BE GLAD IT WAS YOUR FINGER.
SO HOW DO YOU OPEN THE VAULT? YOU KNOW THE CODE? HAVE THE KEY?


N-NO.
H-HAND READER.

OH.
UH.
OOPS.
WHICH HAND?

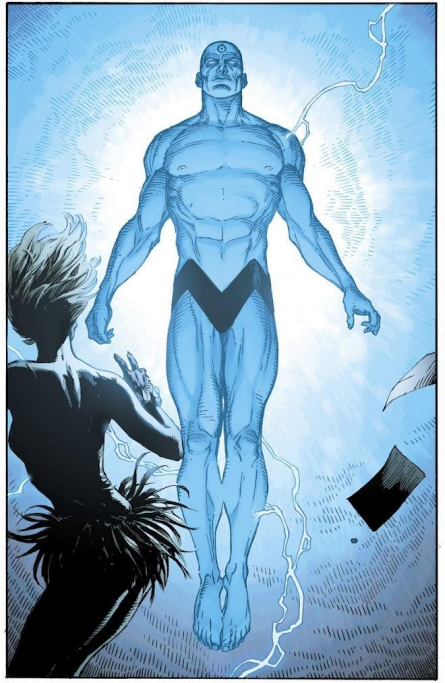


SHIT.
DID ANYONE SEE WHERE HIS FINGER WENT?
7

WHOA!
WHERE'D THAT STATIC COME FROM? SOME KIND OF ALARM?

I TOLD YOU!
YOU PICKED THE WRONG BANK!

YAAAAA!



YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW.

WOW.
NICE BRIEFS.
8

WAIT!

DON'T KILL HIM!
YOU DON'T KILL HIM WITHOUT KILLING ME.

WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

BABUM

BABUM

"WHAT IS IT?"

"THERE'S NO WAY OUT..."

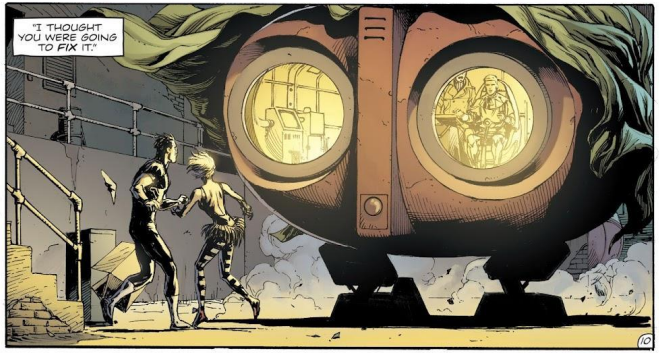
YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
MOVE AN INCH AND YOU CLOWNS END UP IN BODY BAGS!
THIRTY-SEVEN PEOPLE DEAD BEFORE SPREE ENDED HERE.

MANHATTAN'S EVISCERATED PEOPLE FOR LEGS.
THAT'S PRECISELY THE POINT, RORSCHACH.

I KNOW JON INTIMATELY WELL, PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY.
I MANIPULATED HIM INTO LEAVING EARTH ONCE BEFORE. NOW I NEED TO CONVINCE HIM TO COME BACK.
SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN JUSPEOZYK.
ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET HER.
LAURIE WOULDN'T...
TRUST YOU.
SEEING HER WITH DAN COULD UPSET HIM.

"MARIONETTE REPRESENTS A MOMENT IN JON'S PAST.
"ONE THAT I CAN USE TO REMIND HIM OF WHO HE WAS...

THE SCREENS... SOMETHING'S INTERFERING WITH PLAYBACK.
ARE THE FOUR HOURS UP? ARE THE NUKES IN THE AIR?
SORRY... WATCH IS SLOW.

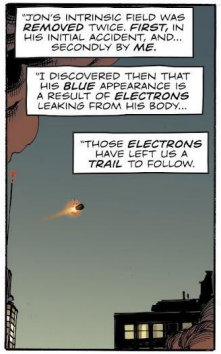

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO FIX IT."

"THERE ARE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET."
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

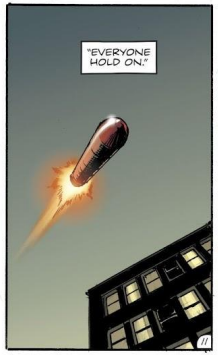
"EVERY LIVING BEING HAS A UNIQUE INTRINSIC FIELD THAT HOLDS THEIR ATOMS TOGETHER.

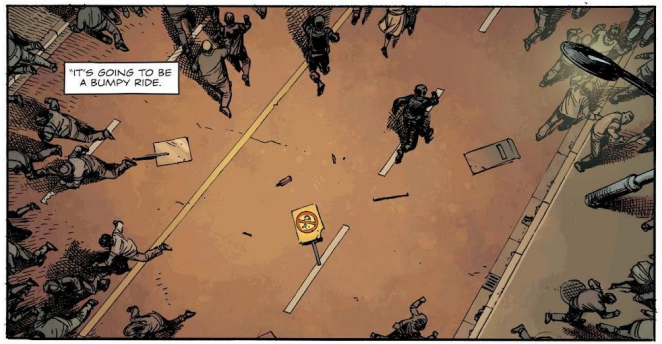
"A QUANTUM FINGERPRINT MADE UP OF THE FOUR FUNDAMENTAL FORCES OF NATURE."
IS THAT A PLANE?

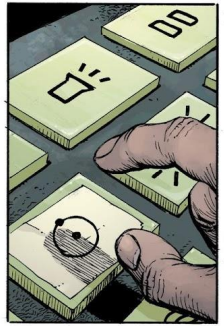
"ELECTROMAGNETIC. STRONG INTERACTION. WEAK INTERACTION. AND GRAVITY.


"JON'S INTRINSIC FIELD WAS REMOVED TWICE. FIRST, IN HIS INITIAL ACCIDENT, AND... SECONDLY BY ME.
"I DISCOVERED THEN THAT HIS BLUE APPEARANCE IS A RESULT OF ELECTRONS LEAKING FROM HIS BODY...
"THOSE ELECTRONS HAVE LEFT US A TRAIL TO FOLLOW.

I APOLOGIZE I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO INSTALL ADDITIONAL SEATING.
REBUILDING THE OWLSHIP TO WITHSTAND QUANTUM TUNNELING TOOK MORE TIME THAN I ANTICIPATED.

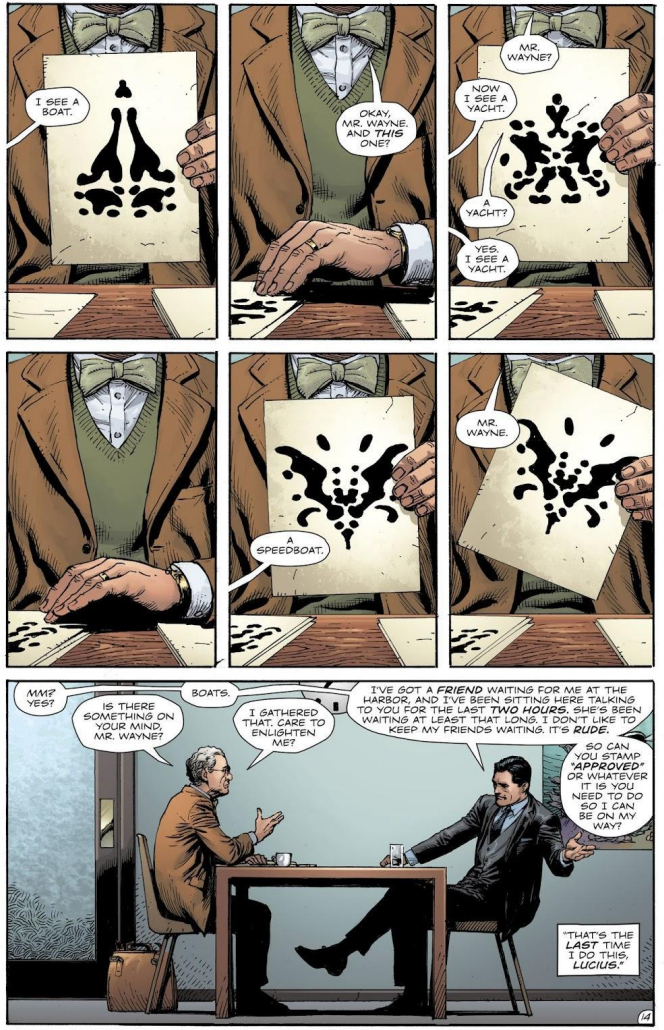

"EVERYONE HOLD ON."


"IT'S GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE.

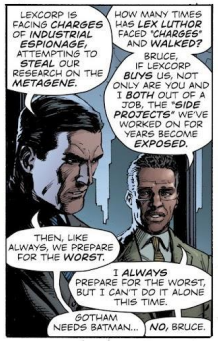


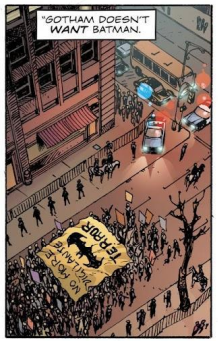
IT...IT'S NOT WORKING.
WELL, PRESS IT AGAIN BEFORE THE MISSILE

"HULL SHOULD HOLD JUST LONG ENOUGH. WE'RE SHIFTING OUT...
NOW-W-W-W-W
MR. WAYNE?
13


I SEE A BOAT.
OKAY, MR. WAYNE. AND THIS ONE?
MR. WAYNE?
NOW I SEE A YACHT.
A YACHT?
YES. I SEE A YACHT.
A SPEEDBOAT.
MR. WAYNE.
MM? YES?
IS THERE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, MR. WAYNE?
BOATS.
I GATHERED THAT. CARE TO ENLIGHTEN ME?
I'VE GOT A FRIEND WAITING FOR ME AT THE HARBOR, AND I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE TALKING TO YOU FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS. SHE'S BEEN WAITING AT LEAST THAT LONG. I DON'T LIKE TO KEEP MY FRIENDS WAITING. IT'S RUDE.
SO CAN YOU STAMP "APPROVED" OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU NEED TO DO SO I CAN BE ON MY WAY?
"THAT'S THE LAST TIME I DO THIS, LUCIUS."
14

YOU FAILED A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAM SEVEN YEARS AGO BECAUSE YOU WERE BEING HONEST. SINCE THEN, THE BOARD HAS REQUIRED AN ANNUAL TEST FOR INSURANCE...
THE MAD HATTER AND THE TWINS ARE LOOSE.
YOU HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN THEM, BRUCE.
LEXCORP ISN'T GIVING UP. IF YOU DON'T TAKE A STAND AND HAVE A REAL, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS PRESENCE HERE, THE BOARD COULD SELL...
THIS IS MY COMPANY.
UNLESS THEY VOTE AGAINST YOU.

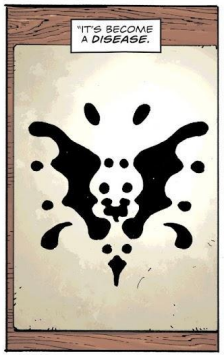

LEXCORP IS FACING CHARGES OF INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE, ATTEMPTING TO STEAL OUR RESEARCH ON THE METAGENE.
HOW MANY TIMES HAS LEX LUTHOR FACED 'CHARGES' AND WALKED?
BRUCE, IF LEXCORP BUYS US, NOT ONLY ARE YOU AND I BOTH OUT OF A JOB, THE 'SIDE PROJECTS' WE'VE WORKED ON FOR YEARS BECOME EXPOSED.
THEN, LIKE ALWAYS, WE PREPARE FOR THE WORST.
I ALWAYS PREPARE FOR THE WORST, BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE THIS TIME.
GOTHAM NEEDS BATMAN...
NO, BRUCE.


"GOTHAM DOESN'T WANT BATMAN.
TERROR

"THE WORLD'S GONE UPSIDE DOWN BECAUSE OF THE SUPERMEN THEORY.
"IT MAY HAVE STARTED WITH REX MASON AND KIRK LANGSTROM, BUT NOW THE MOB IS AFTER YOU...

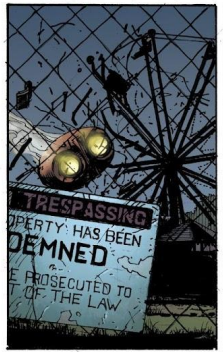
THEY DON'T TRUST BATMAN ANYMORE...
WHEN HAVE THEY REALLY?

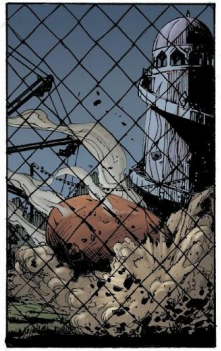
"BRUCE, THE BAT IS NOT THE SYMBOL IT USED TO BE.


"IT'S BECOME A DISEASE.

BUT IT'S ONE YOU CAN LIVE WITH AS LONG AS YOU MANAGE IT...
...AND KEEP IT FROM INFECTING OTHERS.
THIS ISN'T MY DOING. IT'S TEMPORARY PARANOIA, PERPETUATED BY RUSSIA AND MARKOVIA.
BATMAN'S A NECESSITY TO GOTHAM AND THE WORLD.
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE ANYMORE. YOU NEED TO FACE THIS, ALL OF IT, BRUCE.
BRUCE?!

"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO OPEN YOUR EYES?"


TRESPASSING
OPERTY HAS BEEN
DEMNED
E PROSECUTED TO
T OF THE LAW



HOUSE

:KKF:
RORSCHACH...
AAAUUUU!
RORSCHACH, IT'S ME! OZYMANDIAS.
VEIDT! K-K-KILL YOU...
NO. NO, WE MADE AN AGREEMENT. REMEMBER...
REGGIE...
WHERE...
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DID WHAT I SAID I WOULD. I BROUGHT US TO THE UNIVERSE DR. MANHATTAN TRAVELED TO.
NOW YOU AND I HAVE TO FIND HIM.
WE...
WHAT ABOUT THEM?
17

SHWA... WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU...?
HEY!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
CHAINED UP LIKE YOU SHOULD BE.
EAT SHIT, DICKHEAD.
YOU KISS HER WITH THAT MOUTH?
LET US LOOSE, VEIDT.
WE ALREADY AGREED TO HELP YOU TWO ASSHOLES, DIDN'T WE?
YES, YOU DID. AND I APPRECIATE THAT MORE THAN I CARE TO EXPRESS AT THE MOMENT, BUT I NEED SOME OBJECTIVE ASSURANCES THAT BOTH YOU AND THE MIME WILL STAY PUT WHILE RORSCHACH AND I LOCATE JON.
RR?
GIVEN WHO YOU ARE, I'M SURE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND MY PRECAUTIONS.
REOW?
POOR GIRL. I HOPE THE TRIP WASN'T TOO UPSETTING.
I NEED TO USE THE BATHROOM!
WHY BRING CAT? LEAVE PET HERE WITH OTHER ANIMALS.
SHE'S MORE THAN A PET, RORSCHACH.
PRRRR.
SHE'S THE COMPASS.
18

WHERE ARE WE NOW?
ON AN EARTH THAT APPEARS NOT ENTIRELY UNLIKE OURS...
MAYBE IT IS OURS. FLEW IN SKY, CRASHED BACK DOWN ON GROUND.
YOU'VE DONE IT BEFORE.

...NATHANIEL DUSK" MARATHON, STARRING CARVER COLMAN AS "THE P.I. WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE!"
HHH.
GBC WILL BE AIRING THESE FILMS UNEDITED AND UNINTERRUPTED...

...INCLUDING THE CONTROVERSIAL AND AWARD-WINNING PICTURE... "THE ADJOURNMENT"!
DIRECTED BY JACQUES TOURNEUR IN 1954, IT WAS THE FINAL FILM IN THE NATHANIEL DUSK SERIES, RELEASED AFTER CARVER COLMAN WAS KILLED.

"HIS DEATH REMAINS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BRUTAL UNSOLVED MURDERS..."
THIS CITY IS CALLED GOTHAM.
GOTHAM?
YES, I KNOW.

IT APPEARS THIS WORLD IS YEARS AHEAD OF OURS IN SOME WAYS. BEHIND US IN OTHERS.
WE HAVE QUITE A BIT TO CATCH UP ON.
WHERE DO WE START?
WITH HEMINGWAY, WOOLF AND MAYAKOVSKY.

GOTHAM CITY
PUBLIC LIBRARY

"HEMINGWAY, WOOLF AND MAYAKOVSKY HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON, VEIDT...
"DON'T LIKE IT HERE. CREEPY. LET'S GO."
"IN A MINUTE, RORSCHACH. THIS IS ALL SO INCREDIBLE."

ALTHOUGH THERE ARE VAST DIFFERENCES BETWEEN OUR EARTHS, THE GREATEST DIVERGENT IS THE SHEER NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN WEARING MASKS, INCLUDING SOME WHO ARE ENTIRELY FICTIONAL ON OUR WORLD.
FICTIONAL ON OUR WORLD? MAYBE MANHATTAN CREATED THEM...
OR HE COULD BE ONE OF THEM.
CHANGE LOOK. CHANGE NAME.

IT'S POSSIBLE, YES. JON MAY HAVE WANTED TO START OVER WITH A NEW IDENTITY. A SECOND CHANCE.
SECOND CHANCE AT WHAT?
SAVING A WORLD.
THOSE WEARING COSTUMES. MOST OF THEM ARE SUPERHUMAN. THE DR. MANHATTAN PROBLEM A HUNDREDFOLD...

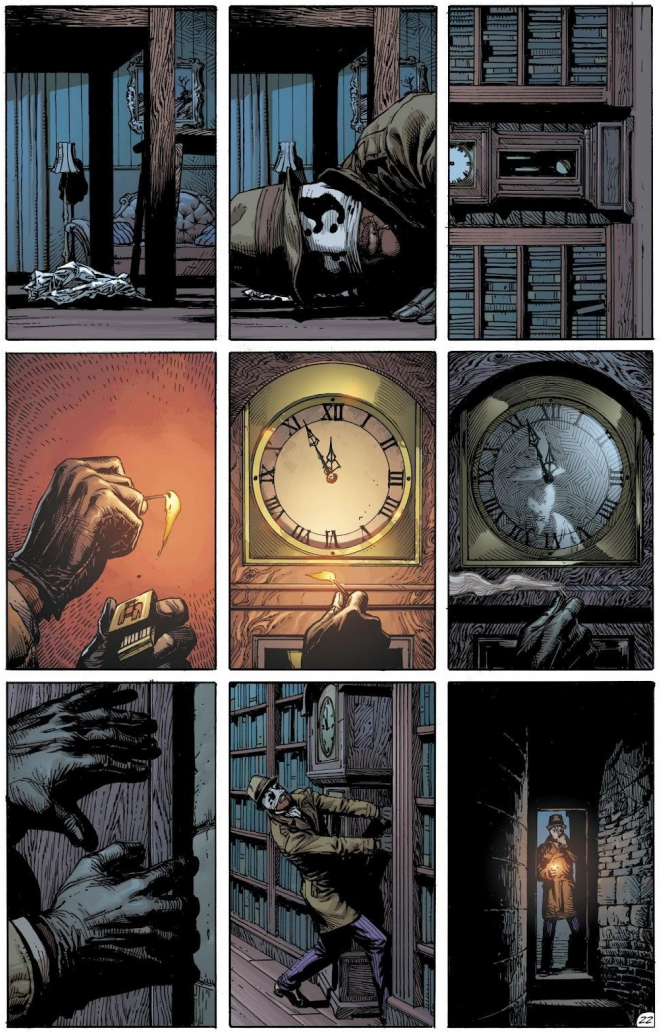
NNG.
AGAIN?
YES.
IT'S GETTING WORSE.

WE NEED SOMEONE TO HELP US NAVIGATE THESE WATERS AND FIND JON.
WHO...
I'VE ALREADY IDENTIFIED THE TWO SMARTEST PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET.
WHAT?

LEX LUTHOR AND BRUCE WAYNE. WE GO TO THEM. EXPLAIN WHO WE ARE AND WHY WE'RE HERE. TRY AND GET HELP TO...
STORY SOUNDS CRAZY.
NOT ANY CRAZIER THAN THIS PLACE.
SPLIT UP. SAVE TIME.
YES. THAT'S RIGHT.

WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?
THE SMARTEST, OF COURSE.

"WE MEET BACK AT THE SHIP IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
"AND RORSCHACH?"
"HH?"
"NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, DON'T INTERACT WITH ANYONE ELSE.
"DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING."
21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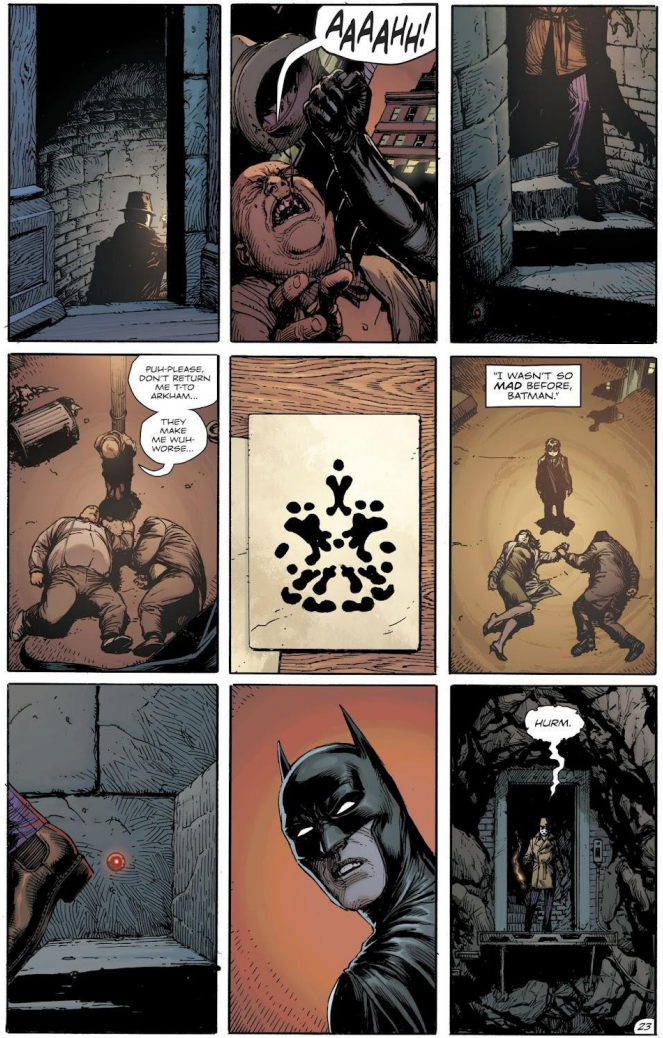

AAAAHH!
PUH-PLEASE, DON'T RETURN ME T-TO ARKHAM...
THEY MAKE ME WUH-WORSE...
"I WASN'T SO MAD BEFORE, BATMAN.'
HURM.
23

YOU'RE ALL FIRED.
XCORP LABS
IZED PERSONNEL ONLY
GO PASSING
I WILL END THIS WORLD BEFORE I LET WAYNE WIN.
EXCUSE ME...
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
I LET MYSELF IN.
I ADMIRE YOUR TASTE, MR. LUTHOR.
AND YOUR ASPIRATIONS.
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SMARTEST MAN ON MY EARTH.
AND YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN ON YOURS.
NEVER MIND.
SECURITY WILL SHOW YOU OUT BEFORE I TERMINATE THEM FOR ALLOWING YOU IN.
IF I COULD GET A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME...
OH, YOU HAVE IT. FEEL FREE TO APPEASE MY CURIOSITY UNTIL THEY GET HERE, "SMARTEST MAN."
24

I'M BORED, AND IT'S GODDAMN HOT.

"MY WORLD WAS SPIRALING OUT OF CONTROL..."
YES! I COULD USE A DRINK TOO!

"...WENT INTO THE DEPTHS OF HUMANITY'S FEARS, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING BEYOND HORROR..."

DID YOU BRING YOUR LOCKPICK, BABY?

...SPENT YEARS DEVISING A PLAN THAT I HOPED WOULD UNITE THE COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES, THOUGH AT A COST...

SO.
LET'S SEE IF I'M UNDERSTANDING YOU CORRECTLY.

YOU DISSECTED A PSYCHIC'S BRAIN, ENLISTED THE MORALLY BANKRUPT MINDS OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS FROM THE LIKES OF HOLLYWOOD AND COMIC BOOKS...
...AND CREATED AN "ALIEN INVADER" THAT MURDERED THREE MILLION PEOPLE TO UNITE THE WORLD.
YES.

AND YOU'RE SURPRISED THAT HUMANITY HASN'T STAYED UNITED?
IF YOU'RE THE SMARTEST MAN ON YOUR PLANET, I'D HATE TO MEET THE DUMBEST.

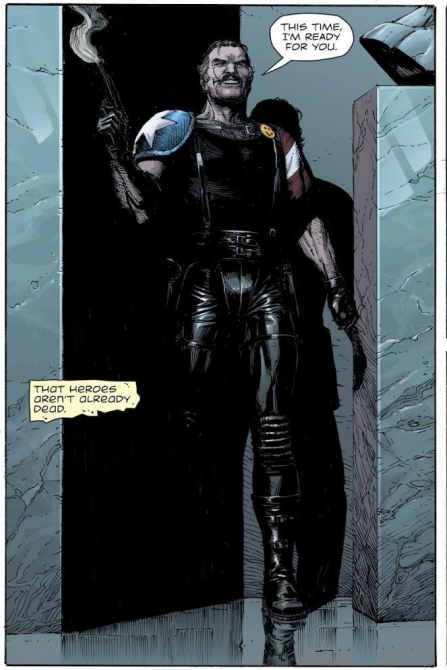
YOUR OPINION OF MY INTELLIGENCE MATTERS LITTLE, MR. LUTHOR.
I'M HERE BECAUSE I KNOW YOUR AMBITIONS. I SHARED THEM AT ONE POINT IN MY LIFE.
AND IF YOU CHOOSE TO BELIEVE ME AND WORK WITH ME...I CAN HELP YOU ACHIEVE EVERYTHING YOU WANT.
HE MUST BE A MONSTER.

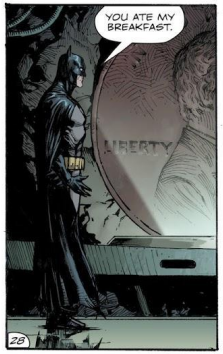
ONLY MONSTER WOULD KEEP TROPHIES LIKE THIS.

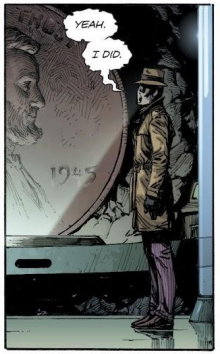
JOKER KILLS 18 NURSES
JOKER SPRAYS 19 PEARLS DEAD
NINE DEAD
JOKER KILLS FIFTY+
JOKER IN DEADLY BOMB SPREE
TOKENS AND PRIZES FROM VICTIMS.

IT'S HOW KOVACS CAUGHT SO MANY ANIMALS.

THEY COULDN'T LET POST GO.







We are torn between nostalgia for the familiar
and an urge for the foreign and strange.
As often as not,
we are homesick most
for the places we have never known.
—Carson McCullers

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METAHUMAN NEWS

New Theory on Concentration of Metahumans in United States Raises Questions About Secret Origins

By Lowell Jeffries
Metahuman News Correspondent

● December 7, 2017 – Metahuman News

The metahuman population is undeniably concentrated in the United States of America, leaving "super powers" in the world unbalanced.

"The Supermen Theory" continues to be hotly debated as second metahuman's secret origin is tied to U.S. government.

The President continues to deny any government involvement in the secret origins of America's metahumans, calling "The Supermen Theory" and its implied accusations "outright lies" and "completely fictitious." Today these denials are once again under fire as another metahuman is revealed to have ties to the U.S. government, giving more credence to "The Supermen Theory."

"The Supermen Theory" began making the rounds six months ago when a Markovian geneticist, Dr. Helga Jace, led an international coalition of scientists looking to answer a question that has long confounded the world:

Why are the vast majority of the planet's metahumans American?

Most often referred to as "super-heroes" and "super-villains" by the general public who watch their exploits with both awe and fear, metahumans began appearing after Superman revealed himself to the world. Men, women and even children wielding a diverse range of superhuman abilities have since emerged across America at a rapid rate.

Superman's history has been well documented and generally accepted; the Man of Steel comes from another planet, the long-dead Krypton. However, the metahumans who followed Superman remain a mystery. The vast majority of them hide their true identities, a fact that has become more and more unsettling across the planet. "The Supermen Theory" suggests that the metahumans of America are, in truth, government sponsored and controlled. Dr. Jace claims that the "theatrics of super-heroes and super-villains" are a calculated and designed cover for the continued experimentation on and creation of America's living weapons of mass destruction. Dr. Jace continues to suggest, "These super-heroes and super-villains are nukes hidden in plain sight."

To combat the initial skepticism toward "The Supermen Theory," Dr. Jace pointed to leaked documents from the U.S. Department of Metahuman Affairs detailing the secret origin of Rex Mason, better known as Metamorpho and sometime ally to the Batman. Although initial reports suggested the former soldier-for-hire was accidentally transformed into the shape-shifting metahuman, the leaked documents paint a very different picture. The documents reveal Simon Stagg and Stagg Industries were under government contract, along with Rex Mason. Under Stagg's supervision, Mason voluntarily exposed himself to an ancient energy source, ultimately triggering his metagene and transforming him into Metamorpho.

As Metamorpho, Mason was often seen in public blaming Simon Stagg for the accident. But new allegations suggest Mason and Stagg, along with many others, were coached to create a "super-hero narrative" designed to cover Metamorpho's covert activities as a government agent. In recent weeks, three former "enemies" of Metamorpho, "Doc Dread," "Stingaree" and "the Prosecutor," have come forward with claims they were paid by the U.S. government to undergo their own transformations and take on the role of "super-villain" to Metamorpho.

Today a second metahuman's ties to the U.S. government have been revealed. Kirk Langstrom, sometimes known as the creature called Man-Bat, has admitted that the research that led to his own transformation was sponsored by the U.S. Department of Metahuman Affairs. Since Langstrom's declaration, he has been unavailable for further comment, though the White House has issued a response.

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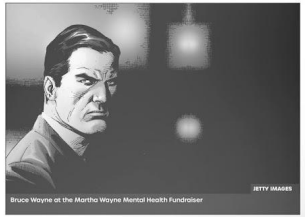

Bruce Wayne at the Martha Wayne Mental Health Fundraiser

Multiple Arrests at LexCorp Following Accusations of Industrial Espionage

In what is arguably the greatest rivalry in American business today, the competition between LexCorp and Wayne Enterprises has reached new heights, leading to the arrests of four Wayne Enterprises employees — each accused of helping LexCorp access highly confidential and experimental research. A genetic scientist, two managers and a security guard have all been charged after a breach in Wayne Enterprises systems was detected. Bruce Wayne claims the competition over the "metagene" is what motivated Lex Luthor to pay off employees within Wayne's company.

As "The Supermen Theory" has gained acceptance, if not outright validation, over the last several weeks, the competition between the two giants has entered a new and dangerous arena: metahuman biology. Technology that would control the metagene, or even eliminate it, could become the most valuable commodity in the world. The metagene, a genetic anomaly found in up to 12% of the human population, was discovered during the Dominator Invasion. This anomaly seems to be a step further from the human fight-or-flight response; when a traumatic or potentially lethal incident occurs, it can trigger the metagene, altering a person's genetic disposition and causing the development of superhuman abilities. Although many "super-heroes" and "super-villains" claim to derive their abilities from sources outside of the metagene, the truth behind their origins has come into question following the rise of "The Supermen Theory."

Since the theory was first presented, both LexCorp and Wayne Enterprises have been gobbling up every company that has done any kind of research on the metagene. LexCorp's stock soared after purchasing Kord Industries, Genetech and the Sunderland Corporation, while Wayne Enterprises has struggled to find the same kind of success through its acquisitions. The controversial decision to buy Dayton Labs, a troubled genetic research facility, sent Wayne stocks tumbling. Not helping matters, today Wayne Enterprises announced it is in the process of picking up the pieces of Stagg Industries in the wake of the Metamorpho scandal.

Although all four of the accused Wayne Enterprises employees claim to have had direct communication with Lex Luthor himself, he denies any involvement.

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Bruce Wayne at

Multiple Arrest

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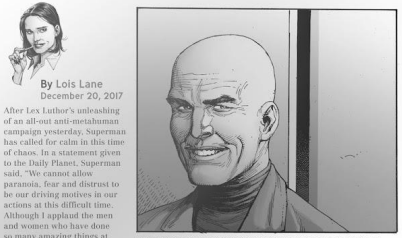
Superman Takes a Stand against Metahuman Outrage as the World Reacts to Conspiracy Theories on Their Origins



Lex Luthor receiving the Copley Medal for his work in metahuman biology

By Lois Lane
December 20, 2017

After Lex Luthor's unleashing of an all-out anti-metahuman campaign yesterday, Superman has called for calm in this time of chaos. In a statement given to the Daily Planet, Superman said, "We cannot allow paranoia, fear and distrust to be our driving motives in our actions at this difficult time. Although I applaud the men and women who have done so many amazing things at LexCorp that have helped the world, I find the words and ideas of its leader misguided and, quite frankly, dangerous."

While the United Nations is debating whether to force the United States to open up its metahuman prisons and medical institutions for inspection, other world leaders are tempering their reactions to "The Supermen Theory" in a wait-and-see approach. But the more strident Lex Luthor made his stance clear with his tirade yesterday about the supposed dangers of metahumans and their impact on society at large. The outspoken and controversial head of LexCorp has never shied away from denouncing the super-heroes of the world, including Superman, but his recent comments have taken a decidedly darker and more threatening turn. Luthor encouraged all business leaders to denounce metahumans until they unmask and reveal their origins to the world. Until that time, Luthor has stated he will dedicate all of the necessary resources within LexCorp to uncovering the truth behind metahumans, promising to expose "as many of them as humanly possible."

As of this publication, Lex Luthor did not return inquiries.

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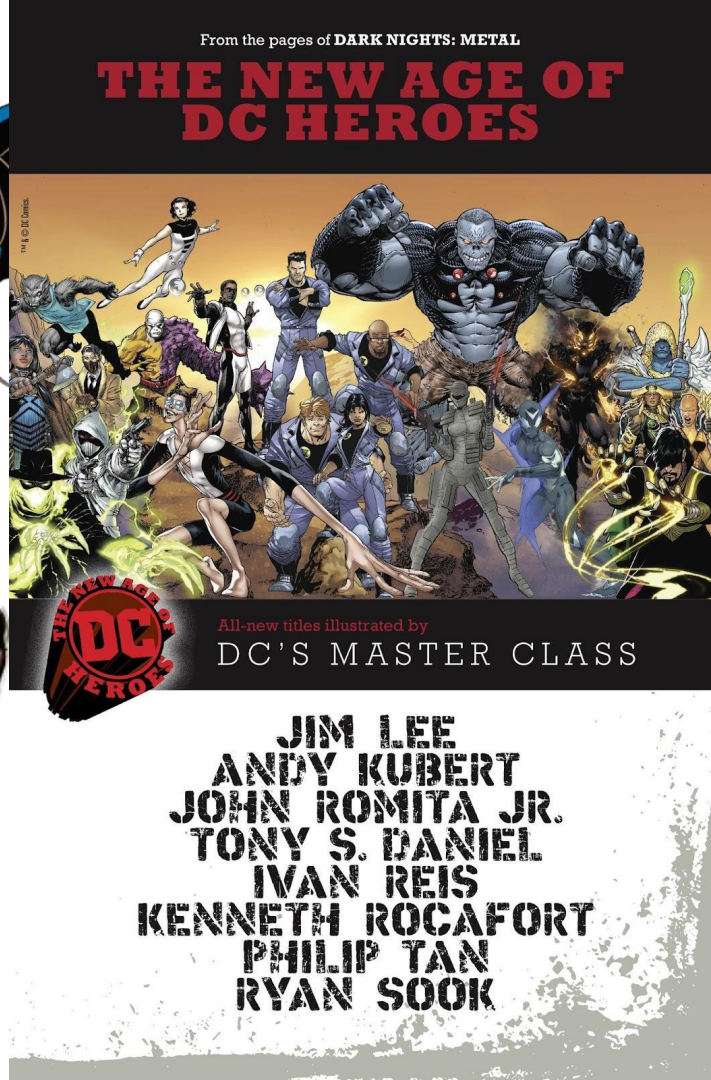
The Corps faces
the Kryptonian killer!
HAL JORDAN AND THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS
ZOD'S WILL part one
DC UNIVERSE
WRITTEN BY ROBERT VENDITTI
ART BY RAFA SANDOVAL
BEGINNING WITH #37
JANUARY


From the pages of DARK NIGHTS: METAL
THE NEW AGE OF DC HEROES
THE NEW AGE OF DC HEROES
All-new titles illustrated by
DC'S MASTER CLASS
JIM LEE
ANDY KUBERT
JOHN ROMITA JR.
TONY S. DANIEL
IVAN REIS
KENNETH ROCAFORT
PHILIP TAN
RYAN SOOK

THE DC UNIVERSE JUST GOT BIGGER!

Starting in January, DC introduces a bold new line of comics starring a thrilling array of heroes—some you already know, some you may have glimpsed in the pages of DARK NIGHTS: METAL. They embody a spirit of epic adventure and bravery—the kind you may remember from another era, but updated in an exciting way for today!

These new titles are illustrated by DC's Master Class of artists, including legendary names like Jim Lee, Andy Kubert, John Romita Jr., Tony S. Daniel, Ivan Reis, Ryan Sook, Philip Tan and Kenneth Rocafort. And they are written by some of comics' biggest names, including Scott Snyder, Jeff Lemire, Dan Abnett, James Tynion IV, Robert Venditti, Steve Orlando, Justin Jordan and Dan DiDio.

The following pages will give you a sneak peek at these amazing new titles that you can't afford to miss.

DAMAGE

DAMAGE

TONY S. DANIEL
ROBERT VENDITTI

Ethan "Elvis" Avery just wanted to serve his country. Instead, he's been changed into a monster!

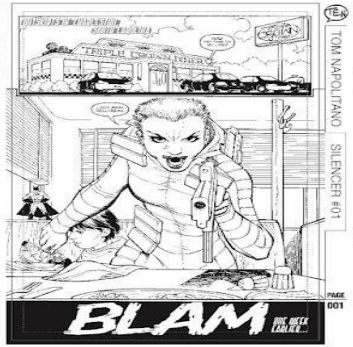
Tasked as the government's own living, breathing ticking time bomb, Ethan retains no control when the monster takes over. The beast is cheaper than a nuclear warhead and twice as effective, and Ethan fights to rein in the damage he unleashes when it springs free for one hour a day. With everyone around him in danger, Ethan struggles to contain the DAMAGE he inflicts on the DC Universe.

"As I grow personally and as an artist, it feels similar to how Damage is trying to be the best version of himself."

—TONY S. DANIEL

"His journey is about reconciling himself with his monstrous side, while still becoming the hero he set out to be."

—ROBERT VENDITTI



THE SILENCER

JOHN ROMITA JR.
DAN ABNETT

She's one of the DC Universe's deadliest assassins…and you've never heard of her. Super-strong, highly trained, armed with devastating and stealthy meta-human abilities, the Silencer is virtually invincible. Or at least she was. After decades as Leviathan's chief assassin, Honor Guest put in her time and managed to get out with her skin intact. Now she lives a normal life with a normal family in a normal house on a normal street. But the past has come back to haunt her in the form of her old employer and a deadly new mission…and Talia al Ghul won't take no for an answer.

"That's what I like, something realistic and you add fantastic to it."

—JOHN ROMITA JR.

"The clash between her real life and dazzling superhuman exploits captures the sheer thrill of comics."

—DAN ABNETT

THE SILENCER

SIDEWAYS

SIDEWAYS

KENNETH ROCAFORT
DAN DiDIO
JUSTIN JORDAN

During the events of DARK NIGHTS: METAL, high school junior Derek James accidentally fell through a rift into the Dark Matter dimension! Now, as Sideways, he can create rifts in midair to leap through dimensions at will! But with that much power comes great liability—and tears are starting to form in the fabric of the space-time continuum…

"I prefer to let my art speak for itself."

—KENNETH ROCAFORT

"It's fun building a character from the ground up and learning how he works, fights and thinks."

—DAN DiDIO

"The opportunity to build a new part of the DC Universe ranks pretty high on the excitement scale."

—JUSTIN JORDAN

THE TERRIFICS

IVAN REIS
JEFF LEMIRE

Bound together by fate, and united by the spirit of exploration and hope for tomorrow, the Terrifics are bound from the Dark Multiverse of Metal! When Mr. Terrific, Metamorpho, Plastic Man and Phantom Girl find themselves literally bound together by a tragic accident, our team of unlikely allies must rely on one another to make their way back home. But a startling revelation on their return trip brings them face to face with a new mystery: Where in the universe is Tom Strong?

"Readers have never seen a group like this."

—IVAN REIS

"THE TERRIFICS allows me to do big adventure in the old-school Kirby style, but with a modern sensibility."

—JEFF LEMIRE

THE TERRIFICS

Designs by Evan "Doc" Shaner

THE IMMORTAL MEN

THE IMMORTAL MEN

JIM LEE
JAMES TYNION IV

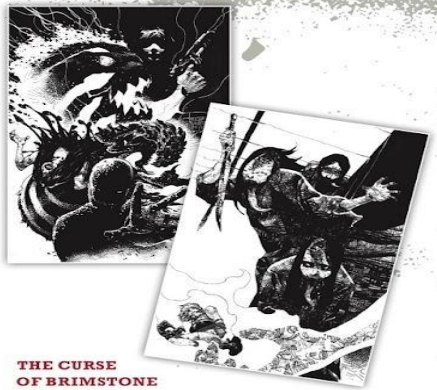
There is a secret history to the DC Universe of heroes who have protected humanity from the shadows since the dawn of time… heroes who can live forever. Enter the Immortal Men! The team, headed by the Immortal Man, has waged a secret war against the House of Conquest for countless years—but Conquest has dealt a devastating blow. When their base of operations, known as the Campus, is savagely attacked, the Immortal Men must seek out their last hope—an emerging metahuman known as Caden Park! Caden's emerging powers may be able to ensure the Immortal Men's survival—but will Conquest get to him first?

"When you create new characters, you can kind of swing for the fences."

—JIM LEE

"If the DC heroes we know and love represent a kind of heroism that lasts a lifetime, what would heroism look like over many lifetimes?"

—JAMES TYNION IV



THE CURSE OF BRIMSTONE

PHILIP TAN
JUSTIN JORDAN

Joe Chamberlain is not just your average kid trying to get by in his chewed up and forgotten small town of York Hill—he also unknowingly made a deal with the devil that cursed him into BRIMSTONE! Now with the power of fire and destruction in the palms of his hands, Brimstone can turn his town around and seek revenge on the devil who cursed him—but in order to maintain his heroic form, Joe has to endure every second of the fiery pain burning from the inside out!

"I love world building, and this project allowed me to create the look."

—PHILIP TAN

"He's a character who wants to try and do good with a power that is fundamentally evil."

—JUSTIN JORDAN

THE CURSE OF BRIMSTONE

NEW CHALLENGERS

ANDY KUBERT
SCOTT SNYDER

Characters live on borrowed time, running from death toward the greatest mysteries, wonders and terrors of the universe! It's a new cast on a new mission with the history and greatness of the original *Challengers of the Unknown*. The story starts with Challengers Mountain returning after having been missing for years, and only gets wilder from there…

"I am so excited to do science fiction, dinosaurs and all kinds of things like that."

—ANDY KUBERT

"Challengers is a book I've wanted to do for years. I literally pitched it when I first got to DC. Characters living on borrowed time, running from death toward the wonders, terrors and greatest mysteries of the universe."

—SCOTT SNYDER

NEW CHALLENGERS

THE UNEXPECTED

THE UNEXPECTED

RYAN SOOK
STEVE ORLANDO

THE UNEXPECTED orbits around a group of heroes who yearn to show the world that they're more than the sum of their past mistakes. It centers in on something we all face every day, wrestling with our pasts and the compromises we've made. THE UNEXPECTED is offering a second chance for these heroes, even if they don't all know they want one.

"They're contemporary and not being built on a foundation laid by creators from decades past."

—RYAN SOOK

"This is the next burst of aspiring Kirby-creativity at DC Comics."

—STEVE ORLANDO

THE NEW AGE OF HEROES
DC
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IMMORTAL MEN
SILENCER
THE CURSE OF BRIMSTONE
SIDEWAYS
NEW CHALLENGERS
TERRIFICS
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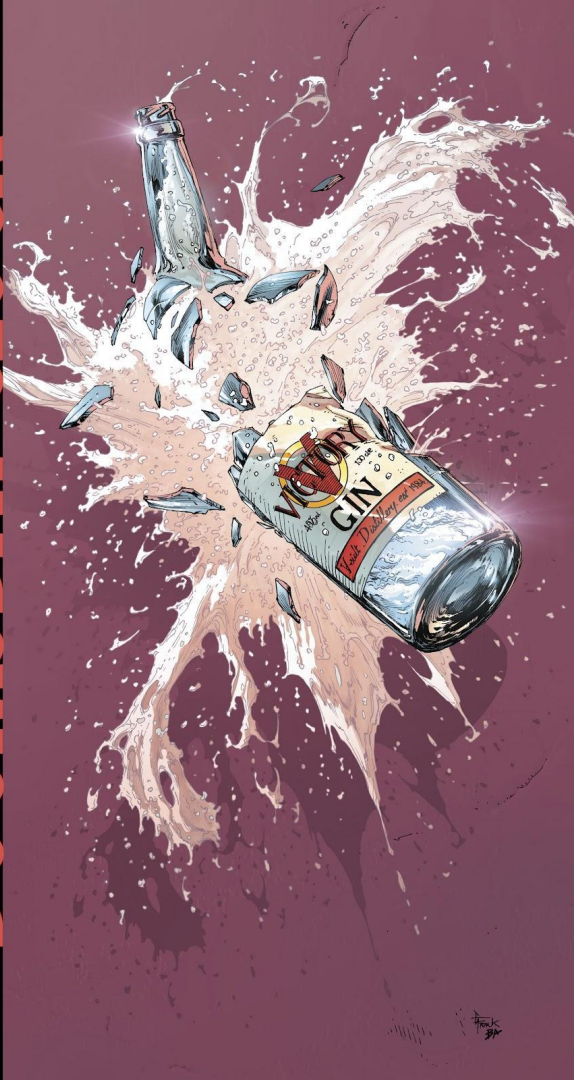

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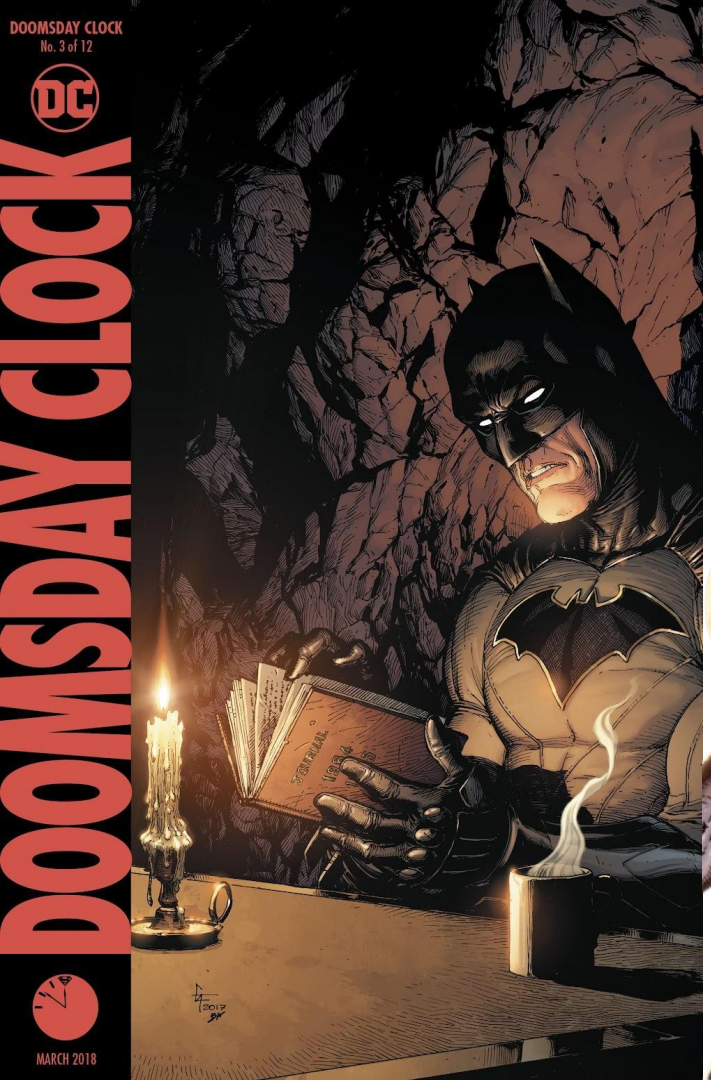
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.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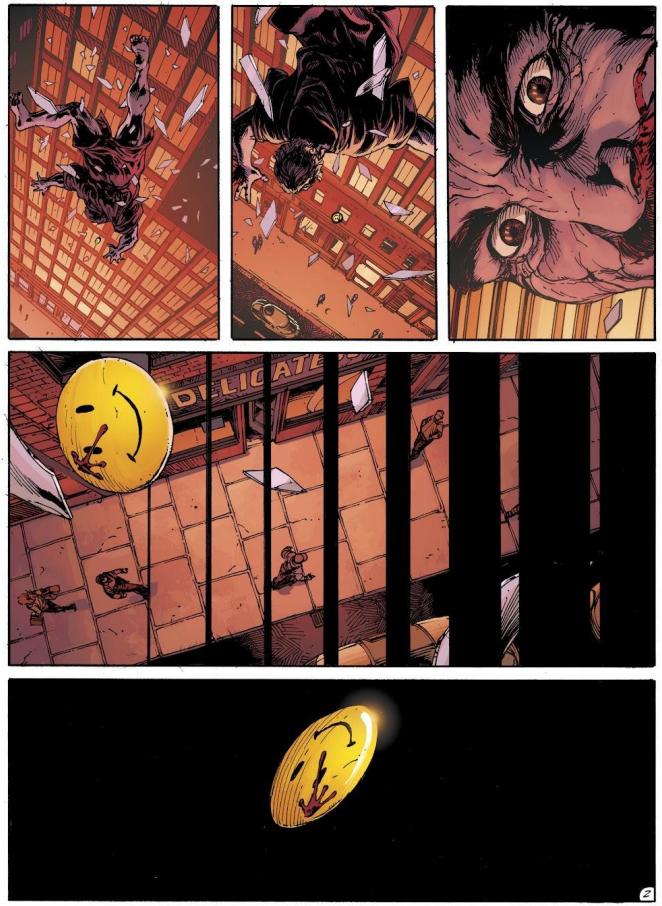
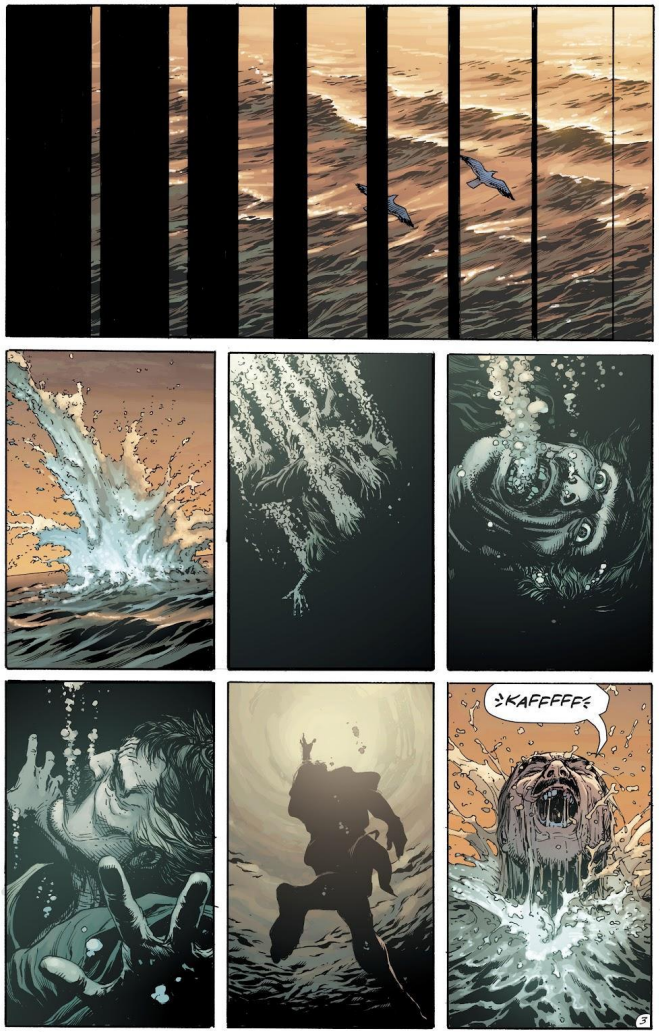
No. 3 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
MARCH 2018

NNNAH
SKKFF



NOT VICTORY NOR DEFEAT



SHUHH
SAHUHH

HUFF!

SKUKAFF

SHUHH
SAHUHH

HELLO, BLAKE.

WUH...

...DOC?

"WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE?

"AND WHERE THE HELL IS HERE?"

HAHAHAHA
WISH I HADDA GODDAMN CAMERA. THAT STUPID LOOK ON YOUR FACE.
I'M CERTAIN YOU FIND MY BEWILDERMENT AMUSING, EDWARD.
LOTTA THINGS ARE FUNNY, OZZY...

STRONG GLASS.
SHAME. WOULDA BEEN POETIC.

YOU KNOW, AFTER THE WAY...
YES, EDWARD.

...I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT.

RREOW.

TURNIN' THE LIGHTS OFF? THAT'S YOUR BIG MOVE?
C'MON, OZZY. I'VE NEVER BEEN AFRAID OF THE DARK. I THRIVE IN IT...

YOU TOO.

YAAAA

CLEARLY, JON HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS.
WHERE IS HE?

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

H!!!!!!!...

YAAA...

AAAA!

PEOPLE CALLED ME SICK...BUT YOU. EVERYTHING YOU DID...
I KILL YOU NOW AN' THEY'LL GIMME A GODDAMN MEDAL.

SNG!

YOU WERE NEVER ONE FOR MEDALS.

DEATH CHANGES A MAN.
SO WHAT NOW, OZZY? NOWHERE...

...TO...

...GO...

REEW!
HANG ON, GIRL.

HUPPPP

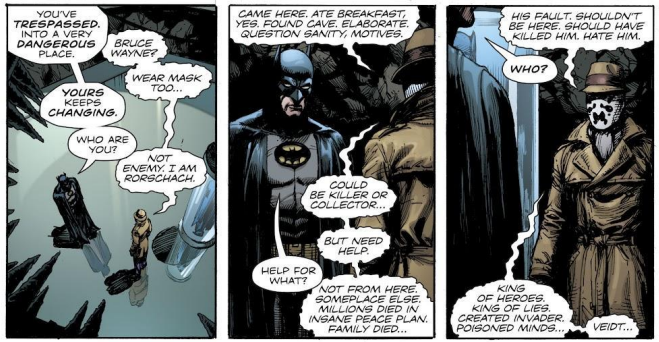
...NNFF!

HA.
WELL, SHIT...

WHAT IN THE...

RRR?

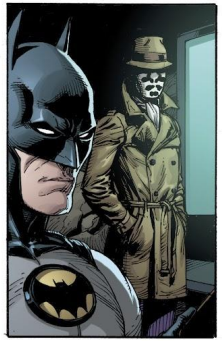
"YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE."

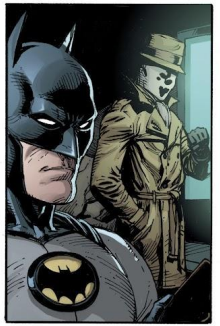

YOU'VE TRESPASSED INTO A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE.
BRUCE WAYNE?
WEAR MASK TOO...
YOURS KEEPS CHANGING.
WHO ARE YOU?
NOT ENEMY. I AM RORSCHACH.
CAME HERE. ATE BREAKFAST. YES. FOUND CAVE. ELABORATE. QUESTION SANITY, MOTIVES.
COULD BE KILLER OR COLLECTOR...
BUT NEED HELP.
HELP FOR WHAT?
NOT FROM HERE. SOMEPLACE ELSE. MILLIONS DIED IN INSANE PEACE PLAN. FAMILY DIED...
HIS FAULT. SHOULDN'T BE HERE. SHOULD HAVE KILLED HIM. HATE HIM.
WHO?
KING OF HEROES. KING OF LIES. CREATED INVADER. POISONED MINDS...
VEIDT...

WAIT...
EASIER TO EXPLAIN...
WAS HERE... SOMEWHERE...
NO. THAT'S FORK...
WRONG POCKET...
YES.
HERE IT IS...
KOVACS' JOURNAL...
PLEASE.
READ THIS.
10

IT WAS ALL OVER VEIDT'S FACE...
HE HAS NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE.
JERSEY, MAYBE?
NEVER SHOULD'VE JOINED THIS FREAK SHOW BEFORE HE TOLD US WHERE OUR BOY IS.
NOW WE'RE GOD-KNOWS-WHERE DOING GOD-KNOWS-WHAT...
HEADED
BABY

TOTALLY, BABY! VEIDT'S THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND!
I MEAN, WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO TO DR. MANHATTAN EVEN IF WE FIND HIM? WHAT ARE WE GONNA SAY?
"KILL US NOW, I AIN'T PREGNANT NO MORE?!"
THE DOG-FACED MAN.
THAT DOPE PRETENDING TO BE RORSCHACH, HE'S LOST HIS MIND... BUT WHO IS HE? WHY'S HE ALONG FOR THE RIDE?
BEAST OR MAN?
AND VEIDT. THAT ASSHOLE'S DESPERATE TO BE SOME KIND OF "SAVIOR"... BUT THIS SHIT IS HIS FAULT...
HE'S NOT TELLING US SOMETHING...
HE GOES ON SUNDAY THE CHURCH
LIKE THE JOKE'S ON US...
YEAH. IT'S NOT FUNNY...
AND THIS AIN'T JERSEY.
COME ON, LOVER.
LET'S GO FIND THAT DRINK...
11



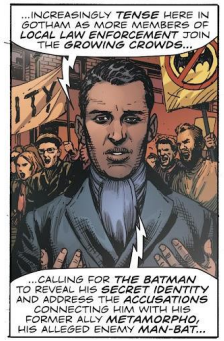


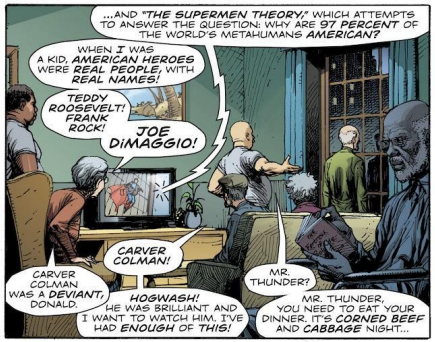
WHAT PAGE ARE YOU ON?

FOUR.
THAT'S ALL?
IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY. WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND GET SOME REST? TAKE A SHOWER...

CLEAN UP.
YES... CLEAN UP.
NOT ONLY VEIDT...

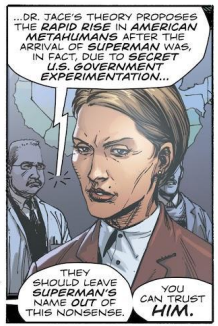
MY HANDS ARE DIRTY, TOO.


...INCREASINGLY TENSE HERE IN GOTHAM AS MORE MEMBERS OF LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT JOIN THE GROWING CROWDS...
...CALLING FOR THE BATMAN TO REVEAL HIS SECRET IDENTITY AND ADDRESS THE ACCUSATIONS CONNECTING HIM WITH HIS FORMER ALLY METAMORPHO, HIS ALLEGED ENEMY MAN-BAT...


...AND "THE SUPERMEN THEORY," WHICH ATTEMPTS TO ANSWER THE QUESTION: WHY ARE 97 PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S METAHUMANS AMERICAN?
WHEN I WAS A KID, AMERICAN HEROES WERE REAL PEOPLE, WITH REAL NAMES!
TEDDY ROOSEVELT! FRANK ROCK!
JOE DiMAGGIO!
CARVER COLMAN!
CARVER COLMAN WAS A DEVIANT, DONALD.
HOGWASH! HE WAS BRILLIANT AND I WANT TO WATCH HIM. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!
MR. THUNDER?
MR. THUNDER, YOU NEED TO EAT YOUR DINNER. IT'S CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE NIGHT...

NO, THANK YOU.
IT'S THE FIRST MONDAY OF THE MONTH...
MY GRAND-DAUGHTER AND HER SON ARE COMING TO TAKE ME OUT.
HOW CAN YOU WATCH THIS RUBBISH ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT?

IT'S SO DEPRESSING!
THEY'RE A LITTLE LATE, THAT'S ALL...

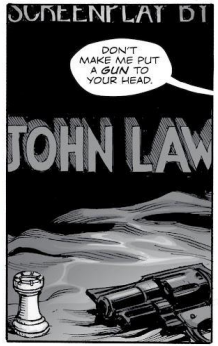

...DR. JACE'S THEORY PROPOSES THE RAPID RISE IN AMERICAN METAHUMANS AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF SUPERMAN WAS, IN FACT, DUE TO SECRET U.S. GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTATION...
THEY SHOULD LEAVE SUPERMAN'S NAME OUT OF THIS NONSENSE.
YOU CAN TRUST HIM.

...JOINING REX MASON AND KIRK LANGSTROM, A THIRD INDIVIDUAL HAS STEPPED FORWARD TO REVEAL THEIR TIES TO THE DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS...
SONDRA FULLER, BETTER KNOWN AS LADY CLAYFACE, HAS CLAIMED SHE WAS RECRUITED BY THE MYSTERIOUS UNNAMED HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT AND EXPOSED TO...

HEY! I WAS WATCHING THAT!

...THE 1954 CLASSIC, STARRING CARVER COLMAN IN HIS FINAL ROLE AS PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR NATHANIEL DUSK...
"THE ADJOURNM

...IN "THE ADJOURNMENT"!
CHANGE IT BACK!
MR. THUNDER, IT'S AFTER TEN O'CLOCK. YOU NEED TO EAT SOMETHING...


DON'T MAKE ME PUT A GUN TO YOUR HEAD.

IT'S WORSE AT CHRISTMASTIME.
BUT I WORE MY BEST SUIT.
BEING WITHOUT MY FAMILY.

I LOST MY GIRL TO HER EX-HUSBAND, A GANGSTER WHO GOT A BULLET IN HIS GUT BUT DESERVED WORSE. AND THE KIDS TO HER PARENTS IN INDIANA.
TRUTH IS, JOYCE AND HER CHILDREN WERE NEVER MINE TO BEGIN WITH.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING MYSELF.
BOTTLE HALF GONE, I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE IT.

BLINKING RED AND GREEN LIGHTS ON MARIA'S SOUP KITCHEN MAKE MY HEADACHE WORSE.
NEVER BEEN ONE FOR CHARITY.

THAT'S WHY I WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR MYSELF.
NATHANIEL DUSK
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
BUT ON CHRISTMAS EVE, BUSINESS IS SUPPOSED TO BE CLOSED.

DUSK?
YOU IN THERE?
NATHANIEL DUSK
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

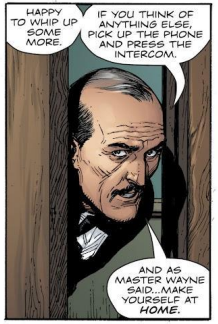
MY HAND SHAKES AS THE DOOR OPENS.
IN THE DARKNESS...

"...I CAN'T SEE THEIR FACE."
HURM.

TOLD YOU. DON'T NEED ROOM THIS BIG. NOT COMFORTABLE...

YES, WELL, I'VE TAKEN YOU TO EVERY GUEST ROOM WE HAVE, SIR, AND I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE SMALLEST IN THE MANOR.
MAY I GET YOU SOME TEA? OR, UM...WASH YOUR CLOTHES?
NO TEA. CLOTHES ARE FINE. BUT...
YES?

YOU MADE THOSE PANCAKES?
GOOD PANCAKES.


HAPPY TO WHIP UP SOME MORE.
IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE, PICK UP THE PHONE AND PRESS THE INTERCOM.
AND AS MASTER WAYNE SAID...MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

HOME...

FEEL WRONG. OUT OF PLACE.
SURROUNDED BY YULE MARBLE AND CLIVE CHRISTIAN.
ROOM COST MORE THAN CITY BLOCK I GREW UP ON.
BUT NEED TO GET CLEAN. SHOOK HANDS WITH VEIDT AFTER WHAT HE DID...
NEED TO WASH IT OFF.
NNT.
WASH IT ALL OFF.
"HE'S DEAD."
16

DIDN'T TAKE ME TO SEE THAT.
VICTIM'S BLOOD FLOWS ACROSS THE FLOOR LIKE A RIVER. A KNIGHT STANDING ON ITS BANKS.
BUT THE BLOOD DOESN'T BELONG TO ONE MAN.
TWO DEAD. NO WITNESSES. NO EVIDENCE. NO SUSPECTS.
THAT'S WHY LT. MURRAY ABRAHAMS CAME TO MY OFFICE TONIGHT.
MURRAY WASN'T PARTICULARLY GOOD AT HIS JOB, BUT HE WAS AN HONEST MAN IN A DEPARTMENT WHERE IT DIDN'T PAY TO BE.
...OLDER GUY OWNS THIS PLACE. ALASTAIR TEMPUS. RETIRED BANKER. WIDOWER. THREE GROWN KIDS, ALL LIVE UPSTATE.
SECOND GUY THERE... BENTLEY FARMER...HE'S MY BROTHER-IN-LAW. LIVES RIGHT NEXT DOOR. CITY PLANNER. DIVORCED. NO KIDS.
NEVER LIKED HIM MUCH, TO BE HONEST, BIT OF A KNOW-IT-ALL, BUT...POOR GUY. AND MY WIFE. GOD, I CAN'T TELL HER. NOT ON CHRISTMAS EVE...
MURRAY WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SPOKE TO ME AFTER I'D HAD ENOUGH HYPOCRISY AND TURNED IN MY BADGE.
CAN YOU HELP ME, NATE?
STILL, I WOULDN'T CALL HIM A FRIEND.
I DON'T WORK FOR FREE, MURRAY...
WILL YOU STOP IT!
...VIOLENT EXPLOSION IN BERLIN PREVIOUSLY REPORTED TO BE TERRORISM IS NOW SAID TO HAVE BEEN AN ATTEMPT BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT TO CREATE THEIR OWN METAHUMANS...
GIVE ME THE REMOTE BACK!
...WILD HUNTSMAN, ONE OF THE FEW KNOWN GERMAN "SUPER HEROES," WAS SPOTTED FLEEING THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING...
17

"NO ONE ELSE INSIDE IS EXPECTED TO HAVE SURVIVED."
HOW MANY OF GOTHAM'S CAPED CRUSADERS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?
NONE! THEY LIKE THE DARK!
BAR

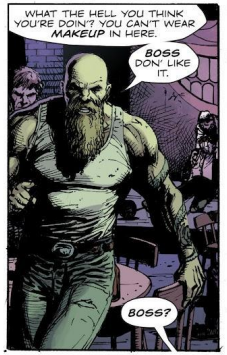
HEY, NOW! IT WASN'T THAT BA...

AAAA!

AHAHAHAHAHA
'BOUT TIME WE LAUGHED AT SOMETHIN'!

WELL, THIS PLACE SOUNDS LIVELY.
I WAS HOPING FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...RUSTIC. BUT IT'LL WORK.

TWO WHISKEYS!
OH.
PLEASE.
HEY!


WHAT THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'? YOU CAN'T WEAR MAKEUP IN HERE.
BOSS DON' LIKE IT.
BOSS?

YEAH.
THIS IS THE JOKER'S TURF.

THE JOKER?
WHO'S THE JOKER?
18

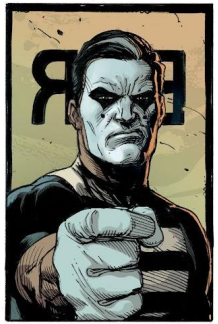
WHAT'D SHE SAY?

YOU DON'T ALL NEED TO STAND UP. WE JUST WANT A DRINK.

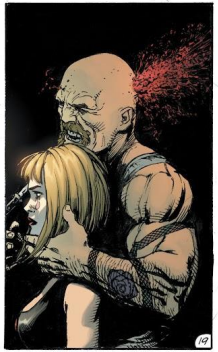
YOU DISRESPECT THE BOSS LIKE THAT. I'LL CUT A SMILE IN YOUR PRETTY FACE.

WHAT THE SHIT?
HE'S POINTIN' AT YOU. HA HA HA.

YOU FOR REAL, DOUCHEBAG?



YOU KNOW, MAYBE I'LL CARVE THE SMILE SOMEWHERE MORE INTERESTING.
WHAT DO YOU S...


19

HOLY JESUS!
GET HIM! G...
WHAT THE HELL'S IN HIS HAN...
DD
GGFF
PULLING OUT THE KNIVES NOW? OH, BABY...
20

I WANT TO PLAY, TOO.
EEEYY
EEIIIAAA
AWW...
HNNHH
YOU'VE GOT PRETTY EYES.
21

THAT WAS A TRIP...

A TOAST... TO FINDING OUR BOY...

...WEEEEEEOOP!

AND TO STRETCHING OUR LEGS...
EXIT
BAR

HOW ABOUT WE STRETCH THEM A LITTLE MORE?

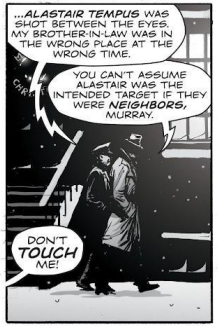
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO FIND THIS "JOKER"?

...LEX LUTHOR IS IN SURGERY AT METROPOLIS GENERAL WHERE HIS ATTACKER REMAINS IN SERIOUS BUT STABLE CONDITION.
MANY BELIEVE THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT WAS IN RESPONSE TO LUTHOR'S ANTI-METAHUMAN POSITION AND LEXCORP'S RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT OF METAGENE DETECTORS.

THE DETECTORS ARE ALREADY BEING INSTALLED IN AIRPORTS ACROSS THE WORLD...
GOOD! IT'LL FINALLY BE SAFE TO TRAVEL AGAIN!
YOU NEVER GO ANYWHERE ANYWAY.

...PAKISTANI GOVERNMENT ACCUSED OF USING THE METAGENE DETECTORS ON ITS OWN POPULACE.
SIMILAR OPERATIONS ARE BEING REPORTED IN ISRAEL, RUSSIA AND QURAC IN WHAT IS BEING CALLED THE BEGINNINGS OF A METAHUMAN ARMS RACE...

YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE A CHILD!

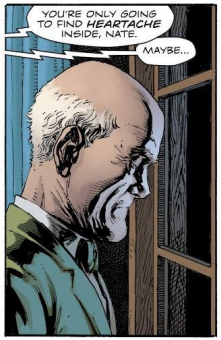

...ALASTAIR TEMPUS WAS SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES. MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.
YOU CAN'T ASSUME ALASTAIR WAS THE INTENDED TARGET IF THEY WERE NEIGHBORS, MURRAY.
DON'T TOUCH ME!

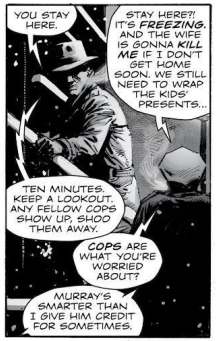
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH!
THE KILLER COULD'VE BEEN WATCHING BENTLEY FARMER, FOLLOWED HIM NEXT DOOR...
HE SHOT ALASTAIR FIRST BECAUSE HE WAS FACING THE ENTRYWAY.

THEN YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW TURNED AND CAUGHT A BULLET IN HIS JAW INSTEAD OF THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.
WE HAVE TWO VICTIMS.

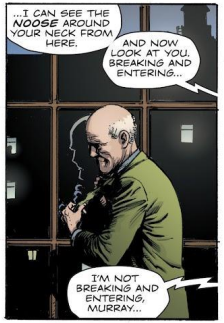
TO FIND THEIR KILLER, WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE WAS THE TARGET AND WHICH ONE WAS THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

HERE IT IS.
JEEZ, NATE. I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THIS.
I TOLD YOU, MURRAY. I DON'T WORK FOR FREE.


YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO FIND HEARTACHE INSIDE, NATE.
MAYBE...


YOU STAY HERE.
STAY HERE?! IT'S FREEZING. AND THE WIFE IS GONNA KILL ME IF I DON'T GET HOME SOON. WE STILL NEED TO WRAP THE KIDS' PRESENTS...
TEN MINUTES. KEEP A LOOKOUT. ANY FELLOW COPS SHOW UP, SHOO THEM AWAY.
COPS ARE WHAT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT?
MURRAY'S SMARTER THAN I GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR SOMETIMES.

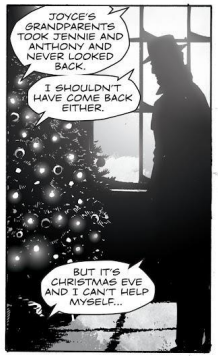
EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD...


...I CAN SEE THE NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK FROM HERE.
AND NOW LOOK AT YOU. BREAKING AND ENTERING...
I'M NOT BREAKING AND ENTERING, MURRAY...

JOYCE GAVE ME A KEY.

I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE SINCE THE DAY JOYCE'S EX KILLED HER.

IT'S SO EMPTY WITHOUT HER AND THE KIDS.


JOYCE'S GRANDPARENTS TOOK JENNIE AND ANTHONY AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME BACK EITHER.
BUT IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE AND I CAN'T HELP MYSELF...

To Nate,
Merry Christmas!
Love Joyce x
WHATEVER'S IN THIS BOX...IT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT OF THE GREATEST LOVE OF MY LIFE...

"THERE'S NOTHING ELSE BUT MEMORIES."
...CONTINUED SPECULATION THAT PRESIDENT NIXON HAS RETREATED TO NORAD'S CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN COMPLEX AS TANKS AMASS IN EASTERN GERMANY...
TAXI
JESUS. IT'S REALLY HAPPENING... I GOTTA GET HOME TO MOM AND DAD.

...THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA ARE ON AN UNAVOIDABLE COLLISION COURSE...
TAXI
OH, GREAT.

YOU HIT ME, YOU IDIOT!
NO, YOU HIT ME!
TAXI
...NO SIGN OF DR. MANHATTAN IN OUR GREATEST HOUR OF N...

ZZZZZZZZZZ

EEEYYYAAAA

AAAAAA!

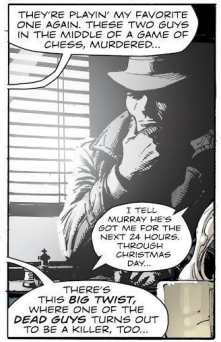
IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE SAFE.
WUH... WHERE AM...
YOU SLEPT FOR ALMOST 24 HOURS.
I READ YOUR BOOK.

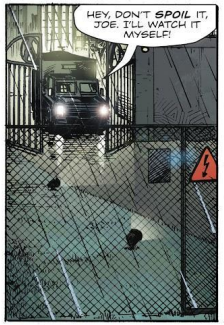
READ...KOVACS' JOURNAL?
YES.

AND I KNOW WHERE DR. MANHATTAN IS.

"I RAN A SEARCH FOR TEMPORAL ANOMALIES. AND I FOUND ONE. IN A PLACE CALLED ARKHAM ASYLUM.
"ANY IDEA WHY HE WOULD BE THERE?"
"MAYBE FORGOT. LOST MIND... DON'T KNOW."
"LET'S GO SEE."

CHRIST. THAT WAS QUICK.
YEAH, HATTER'S IN. HATTER'S OUT. HATTER'S BACK IN. YOU KNOW THE DRILL, RINSE AND REPEAT...
WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING IN THERE?
OH. THEY'RE RUNNIN' THE NATHANIEL DUSK PICTURES NONSTOP. LOVED THEM WHEN I WAS A KID.


THEY'RE PLAYIN' MY FAVORITE ONE AGAIN. THESE TWO GUYS IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME OF CHESS, MURDERED...
I TELL MURRAY HE'S GOT ME FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS. THROUGH CHRISTMAS DAY...
THERE'S THIS BIG TWIST, WHERE ONE OF THE DEAD GUYS TURNS OUT TO BE A KILLER, TOO...


HEY, DON'T SPOIL IT, JOE. I'LL WATCH IT MYSELF!

FOLLOW MY LEAD.
STAY CLOSE.

NOW.

HHN.

DOWN HERE. THE SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER.
WHERE DO YOU, MM...GET EQUIPMENT? COMPACT. WONDERED IF...SPARE SOME...
I SUPPOSE I...

HERE. HE'S IN...

MANHATTAN...

DR. OSTERMAN?
NEED TO TALK...

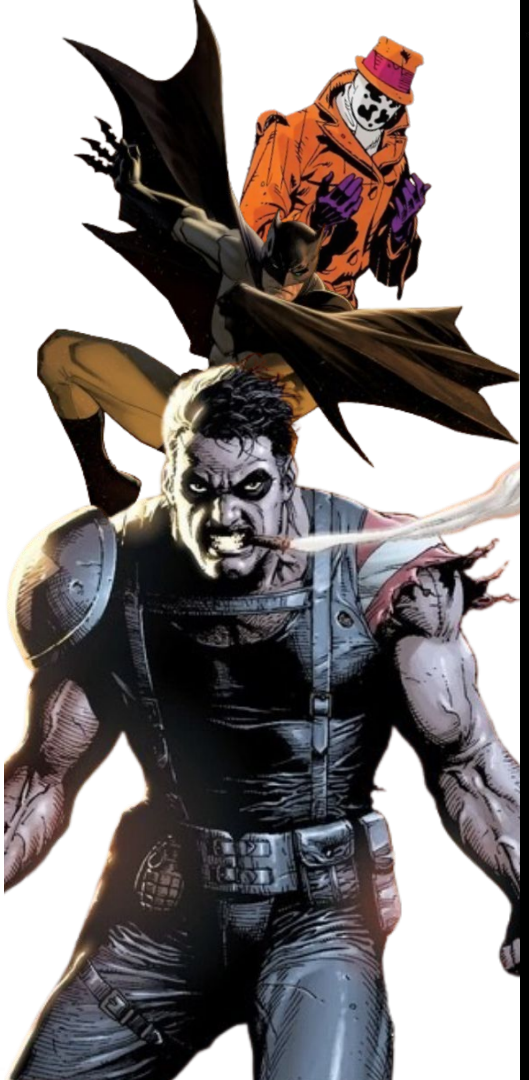
...HELLO?

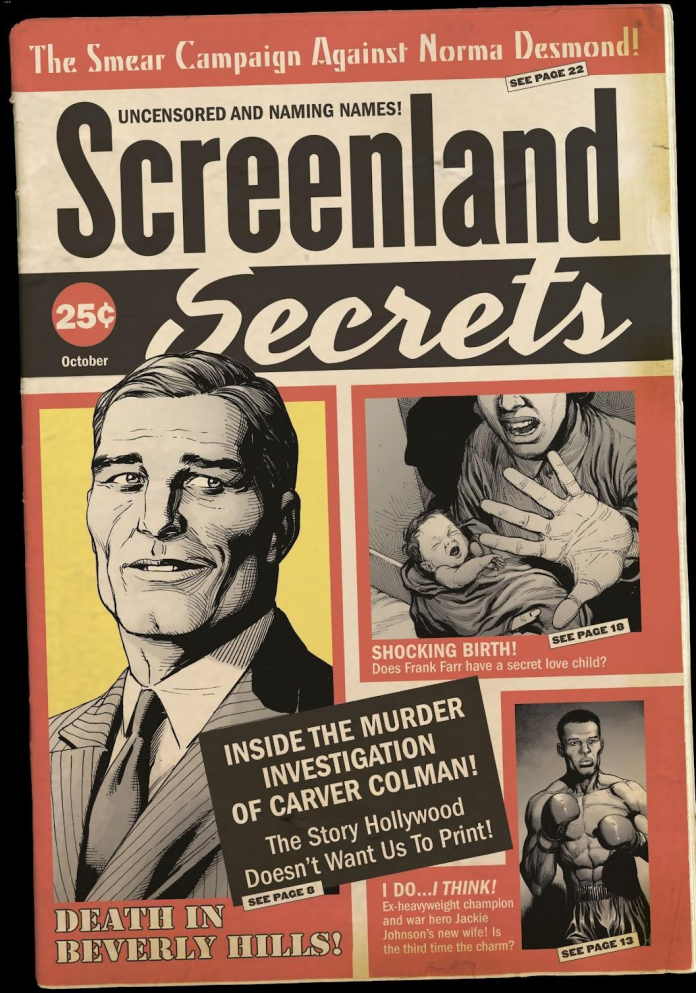
WE'RE ALL MAD HERE

WUH...

NO.

I'M SORRY.
BUT YOU BELONG IN HERE.
NO NO NO NO!
KILL YOU FOR THIS!
CUT OUT EYES!
WAIT. APOLOGIZE... OPEN DOOR.
PLEASE... LET...
LET ME OUT...
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
LET!
ME!
OUT!
28
Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure...than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much, because they live in a gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.
—Theodore Roosevelt




The Smear Campaign Against Norma Desmond!
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UNCENSORED AND NAMING NAMES!
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October
SHOCKING BIRTH!
Does Frank Farr have a secret love child?
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INSIDE THE MURDER INVESTIGATION OF CARVER COLMAN!
The Story Hollywood Doesn't Want Us To Print!
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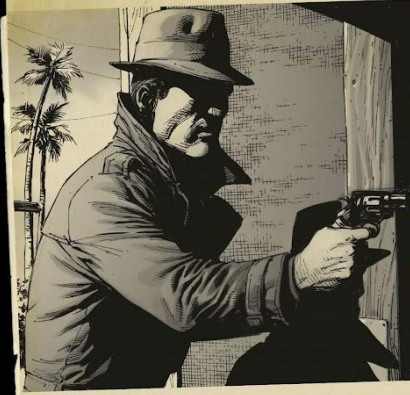
DEATH IN BEVERLY HILLS!
I DO...I THINK!
Ex-heavyweight champion and war hero Jackie Johnson's new wife! Is the third time the charm?
SEE PAGE 13



The Detective Becomes The Victim!

By Hedda Hopper

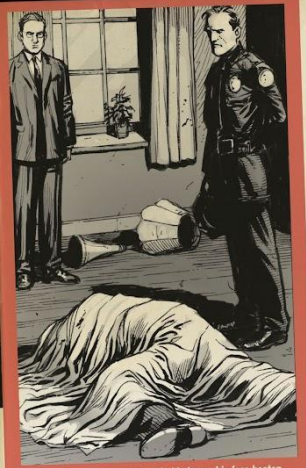
An actor at the height of his career, Carver Colman, the beloved star of the Nathaniel Dusk pictures, kept his private life secret for a reason.

In the early hours of June 9, Carver Colman's body was found on the floor of his living room by his housekeeper. He had been out at Tam O'Shanter's for dinner the night before, celebrating the completion of "The Adjournment" with friends, including director Jacques Tourneur and studio heads Albert and Karl Verner, only to be discovered hours later, brutally beaten to death. The murder weapon? The award Colman won for his work in "Lovers Die at Dusk." The only thing missing from his body was a watch he always wore, given to him by his parents the day he left home. Other details surrounding the bloody crime were kept confidential by the Beverly Hills Police Department to "protect their investigation." But months later, Carver Colman's murder remains unsolved. His name seems destined to join the likes of William Desmond Taylor and Elizabeth Short…or does it?

"Screenland Secrets" has uncovered shocking evidence pointing to a secret in Carver Colman's past that you can believe his Studio would have been desperate to keep hidden at any cost! In fact, Verner Bros collected millions of dollars in insurance because of Carver Colman's death...

Carver Colman was the only son of Irish immigrants who settled in Merillville, Indiana. Colman told stories of working his family's farm while dreaming of starring in the pictures his father often took him to. Colman once said, "I saw 'In Old Arizona' on Christmas Day in '28 and I was mesmerized. I packed up some clothes and left Merillville the next morning." He arrived in Hollywood on New Year's Eve. Colman eventually landed a handful of small roles in various pictures, but it was his performance as a drifter alongside Gary Cooper in "The Westerner" in 1940 that led to him being cast as Nathaniel Dusk. Despite the controversy surrounding "Nothing Left to Lose," the first Nathaniel Dusk picture became a hit and transformed Carver Colman into a household name. However, Colman kept his personal life private. He claimed he enjoyed a quiet life outside of work, gardening and collecting watches. But Colman's "life" may have been as false as the sets he filmed on. We've learned that after Colman's death, the police were unable to locate his parents or the farm he claimed he grew up on. And then weeks into the investigation, police made a shocking discovery within Colman's home in Beverly Hills: a secret room in Colman's house! The walls were filled with clocks, his extensive watch collection on display. And in the center of this secret "ticktock room" was a desk overflowing with papers and documents. One in particular stood out to police. It was a letter from a woman claiming to be Carver Colman's actual mother–a retired dancer from Philadelphia named Charlotte Colman who had once been associated with the Sabella crime family. She was attempting to blackmail her "son" for money, but she disappeared shortly after. So was this woman really Colman's mother? Was Carver Colman tied to the Sabella crime family? Or was this all a blackmail scam gone wrong? Did he refuse to pay and pay the price? Detective Bruce Nelson, a specialist called down from the San Francisco Police Department to review the case, suspects Albert and Karl Verner know more than they've said…but they aren't spilling any more secrets. Yet!

Won for his work in "Lovers Die at Dusk", Carver Colman's award was found near his body, covered in blood.



Carver Colman was murdered in his home, his face beaten until it was unrecognizable by even his closest friends.

NOT FOR THE CHILDREN!

Carver Colman's controversial Nathaniel Dusk pictures may have been some of the most successful films to have come from Verner Bros Studios, but many also call them an example of the morally destitute society of Hollywood!

Nothing Left To Lose (1943)
Directed by Robert Siodmak, the first Dusk picture earned notoriety for using words like virgin and abortion and featuring a Private Investigator suffering from battle fatigue and fighting police corruption.

A Killer Calls (1945)
Directed by Otto Preminger, the second film in the Dusk series was banned in seven States for its depiction of dope use. Something Hollywood knows a lot about!

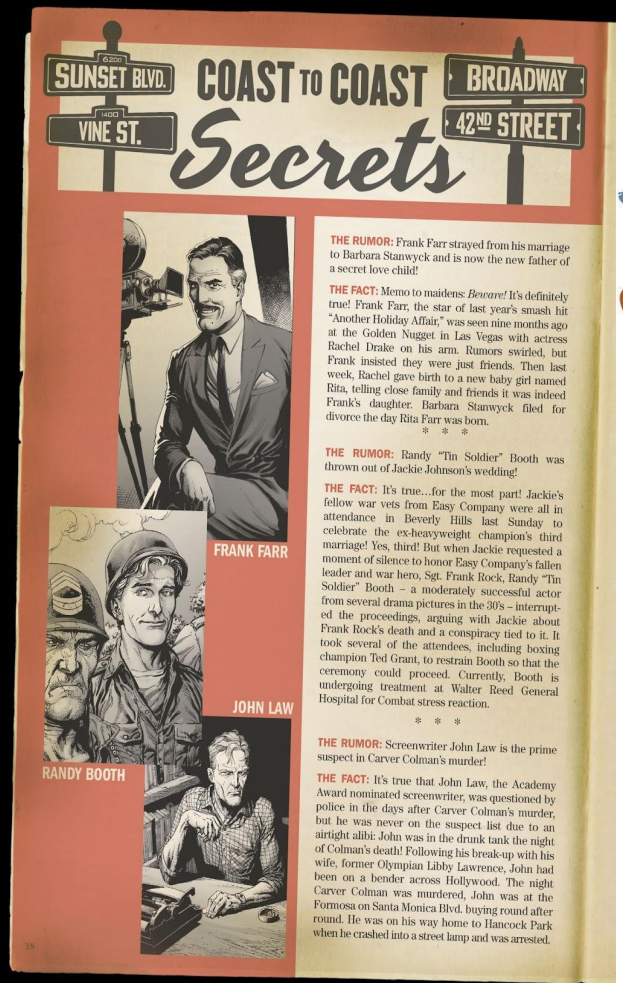
Murder at Home (1947)
Director Jules Dassin helmed one of the more balanced pictures in the Dusk series which featured Frank Farr as Dusk's fellow army veteran who is suspected of killing their former officer. However, during its release screenwriter Ring Lardner Jr. was in prison for contempt of Congress for failing to answer any questions to the House Un-American Activities Committee. He was released in October the same year, but has since left the business. Good riddance!

A Killer's Kiss (1950)
Otto Preminger and the mysterious murderer from "A Killer Calls" both returned in a picture that was plagued with production problems, including the untimely death of Colman's would-be co-star, Jean Gillie. She died of pneumonia at the age of 33. Gillie was replaced by Hedy Lamarr.

Lovers Die at Dusk (1952)
This picture was nominated for four Academy Awards, winning two. Carver Colman took home the award for Best Actor and Don McGregor for Best Director. Colman's award would later be used to bludgeon him to death.

The Adjournment (1954)
Directed by Jacques Tourneur, "The Adjournment" will not be released until the winter of this year. Tragically marking the final picture for Carver Colman, the film tells the tale of Nathaniel Dusk as he struggles after the death of his fiancé, Joyce Gulino. Dusk is recruited on Christmas Eve by the police he once worked alongside to help solve a bizarre murder scene. But we're told he soon uncovers an even more chilling secret that puts him in the killer's sites.

Carver Colman first arrived in Hollywood in 1928. At the age of 16, he delivered mail at Paramount Pictures before landing his first role as a young soldier in Frank Turtle's "Only the Brave" in 1930.



SUNSET BLVD. 6200

VINE ST. 1400

COAST TO COAST Secrets

BROADWAY

42ND STREET

FRANK FARR

JOHN LAW

RANDY BOOTH

THE RUMOR: Frank Farr strayed from his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck and is now the new father of a secret love child!

THE FACT: Memo to maidens: *Beware!* It's definitely true! Frank Farr, the star of last year's smash hit "Another Holiday Affair," was seen nine months ago at the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas with actress Rachel Drake on his arm. Rumors swirled, but Frank insisted they were just friends. Then last week, Rachel gave birth to a new baby girl named Rita, telling close family and friends it was indeed Frank's daughter. Barbara Stanwyck filed for divorce the day Rita Farr was born.

* * *

THE RUMOR: Randy "Tin Soldier" Booth was thrown out of Jackie Johnson's wedding!

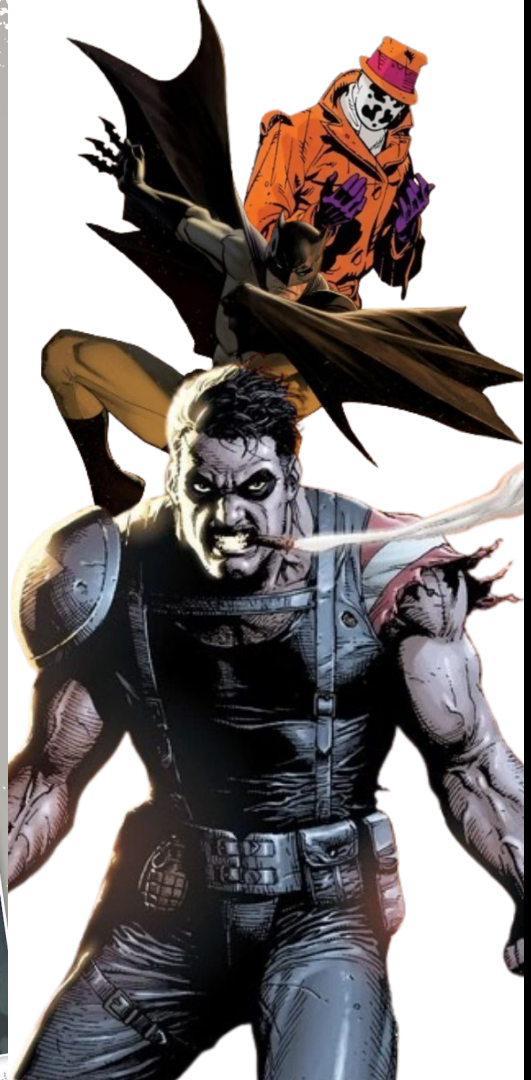
THE FACT: It's true…for the most part! Jackie's fellow war vets from Easy Company were all in attendance in Beverly Hills last Sunday to celebrate the ex-heavyweight champion's third marriage! Yes, third! But when Jackie requested a moment of silence to honor Easy Company's fallen leader and war hero, Sgt. Frank Rock, Randy "Tin Soldier" Booth – a moderately successful actor from several drama pictures in the 30's – interrupted the proceedings, arguing with Jackie about Frank Rock's death and a conspiracy tied to it. It took several of the attendees, including boxing champion Ted Grant, to restrain Booth so that the ceremony could proceed. Currently, Booth is undergoing treatment at Walter Reed General Hospital for Combat stress reaction.

* * *

THE RUMOR: Screenwriter John Law is the prime suspect in Carver Colman's murder!

THE FACT: It's true that John Law, the Academy Award nominated screenwriter, was questioned by police in the days after Carver Colman's murder, but he was never on the suspect list due to an airtight alibi: John was in the drunk tank the night of Colman's death! Following his break-up with his wife, former Olympian Libby Lawrence, John had been on a bender across Hollywood. The night Carver Colman was murdered, John was at the Formosa on Santa Monica Blvd. buying round after round. He was on his way home to Hancock Park when he crashed into a street lamp and was arrested.

THE NEW AGE OF HEROES
DC
DAMAGE
IMMORTAL MEN
SILENCER
THE CURSE OF BRIMSTONE
SIDEWAYS
NEW CHALLENGERS
TERRIFICS
UNEXPECTED
COMING SOON
DAMAGE
THE SILENCER
SIDEWAYS
THE TERRIFICS
THE IMMORTAL MEN
THE CURSE OF BRIMSTONE
NEW CHALLENGERS
THE UNEXPECTED



DOOMSDAY CLOCK
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DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
MAY 2018

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 4
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GEOFF JOHNS
writer

GARY FRANK
illustrator

BRAD ANDERSON
colorist

ROB LEIGH
letterer

AMIE BROCKWAY-METCALF
back matter design

GARY FRANK & BRAD ANDERSON
cover and variant cover

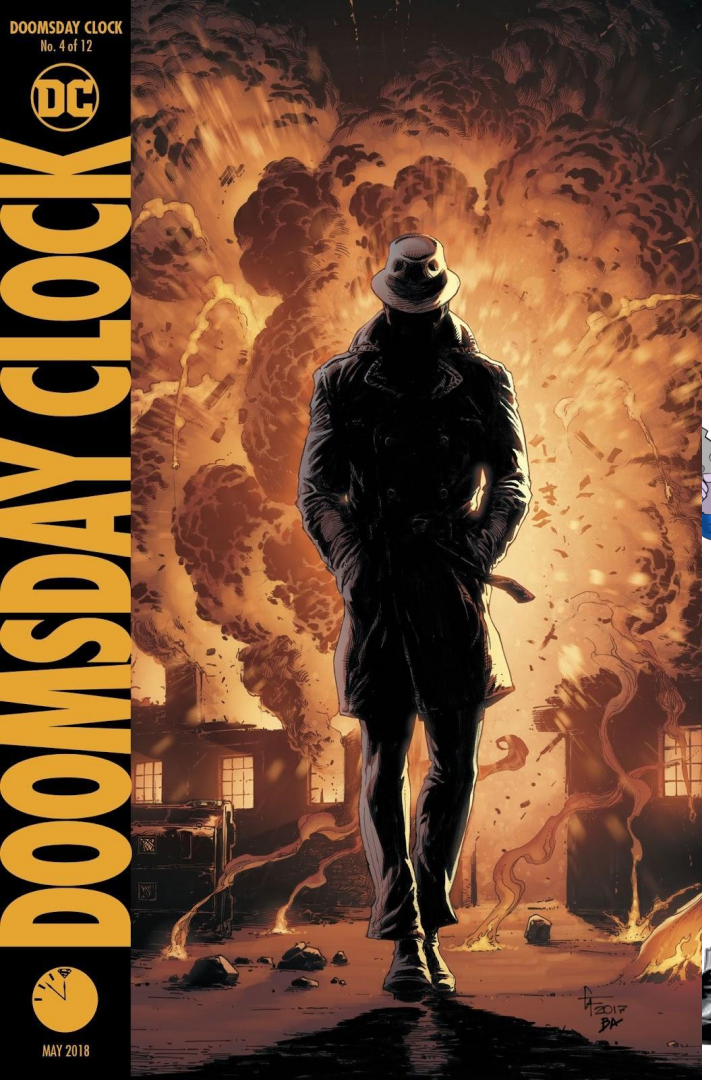
AMEDEO TURTURRO
associate editor

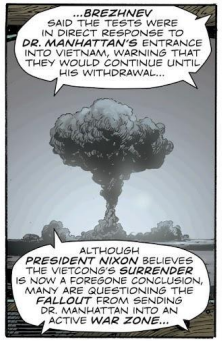
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
editor

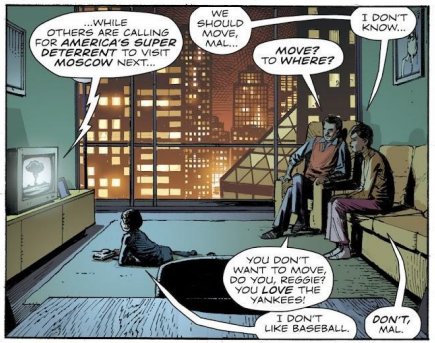
Watchmen created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 4 of 12




...BREZHNEV SAID THE TESTS WERE IN DIRECT RESPONSE TO DR. MANHATTAN'S ENTRANCE INTO VIETNAM, WARNING THAT THEY WOULD CONTINUE UNTIL HIS WITHDRAWAL...
ALTHOUGH PRESIDENT NIXON BELIEVES THE VIETCONG'S SURRENDER IS NOW A FOREGONE CONCLUSION, MANY ARE QUESTIONING THE FALLOUT FROM SENDING DR. MANHATTAN INTO AN ACTIVE WAR ZONE...


...WHILE OTHERS ARE CALLING FOR AMERICA'S SUPER DETERRENT TO VISIT MOSCOW NEXT...
WE SHOULD MOVE, MAL...
I DON'T KNOW...
MOVE? TO WHERE?
YOU DON'T WANT TO MOVE, DO YOU, REGGIE? YOU LOVE THE YANKEES!
I DON'T LIKE BASEBALL.
DON'T, MAL.

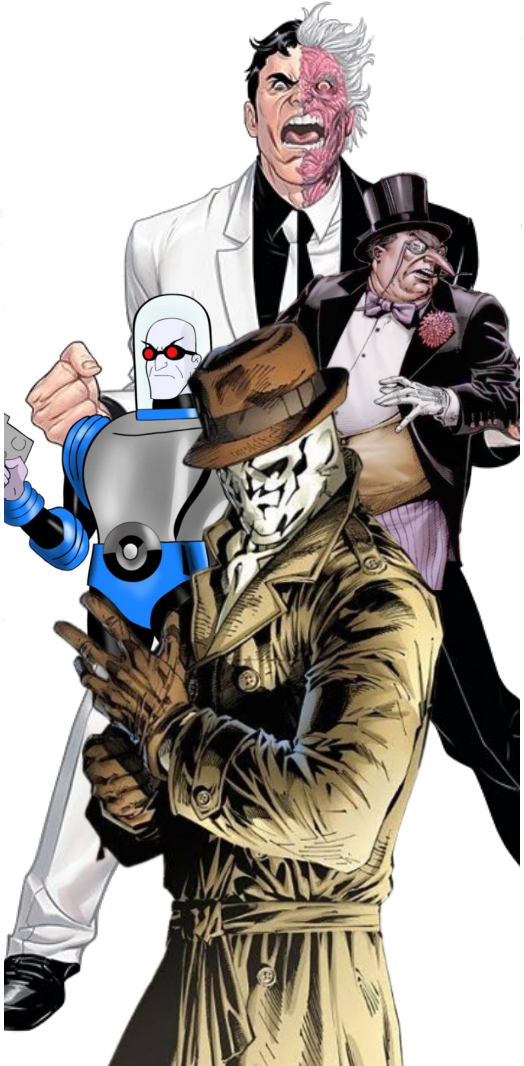
GLORIA, I'M CLOSE TO MAKING A REAL NAME FOR MYSELF. ONCE I DO THAT, I CAN GO WRITE MY BOOKS AND WE CAN LIVE ANYWHERE YOU WANT.
BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO GROW THIS FAMILY...
WE ARE GOING TO GROW IT. AS SOON AS I GET PUBLISHED, LIKE WE AGREED.

BUT...OH GOD, MAL, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE WORLD?
THESE ARE SCARY TIMES, I KNOW...
BUT IT WILL GET BETTER. IT WILL BE OKAY...
DO YOU BELIEVE ME?
YES. YES, YOU KNOW I ALWAYS DO...

I WAS AN ONLY CHILD.

GOOD ONE. DIDN'T ARGUE. NO TROUBLE.
BUT GRADES AVERAGE. NO CLOSE FRIENDS. BAD WITH GIRLS.

NOT VERY SOCIAL.
SPENT MOST OF TIME WITH MOM WHILE DAD WORKED.
2



never COMFORTABLE MEETING NEW PEOPLE.
AAAAAA!

JOEY KENNEDY MADE ME EAT WORMS.
NEVER FOUGHT BACK.

NEVER THOUGHT TO...

WE ASKED HECTOR GODFREY, THE FRONTIERSMAN'S EDITOR, IF HE HAD ANY COMMENT...
MMMMMM
OH, YES, BABY...
FRANKLY, ISN'T IT TIME WE REASSESSED RORSCHACH, AS A PATRIOT AND AN AMERICAN?
OHHHHH
DO YOU MIND?

CAN YOU, LIKE, FIND ANOTHER ROOM, JOSH? THIS PAPER'S DUE TOMORROW...

FOLLOWING A TENSE BAIL HEARING, KOVACS AWAITS TRIAL, PENDING A PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION.
DR. MALCOLM LONG, CARRYING OUT THE EVALUATION, HAS HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS THIS AFTERNOON.

HEY! ISN'T THAT YOUR DAD?
THAT'S YOUR DAD?

HE TOLD PRESSMEN HE FELT "CONFIDENT AND OPTIMISTIC."
DAD SAID WE'RE ALL SEARCHING FOR ENLIGHTENMENT.
3

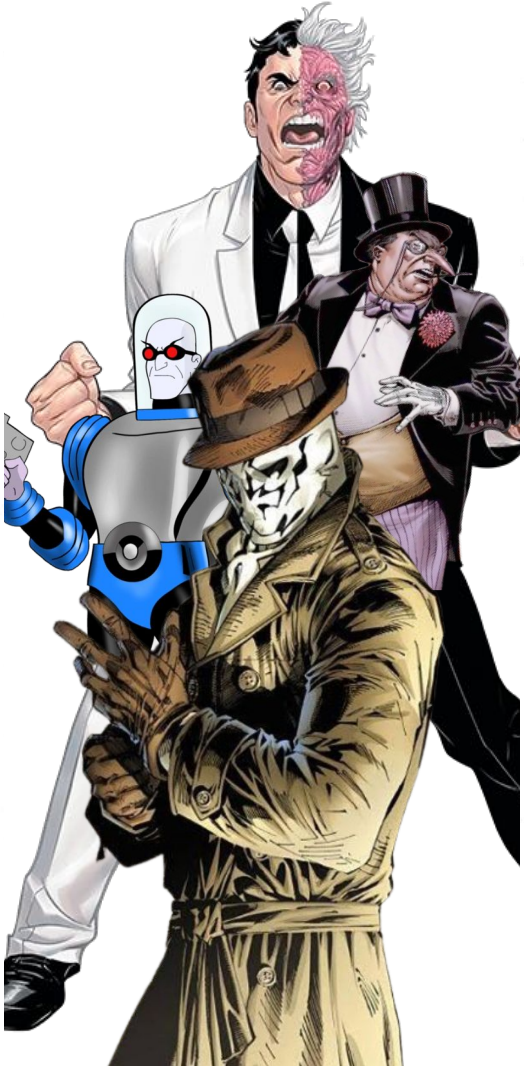
PURPOSE. MEANING.

ANSWERS.

JONES, W

JONES, WALTER

"WHY AM I HERE?"



WHY ARE WE ARGUING ABOUT THIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, MOM?
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
KIDS. PROTESTING THE PRESIDENT, I GUESS. OR DR. MANHATTAN. I DON'T KNOW.
WHERE'S DAD...
HE'S BUSY WORKING THIS KOVACS CASE, BUT IT'S GREAT FOR YOUR FATHER, REGGIE. IT'S A REAL OPPORTUNITY.
EVERYTHING I'VE READ ABOUT THIS GUY... RORSCHACH...
THE NEWS, THE PAPERS...HONEY, THEY HAVE IT ALL WRONG. YOUR FATHER'S MAKING REAL PROGRESS WITH THIS POOR MAN. THEY... THEY'VE EVEN BECOME FRIENDS.
FRIENDS?

DON'T WORRY. HE'S FINE. EVERYTHING'S FINE.
OKAY, MOM... BUT YOU DON'T SOUND...
I HAVE TO GO NOW. I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU, TOO...

KOVACS WOULD HAVE SAVED MY DAD'S CAREER.
MOM SAID SO.

BUT WORLD WENT TO SHIT.

PSYCH 101 - CANCELLED

AND RORSCHACH ESCAPED.

"...CONTINUED SPECULATION THAT PRESIDENT NIXON HAS RETREATED TO NORAD'S CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN COMPLEX AS TANKS AMASS IN EASTERN GERMANY..."

...THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA ARE ON AN UNAVOIDABLE COLLISION COURSE...
YOU HIT ME, YOU IDIOT!
NO, YOU HIT ME!
TAXI
801

...NO SIGN OF DR. MANHATTAN IN OUR GREATEST HOUR OF N...

ZZZZZZZZZZ

EEEYYYAAAA

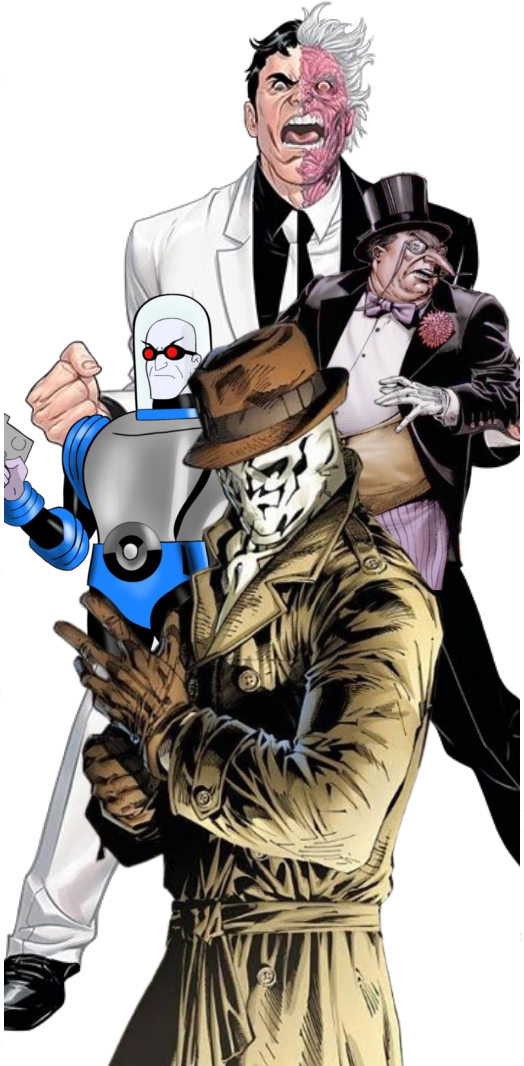
AAAAA!

LET ME OUT...

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

...NO, YOU DON'T NEED TO COME IN. I'LL BE FINE...

GOOD AFTERNOON. I'M DR. MATTHEW MASON. YOU CAN CALL ME DR. MASON OR MATTHEW, WHATEVER YOU PREFER.
I HEAR YOUR FIRST DAY IN ARKHAM HAS BEEN RATHER UNPLEASANT...



I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
OH, I ASSUMED THAT...MR. DOE OR JOHN OR...
THERE ARE SO MANY MR. AND MRS. DOES IN HERE. MIGHT YOU TELL ME YOUR REAL NAME?

YOUR FINGERPRINTS, DENTAL AND DNA MATCH NO RECORDS OF ANY KIND... ALL WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT YOU IS THAT THE BATMAN BROUGHT YOU HERE...AND LOCKED YOU AWAY.
CAN YOU TELL ME A LITTLE BIT MORE ABOUT THE BATMAN?
HOW DID YOU MEET HIM?

no.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

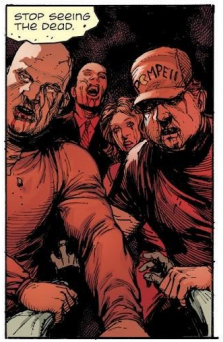
CAN'T BE LOCKED UP AGAIN...
NNN...
BAD PLACE. BAD MEMORIES.

SIR? SIR?! CAN YOU MOVE AWAY FROM THE GLASS?
HE CAN'T HEAR YOU.
EVERYONE STEP BACK!

MILLIONS DIED BECAUSE OF VEIDT'S NIGHTMARE.
THOUSANDS SURVIVED.
EEEEEYYYAAAAA
PIZZA
TAXI
801
WHEN WE WISH WE HADN'T.

American institutions overflowed. Minds snapped, driven mad.
AAAUUU

Pregnant woman cut out unborn baby, believing it was eating her. Man severed legs wanting to be like creature.
I tried to gouge out eyes.
Nuh-no... please...

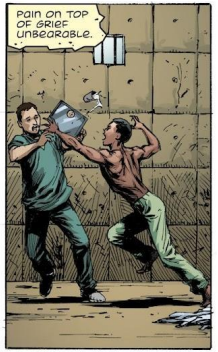

Stop seeing the dead.

Day.
Hold him!

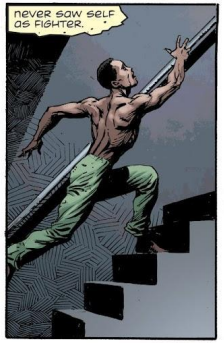
Night.
EEEYYYYAAA!

Day.
We're going to up the dosage, Mr. Long...these government doctors need you calm...

Every time I shut my eyes, saw them.
Clawing for me.
What did you do, Reggie?
Nearly broke arm trying to get free.


Pain on top of grief unbearable.

Had to escape it.


Never saw self as fighter.

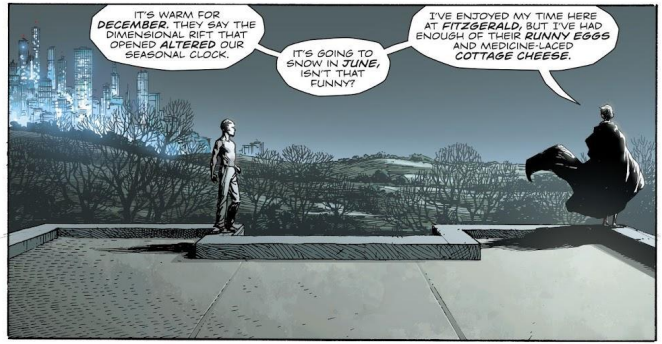
AAAARRRR

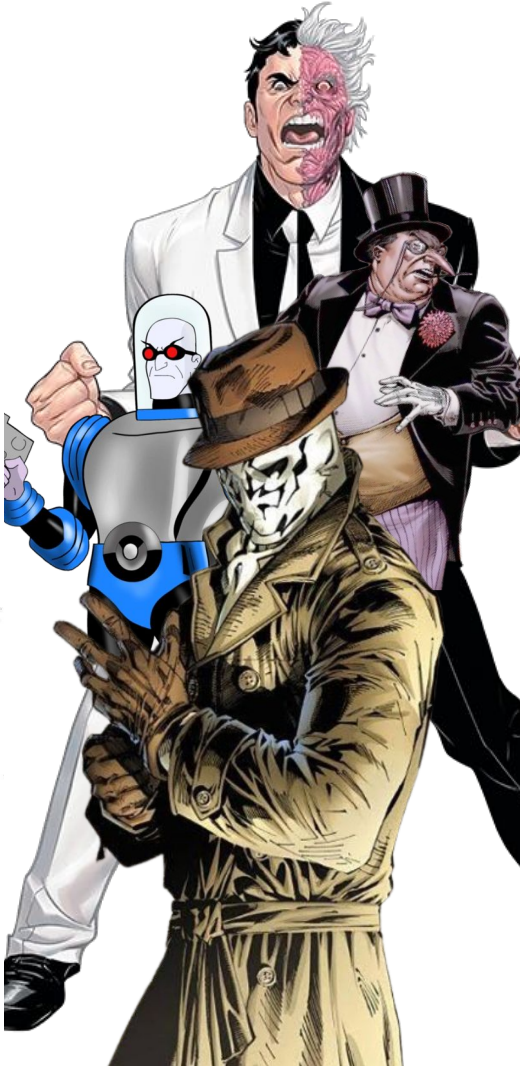
AHGFFFF

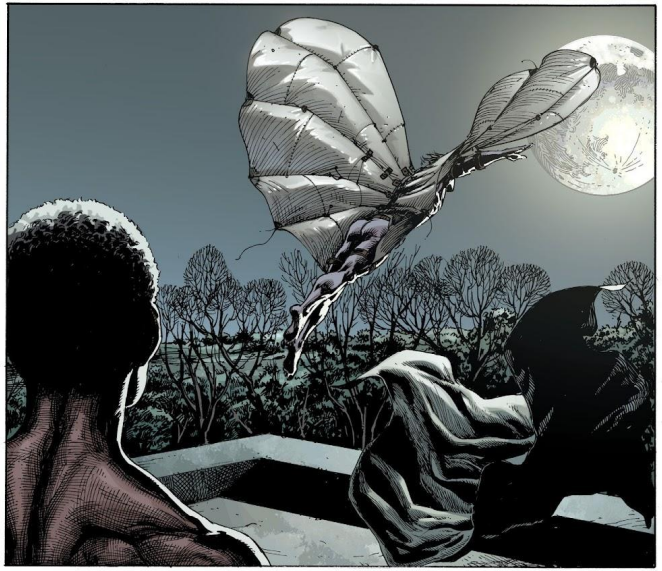
AHNFFFF

FF...

Hi.
Nice night for it.







WALK ON WATER

WHAT DO YOU SEE, MR. LONG?

P-PLEASE... I DON'T WANT TO LUH-LOOK...
AND WE DON'T WANT TO SEND YOU BACK TO SHOCK THERAPY.

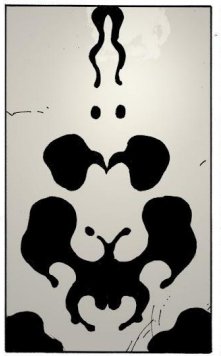
"WHAT YOU SEE MATTERS TO US."

ALTHOUGH THE PROBABILITY OF ITS KIND RETURNING IS EXTREMELY LOW, WE'RE CONCERNED THIS INVADER MAY HAVE CO-OPTED THOSE WHO SURVIVED.
BRAINWASHED THEM INTO SLEEPER AGENTS FOR A SECOND ATTACK.
UHUHUHUH
SHHHUCH
CHRIST, STOP CRYING...

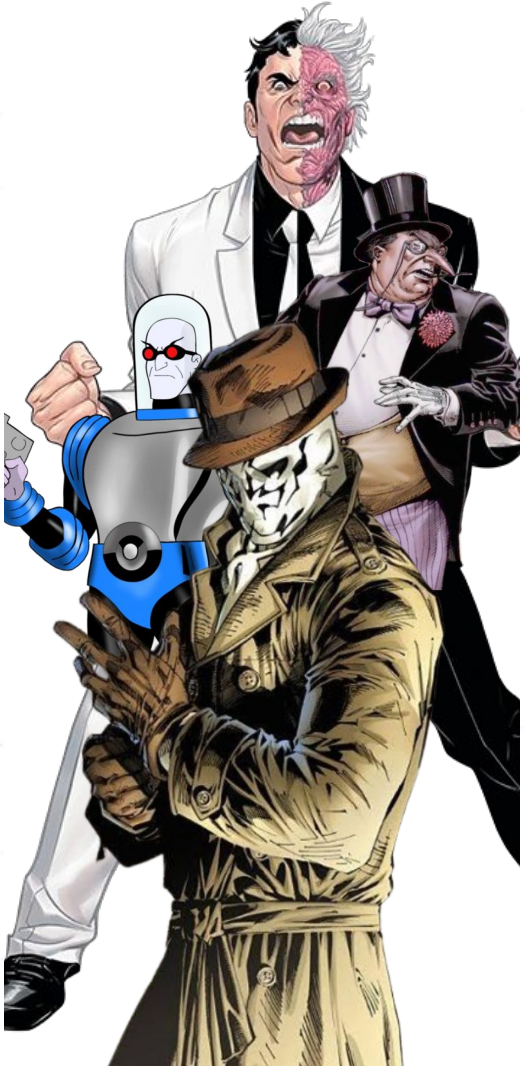
"I VISUALIZE IT. I PICTURE IT RIGHT UP HERE."
TAKE HIM DOWN THE HALL. RAISE THE VOLTAGE TO 450.

I SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE.

WAIT, I...
I SEE...



I SEE A MOTH.



SUNNY SIDE UP DINER
MOTH FLEW TO DINER.
ORDERED EGGS ON SOURDOUGH TOOST.
WEARING NOTHING BUT WINGS.

...ADRIAN VEIDT HAS PROPOSED AN UNPRECEDENTED RELIEF PROGRAM FOR NOT ONLY NEW YORK, BUT ALL WAR-TORN AREAS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD...
NO MORE WAR, BETTY. WOULDN'T JACK BE HAPPY?

...EARLIER TODAY AN UNEXPECTED AND HISTORIC MEETING BETWEEN PRESIDENT NIXON AND PRESIDENT GORBACHEV AT VEIDT ENTERPRISES.
EXCUSE ME, I...
ONE MINUTE, SON. I WANT TO HEAR HIM.
HEAR WHO?

...TODAY I AM PROUD, NOT ONLY TO CALL MYSELF AMERICAN, BUT HUMAN.
THE SOVIET UNION AND THE UNITED STATES ARE COMMITTED TO MY PLANS FOR REBUILDING AFGHANISTAN'S INFRASTRUCTURE AND SAFELY RELOCATING THOSE DISPLACED UNTIL SUCH REBUILDING IS COMPLETE...

ONE WORLD. ONE ACCORD.
BY THE WAY, I TOLD YOU.
HUH?
I TOLD YOU I COULD FLY.
THEY USED TO CALL ME MOTHMAN.

"WHO ARE YOU?"
"LET ME REPHRASE THAT, MR. DOE...

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BATMAN PUT YOU IN HERE?
BLOATED, ARROGANT.
DID YOU SEEK HIM OUT OR DID HE FIND YOU?
NOTHING LIKE DAD.
WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT MASK?

GIVE HIM NOTHING.
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, MR. DOE.
NO. NEED TO GET OUT.
NEED TO FIND MANHATTAN.

COULD BE ANYONE.
OR NO ONE.

PROBABLY WATCHING NOW.

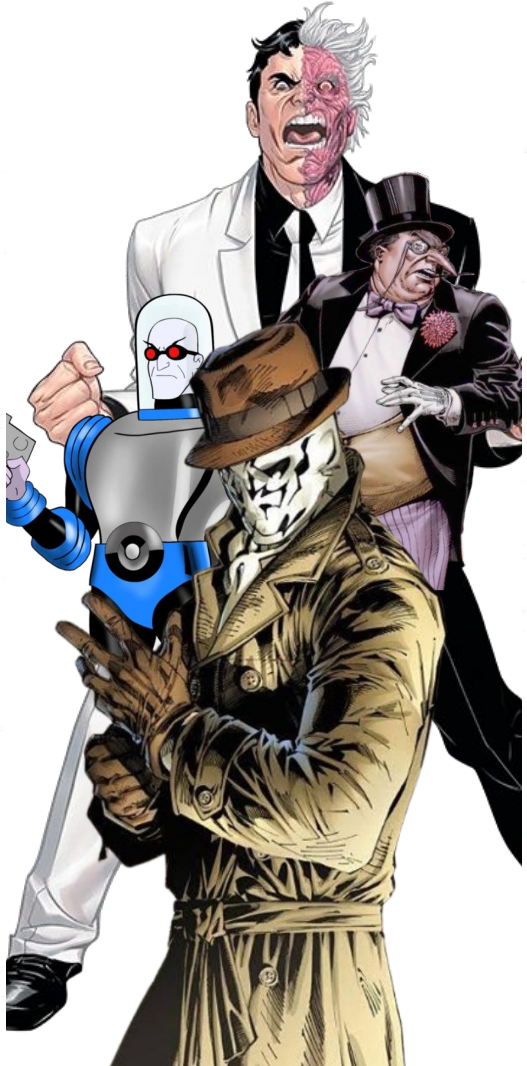
LET'S GO, DOE.

DOE JANE

MIND TIRED. UNRELIABLE.
REGGIE? IT'S ME AGAIN.
HEAR VOICES IN HERE.
EYES SHUT AND SEE BOILED BRAINS OOZING OUT OF EARS. BODIES PILED ON BLOOD-SOAKED STREETS. REACHING OUT FOR ME.

USED TO BE A PROBLEM.
BUT LEARNED TO CHANGE IT...

...SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE.
DAD AND MOM. HAPPY. ALIVE.



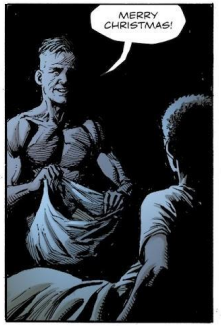
GOOD TIMES NOW GONE.

"I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU...

...BUT WHEN YOU PICTURE YOUR FOLKS, YOU NEED TO SEE THEM AT THEIR BEST INSTEAD OF HOW THEY DIED.
YOU HAVE ANY PHOTOGRAPHS? ANYTHING OF THEIRS?
NO... NEIGHBORHOOD. IT WAS QUARANTINED.
WELL, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO MAKE A TRIP TO NEW YORK... BRING ME YOUR SHEETS.
SHEETS?
AND ANY LOOSE BEDSPRINGS!

OVER YEARS BYRON WOULD FLY OFF.
SMUGGLE BACK CONTRABAND. LICORICE AND SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

REGGIE?


MERRY CHRISTMAS!

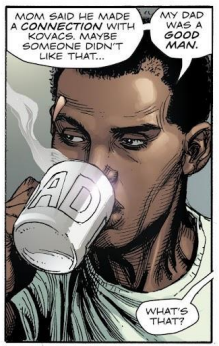
ONE NIGHT, BROUGHT EVERYTHING FROM DAD'S DESK.

"FIRST INTERVIEW WITH KOVACS... HE'S EVEN MORE DISTURBED THAN I'D HEARD...

"...BUT I'M OPTIMISTIC."

I'M TRYING TO PUT IT TOGETHER, BUT SOMETHING'S MISSING.
IT IS?

POLICE REPORTS ARE IN MY DAD'S FILES. NEW YORK STATE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL RECORDS. EVEN LETTERS WALTER KOVACS WROTE WHEN HE WAS A KID.
BUT DAD'S NOTES. ONLY A FEW PAGES FROM HIS FIRST INTERVIEW. REST ARE GONE.
SOMEONE MUST'VE STOLEN THEM.
UH, WHO WOULD DO THAT?


MOM SAID HE MADE A CONNECTION WITH KOVACS. MAYBE SOMEONE DIDN'T LIKE THAT...
MY DAD WAS A GOOD MAN.
WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT?
THAT MUG YOU'RE SIPPIN' OUT OF. WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?
I...IT'S MINE.
IT'S MORE GODDAMNED CONTRABAND IS WHAT IT IS.

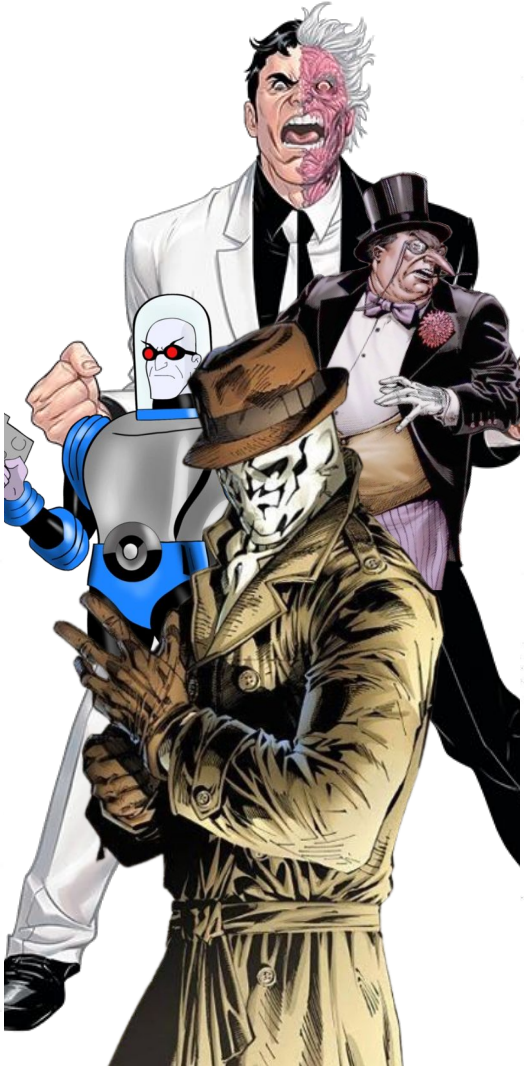
LET GO...
YOU KNOW THE RULES BY NOW.

I WILL BREAK YOUR HANDS!

WHAT'D YOU SAY, YOU LITTLE SHIT?
JASON, LEAVE THE BOY ALONE!
AAAAA
YOU GODDAMNED WORM!

NO!

NEXT TIME IT'S YOUR FACE.
DAD...
QUIT YOUR WHINING AND CLEAN THIS SHIT UP.
BOTH OF YOU.
16



I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT, REGGIE. VERY SORRY.
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS?
HOW HARD, UM, WHAT IS?
SOME MONSTER DID IT. KILLED ALL THOSE PEOPLE. MOM AND DAD. SCRAMBLED MY M-MIND. THEN IT D-DIED AND I WAS LEFT LIKE THI...THIS...
ALL THIS ANGER INSIDE ME...
IT'S GOT NOWHERE TO GO.
SOMETIMES W-WISH I WAS A LITTLE CLOSER WHEN IT HIT.

REGGIE, DON'T SAY THAT.
LISTEN, I WAS NEVER GOOD AT CONFRONTATION. BUT I WATCHED THE OTHERS. LEARNED A THING OR TWO.
MY BODY ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, AND NEVER WAS MUCH TO BEGIN WITH, BUT YOU?

"I SEE A FIGHTER."
...SILK SPECTRE USED DISTRACTION. THE COMEDIAN, SURPRISE...
"IT'S COMING TOGETHER.

EXCEPT I STILL CAN'T FIND THIS DARN PIECE.

HOORAY! HOORAY! AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTORS AWAY!

NOTHING'S GOING TO KEEP THEM AWAY FROM YOUR RETARDED ASS, LEONARD.
WHU...
DOLLAR BILL.
SILHOUETTE.

NITE OWL.
CAPTAIN METROPOLIS.
HOODED JUSTICE.

MOTHMAN.
BYRON MADE ME INTO ONE-MAN MINUTEMEN.

EVEN TOGETHER THEY WERE NEVER GOING TO BE ENOUGH.
GET OFF OF ME!
HARD AS THEY TRIED.
17

WORLD NEEDED MORE.
I NEEDED MORE.

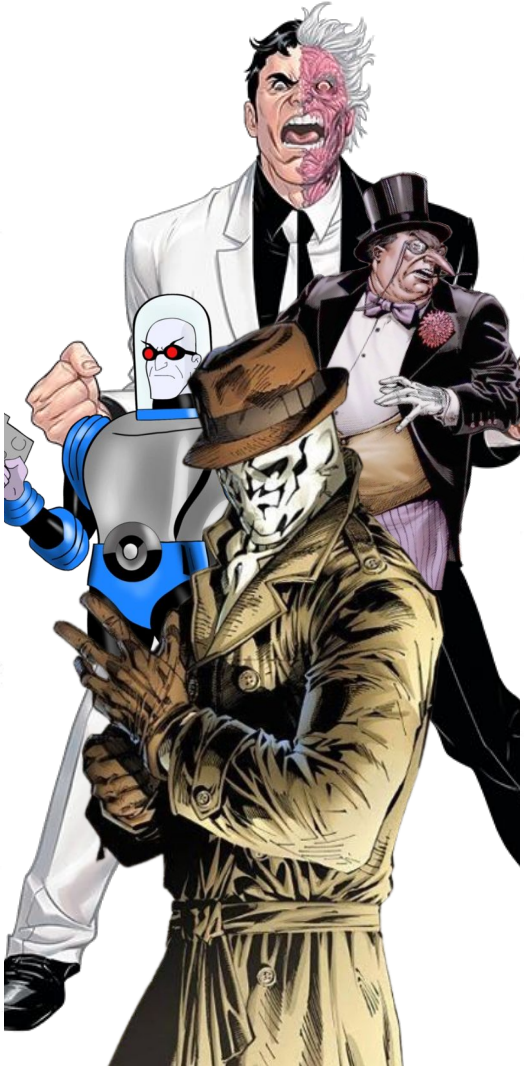
KOVACS.W

"DO YOU SEE THAT?

IT WAS STUCK UNDER THE SEAM IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX!

IT WAS RIGHT THERE...

RIGHT IN FRONT OF US THE WHOLE TIME.
18



...ADRIAN VEIDT'S UNEXPECTED ABSENCE FROM PRESIDENT REDFORD'S LATEST RALLY HAS LED SOME TO SPECULATE VEIDT WILL BE WITHDRAWING HIS SUPPORT FOR THE POLARIZING PRESIDENT.
WHILE VEIDT HIMSELF FACES CRITICISM FOR HIS WORDS AT SALLY JUPITER'S MEMORIAL...

"MISS JUPITER WASN'T A SMART WOMAN, NOR A PARTICULARLY MORAL ONE, SO I'M NOT SURE WHY SUCH A STATUE IS NECESSARY."
THEY'RE ROUNDING THEM UP.
ROUNDING THEM UP? WHO UP?
THE OTHERS, LIKE YOU. THE ONES WHO SURVIVED.
THEY'VE BEEN TRANSFERRING THEM TO A GOVERNMENT FACILITY IN D.C.

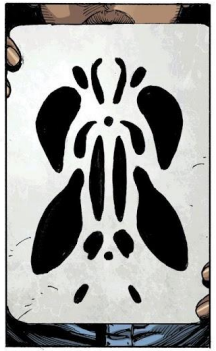
THEY WANT TO SEE IF ANYONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ADRIAN VEIDT.
HEY, LONG!
OUR SAVIOR?

DON'T BOTHER SITTING DOWN.
YOUR ASS IS BEING TRANSFERRED ...

GAAA!

AAAA!

IT'S BEEN AWHILE SINCE WE DID THIS. NOW THEN...
WHAT DO YOU SEE?



RORSCHACH.
19

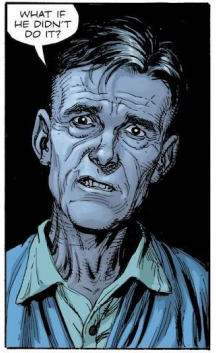
OCTOBER 11TH, 1992. A NEW DAY. A BAD DAY.
...THEORIES ABOUT BELOVED ACTIVIST AND FORMER COSTUMED HERO ADRIAN VEIDT HAVE BEGUN GAINING TRACTION...
...SUSPECT THAT VEIDT MAY HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN THE DISAPPEARANCES OF DR. MANHATTAN, SILK SPECTRE, NITE OWL AND RORSCHACH...
...CLAIMING VEIDT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NEW YORK CITY MASSACRE. OVER THREE MILLION WERE KILLED AND THOUSANDS MORE SUFFERED PERMANENT PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE...
...THE WHITE HOUSE REFUSES TO CONFIRM THESE ALLEGATIONS AND ASKS THAT UNTIL THERE IS CONCRETE EVIDENCE...

...ALIEN CREATURE THAT INVADED THE INSTITUTE OF INTERSPACIAL STUDIES HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM VEIDT ENTERPRISES FOR REANALYSIS BY THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE.

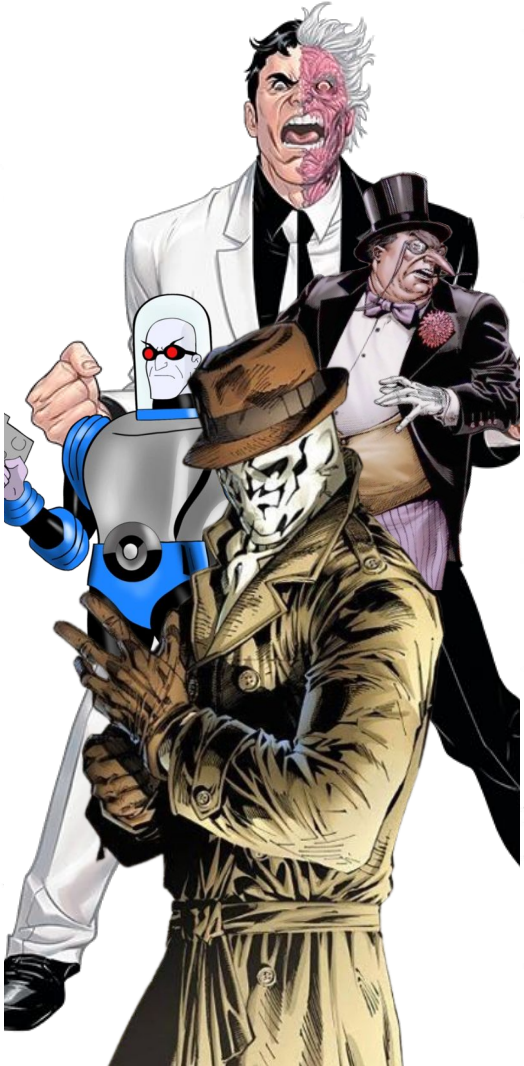
"EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.
"I HAVE SOMEONE TO BLAME."

BUT WHY...
I STAY AND I'LL BE SHIPPED OFF TO SOME GOVERNMENT PSYCH CENTER WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD GETS THEIR HANDS ON ADRIAN VEIDT.

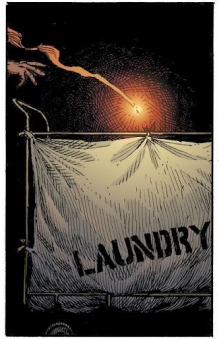
REGGIE?


WHAT IF HE DIDN'T DO IT?

DID IT. ANYONE CAN SEE.



FIRE


LAUNDRY

WHAT IS IT? WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?

HEAT FROM BURNING HELL SCORCHED GROUNDS.
STENCH OF MADNESS FILLED LUNGS.
BYRON?

BUT LIGHT WAS BRIGHT.

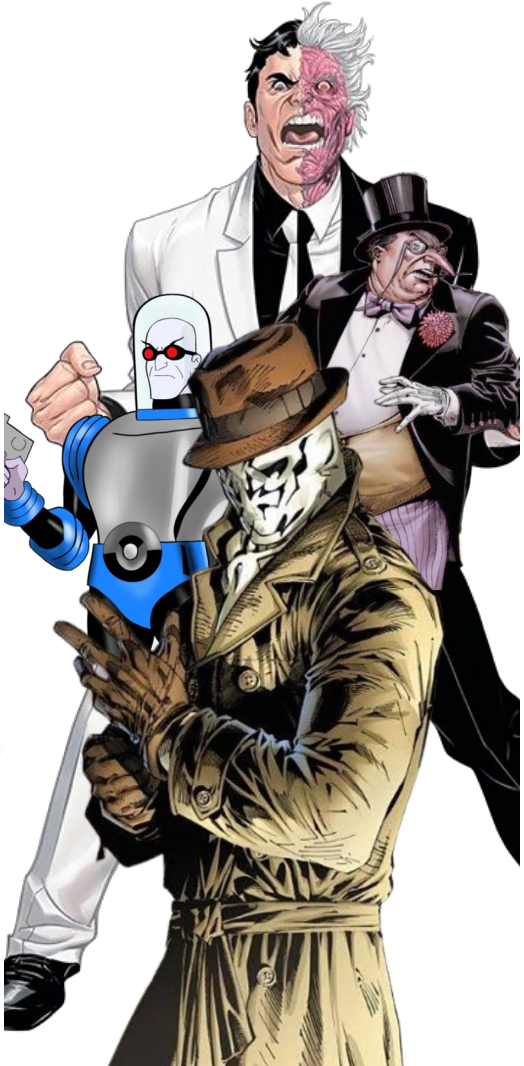
IT'S BEEN CALLING TO ME.

I SEE IT.

SEE WHAT?
BYRON?!

WHAT DO YOU SEE?!

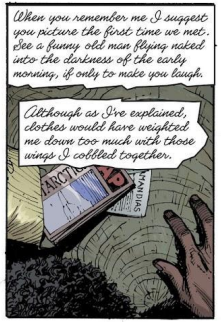
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.



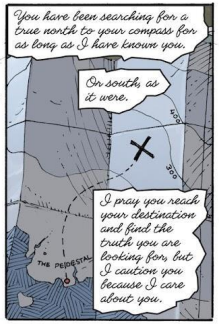
NOT UNTIL LATER.

Reggie

Dear Reggie,
I hope you forgive me for not having the fortitude to continue on your journey with you, but mine lies elsewhere.


When you remember me I suggest you picture the first time we met. See a funny old man flying naked into the darkness of the early morning, if only to make you laugh.
Although as I've explained, clothes would have weighted me down too much with those wings I cobbled together.

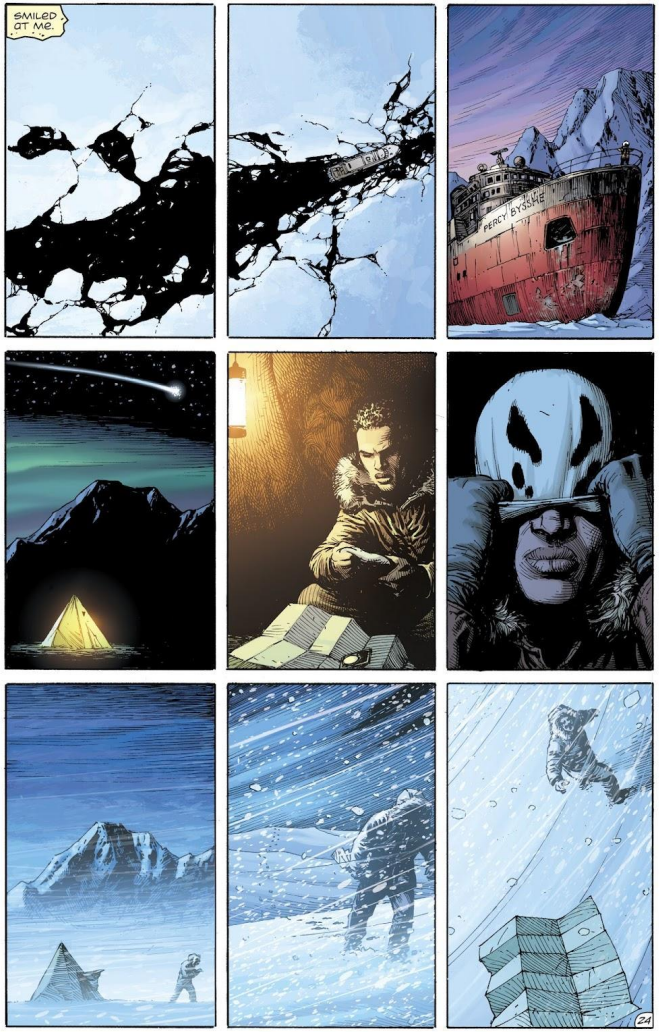
I don't know if these tickets are still good, but I was invited there once and I know it will not be an easy journey.
THE PERCY BYSSHE
NEEZE
TIME FOR EVERYONE
BOARDING PASS
TYMAND HOME

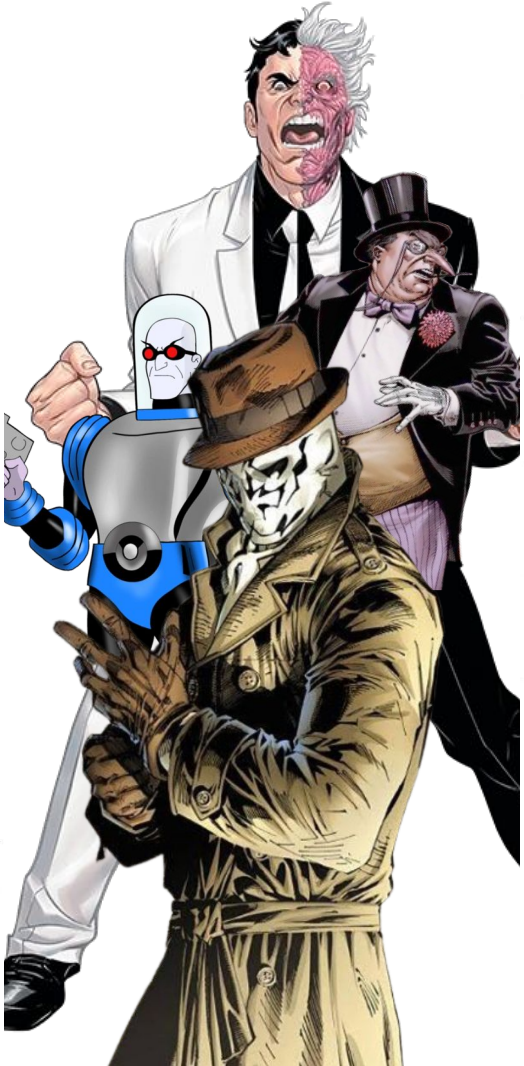

You have been searching for a true north to your compass for as long as I have known you.
On south, as it were.
I pray you reach your destination and find the truth you are looking for, but I caution you because I care about you.
THE PEDESTAL

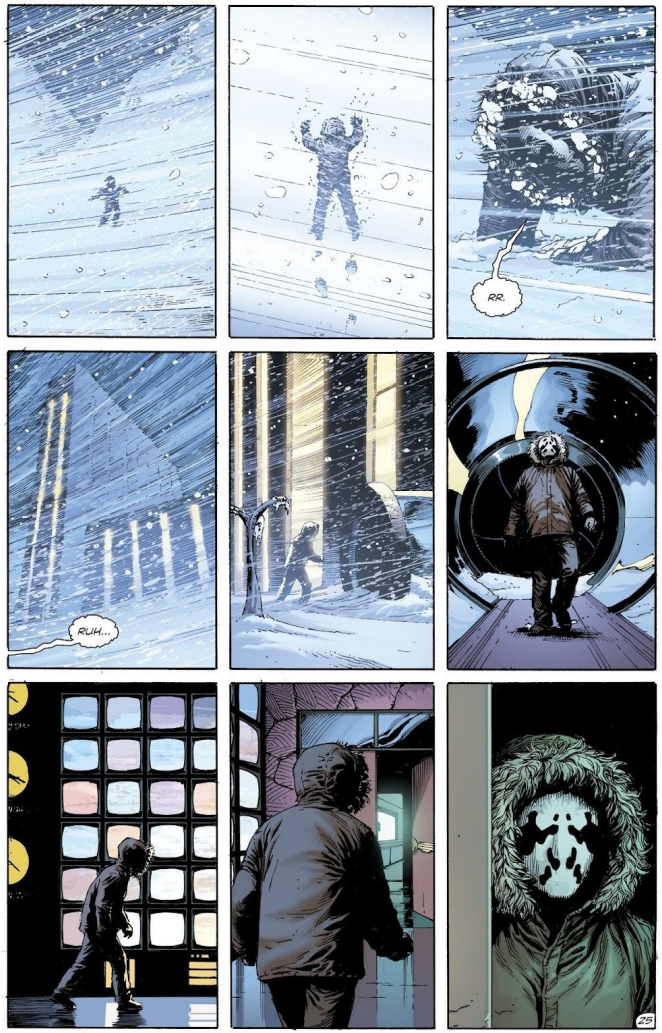
Everything that brought us together may be a string of random events or it may be part of a grand design.
But the truth is relative.

What you see is all that matters.
Your friend now and forever,
Byron

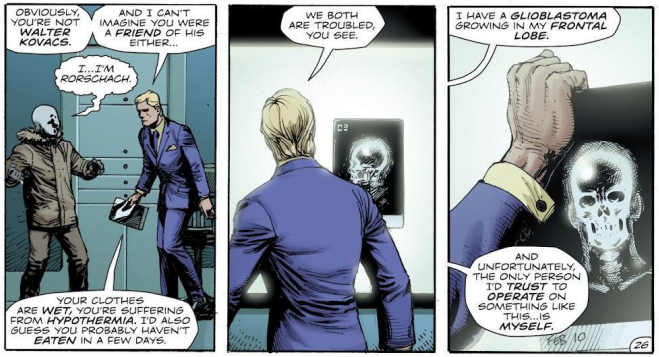
FIRST TIME HELD MASK.

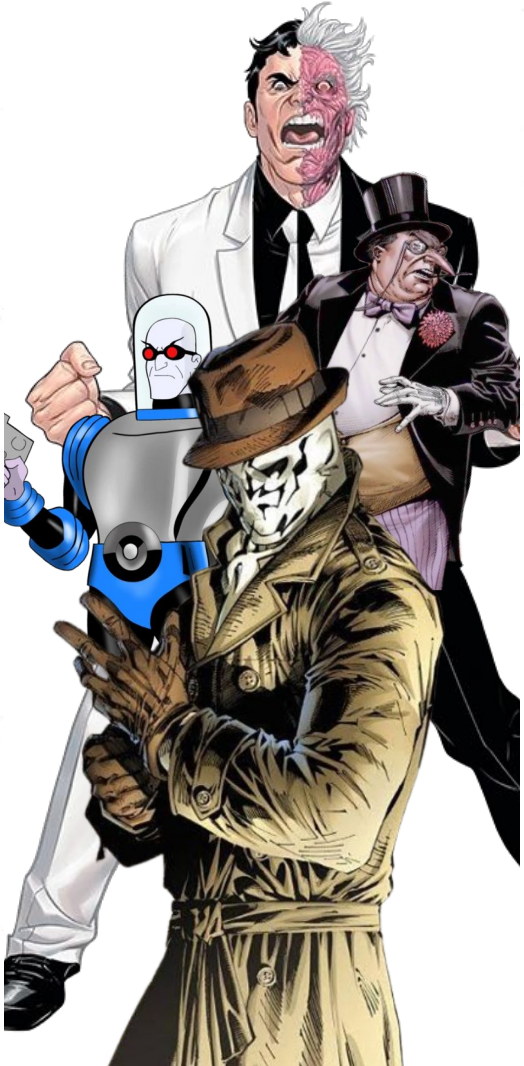

SMILED AT ME.
PERCY BYSSHE
24

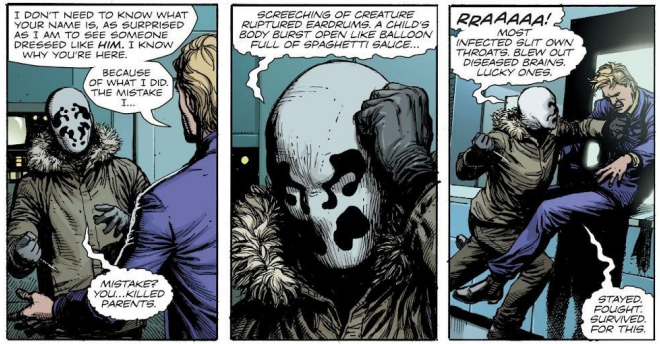



RR.
RUH...
25

IF YOU'RE HERE TO KILL ME...
...I MIGHT THANK YOU IF YOU MAKE IT QUICK... WHOEVER YOU ARE.


OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE NOT WALTER KOVACS.
AND I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS EITHER...
I...I'M RORSCHACH.
YOUR CLOTHES ARE WET. YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM HYPOTHERMIA. I'D ALSO GUESS YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T EATEN IN A FEW DAYS.
WE BOTH ARE TROUBLED, YOU SEE.
I HAVE A GLIOBLASTOMA GROWING IN MY FRONTAL LOBE.
AND UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY PERSON I'D TRUST TO OPERATE ON SOMETHING LIKE THIS...IS MYSELF.
26




I DON'T NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOUR NAME IS, AS SURPRISED AS I AM TO SEE SOMEONE DRESSED LIKE HIM. I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE.
BECAUSE OF WHAT I DID. THE MISTAKE I...
MISTAKE? YOU...KILLED PARENTS.
SCREECHING OF CREATURE RUPTURED EARDRUMS. A CHILD'S BODY BURST OPEN LIKE BALLOON FULL OF SPAGHETTI SAUCE...
RRAAAAA!
MOST INFECTED SLIT OWN THROATS. BLEW OUT DISEASED BRAINS. LUCKY ONES.
STAYED. FOUGHT. SURVIVED. FOR THIS.

THEN DO IT. MAKE THE WORLD CHEER IN CELEBRATION, "RORSCHACH!"
UHUHUH
I WANTED THEM TO SEE A MONSTER.
BUT I AM THE MONSTER... OH, GOD.
WHAT HAVE I D-DONE? WHAT HAVE I...?
I'M SORRY. I...
I SAW THE LIGHT TOO LATE.

BODY SHOKING. LOOK IN EYES. SOW...
LIGHT?
REGRET. REMORSE. PAIN.
27

REGGIE?

WE'RE ALL MAD

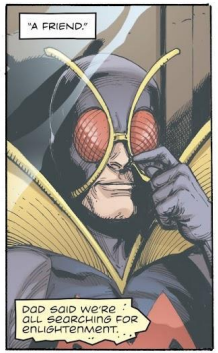
SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE.
REGGIE?

NEED TO HEAR WHAT I WANT TO...

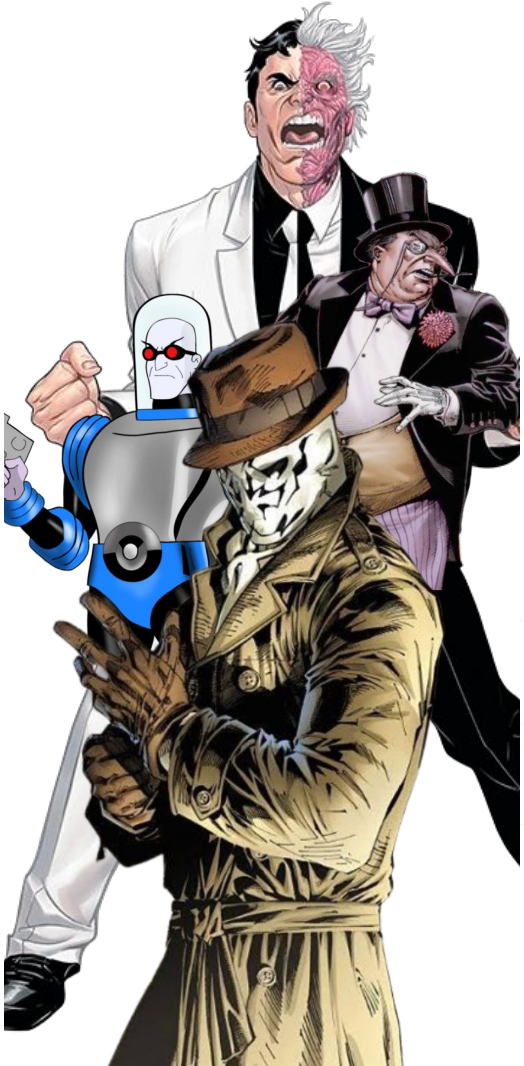
MAYBE YOU'D PREFER I CALL YOU JOHN DOE.

I'M JANE DOE.
I'VE BEEN IN YOUR MIND FOR A FEW DAYS AND, WHOA, IS THAT A BUSY PLACE.
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. I WON'T BE AROUND FOR MUCH LONGER.

WHO ARE YOU?


"A FRIEND."
DAD SAID WE'RE ALL SEARCHING FOR ENLIGHTENMENT.

WE'RE DRAWN TO IT.
LIKE BUGS TO A LIGHT.



DAD WAS A GOOD MAN HELPING TROUBLED PEOPLE.
WE STILL CAN SAVE THE WORLD, REGGIE...
RRR?
...BUT WE CAN'T DO IT ALONE.

LIKE KOVACS.

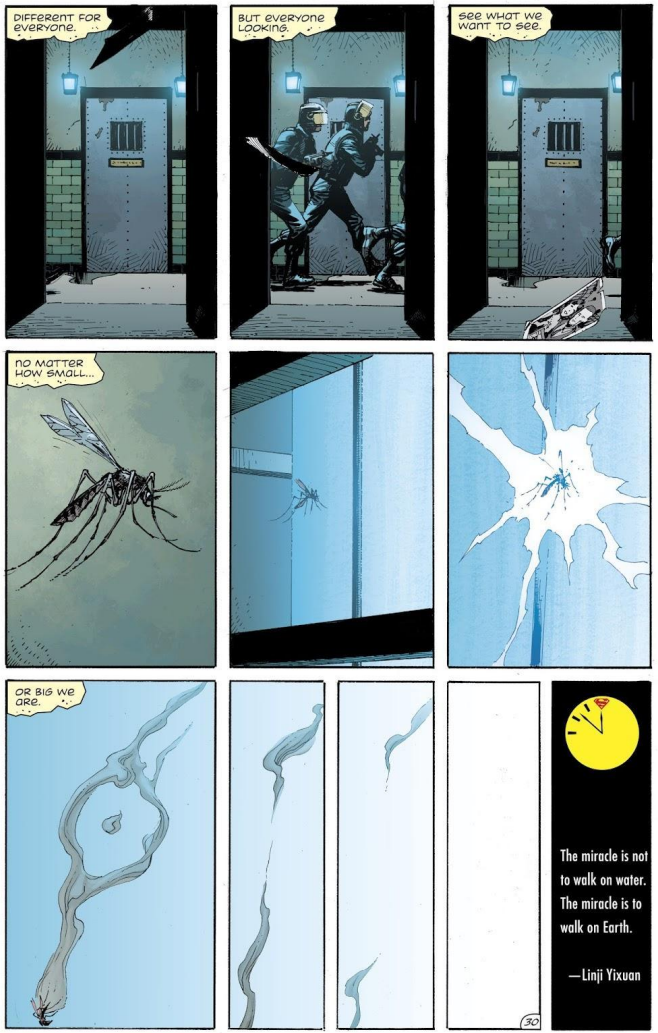
LIKE ME.

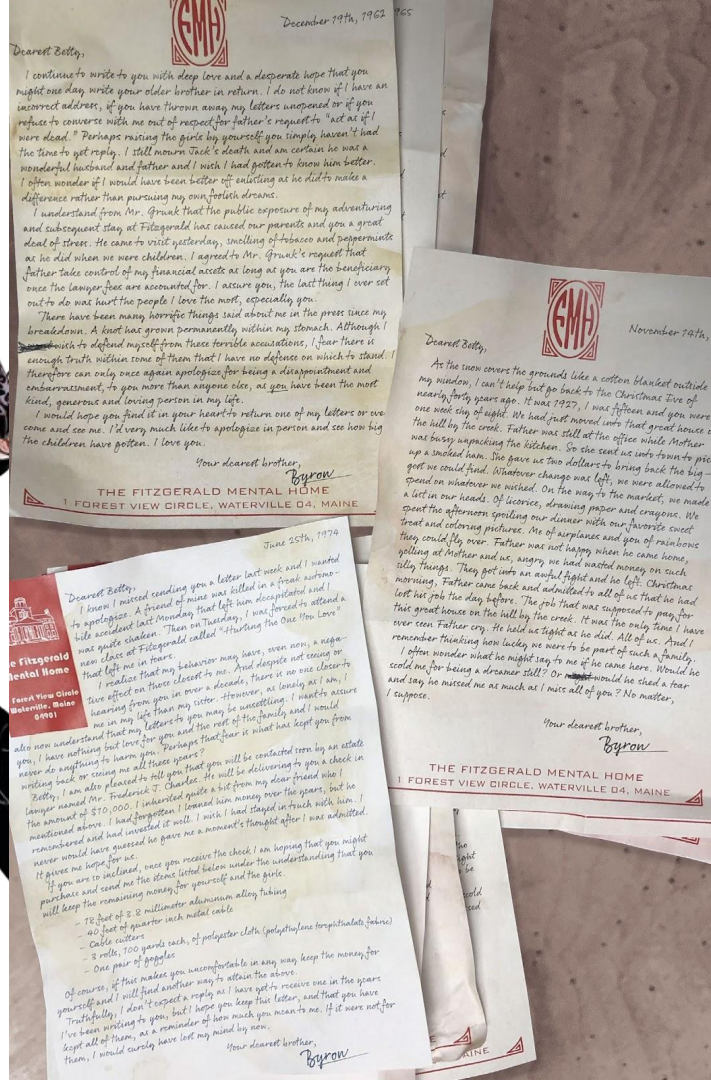
PULLED THEM OUT OF DARKNESS.

TURNED THEM TOWARD LIGHT.

IT LOOKS LIKE I UNDERESTIMATED MR. DOE.

YES, YOU CERTAINLY DID, MASTER WAYNE. AS I STATED, I WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT SOMEONE LIKE HIM ALONE IN ARKHAM.
HE KNOWS TOO MUCH.
AND WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH.
BUT WHAT IS LIGHT?





December 19th, 1962

Dearest Betty,

I continue to write to you with deep love and a desperate hope that you might one day write your older brother in return. I do not know if I have an incorrect address, if you have thrown away my letters unopened or if you refuse to converse with me out of respect for father's request to "act as if I were dead." Perhaps raising the girls by yourself you simply haven't had the time to get reply. I still mourn Jack's death and am certain he was a wonderful husband and father and I wish I had gotten to know him better. I often wonder if I would have been better off enlisting as he did to make a difference rather than pursuing my own foolish dreams.

I understand from Mr. Grunk that the public exposure of my adventuring and subsequent stay at Fitzgerald has caused our parents and you a great deal of stress. He came to visit yesterday, smelling of tobacco and peppermints as he did when we were children. I agreed to Mr. Grunk's request that father takes control of my financial assets as long as you are the beneficiary once the lawyer fees are accounted for. I assure you, the last thing I ever set out to do was hurt the people I love the most, especially you.

There have been many horrific things said about me in the press since my breakdown. A knot has grown permanently within my stomach. Although I wish to defend myself from these terrible accusations, I fear there is enough truth within some of them that I have no defence on which to stand. I therefore can only once again apologize for being a disappointment and embarrassment, to you more than anyone else, as you have been the most kind, generous and loving person in my life.

I would hope you find it in your heart to return one of my letters or even come and see me. I'd very much like to apologize in person and see how big the children have gotten. I love you.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

THE FITZGERALD MENTAL HOME
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE 04, MAINE

November 14th,

Dearest Betty,

As the snow covers the grounds like a cotton blanket outside my window, I can't help but go back to the Christmas Eve of nearly forty years ago. It was 1937, I was fifteen and you were one week shy of eight. We had just moved into that great house on the hill by the creek. Father was still at the office while Mother was busy unpacking the kitchen. So she sent us into town to pick up a smoked ham. She gave us two dollars to bring back the biggest goose we could find. Whatever change was left, we were allowed to spend on whatever we wished. On the way to the market, we made a list in our heads. Of licorice, drawing paper and crayons. We spent the afternoon spoiling our dinner with our favorite sweet treat and coloring pictures. Me of aeroplanes and you of rainbows they could fly over. Father was not happy when he came home, yelling at Mother and us, angry we had wasted money on such silly things. They got into an awful fight and he left. Christmas morning, Father came back and admitted to all of us that he had lost his job the day before. The job that was supposed to pay for this great house on the hill by the creek. It was the only time I have ever seen Father cry. He held us tight as he did. All of us. And I remember thinking how lucky we were to be part of such a family.

I often wonder what he might say to me if he came here. Would he scold me for being a dreamer still? Or would he shed a tear and say he missed me as much as I miss all of you? No matter, I suppose.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

THE FITZGERALD MENTAL HOME
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE 04, MAINE

June 25th, 1974

The Fitzgerald Mental Home
Forest View Circle
Waterville, Maine
04901

Dearest Betty,

I know I missed sending you a letter last week and I wanted to apologize. A friend of mine was killed in a freak automobile accident last Monday that left him decapitated and I was quite shaken. Then on Tuesday, I was forced to attend a new class at Fitzgerald called "Hurting the One You Love" that left me in tears.

I realize that my behavior may have, even now, a negative effect on those closest to me. And despite not seeing or hearing from you in over a decade, there is no one closer to me in my life than my sister. However, as lonely as I am, I also now understand that my letters to you and the rest of the family, and I would never do anything to harm you. Perhaps that fear is what has kept you from writing back or seeing me all these years?

Betty, I am also pleased to tell you that you will be contacted soon by an estate lawyer named Mr. Frederick J. Charles. He will be delivering to you a check in the amount of $10,000. I inherited quite a bit from my dear friend who I mentioned above. I had forgotten I loaned him money over the years, but he remembered and had invested it well. I wish I had stayed in touch with him. I never would have guessed he gave me a moment's thought after I was admitted. It gives me hope for us.

If you are so inclined, once you receive the check I am hoping that you might purchase and send me the items listed below under the understanding that you will keep the remaining money for yourself and the girls.

- 72 feet of ± 2 millimeter aluminum alloy tubing
- 40 feet of quarter inch metal cable
- Cable cutters
- 3 rolls, 100 yards each, of polyester cloth (polyethylene terephthalate fabric)
- One pair of goggles

Of course, if this makes you uncomfortable in any way keep the money for yourself and I will find another way to attain the above.

Truthfully, I don't expect a reply as I have yet to receive one in the years I've been writing to you, but I hope you keep this letter, and that you have kept all of them, as a reminder of how much you mean to me. If it were not for them, I would surely have lost my mind by now.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

November 3rd, 1985

Dearest Betty,

The horrors we are confronted by now dwarf every problem we've ever faced. As a world. As a human being. I would greatly appreciate a letter to let me know that you and the girls are safe and living well in Bethlehem, Connecticut. I beg of you, Betty. Please.

Just let me know you are all okay.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

fmh the fitzgerald mental home
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE, MAINE

November 8th, 1985

Dearest Betty,

Thank you so much for the flowers. I admit, I burst into tears when I received them and saw your note as the sender. There are no words to express how happy I am to hear from you after all of these years. I am relieved you are safe. I love you very much. Thank you, Betty, thank you.
I had almost given up.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

fmh the fitzgerald mental home
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE, WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901

December 5th, 1985

Dearest Betty,

I was hoping to hear from you again after the flowers but I remain patient. Yesterday, I met the most extraordinary young man. He was one of the unfortunate victims of the New York City massacre and he suffers greatly. He sees things that are not there most of the time. Horrible and disturbing images I dare not write down might they stick in your brain as they do his. There nightmares have kept him awake and nearly driven him to take his own life. But I know I can help this young man. I believe my experiences are uniquely suited to what he needs. In fact, I feel renewed with a sense of purpose for the first time since I flew across the sky.
Incidentally, I apologize if you got wind of my adventures last night. Pretty naked, but for good reason.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE
WATERVILLE, MAINE 0490

THE Fitzgerald MENTAL HOME
1 FOREST VIEW CIRCLE
WATERVILLE, MAINE 04901

October 17th, 1992

Dearest Betty,

This will be my last letter to you. I want you to know I'm happy and my love for you will continue on forever. Father and Mother are waiting for me. They've forgiven me. I saw them.
And I'll see you again, too.

Your dearest brother,
Byron

OBITUARIES

MR. BYRON LEWIS passed away peacefully in his sleep at his home in Bethlehem, Conn. He was born in Brooklyn, New York on December 5, 1920. Longtime resident of Waterville, Maine, he was a veteran of the Korean War and a proud member of the American Legion. He was a lifelong Boston Red Sox fan and an avid Boston Celtics fan. He was a graduate of Waterville High School and the University of Maine, where he was a member of the Fraternal Order of Alpha Tau Omega. He was a lifelong member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Waterville Lodge #1. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Waterville Council #1. He was a member of the Waterville Elks Club. He was a member of the Waterville Lions Club. He was a member of the Waterville Rotary Club. He was a member of the Waterville Chamber of Commerce. He was a member of the Waterville Historical Society. He was a member of the Waterville Public Library. He was a member of the Waterville Boy Scouts. He was a member of the Waterville Girl Scouts

GREEN LANTERN
EARTH ONE
Earth One graphic novels tell standalone stories unconnected to the greater DC Universe featuring reimagined DC heroes. That was the appeal for co-writers Gabriel Hardman and Corinna Bechko, who are giving intergalactic hero Hal Jordan a more grounded sci-fi reality.
Hardman explains, "We wanted to make an accessible version of Green Lantern, where you don't have to know everything about this character to appreciate this story. It starts at the beginning; it is an origin story. But it's really just the story of how he becomes the guy he always hoped he could be."
"WE WANTED TO MAKE AN ACCESSIBLE VERSION OF GREEN LANTERN, WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS CHARACTER TO APPRECIATE THIS STORY."
"In the beginning of our book," says Bechko, "we're dealing with an Earth that doesn't even know if there are aliens. They don't know if there's other life in the universe. We're starting from a very basic place that's not a whole lot different from where we are. Science fiction and technology that could exist–of course, it's a little more fantastical that you have a ring–but we kind of treat it as if it's technology that just seems like magic because we don't understand the tech, yet."
"It's a lot about the personal responsibility," Hardman explains. "It's not that the people given these rings are just intrinsically perfect people, and they go off and they do the right thing. It's what humans actually have to face. It's about making a decision to be a hero."
GREEN LANTERN
EARTH ONE
VOLUME ONE
HARDMAN
BECHKO
BOYD
DC
DC ALL ACCESS
GREEN LANTERN: EARTH ONE, VOL. 1
co-written by HARDMAN and BECHKO
drawn by GABRIEL HARDMAN
Releases on MARCH 14, 2018
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DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 5 of 12

DC

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

JULY 2018
DCCOMICS.COM

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 5
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GEOFF JOHNS
writer

GARY FRANK
illustrator

BRAD ANDERSON
colorist

ROB LEIGH
letterer

AMIE BROCKWAY-METCALF
back matter design

GARY FRANK & BRAD ANDERSON
cover and variant cover

AMEDEO TURTURRO
associate editor

BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
editor

Watchmen created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 5 of 12

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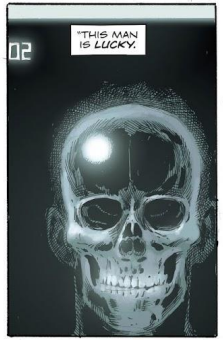
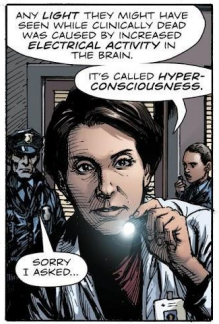
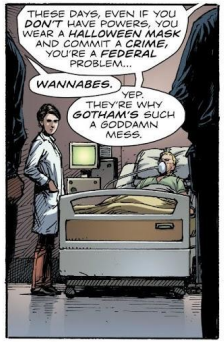






THERE IS NO GOD

...TWO AMERICAN METAHUMANS HAVE BEEN DETAINED IN ST. PETERSBURG FOLLOWING A TERRORIST ATTACK BY CHECHEN SEPARATISTS THAT LEFT FIFTEEN DEAD.
HAWK AND DOVE WERE ARRESTED BY RUSSIA'S ROCKET RED BRIGADE AND CHARGED WITH INTERFERING IN POLICE BUSINESS...

...WHILE WASHINGTON D.C.'S SUPER-HERO DUO CLAIMS RUSSIA'S ARMORED POLICE FORCE ACTED RECKLESSLY, TRIGGERING THE ATTACKERS AND ESCALATING THE SITUATION.
HAWK IS NO STRANGER TO POLITICAL DRAMA...

...THE CONTROVERSIAL METAHUMAN WAS EMBROILED IN A GUN-RUNNING OPERATION IN NICARAGUA SEVERAL YEARS AGO...
WHERE IS BUBASTIS?

"...IN MOSCOW THEIR FORMER TEAMMATE, RED STAR, CONDEMNED HAWK AND DOVE AND ANNOUNCED HE WOULD BE STEPPING OUT OF RETIREMENT TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY..."
WHAT THE HELL IS IT?
I THINK IT'S A CARACAL.
A WHAT?
METROPOLIS ANIMAL SERVICES

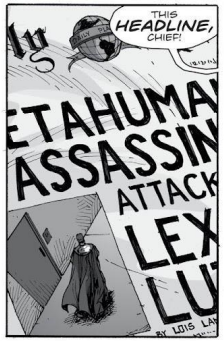
CAT WITH POINTY EARS. THEY MADE STATUES OF THEM ALL OVER EGYPT. FOR LUCK.
RRR.
YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN WHAT THE THING'S OWNER WAS WEARING. IT'S IN OUR SQUAD CAR.
SO YOU DO HAVE MY CLOTHES.

AND MY CAT.
I'D LIKE THEM BOTH BACK.

PARKING

PARKING

REOW.
"WHAT ARE YOU HISSING ABOUT?"
4


THIS HEADLINE, CHIEF!
ETAHUMA
ASSASSIN
ATTACK
LEX
LU

CALL ME MR. WHITE WHEN YOU'RE YELLING AT ME.
I NEVER USED THE TERM METAHUMAN.
I KNOW. I CHANGED IT.
WHY?
CHANGING THINGS IS MY JOB.

I REALIZE IT'S THE BUZZ WORD OF THE DAY, BUT THIS MAN BEING A METAHUMAN HASN'T BEEN PROVEN YET.
YOU'RE PLAYING INTO PARANOIA TO SELL PAPERS.

AND GET CLICKS, GOD HELP ME.
LOOK, LOIS, HE WAS WEARING A GODDAMN CAPE AND I NEEDED TO CUT THROUGH ALL THE NOISE.
BUT...
THE WORLD'S FAITH IN ITS SPANDEX SOCIETY IS FALLING APART. YOU WANT TO CHANGE THAT...

GET OUT THERE AND PROVE THEM WRONG!

IS IT TOO LATE TO ASK SOMEONE ELSE TO BE JON'S GODFATHER?
TEN YEARS TOO LATE.
AND MR. WHITE'S NOT THE PROBLEM, LOIS...

...FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW ME, MY NAME WAS MIKHAIL ARKADIN, AND UNLIKE MY AMERICAN COUNTERPART, FIRESTORM, I WAS NOT CREATED BY MY GOVERNMENT, BUT TRANSFORMED BY AN ACCIDENT IN UKRAINE.
THOUGHT KILLED IN THE CHERNOBYL DISASTER, I RECONSTITUTED YEARS LATER AS POZHAR.

RUSSIA'S MOST LOYAL AND POWERFUL METAHUMAN.
SOMEONE'S BEHIND ALL OF THIS, CLARK.
BEHIND WHAT?
THE SUPERMEN THEORY...
AND I HAVE A FEELING I KNOW WHO.

IN THE WAKE OF HAWK AND DOVE'S CARELESS ACTIONS...
...MY COUNTRY IS CLOSING ITS BORDERS TO ALL FOREIGNERS, METAHUMAN AND OTHERWISE...
5

"WE MUST SAVE OUR FUTURE."
I CAN'T WEAR REAL LEATHER!

IT'S OUTLAWED WHERE I COME FROM.
WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
OH, WAIT. LEATHER'S FAKE, THIS IS FINE.

DON'T EVEN KNOW REAL NAME.

MINE? NOT IMPORTANT.
BUT YOU CAN CALL ME SATURN GIRL.

YOU DON'T KNOW SALLY JUPITER BY CHANCE...
ONLY FROM WHAT YOU KNOW.
HHH?
YOU DIDN'T RESPECT HER VERY MUCH, BUT HER DAUGHTER...
YOU THOUGHT SHE WAS CUTE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I CAN READ MINDS.
THEN DON'T NEED TO EXPLAIN MISSION. WHY HELP ME?

BECAUSE I LIKE HELPING PEOPLE.

NEED TO FIND MANHATTAN.
SO LET'S GO GET HIM!
ANY IDEAS?
OH, YES!

WE NEED A GREAT BIG LIGHT.

...SHOULD HAVE ANY ILLUSION ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF GAINING MILITARY SUPERIORITY OVER RUSSIA. WE WILL NEVER ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN.
TOGETHER, THE PEOPLE'S HEROES ARE CAPABLE OF DESTROYING ANY ONE OF AMERICA'S MANUFACTURED METAHUMANS.

THESE MEN AND WOMEN WILL WORK ALONGSIDE PRINCE MARKOV AND HIS TEAM OF OUTSIDERS AS OUR TWO COUNTRIES CONTINUE TO FORGE AN ALLIANCE...
WHERE'S DONALD?
UP IN HIS ROOM.
HE GOT HIS COMMUNITY TIME PRIVILEGES TAKEN AWAY ON ACCOUNT OF HIM FIGHTING WITH ME OVER THE REMOTE.

"HE JUST HAD TO WATCH HIS NATHANIEL DUSK MOVIES OVER AND OVER!"
...WHAT DO YOU MEAN MR. THUNDER DOESN'T LIKE THE CHICKEN?
HE ALWAYS SAYS IT'S DRY.
STAND BACK, MURRAY.

I'M GOING TO KICK THE DOOR DOWN...
WELL, IT'S CHICKEN OR NOTHING.
BREAKING AND ENTERING IS ILLEGAL, NATE.
THAT'S WHY I'M NOT A COP.

MURRAY TURNS AWAY SO HE DOESN'T WITNESS THE CRIME.
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO SOLVE THIS ONE AND GET BACK TO MY BOTTLE.
OH, CRAP!

TWO DEAD BODIES. ONE WAS THE VICTIM. THE OTHER WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.
A WEALTHY RETIREE AND MURRAY'S EX-BROTHER-IN-LAW.
WHERE THE HELL DID THAT CRAZY FOSSIL GO?!

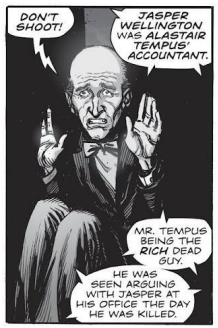
SO WAS THE RICH MAN THE TARGET...OR THE POOR ONE?
RELAX...
JOHNNY THUNDER IS 102 YEARS OLD.

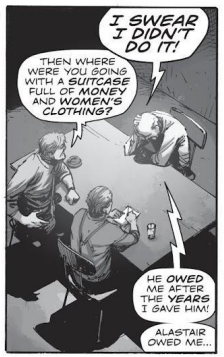
GREEN FIRE CONSUMES ALL-AMERICAN STEEL
WHEREVER HE'S TRYING TO GO... HE'S NOT GOING TO GET VERY FAR.

LOOKS LIKE OUR SUSPECT SKIPPED TOWN, NATE.
MAYBE NOT, MURRAY.
MAYBE NOT? YOU'VE BEEN OFF THE FORCE TOO LONG. DETECTIVE SKILLS ARE RUSTY. IT'S DARK. NO ONE'S HOME.
HE MUST'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF AND SPLIT.

YEAH, BUT WHO GOES TO THE TROUBLE OF PACKING ONLY TO LEAVE HIS LUGGAGE BEHIND?
SO HE DIDN'T BRING SOME CLOTHES WITH HIM. SO WHAT?

YOU HEAR THAT?
PANTING.
BREATHING...

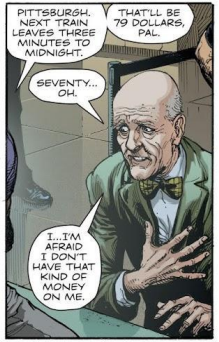

DON'T SHOOT!
JASPER WELLINGTON WAS ALASTAIR TEMPUS' ACCOUNTANT.
MR. TEMPUS BEING THE RICH DEAD GUY.
HE WAS SEEN ARGUING WITH JASPER AT HIS OFFICE THE DAY HE WAS KILLED.


I SWEAR I DIDN'T DO IT!
THEN WHERE WERE YOU GOING WITH A SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING?
HE OWED ME AFTER THE YEARS I GAVE HIM!
ALASTAIR OWED ME...

JASPER WELLINGTON GOES ON TO TELL US HE ASKED MR. TEMPUS FOR A LOAN...TO FLY TO EUROPE FOR AN OPERATION I CAN'T BELIEVE HE WANTS.
TEMPUS REFUSED.

AFTER HE DIED, JASPER DECIDED TO TAKE THE LOAN ANYWAY.
I'M SORRY...
I BELIEVE HIM.
8

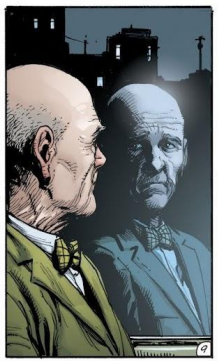
"THIS POOR MAN NEVER HURT ANYBODY."
WHERE TO, PAL?
THE ALL-AMERICAN STEEL FACTORY.
'SCUSE ME?
I MEAN, UH...
PITTSBURGH.


PITTSBURGH. NEXT TRAIN LEAVES THREE MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT.
THAT'LL BE 79 DOLLARS, PAL.
SEVENTY... OH.
I...I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY ON ME.

THEN TOUGH SHIT, OLD MAN.
MOVE ASIDE, YOU'RE HOLDIN' UP EVERYONE ELSE!
YEAH!
BUT I...I'M SEARCHING FOR MY FRIEND'S MAGIC LAMP. ALAN'S LOST, BUT HIS LAMP IS HERE. AND IF I FIND IT, I FIND THE GENIE. I FIND MY FRIENDS. I WON'T BE ALONE ANYMORE.

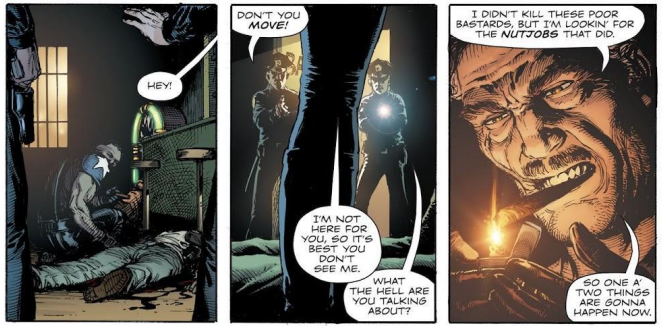
SIR, YOU NEED TO MOVE ALONG NOW.
BUT IF SOMEONE COULD PLEASE HELP ME...
YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE THE TRAIN, TAKE THE BUS!

2


9

RRR?
YES, BUBASTIS. THEY'RE GONE.
PERHAPS NOW JON WILL...
YOU MUST BE HIM.

ADRIAN VEIDT.
I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOU.


HEY!
DON'T YOU MOVE!
I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU, SO IT'S BEST YOU DON'T SEE ME.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I DIDN'T KILL THESE POOR BASTARDS, BUT I'M LOOKIN' FOR THE NUTJOBS THAT DID.
SO ONE A' TWO THINGS ARE GONNA HAPPEN NOW.

ONE...
YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND ARREST ME OR SHOOT ME OR SOME SHIT AND I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SLIT YOUR THROATS.
OR TWO...
YOU DON'T SEE ME.
HAVE A NICE EVENIN', BOYS.

PUH-PLEASE.
PLEASE DON'T DO THAT!

YAAAGGGAGG!

OH, SHIT. OH, JESUS. TAKE THE MONEY! TAKE ALL OF IT!
TAKE YOUR MONEY?

YOUR BILLS DON'T HAVE NIXON ON THEM.
THEY'RE USELESS TO US.
WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUNNY MONEY. WE WANT YOUR BOSS.

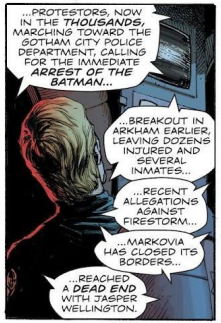
WE WANT THE JOKER.
HIS CREW TRIED TO HURT US. BECAUSE WE WERE WEARING MAKEUP IN ONE OF HIS CLUBS.
APPARENTLY, THAT'S A DEATH SENTENCE.
HE'LL HAVE TO ANSWER FOR THAT.

WHERE IS HE?
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW. NO ONE DOES. BUT HE'S A GOT A PLAN. T-TONIGHT.
WE'RE ALL MEETIN' AT THE LIGHT!
WHAT LIGHT?

THAT ONE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ON MY WORLD...
I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, BUT IT APPEARS THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO OFFER.

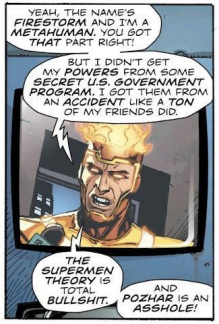
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!


...PROTESTORS, NOW IN THE THOUSANDS, MARCHING TOWARD THE GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, CALLING FOR THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF THE BATMAN...
...BREAKOUT IN ARKHAM EARLIER, LEAVING DOZENS INJURED AND SEVERAL INMATES...
...RECENT ALLEGATIONS AGAINST FIRESTORM...
...MARKOVIA HAS CLOSED ITS BORDERS...
...REACHED A DEAD END WITH JASPER WELLINGTON.

WE NEED AIR SUPPORT!
DO YOU COPY?!

RORSCHACH ESCAPED.
OF COURSE HE DID.
BUT WE HAVE MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS AT THE MOMENT.

RAVEN TWO, THIS IS SCOUT ONE. WE HAVE OUR EYES ON THE BIRD.
POLICE


YEAH, THE NAME'S FIRESTORM AND I'M A METAHUMAN. YOU GOT THAT PART RIGHT!
BUT I DIDN'T GET MY POWERS FROM SOME SECRET U.S. GOVERNMENT PROGRAM. I GOT THEM FROM AN ACCIDENT LIKE A TON OF MY FRIENDS DID.
THE SUPERMEN THEORY IS TOTAL BULLSHIT.
AND POZHAR IS AN ASSHOLE!

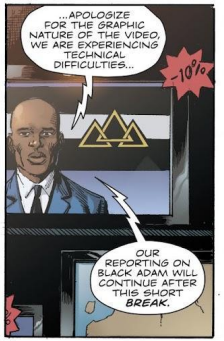
WHAT...
NO, I WON'T WATCH MY LANGUAGE!
...
WHO CARES, PROFESSOR?!
THEY'RE CALLING ME A LIAR!

OH, FIRESTORM IS ONE OF THEM.
LIKE METAMORPHO. MAN-CAT. CLAYFACE. ME.
LIVING WEAPONS MADE IN THE GOOD OL' U.S. OF A.
YOU CAN'T TRUST ANY OF US.

...DISTURBING VIDEO SURFACED TODAY OF AMERICAN JOURNALIST JACK RYDER, MISSING FOR THREE MONTHS AFTER HE WAS ABDUCTED BY KING KOBRA IN NORTHERN KAHNDAQ...
THE TIME HAS COME FOR AMERICA'S STRANGLEHOLD ON HUMANITY TO END.
KALI YUGA WILL CLEANSE THIS WORLD OF FALSE HEROES...

AAAA

SHIT, I HOPE YOU RECORDED THAT!
SERVES YOU RIGHT, MOTHER!
14


...APOLOGIZE FOR THE GRAPHIC NATURE OF THE VIDEO. WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES...
-10%
OUR REPORTING ON BLACK ADAM WILL CONTINUE AFTER THIS SHORT BREAK.

"I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE CHAOS AND DEATH YOU BROUGHT TO YOUR WORLD, MR. VEIDT.

"YOU SLAUGHTERED MILLIONS, CREATED AN ILLUSION THAT PARALYZED THE PLANET.

"SO YOU COULD SWOOP IN AND SAVE THE DAY.

"IT'S CALLED 'HERO SYNDROME.'
"BUT THE PANIC YOU'VE MADE, THE PLAN YOU'VE SET INTO MOTION...

IT STOPS NOW.

OH.
OH, I SEE.
YOU THINK I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHAOS ON YOUR WORLD, IN YOUR CITY.
YOU DO REALIZE THE PROTESTS BELOW ARE FOR YOU.

...OUT OF SURGERY NOW AND RECOVERING ...

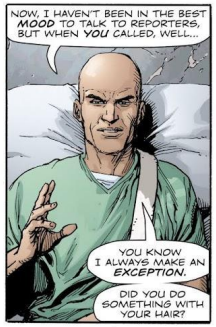
I'VE READ AND SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW YOU'RE TRIPPING OVER YOUR OWN CAPES, PLAYING A GAME OF TAG, WHILE THE WORLD AROUND YOU FALLS APART.
YOU'VE PUT THESE PEOPLE THROUGH HELL.
15

...GENERAL SAM LANE ANNOUNCED THE IMMEDIATE WITHDRAWAL OF ALL TROOPS FROM THE MIDDLE EAST AFTER A PROTEST IN QURAC AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AND ITS SUPPOSED ROLE IN THE SUPERMEN THEORY TURNED VIOLENT.
LIVE
DURING THE PROTEST, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WEARING A SUPERMAN ARMBAND FIRED INTO THE CROWD, KILLING AN UNARMED WOMAN...

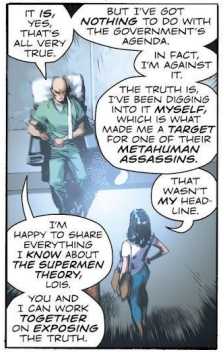
MISS LANE?
MR. LUTHOR WILL SEE YOU NOW.

...OVER FORTY THOUSAND TROOPS STATIONED THROUGHOUT THE MIDDLE EAST ARE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY BACK TO AMERICAN SOIL.
GENERAL LANE SIMPLY SAID, "WE NO LONGER WANT TO BE WHERE WE'RE NOT WANTED."
YOUR FATHER HAS A POINT.

I ONLY WISH THE MEN AND WOMEN RUNNING AROUND IN COSTUMES THOUGHT THE SAME WAY.
MY FATHER AND I DON'T OVERLAP VERY MUCH WHEN IT COMES TO OPINIONS, POLITICAL OR OTHERWISE.
MY FATHER AND I NEVER SAW EYE TO EYE EITHER, LOIS. HE LIKED TO DRINK, FOR EXAMPLE. AND LORD HIS POWER OVER ME AND MY SISTER.
POWER IS A DANGEROUS THING WHEN IT'S IN THE WRONG HANDS.

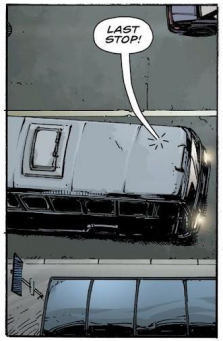

NOW, I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THE BEST MOOD TO TALK TO REPORTERS, BUT WHEN YOU CALLED, WELL...
YOU KNOW I ALWAYS MAKE AN EXCEPTION.
DID YOU DO SOMETHING WITH YOUR HAIR?

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO WITH THE SUPERMEN THEORY?
ME?
COME OFF IT, LEX. YOUR HATRED OF SUPERMAN AND HIS FRIENDS IS NO SECRET. YOU'VE BEEN THE LOUDEST VOICE AGAINST METAHUMANS.
AND NAMING SOMETHING AS SPURIOUS AS THIS AFTER SUPERMAN IS RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY.


IT IS, YES, THAT'S ALL VERY TRUE.
BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GOVERNMENT'S AGENDA.
IN FACT, I'M AGAINST IT.
THE TRUTH IS, I'VE BEEN DIGGING INTO IT MYSELF, WHICH IS WHAT MADE ME A TARGET FOR ONE OF THEIR METAHUMAN ASSASSINS.
THAT WASN'T MY HEADLINE.
I'M HAPPY TO SHARE EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT THE SUPERMEN THEORY, LOIS.
YOU AND I CAN WORK TOGETHER ON EXPOSING THE TRUTH.

AND WE CAN DO THAT BY STARTING AT THE TOP.
THE TOP?
YES. YOU SEE, I'VE LEARNED THE PERSON WHO'S CREATED THESE METAHUMANS FOR THE GOVERNMENT IS THEMSELF A METAHUMAN.
I DON'T KNOW THEIR NAME, BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING ABOUT THEM.

AT SOME POINT IN TIME... THEY WERE A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.
16


LAST STOP!

HEY, BE CAREFUL OUT THERE, POPS.
THIS ISN'T THE BEST NEIGHBORHOOD, Y'KNOW?

THERE IS NO FUTURE. THERE IS NO PAST.
QUIT PULLIN' ON MY LEG!
I'M TRYIN' TA SLEEP!

NO ENTRY DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
WARN UNSTABLE
17

THEY MUST HAVE TRIED TO MELT IT DOWN WITH THE REST OF THE SCRAP...

THIS PLACE IS LOADED!

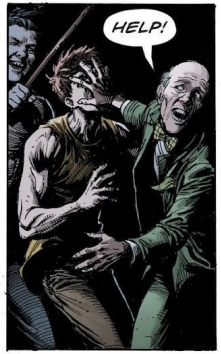
WE CAN SELL THIS SHIT, GET SOME CASH.
HAHAHAHA.
YEAH!
HEY, WAIT A SECOND!
WHO'S THAT?

HE SECURITY?
SECURITY? NAW, HE'S LOST.
MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHIN'!

YEAH! YOU GOT SOMETHIN', OLD MAN?!
NO. I'M SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.
I'M LOOKING FOR MY FRIENDS.
GIMME WHAT YOU GOT!

GIMME YOUR WALLET BEFORE I POKE OUT YOUR EYES!
AAA!

PLEASE! PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE!


HELP!

LOOKIT THE OLD FART! GO!
HAHAHA!
WE'LL GIVE YOU A FIVE-SECOND LEAD!

YOUR WORLD IS WORSE OFF THAN MINE. EVER WAS...

"LOOK AT THE SHEER NUMBER OF YOU LOST IN THE NARRATIVE OF GOOD VERSUS BAD.

"WANDERING AIMLESSLY IN A FOG OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

YOU'RE SO BUSY PUTTING THESE "SUPER-VILLAINS" INTO PRISONS WITH REVOLVING DOORS, YOU'VE IGNORED THE WORLD'S REAL PROBLEMS.

"AND NOW YOU'RE ALL CAUGHT IN THIS VICIOUS CYCLE OF ENTERTAINING YOURSELVES."

STOP IT. THEY'RE POLICE.
YOU CLING TO A SIMPLISTIC MORALITY BASED ON PULP HEROES.

I WONDER.
IS THAT WHY JON CAME HERE?

"TO OBSERVE THE FUTILITY OF YOUR COLORFUL LIVES?
"OR DID HE COME HERE BELIEVING HE WOULD BLEND IN?"
ISN'T THIS LIVELY!
I HOPE THEY HAVE FIREWORKS!
"I WEANED MY WORLD OFF GASOLINE AND OIL.
I CURED FAMINE AND DISEASE.
I NEGOTIATED NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT.
...EARLIER TODAY, KAHNDAQ'S MYTHIC CHAMPION BLACK ADAM RESCUED AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST FROM THE CLUTCHES OF KING KOBRA.
FOR THE LAST MONTH, HE HAS ATTACKED THIS GROWING TERRORIST GROUP ACROSS KAHNDAQ.
BUT TODAY... THIS EVENT TOOK PLACE 450 MILES NORTH OF KAHNDAQ...
IN SYRIA.
IN ACTING OUTSIDE OF KAHNDAQ, BLACK ADAM HAS BROKEN THE INTERNATIONAL LAWS HE HAD PREVIOUSLY AGREED TO.
SHNNNN!
AND NOW, A VIDEO MESSAGE FOLLOWING THE ATTACK TODAY HAS SURFACED...
I SAY TO ALL METAHUMANS WHO HAVE BEEN HUNTED BY THEIR OWN GOVERNMENTS OR FORCED INTO SERVICE: COME TO KAHNDAQ.
WE WILL WELCOME ANY METAHUMANS WHO SEEK ASYLUM.
I TURNED THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.
I DID WHATEVER I HAD TO, TO TRY AND SAVE IT.
AND, YES, I FAILED.
BUT WHAT HAVE YOU TRIED TO DO TO MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE?
20

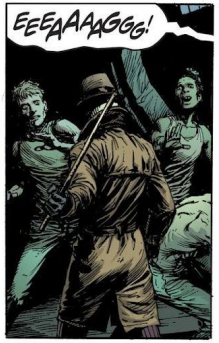
"THERE HE IS!"
WE GOT YOU, OLD MAN!
SHE
SHE
SHE!
"WE GOT YOU!"
SHE...
"IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY!"
OCK
P!
STOP
21

I FOUND IT!

AAA!

PLEASE...

SHUT UP, YOU STUPID OLD MAN!
22


EEEAAAAGGG!

NYAAA!
MR. THUNDER?

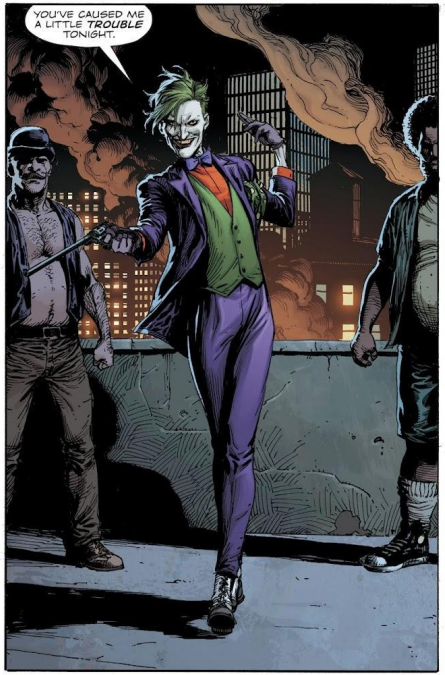
HE...HE'S...
OH, DON'T YOU WORRY.
THEY WERE ALL GOING TO OVERDOSE TONIGHT ANYWAY.

EVERYTHING EVENS OUT.
AAARR...

OH, THIS IS FUN.

AND ROMANTIC.

YOU TWO...
23


YOU'VE CAUSED ME A LITTLE TROUBLE TONIGHT.

HEY, BOSS!
I'M MONOLOGUING.
BUT YOU GOTTA SEE THIS...

TELL US. EXPLAIN.

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND.
24

WHAT IS LANTERN?

When men make Gods, there is no God!
—Eugene O'Neill

VOLUME 710
MAY 30, 2019
TROUBLE ALERT
SPECIAL REPORT
The Metahuman Menace
GOOD LIFE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY
1940 SECOND AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 130029

The Rise of the Metahuman-American

Is it true there can be too much of a good thing? Over 97 percent of the world's metahumans identify themselves as American. The Supermen Theory proposes that the United States government, inspired by Superman, established the Department of Metahuman Affairs and began a decade-long program to create their own superhuman soldiers. The Department identified those with a metagene (labeled meta-positive) and put these test subjects through acts of "distress" in hopes of triggering their metagene. Once transformed, these metahumans are assigned to a scripted "super-hero and super-villain" narrative, training in plain sight, but ready to be called into action by the U.S. government at any time. The President has continued to deny these accusations, recently calling the Supermen Theory "total trash." However, many metahumans have already stepped forward and admitted their involvement. TROUBLE ALERT continues its running tally.

METAMORPHO

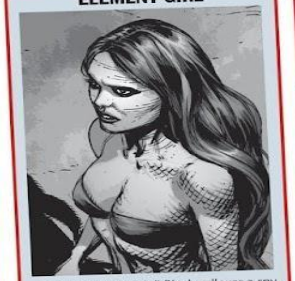
During a tax fraud investigation into industrialist Simon Stagg, government documents from the Department of Metahuman Affairs leaked to the public revealing an elaborate ruse: Soldier-for-hire Rex Mason was identified as meta-positive by the department and purposely exposed to an ancient energy source in an attempt to trigger his metamorphosis into a metahuman. Dubbed **Metamorpho**, Mason is considered the first manufactured super-hero. Found guilty of tax fraud, Simon Stagg fled the country and is currently missing, along with Metamorpho.

Over 97% of the world's metahumans are American. But those numbers look to be changing.

DOC DREAD

According to government documents, one of the members of Metamorpho's rogues gallery was in fact Rex Mason's childhood friend, Bobby Fradon. Recruited to play the part of a super-villain, Fradon donned the garb of "**Doc Dread**" and wielded a variety of chemical weapons.

ELEMENT GIRL



Agent Urania "Rainie" Blackwell was a spy for the United States, recruited by the Department of Metahuman Affairs after they discovered she was meta-positive. Exposed to the same ancient energy source as Rex Mason, Blackwell was transformed into **Element Girl**. Revealed to be unstable, she was discharged from her position. She later committed suicide.

STINGAREE

Element Girl's former lover, Agent Samuel Reese, was recruited to play the role of a crime lord to battle Metamorpho. He died in a helicopter crash not long after.

LADY CLAYFACE

Sondra Fuller was a member of a cell of the terrorist group King Kobra. Later recruited as a double agent by the Department of Metahuman Affairs, Fuller underwent what she says were horrific experiments in order to trigger her metagene.

MAN-BAT

Dr. Kirk Langstrom's research was funded by the Department of Metahuman Affairs. Transforming into the monstrous **Man-Bat**, Dr. Langstrom vanished after he went public with his connection to the Supermen Theory.

FIRESTORM

His secret origin unrevealed, **Firestorm** has denied any ties to the Department of Metahuman Affairs or the Supermen Theory. Like his Russian counterpart, Pozhar, Firestorm is a being of immense power, the limits of which are unknown.

KILLER FROST

Dr. Louise Lincoln recently stepped forward, claiming both she and her "enemy" Firestorm were created by the Department of Metahuman Affairs. She has continued to identify several other metahumans as part of the Department's program, including Captain Atom, Firehawk, Moonbow and Typhoon.

The Metahuman Menace

The Metahuman Arms Race Heats Up

RUSSIA

THE PEOPLE'S HEROES

Black Eagle
Firebird
Lady Flash
Morozko
Negative Woman
Perun
Red Star
Rusalka
Snow Owl
Steel Wolf
Tundra
Vikhor
Vostok

POZHAR Mikhail Denisovitch Arkadin, a husband and father, was thought killed in Chernobyl in 1986. Years later, he returned as a living nuclear reactor. Nearly impervious and able to transmute elements, the upper limitations of Pozhar's powers remain untested.

JUSTICE LEAGUE EUROPE

Fleur-de-Lis
The Hunchback
Musketeer
Nightrunner
Thief of Arts

CRIMSON FOX After being cleared of murder, Crimson Fox returned to Paris and was quickly designated the leader of Justice League Europe. Once linked to Metamorpho romantically, she again finds herself in the middle of controversy. With superhuman strength, speed, reflexes and claws that can cut through promethium, she remains one of the world's most underestimated metahumans.

FRANCE

KNIGHTS INC.

Beaumont
Canterbury Cricket
Crusader
Godiva
Golden Pharaoh
The Hood
Jack O'Lantern
Looking Glass
Lionheart
Mrs. Hyde
Ridge
Silent Knight
The Squire
Templar

THE KNIGHT Little is known of the newest person to take on the identity of the Knight save that she is the first female to do so. Ordained by the Queen, Knights Inc. has rapidly grown, protecting the borders of the United Kingdom.

UNITED KINGDOM

ISRAEL

HAYOTH

Dybbuk
Golem
Judith
Pteradon
Ramban

SERAPH The controversial Israeli metahuman known as Seraph claims to wield the Staff of Moses, the mantle of Elijah and the ring of Solomon. Leader of the metahuman group Hayoth, Seraph has kept the true number of his teammates a secret. It is rumored that the three most powerful metahumans on the planet are members of Hayoth. However, there is speculation that this is little more than propaganda created by the Israeli government.

THE OUTSIDERS

Baroness Bedlam
The Eradicator
Knightfall
Terra IV
Wylde

MARKOVIA

GEO-FORCE Royal leader of Markovia, Prince Brion Markov was one of the first meta-humans created outside of America's programs. Dr. Helga Jace, author of the Supermen Theory, transformed the young prince into a metahuman. With power over gravity and the Earth itself, Geo-Force became Markovia's protector and an International hero. He once worked alongside the Batman, something Prince Markov has publicly denied.

INDIA

THE DOOMED

Aalok of the Komeriah
Animal-Vegetable-Mineral Man
Aruna
Beast Girl
Maya
Solstice
Son of Kalki

CELSIUS Arani Desai lived on the streets of Calcutta for most of her young life. When she fell ill with a mysterious disease, she was treated by famed scientist Dr. Niles Caulder. Gaining the ability to alter the temperature around her to great extremes, she was briefly a member of the Doom Patrol before disappearing. Once thought dead, she now searches the streets of India for those in need of help, particularly the children so easily preyed upon.

CHINA

THE GREAT TWENTY

Accomplished Perfect Physician
Bat-Man
August General in Iron
Celestial Archer
Dao
The Flash
Ghost Fox Killer
Gloss
Guanxi
Immortal Man in Darkness
Mother of Champions
Night-Dragon
Ri
Seven Deadly Brothers
Shaolin Robot
Socialist Red Guardsman
Striker Z
Thundermind
Wonder-Woman

THE NEW SUPER-MAN Kong Kenan was recently revealed to be the name behind China's Super-Man. There are several different stories circulating about the New Super-Man's origins, many of which indicate he has no connection to Superman himself.

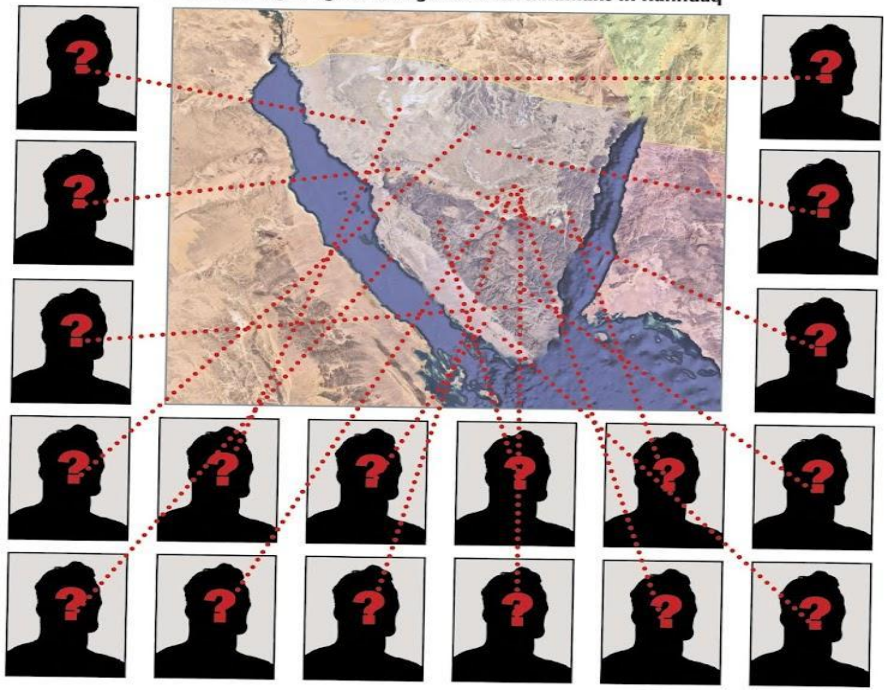
In the wake of the Supermen

Theory, countries across the world have turned their attention and resources away from nuclear arsenals and toward building metahuman armies. World leaders are aggressively pursuing and recruiting metahumans. Some are even scanning their populace, thanks to new technology by Lexcorp, in hopes of finding those rare few with a metagene. Once identified meta-positive, the subjects are put through "traumatic events" in an attempt to trigger metamorphosis into a metahuman. The metahumans listed here do not represent every foreign metahuman, but those known to be aligned with their government.

The Troubled Past—and Future—of Kahndaq

Once the most dangerous nation in the world, Kahndaq now appears to be the safest. At least for those who live within it. Located on the southern tip of the Sinai Peninsula, Kahndaq has been plagued for centuries by dictators, civil wars and genocide...until an ancient myth, that of the Mighty Adam, became a reality.

Confirmed satellite sightings of unregistered metahumans in Kahndaq

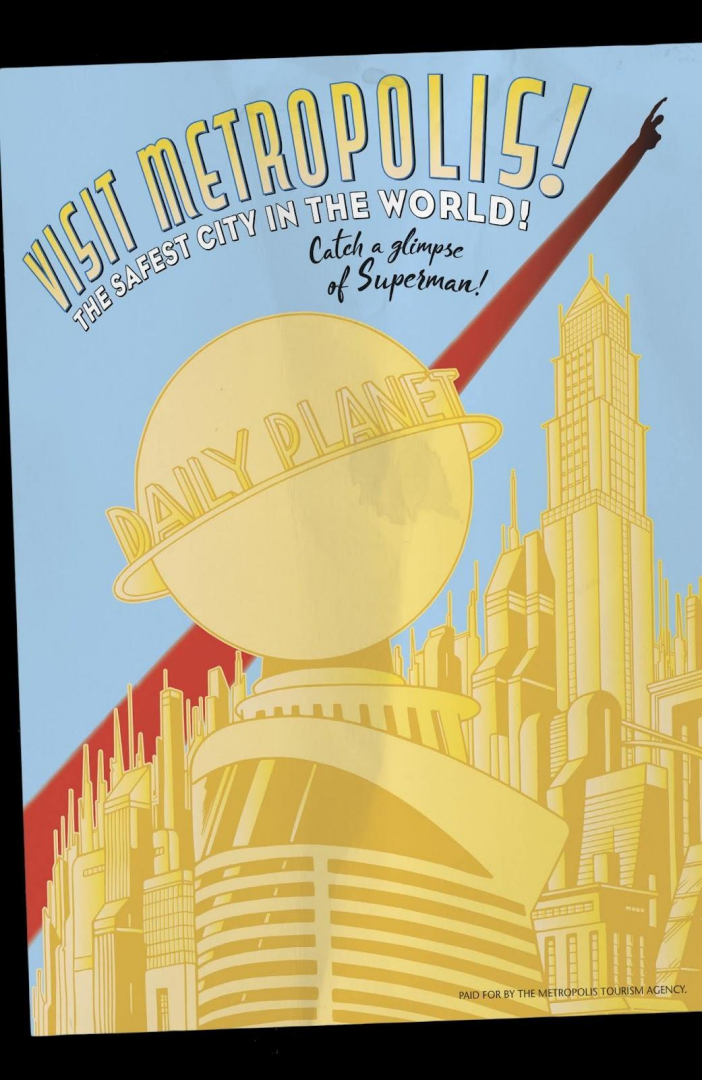


A "Super" Invitation

In a recent message that surfaced online, Black Adam offered asylum to metahumans from across the world. Concern grows as to what Adam's true intentions are. Is he creating a metahuman army of his own? Do his actions in Syria indicate a desire to act outside of Kahndaq? And with all of the tension in the world focused on the Metahuman Arms Race, will there be anyone there to stop him? And the most controversial question of them all: If Kahndaq has indeed become a place of peace and prosperity under his rule...should they?

BLACK ADAM, SAVIOR OR SINNER?

There is a legend in Kahndaq about a magical champion called the Mighty Adam who helped free the people from slavery and the rule of Prince Ahk-Ton. But their freedom was short-lived as the Mighty Adam disappeared soon after. Thousands of years later, a man claiming to be the Mighty Adam, now calling himself Black Adam, reappeared. He battled the Shazam family in Philadelphia before returning to Kahndaq where he confronted and slaughtered the then-dictator and his army. In confrontations with more of America's metahumans, Adam agreed to stay within the borders of Kahndaq, a country where he was celebrated as a hero. However, the day the U.S. and Russian militaries began to withdraw from the Middle East, Adam entered Syria to confront King Kobra.


VISIT METROPOLIS!
THE SAFEST CITY IN THE WORLD!
Catch a glimpse of Superman!
DAILY PLANET
PAID FOR BY THE METROPOLIS TOURISM AGENCY.

JOKER
W
SAVE THE D
YOU ARE FORMALLY INVITED TO THE W
Selina Kyle
AND
Bruce Wayne
HA
HAHA
HAHA
Wedding Program
BATMAN #50
Written by
TOM KING
Art by
GREG CAPULLO
JIM LEE · PAUL POPE
CLAY MANN · TONY S. DANIEL
MIKEL JANIN · DAVID FINCH · JOELLE JONES
MITCH GERADS · RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
NEAL ADAMS · ANDY KUBERT
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FRANK MILLER
LEE BERMEJO
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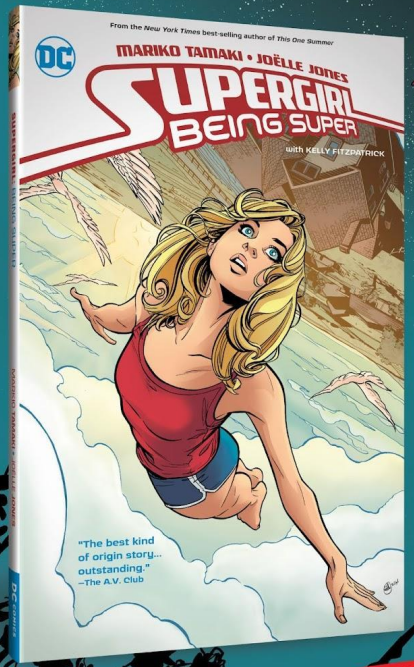
FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *THIS ONE SUMMER*

MARIKO TAMAKI

AND EISNER AWARD-NOMINATED ARTIST

JOËLLE JONES



"THE BEST KIND OF ORIGIN STORY... OUTSTANDING."
—A.V. CLUB/THE ONION

"A GATEWAY FOR NEW READERS."
—HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"GORGEOUSLY RENDERED."
—NERDIST

SUPERGIRL BEING SUPER

JUNE 2018

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 6 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
SEPTEMBER 2018

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 6
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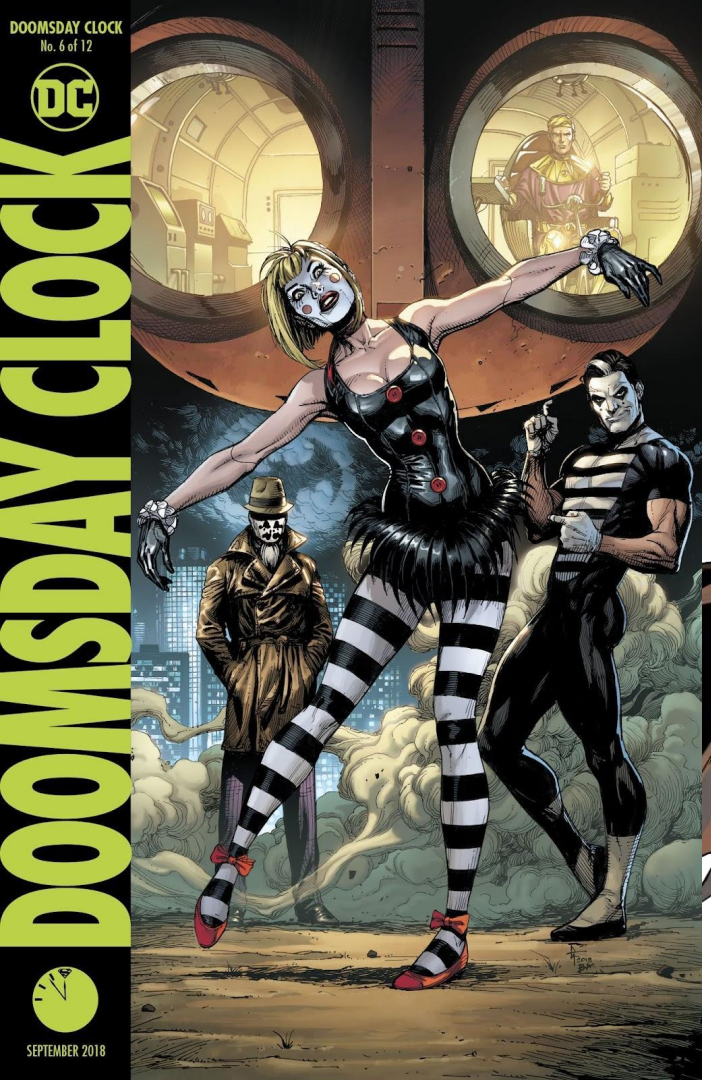
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.


DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 6 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
SEPTEMBER 2018

"IF YOU LOOK VERY CLOSELY, YOU MIGHT SEE THE STRINGS!

"THEY TUG AT OUR ARMS AND LEGS, FORCING US TO WALK INTO A LIFE CONTROLLED BY THE POWERFUL AND ESTABLISHED.
JIMMY MAKE A DROP THIS MORNING?
MY KID LOVED THE LEPRECHAUN. WHICH ONE DID HE PUT IT IN THIS TIME?

HOW 'BOUT THAT CLOWN?
YOU KIDDIN'? THAT'LL GIVE HER NIGHTMARES.

"PULLING AGAINST THE POWERFUL AND ESTABLISHED IS ALWAYS TERRIFYING.
I CANNOT DO THIS ANYMORE. NOT IN FRONT OF MY DAUGHTER.

"BUT SO IS LIFE AS A PUPPET.
THE BOSS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS COUNTRY. HE OWNS YOU. HE OWNS YOUR DAUGHTER.

"THEY WILL ALWAYS TRY TO CONTROL YOU.
TELL US WHICH GODDAMN DOLL IT IS, OLD MAN.

"UNLESS YOU CUT YOUR STRINGS.
POPPA?!

"AND THEN CUT THE THROATS OF EVERYONE WHO EVER HELD THEM...

...ISN'T THAT RIGHT, "MARIONETTE"?
WE COSTUMED CHARACTERS WEAR OURSELVES ON OUR SLEEVES...

...BUT I CAN'T HAVE YOU AND CAT-GOT-HIS-TONGUE CARTWHEELING AROUND TOWN AND SLAUGHTERING MY MEN LIKE PIGS.
IT MAKES ME LOOK BAD.
MY BOYS AND GIRLS ARE CLEARLY MARKED, MEANING NO ONE TOUCHES THEM... EXCEPT FOR ME.
OUR MISTAKE. WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
I WOULD HOPE NOT. NORMALLY, I WOULD'VE ALREADY CARVED OFF YOUR FACES AND STITCHED THEM INTO A SUN HAT, BUT I'M IN A GOOD MOOD.
THE BAT... AT LAST... IS MINE!

TRULY LAUGH

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO DO THAT I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.
JUH... JUH...
A FEW PICTURES MAYBE?

WE ARE SO SINCERELY, UTTERLY AND EXTREMELY SORRY, YOU CLOWN-FACED FRAUD.

APOLOGY NOT ACCEPTED, YOU HORRIBLE LITTLE THING!
I WONDER... DID HARLEY SEND YOU TO KILL ME? MY BIRTHDAY IS COMING UP.
SHIT! IS THAT HIM?!
2

OH CHRIST. HE'S LOOKIN' THIS WAY.
HA HA HA!
HE SEES US.
I ASSUME YOU'RE REFERRING TO ME...

OR ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT BATSY HERE?
NO NEED!
HE'LL BE PARALYZED FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL HOURS THANKS TO MY OWN SPECIAL BLEND OF NERVE TOXINS. I CALL IT RELAX-A-BAT!

YOU TOLD US YOU KNEW WHERE WE WERE GOIN', BRIAN.
FREEZE HAS SHIT FOR HANDWRITING. I CAN'T READ HIS DIRECTIONS!
YOU TRIED WRITING WITH THESE GLOVES? IT AIN'T EASY.

HE'S WHEELING HIM OVER HERE.
WHAT DO WE DO?!
BOYS! BOYS! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID.
UH, YES, SIR. MR. JOKER, SIR.
WHERE'S THAT BROKENHEARTED, BALD BOSS OF YOURS?

WE WERE SUPPOSED TO LINK UP ON THE WAY TO THE MEETING, BUT WE WERE LATE ON ACCOUNT OF THE RIOTS.
AND NOW WE CAN'T FIND HIM.
WE HEARD THE FEDS SNATCHED UP BANE. WE WERE THINKIN' MAYBE THEY GOT FREEZE, TOO.

THEN I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU LOST SOULS. A FRIGHTENINGLY DELICIOUS, WONDERFUL PROPOSITION...
DITCH THE PARKAS AND JOIN THE JOKER!

THESE ARE GODDAMN HOT.
AND FOR ALL WE KNOW FREEZE IS DEAD...
ARE YOU BOTH OUTTA YOUR MINDS? AT LEAST FREEZE IS PREDICTABLE. SAVE HIS WIFE. ROB TO PAY FOR IT. BLAH BLAH BLAH!
BUT THE JOKER... WHO KNOWS WHAT HE EVER WANTS?
SHAKEY! WHERE ARE YOU, PUMPKIN?

RUH-RIGHT HERE, MUH-MASTER...
...AND RUH-READY TO WELCOME OUR NUH-NEWBIES INTO THE CIRCUS!

STEP RIGHT UP AND PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER!
THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
3

"JOIN NOW AND ALL OF YOUR WORRIES WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST!"
SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE NEEDS A FRIEND.

WHAT, POPPA?
YOUR MARIONETTE. SHE IS WALKING ALONE, NO?
WELL, YES.
THEN A FRIEND FOR HER WOULD BE NICE.

HOW ABOUT THE RULER OF EGYPT... CLEOPATRA! OR THE MAID OF ORLEANS... JOAN OF ARC!
I LIKE ANNE BONNY!
HA HA HA. A PIRATE IT IS THEN!

POPPA...
YES?
THE NEW STORE ACROSS THE STREET...

MAEZ GLASS
IT'S OPEN!

I THINK THERE'S A BOY OVER THERE.
IS THERE NOW?
ARMS
YES. DEFINITELY A BOY...

¡ÉL ES TU HIJO! ¡ÉL ES UN BICHO RARO!
¡NO DIGAS ESO DELANTE DE ÉL!
"WELL, WHY NOT GO OVER AND SAY HELLO?"

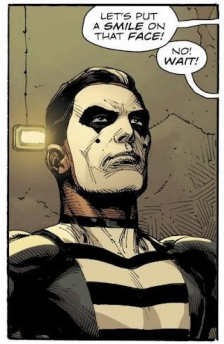
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!

4

OH! UM. HI.
MY NAME'S ERIKA. WHO ARE YOU?
HELLO...?

I KNOW. THE SHOP LEAVES A LOT OF PEOPLE SPEECHLESS THE FIRST TIME THEY SEE IT!
THIS IS MY DAD'S STORE. THE PUPPET PLACE.
C'MON. YOU CAN COME IN!

I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!
"YOUR FUTURE IS SO VERY, VERY BRIGHT!"
5


LET'S PUT A SMILE ON THAT FACE!
NO! WAIT!

AAAA!EEE!

ALL RIGHT THEN. I'M IN A GENEROUS MOOD. APOLOGY ACCEPTED, YOU TWO.
YAAAAAAA!

WHICH ONE OF YOU WANTS TO GO NEXT?
AS IN TATTOOED BY MR. JITTERS OVER THERE?

PASS.

MY GUN?!

HEY, MIME!
LET'S TEACH THEM HOW TO WINK!

WHA...

AAAA!

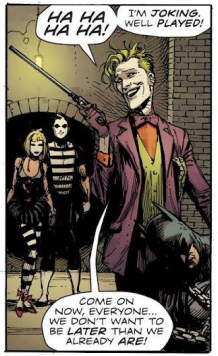
OH NO!
OH MY!
DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS, BOYS!

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM THE JOKER?

BECAUSE THAT WAS A BIT ON THE NOSE.

LET HIM GO!

OOOPS.
THAT'S EMBARRASSING.


HA HA, HA HA!
I'M JOKING. WELL PLAYED!
COME ON NOW, EVERYONE... WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATER THAN WE ALREADY ARE!

"...GOT NO STRINGS..."

DA DA DA DA DA DEE DEE DEE!
THERE ARE NO STR--
WHAT ARE YOU SO HAPPY ABOUT, ERIKA?

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS SMILING?
WHY SHOULDN'T I?
BECAUSE IT CREEPS ME OUT. IT CREEPS EVERYONE OUT. LIKE YOUR DAD DOES.
WHAT KIND OF CREEPY OLD MAN PLAYS WITH TOYS?

GIVE HER BACK, SOPHIA!
HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF CHILD MOLESTER!

MY POPPA'S A GOOD MAN!
HEY! GET OFF! GET OFFA HER!

YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT HIM LIKE THAT!

LEMME GO!
YOU UGLY SLUT!

ZNNN!

HAHAHA HAHA!
STUH-STOP!
STOP WHAT? KICKING YOUR STUPID ASS? UGLY SLUT. UGLY WHORE!

NO ONE'S EVER GOING TO LOVE AN UGLY WHORE-SLUT LIKE YOU.
8

AAAAA!
HAHAHAHA! LET'S GIVE HER DOLL A HAIRCUT.
LET'S CUT THE SLUT'S HAIR FIRST!
GIVE ME YOUR KNIFE!

EEEEE!

MY HEAD! HE CUH-CUT OPEN MY HEAD!
NO! NO, DON'T!

GAA!

CALL AN AMBULANCE!
SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!

I GOT YOU!

TAKE HER! TAKE YOUR STUPID PUPPET!
SAY SORRY FOR WHAT YOU SAID!
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

GOT ANY MORE BOTTLES?

"JUST NOD YES OR SHAKE YOUR HEAD NO."
ARE YOU TWO COMING?
9

WHERE ARE WE GOING EXACTLY?
TO THE BIG, IMPORTANT MEETING!
WHY, IT'S RIGHT BEHIND THIS CURTAIN... OR IS THIS THE DOORWAY TO CERTAIN DEATH?
HAHAHA! I'LL GO FIRST!

ALL THIS TALK ABOUT THE SUPERMEN THEORY HAS GOTTEN EVERYONE'S TIGHTS IN A BUNCH!
SO THEY'RE HUDDLING UP AS THE LEGION OF EVIL OR THE SECRET SOCIETY OF DOOM OR WHATEVER NAME DU JOUR THEY'VE LANDED ON THIS TIME.

IT'S ALL A BIT MELODRAMATIC, IF YOU ASK ME.
BUT THAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR THING, TOO.

LET'S WHEEL BATSY DOWN THERE AND SURPRISE THEM!
UH-OH. I SEE FREEZE.
HE AIN'T GONNA BE HAPPY 'BOUT THESE TATTOOS.
I DON'T THINK THAT NEEDLE WAS CLEAN.
LOOK AT THIS LIVELY GROUP!

EACH ONE OF US IS IN THIS FOR A DIFFERENT REASON. PASSION. REVENGE. WEALTH. POWER.
BUT ANSWER ME THIS: IS IT SAFE TO OPERATE ALONE?

HELL NO.
YOU ALL HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FIRST TATTOOED MAN AT THAT SANCTUARY PLACE? IT'S SCREWED UP.
THE LANTERN'S OTHER ADVERSARIES HAVE LEFT FOR THE STARS.

AND THERE ARE RUMORS THAT THE AMAZONS KIDNAPPED WONDER WOMAN AND DRAGGED HER BACK TO THEMYSCIRA.
THOSE THAT CAN... ARE RETREATING.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD, TOO.
TO KAHNDAQ.
10

HEY, ANY OF YOU WANT A SHORCUT TO KAHNDAQ. MIRROR MASTER WILL GET YA THERE...FOR THE RIGHT PRICE, OF COURSE.
I WOULDN'T BE TAKIN' BLACK ADAM AT HIS WORD, SNART.

REST OF THE SQUAD WENT M.I.A. LAST WEEK IN KAHNDAQ. BARELY GOT OUT ALIVE MESELF.
WE ALL KNOW YOU WERE ON AN ASSASSINATION MISSION, BOOMERANG.

I'M CERTAIN BLACK ADAM DIDN'T TAKE TOO KINDLY TO THAT.
YOU SHOULD FEAR HIM... BUT WE CAN BELIEVE IN HIM. HE DOES NOT LIE.
KAHNDAQ IS THE ANSWER.

MY COURT IS NOT ABANDONING GOTHAM, SIVANA.
I'VE FINALLY RETURNED TO LEAD THEM.
THE JUDGE OF OWLS SPEAKS.
THE JUDGE MUST BE OBEYED.
LET'S NOT FORGET WHY GOTHAM AND THE WORLD ARE TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF WAR.

IT IS BECAUSE OF TRAITORS LIKE TYPHOON AND MOONBOW.
KILLER FROST IS LYING. I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE SUPERMEN THEORY.
HEY, DON'T POINT AT ME. I'M NOT WITH THEM.

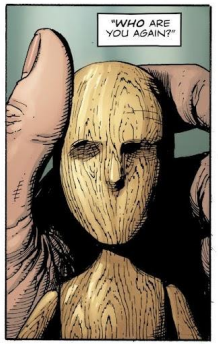
I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS, TYPHOON...HOW EXACTLY DID YOU ACQUIRE THESE POWERS OF YOURS?

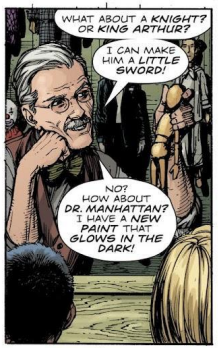
I GOT BLOWN UP IN A NUCLEAR BATHYSPHERE!
I'M NOT SOME GOVERNMENT PUPPET!
NOR I, GOD KNOWS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
NOT HIM, NOT NOW.
THIS IS MY MOMENT.

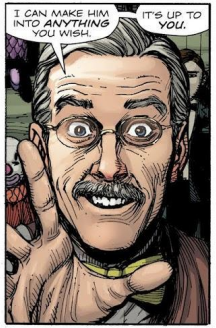
I INTERRUPT THIS RATHER REPETITIVE AFFAIR TO BRING A SMILE TO ALL YOUR FACES!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY NEWEST FRIENDS...
11

THE MARIONETTE!
ISN'T THIS WORLD WONDERFUL? THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM.
AND HER LOYAL MUTE! THE...UM... UH...

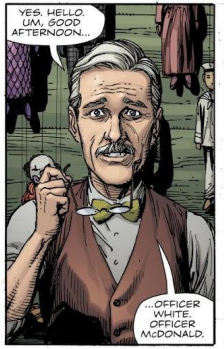

"WHO ARE YOU AGAIN?"

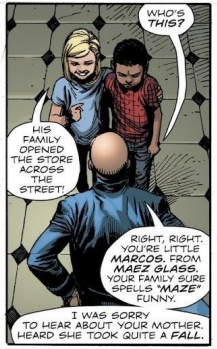

WHAT ABOUT A KNIGHT? OR KING ARTHUR?
I CAN MAKE HIM A LITTLE SWORD!
NO? HOW ABOUT DR. MANHATTAN? I HAVE A NEW PAINT THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!

THE COMEDIAN WOULD BE NEAT.
YOU'RE ALWAYS DRAWING PICTURES OF HIM IN CLASS.


I CAN MAKE HIM INTO ANYTHING YOU WISH.
IT'S UP TO YOU.

AFTERNOON, ALL!


YES. HELLO. UM. GOOD AFTERNOON...
...OFFICER WHITE. OFFICER McDONALD.


WHO'S THIS?
HIS FAMILY OPENED THE STORE ACROSS THE STREET!
RIGHT, RIGHT. YOU'RE LITTLE MARCOS, FROM MAEZ GLASS. YOUR FAMILY SURE SPELLS "MAZE" FUNNY.
I WAS SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. HEARD SHE TOOK QUITE A FALL.

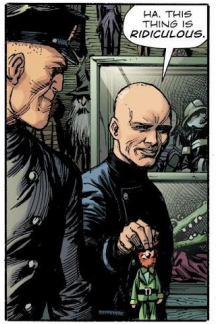
MARCOS?!

I THINK HIS STEPDAD'S CALLIN' FOR HIM.

OFFICER WHITE! I...HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
ANOTHER PUPPET.
FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL.

SO YOU DO! LOOK AT THAT!

MAYBE WE SHOULD GO MAKE SURE THE MAEZ FAMILY IS OKAY?
YEAH, MAC. YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.


HA. THIS THING IS RIDICULOUS.

I'M SURE MY KID WILL LOVE IT.
THANKS, GEPPETTO.

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!

WHO IS THAT?

WHO'S THE BATMAN?
I MEAN THIS TIME.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THIS TIME, HARVEY?
HOW MANY FOOLS HAVE YOU DRESSED UP LIKE BATMAN AND PEDDLED AROUND, JOKER?

A FEW, I ADMIT...
I BET IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF ARKHAM'S GUARDS!
LET'S SEE!

PLEASE STAY ON TOPIC!
AND ON ME.
BEFORE WE MAKE A DECISION ON WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO AS THE LEAGUE OF VILLAINY, WE NEED TO ENSURE THAT NONE OF US ARE TWO-FACED RATS.
NO OFFENSE, DENT.

I SAY WE ESCORT TYPHOON OUT OF HERE.

BACK OFF, SHITBIRD!

ANYONE ELSE MAKES A MOVE AND I'LL SUCK THEIR BRAINS OUT OF THEIR EARS.
BOYS, GET READY...

I WILL KILL EVERY GODDAMN ONE OF

OH SHIT.
14

"WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?"

UP THERE!
I SEE SMOKE!

"AND WHERE THERE'S SMOKE..."

...THERE'S FIRE!
HAHAHA HAHA!

MIME?!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU CRAZY SON OF A BITCH...
15

SAY CHEESE.

WHAT THE FUH...

KK!

WELL, SHIT. HERE WE GO.

AAAA!
BOSS?!

LET'S GO, DANCING MAN!
WE'RE LEAVING.
YES, NOW.

YOU! STOP RIGHT TH...

EEY!!AAA!

EEEEEEEE!!!GH!

FIRE IN THE HOLE! HAHAHAHA!

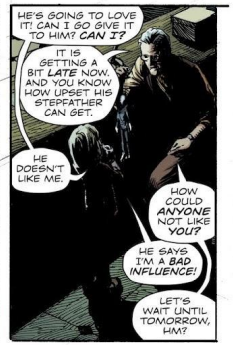
WHAT A PERFECT DAY THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!

STOP SLOWING DOWN.
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DRAW HIS FIRE AGAIN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
THAT'S THE GODDAMN COMEDIAN.

IT SURE AS SHIT IS.

WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?
MIME, WE ARE NOT STAYING HERE...

"MIME!"
OH, DADDY!
IT'S WONDERFUL!


HE'S GOING TO LOVE IT! CAN I GO GIVE IT TO HIM? CAN I?
IT IS GETTING A BIT LATE NOW. AND YOU KNOW HOW UPSET HIS STEPFATHER CAN GET.
HE DOESN'T LIKE ME.
HOW COULD ANYONE NOT LIKE YOU?
HE SAYS I'M A BAD INFLUENCE!
LET'S WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW, HM?

OPEN

ERIKA, GET DOWN. STAY HIDDEN. STAY QUIET.
WHAT? BUT, POPPA...
PLEASE, DO AS I SAY.

JIMMY MAKE A DROP THIS MORNING?
MY KID LOVED THE LEPRECHAUN. WHICH ONE DID HE PUT IT IN THIS TIME?
HOW 'BOUT THAT CLOWN?
YOU KIDDIN'? THAT'LL GIVE HER NIGHTMARES.

I CANNOT DO THIS ANYMORE. NOT IN FRONT OF MY DAUGHTER.
THE BOSS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS COUNTRY. HE OWNS YOU. HE OWNS YOUR DAUGHTER.

TELL US WHICH GODDAMN DOLL IT IS, OLD MAN.

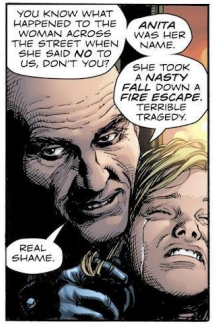
POPPA?!
WELL, WELL, WELL...

LOOK AT YOU.

COME ON OUT, GIRL.
LET HER GO!
ERIKA!

YOUR LITTLE GIRL WILL PAY A VISIT TO THE BOSS IF YOU DON'T TELL US WHICH GODDAMN DOLL IT IS!
POPPA?!

SPEAK, YOU IMMIGRANT SHIT.


YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WOMAN ACROSS THE STREET WHEN SHE SAID NO TO US, DON'T YOU?
ANITA WAS HER NAME.
SHE TOOK A NASTY FALL DOWN A FIRE ESCAPE. TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.
REAL SHAME.

IT'S INSIDE THE HERO.
NITE OWL.

NITE OWL? AIN'T THAT A STITCH.

YEAH.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL HERE.

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DELIVERY NEXT WEEK.
AND NO MORE TROUBLE, YOU HEAR?
SHNN!S

AS LONG AS YOU'RE BREATHING, YOU WORK FOR US.
"I HAVE TO HELP HIM.

WE DO. LIKE, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOM...YOU NEVER TOLD ME.
DID YOU KNOW? YOU HAD TO HAVE KNOWN, RIGHT?
WHAT SHOULD WE DO? MARCOS?
HEY...

CAN YOU REALLY NOT TALK?
MARCOS, I REALLY NEED YOU TO SAY SOMETHING IF YOU CAN...

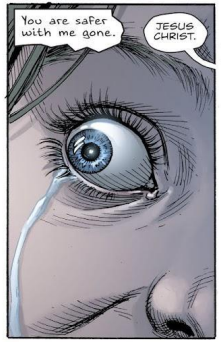
IT'S OKAY. I'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
I KNOW. THEY'RE SCARY.

POPPA?

POPPA?!?!

Erika

I am sorry.


You are safer with me gone.
JESUS CHRIST.

They never would have stopped.

Dry your tears.

Empty the till.

And run.

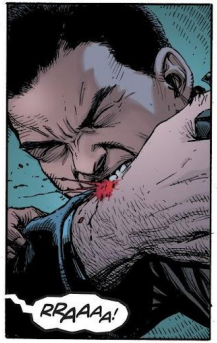
EEEYYYAAA!
They have no reason to follow you now.

WHAT THE HELL?!
GG GTGT!
You will be safe.

Free to live a good life.

WHAT DID YOU DO?!
I hope you forgive me.

One day you will make your own family.


RRAAAA!

And when that day comes, I hope you understand.
YOU DUMB KID! I'LL KILL YOU!

I'LL SNAP YOUR GODDAMN NECK!

The lengths a parent will go to protect their child.

KKT!

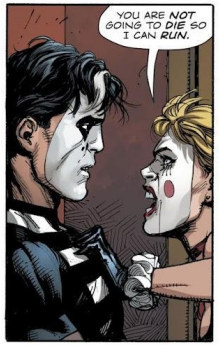
I only wish I had more to give you than my life.
G-GET... GT...

Go now, my child.

And be who you want to be.
Love,
Poppa
CARIBBEAN MOTEL
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

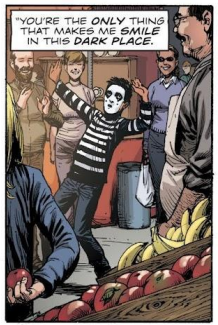
YOU WANT TO GO BACK OUT THERE? WHILE I HIDE IN HERE?
TO LURE THE COMEDIAN AWAY?
NO.

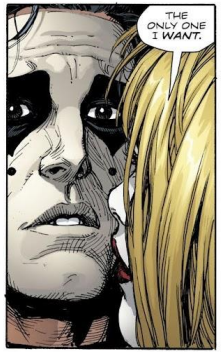
"YOU ARE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME.


YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DIE SO I CAN RUN.

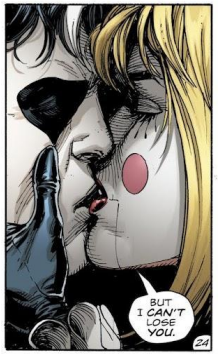
"WE ARE IN THIS TOGETHER.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?


"YOU'RE THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ME SMILE IN THIS DARK PLACE.


THE ONLY ONE I WANT.

"THE REST OF THE WORLD CAN GO TO HELL.


BUT I CAN'T LOSE YOU.

KEEP PUSHING!
I WANT MARCOS HERE!

"WHERE IS HE?!"

BRING HIM BACK! BRING MY BABY BACK TO ME!
WWAAUUU!

MARCOS...

"WE'VE BEEN APART FOR TOO LONG."

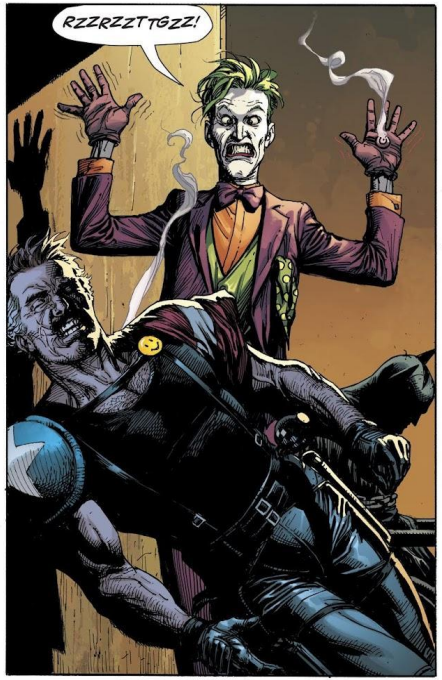
I WANT TO FIND OUR BABY.

THING ABOUT YOU FREAKS...
YOU DON'T COVER YOUR TRACKS TOO WELL.

I ONLY NEED ONE OF YOU BREATHING TO TELL ME WHERE OZYMANDIAS IS.

SO WHICH ONE IS IT GONNA BE?

OR SHOULD I PICK
RZZRZZTTGZZ!



To truly laugh, you must be able to take your pain, and play with it.

—Charlie Chaplin

DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS

ASSIGNMENT APPROVAL FORM

AGENT NUMBER #FL294-1981
NAME David Matthew Drake
ASSIGNED ALIAS Typhoon
BORN 2/2/76
MARITAL STATUS Divorced
KNOWN RELATIVES Marilyn (ex-wife), Davey (son), Lisa (daughter)
BIRTHPLACE Boston, Massachusetts
HEIGHT 6'2"
WEIGHT Undeterminable
EYES (Drake) Blue, (Typhoon) Red
HAIR (Drake) Brown, (Typhoon) Orange

ASSIGNMENT: **We believe "Typhoon" is the Department's best chance to infiltrate Kahndaq and Black Adam's inner circle.**

AGENT BACKGROUND: David Matthew Drake was born in Boston, Massachusetts, to Jim Drake (a fisherman) and Nancy Conway (a city accountant). When David Drake was six, his father was lost at sea. Drake joined the Navy soon after graduation. Upon his entrance examination, Drake was determined to be meta-positive. This information was kept confidential, even from Drake. It was at this time that the Department of Metahuman Affairs began its surveillance of Drake. In the Navy, Drake married chief petty officer Marilyn Levenson. Drake discovered Marilyn was having an affair with Admiral [redacted]. Drake was discharged after a confrontation with Admiral [redacted]. Admiral [redacted] suffered a broken arm and minor lacerations, but no formal charges were filed.

Drake and Marilyn returned to Boston after the birth of their son, Davey. Drake studied engineering at Boston University. Upon graduation, Drake briefly worked with Dr. Stephen Shin (see sub-file) at the Marine Institute before transferring to Concordance Research, where he would spend the next several years.

After theirdaughter was born, Marilyn filed for divorce. Suffering from intense depression, Drake was profiled by the Department of Metahuman Affairs' psychologist, Dr. Jivan Shi. Dr. Shi determined Drake to be an ideal candidate for the Department. Drake was approached by Director [redacted] and, after several meetings and negotiations regarding educational funds for his children, joined the Department.

Drake continued his work for Concordance Research and developed "the Manta," a controversial nuclear-powered

ASSIGNMENT APPROVAL FORM

CONTINUED bathysphere that has since revolutionized deep-sea exploration. On board Concordance's research ship, the *Neptune Explorer*, Drake was seemingly killed after he was exposed to the nuclear core of the bathysphere. However, in reality this was a "controlled accident" designed and carried out by the Department of Metahuman Affairs. Drake survived the explosion and his metagene was triggered.

Drake's appearance was drastically altered. He gained the ability to create various meteorological storms centered around him. At the center of these storms, Drake wielded telekinetic control over wind, water and lightning. He was also able to "ride" these storms, mimicking flight.

Dubbed "Typhoon" by Director [redacted], Drake was assigned to play the role of "super-villain" in public in order to test and master his new powers. In his first outing he came into contact with Firestorm. Typhoon used his various confrontations with Firestorm to gain control over his abilities and make contacts in the criminal metahuman underworld. Unfortunately, Drake made contact with his ex-wife and children on several occasions. In one instance, Drake attacked his ex-wife's new husband. In another, Drake was reprimanded for revealing the truth behind his origins to his son. A cover story was quickly put into place, blaming Drake for a Category 1 hurricane that struck the coast of Florida and left 25 dead, later referred to as Hurricane Drake. Drake's relationship with his ex-wife and children ended after that. Drake struggled with alcohol and drugs and often sought out confrontations with Firestorm against the Department's orders. During one of his episodes, Drake hunted down and nearly killed Agent # GL1-1960, Jordan Weir a.k.a. the Puppet Master a.k.a. the Puppeteer, after learning of the role he played in Drake's psychological reconditioning.

Despite these various setbacks, Drake has been an invaluable agent to the Department. He was instrumental in the recruitment of Agent #FI43-1986, who continues to be an exemplary part of the Department and has kept Drake focused and responsible. We expect their work together to continue to have a significant impact on the Department's gathering of intel from within the criminal metahuman community.

We anxiously await the Director's approval of this next step for Agent Drake.

APPROVED

AGENT NUMBER #FL294-1981

DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS

REPORT FORM

REPORTING AGENT: David Matthew Drake, Typhoon

Agent Brandon and I will be infiltrating the Riddler's gathering tonight, which he is calling "the League of Villainy." Although Agent Brandon will remain stateside, the plan continues to be for me to travel into Kahndaq with the other volunteers and join Black Adam's army in order to report back. As of today we have identified three metahumans who have already committed themselves to Black Adam's cause.

METAHUMAN: The Creeper TRUE NAME: Jack Ryder
Reporter Jack Ryder was rescued from King Kobra by Black Adam in Syria. His identity as the Creeper is not known publicly, but he has crossed paths with both the Batman and the Justice League. He appears to be mentally unstable, and it is my opinion that the Department should consider the Creeper a liability for Black Adam should he remain in Kahndaq. The exact nature and extent of the Creeper's abilities remain unknown, though he has demonstrated super-agility and enhanced strength.

METAHUMAN: Giganta TRUE NAME: Dr. Doris Zeul
We have been monitoring ongoing communications between Dr. Zeul and Kahndaq. Dr. Zeul is expected to be a voice of support for Kahndaq among the criminal underworld tonight. The origins of her newfound loyalty to Black Adam have yet to be determined. As the world knows, Dr. Zeul gained the ability to increase her size and mass after performing experiments on herself and triggering her metagene, all of which I witnessed firsthand during the Crime Syndicate's invasion (see report).

METAHUMAN: Sandstorm TRUE NAME: Unknown
We know very little about the metahuman from Syria. There are reports of Sandstorm uncovering and destroying terrorist cells with a focus on freeing children held captive, but consequently he has been seen attacking Syrian soldiers, also with a focus on protecting children. We have confirmation that he is now working alongside Black Adam. It is said he has command over the entire desert.

FOR DEPARTMENTAL USE ONLY

SANDSTORM

GIGANTA

THE CREEPER

THE METAHUMAN ARMS RACE CONTINU

BIG MONSTER ACTION
Goraiko
Hammersuit Zero-X
Judomaster
Naiad
Ram
Samurai

JAPAN

Rising Sun Izumi Yasunari was a founding member of Japan's superhero team Big Action Science and is believed to be Japan's most powerful metahuman. Able to harness the power of the sun, Rising Son now leads a new team called Big Monster Action, inheriting the duty of Ultimon, who once protected Japan from the kaiju that threatened it during the "Monster Wars." Big Monster Action is now capturing and domesticating these creatures.

THE ELITE BASIJ
The Blacksmith of Tehran
Manticore
The Patient One
Sirocco
Super-Shayk

IRAN

BLACK ADAM has opened the borders of Kahndaq to any metahuman seeking asylum. The number of metahumans who have joined him are said to be in the dozens already, but their identities remain a mystery. With both America and Russia withdrawing their troops from the Middle East, Black Adam has promised to bring stability to the region.

THE SEER
Sayeh the Seer is capable of peering into the future, though how far ahead she can exactly see into tomorrow is unclear. Sayeh is currently leading a growing group of metahumans across Iran in search of others. She was the first to coin the term "Super War" when referring to the endgame of the metahuman arms race. Whether she invented the phrase or "saw it" remain to be clarified. Sayeh has since been silent on what she's seen but remains intent on consolidating Iran's metahumans.

DREAMER
Betty Clawman is an Australian meta-human able to move through dreams. Throughout the last month, world leaders and foreign meta-humans have claimed to have been confronted by Dreamer and her team in their sleep. The Australian government has denied these accusations.

AUSTRALIA

THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS
The Argonaut
Dark Ranger
Miss Midnight
The Tasmanian Devil
Umbaluru

19

33

DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS

REPORT OF DEATH

NAME: David Matthew Drake
AGENT NUMBER: FL294-1981
DATE OF DEATH: 7/25
PLACE OF DEATH: Gotham
DISPOSITION OF REMAINS: being held in Gotham City Morgue awaiting instructions

PERSON OR OFFICIAL RESPONSIBLE FOR CU
NAME: Marilyn Levenson
ADDRESS: 13 Hanger Way Salem, MA 01970
RELATIONSHIP: ex-wife
DATE CONTACTED: by Gotham PD 7/26

CIRCUMSTANCES (TO REMAIN CONFIDENTIAL): My colleague Agent David Drake was killed last night by an unknown assailant under the streets of Gotham. He was shot in the head. I pulled his body from the ensuing fire and, per Department protocol, vacated the scene.

As his longtime colleague, I respectfully request that Agent David Drake be cleared of any involvement in the deaths caused by Hurricane Drake and publicly recognized by the Department as the American hero we know he was. His children deserve to hear the truth about their father.

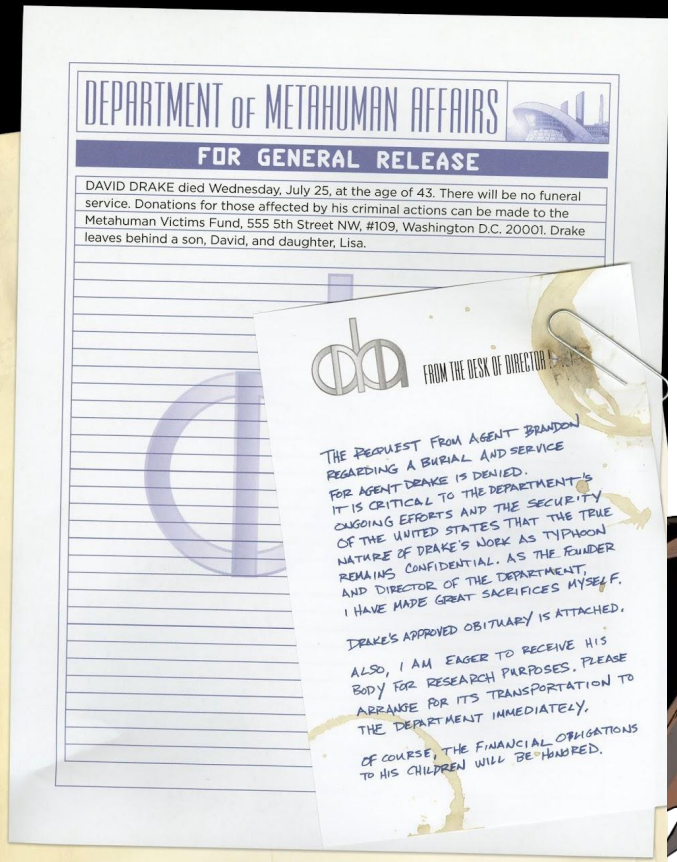
His soul is with God now. Do the right thing and one day yours will be, too.

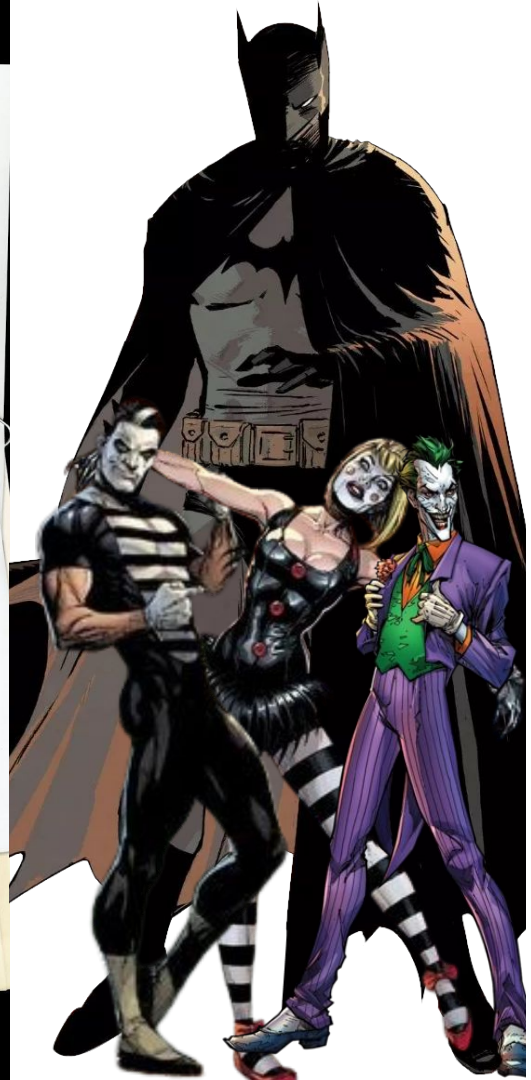
Respectfully

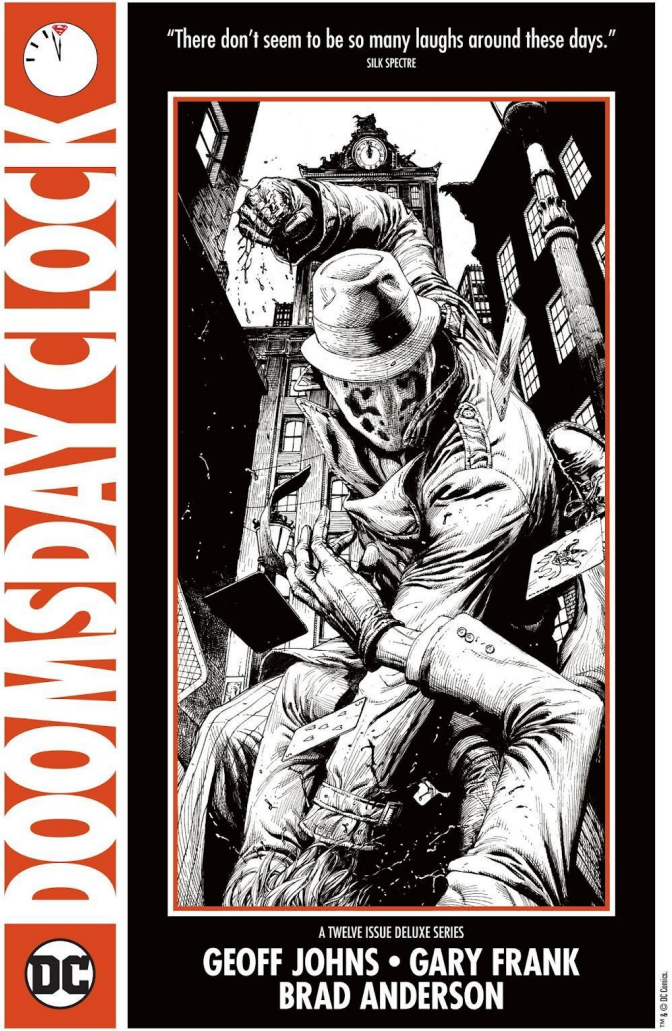
B Brandon
SIGNATURE OF AGENT

AGENT NUMBER: FL193-1986

NAME: Brittany Brandon/Moonbow


DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS
FOR GENERAL RELEASE
DAVID DRAKE died Wednesday, July 25, at the age of 43. There will be no funeral service. Donations for those affected by his criminal actions can be made to the Metahuman Victims Fund, 555 5th Street NW, #109, Washington D.C. 20001. Drake leaves behind a son, David, and daughter, Lisa.
FROM THE DESK OF DIRECTOR
THE REQUEST FROM AGENT BRANDON REGARDING A BURIAL AND SERVICE FOR AGENT DRAKE IS DENIED. IT IS CRITICAL TO THE DEPARTMENT'S ONGOING EFFORTS AND THE SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES THAT THE TRUE NATURE OF DRAKE'S WORK AS TYPHOON REMAINS CONFIDENTIAL. AS THE FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE DEPARTMENT, I HAVE MADE GREAT SACRIFICES MYSELF.
DRAKE'S APPROVED OBITUARY IS ATTACHED.
ALSO, I AM EAGER TO RECEIVE HIS BODY FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES. PLEASE ARRANGE FOR ITS TRANSPORTATION TO THE DEPARTMENT IMMEDIATELY.
OF COURSE, THE FINANCIAL OBLIGATIONS TO HIS CHILDREN WILL BE HONORED.




DOOMSDAY CLOCK
"There don't seem to be so many laughs around these days."
SILK SPECTRE
A TWELVE ISSUE DELUXE SERIES
GEOFF JOHNS • GARY FRANK
BRAD ANDERSON
DC
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ALL-NEW ANNUALS!
THE NEW AGE OF DC HEROES
DAMAGE
THE SECRET PAST OF THE LIVING WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION!
AARON LOPRESTI
ROBERT VENDITTI
THE SILENCER
THE DARK KNIGHT VS. THE SILENT ASSASSIN!
JACK HERBERT
DAN ABNETT
AUGUST
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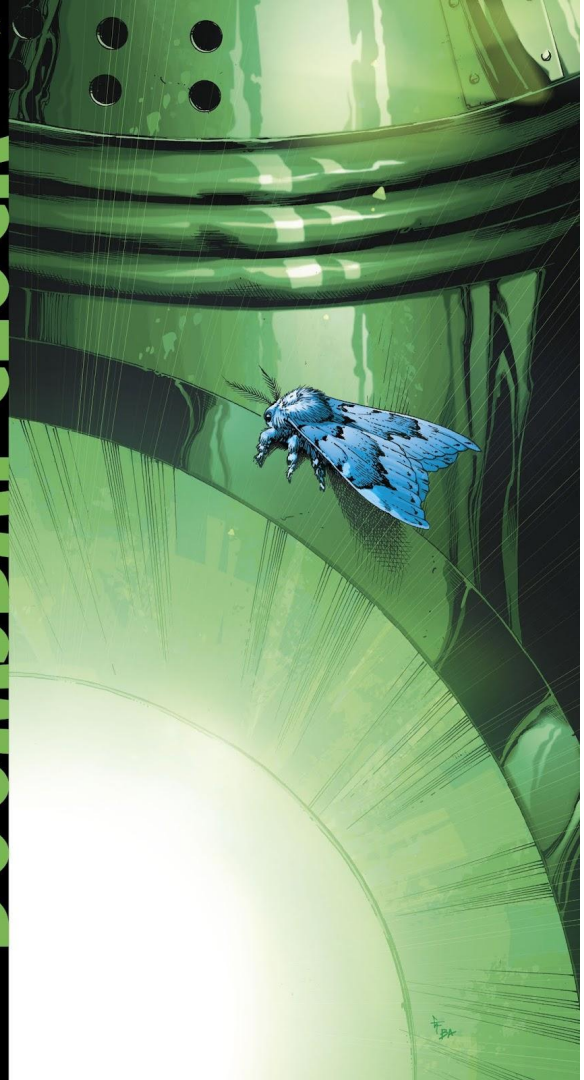
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 7 of 12

DC

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

NOVEMBER 2018



DOOMSDAY CLOCK 7
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writer

GARY FRANK
illustrator

BRAD ANDERSON
colorist

ROB LEIGH
letterer

AMIE BROCKWAY-METCALF
back matter design

GARY FRANK & BRAD ANDERSON
cover and variant cover

AMEDEO TURTURRO
associate editor

BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
editor

Watchmen created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 7 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
NOVEMBER 2018

IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. A YOUNG ENGINEER NAMED ALAN SCOTT IS RIDING A TRAIN OVER A BRIDGE WHEN IT COLLAPSES.
HE MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVES BY CLUTCHING ONTO A GREEN LANTERN.
IT'S NOVEMBER 22ND, 1940. ALAN IS SITTING AT A ROUND TABLE WEARING A MASK, WAITING TO SEE WHO WILL SPEAK FIRST.
IT'S JANUARY 8TH, 1950. ALAN TESTIFIES BEFORE THE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE. HE REFUSES TO IMPLICATE ANYONE IN HIS EMPLOY.
IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. A YOUNG ENGINEER NAMED ALAN SCOTT IS RIDING A TRAIN OVER A BRIDGE WHEN IT COLLAPSES.
I MOVE THE LANTERN SIX INCHES OUT OF HIS REACH.
ALAN SCOTT DIES WHEN THE BRIDGE FALLS.
HE LEAVES BEHIND NO FAMILY.
IT'S JULY IN THE YEAR 960. THE SONG DYNASTY IS BORN.
IN OCTOBER, A GREEN STAR FALLS OUT OF THE SKY.
A HOPEFUL MYSTIC APPROACHES THE EMERALD METAL.
HE CLAIMS TO HEAR A VOICE WITHIN IT.
THREE TIMES SHALL I FLAME GREEN! THE FIRST...TO BRING DEATH!
THE SECOND... TO BRING LIFE!
THE THIRD... TO BRING POWER!
THAT NIGHT, THE MAN FORGES THE STRANGE METAL INTO A LAMP.
TWO HOURS LATER, TERRIFIED VILLAGERS SPLIT HIS SKULL OPEN WITH IT. A PLAGUE FOLLOWS HIS DEATH.
IT'S APRIL, 1940. IN GOTHAM, MENTAL PATIENT EDWARD BILLINGS IS GIVEN THE LAMP BY A GUARD. IN THE METAL SHOP, BILLINGS REWORKS IT INTO A LANTERN.
IT'S MAY. EDWARD IS DEEMED CURED AND WALKS FREE, READY TO START HIS LIFE ANEW. HE SELLS THE LANTERN.
IT'S JUNE. THE LANTERN FINDS ITS WAY ONTO A TRAIN.
IT'S JULY. THE LANTERN IS RECOVERED FROM THE TRAIN WRECK THAT TOOK ALAN SCOTT'S LIFE.
IT'S JANUARY, 1950. I AM STANDING ON ALAN SCOTT'S GRAVE.
IT'S NOVEMBER, 1940. MY FINGERS DRAW LINES IN THE DUST ON AN EMPTY ROUND TABLE.
LAST DECEMBER, THE LANTERN IS DISCARDED INTO A SCRAP HEAP.
TWO HOURS AGO, JOHNNY THUNDER FINDS THE LANTERN IN A BURNED-OUT FACTORY.
ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, THE LANTERN'S GREEN FIRE ERUPTS WITH POWER.
SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER, I STEP OFF A CHECKERBOARD FLOOR AND ONTO THE SURFACE OF MARS.
ONE MONTH INTO MY FUTURE... I SEE NOTHING.
1

IT'S 1985. I LEAVE MY WORLD FOR THIS ONE.
YOU HAVE A... MAGIC GENIE?
HE'S MY BEST FRIEND. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR SUCH A LONG TIME.

GENIE'S IN LANTERN?
LIKE ALADDIN...

DON'T SOUND SO SKEPTICAL.
THE LIGHT WILL HELP YOU FIND MANHATTAN.

WE CAN TAKE THE BUS TO GET TO NEW YORK.
NOT CITY, OLD MAN. LOOKING FOR GOD.
AREN'T WE ALL? OH, I'M SO GRATEFUL FOR THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN ME. THE CHANCE TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT!

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO PROTECT THEM.
CEI-U!

...THUNDERBOLT?
I SAID THE MAGIC WORD...

HURM.

"HIS EYES CAN BURN RIGHT THROUGH YOU."
2

FORGET ABOUT HIS EYES, ANDERSON. IF HE WANTED TO, POZHAR COULD INCINERATE A SMALL COUNTRY.
THAT'S WHY GEO-FORCE IS PLAYING NICE WITH PUTIN'S FAVORITE FREAK.
SINCE WHEN HAS PRINCE MARKOV EVER PLAYED NICE?

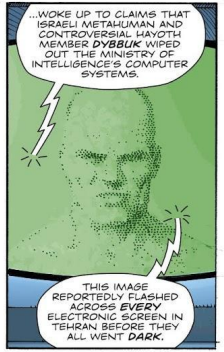
HIS METAHUMANS HAVE BROKEN EVERY HUMAN RIGHTS LAW ON THE LIST IRONICALLY PROTECTING THEIR BORDERS FROM "OUTSIDERS."
HUNDREDS OF REFUGEES ENTERED MARKOVIA LAST WEEK AND VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE. EXPLAIN THAT.

...GROWING PROTESTS OVER BIG MONSTER ACTION'S DOMESTICATION OF JAPAN'S KAIJU.
EARLIER THIS WEEK, THE CITY OF OTARU WAS ATTACKED BY A "FIRE TROLL" WHO ESCAPED DURING A TRAINING EXERCISE.

DOZENS OF CITIZENS WERE INJURED BEFORE THE CREATURE COULD BE CONTAINED.

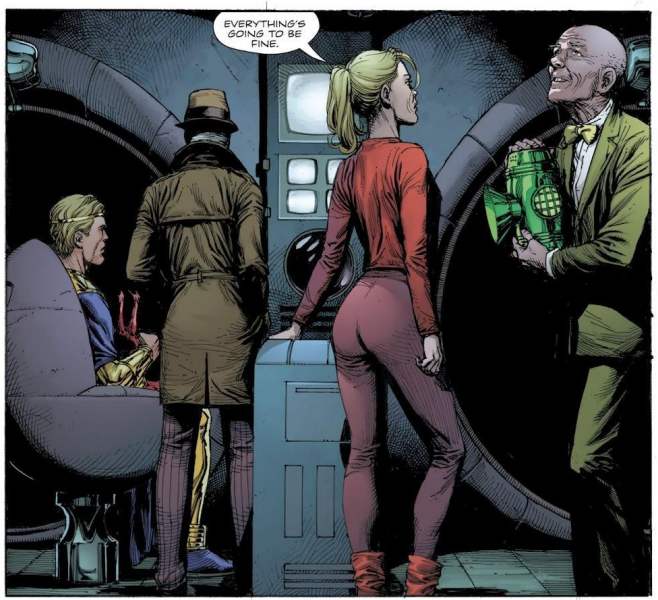
...ON THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA WHERE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN LIBERATED FROM HUMAN TRAFFICKERS BY INDIA'S METAHUMAN ORGANIZATION, THE DOOMED.

AMONG THESE METAHUMANS IS FORMER DOOM PATROL ADVERSARY THE ANIMAL-VEGETABLE-MINERAL MAN, WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF...
...THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT...
YAY!!
"EATING THE HUMAN TRAFFICKERS"? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU FEEDING ME, LARRY?


...WOKE UP TO CLAIMS THAT ISRAELI METAHUMAN AND CONTROVERSIAL HAYOTH MEMBER DYBBUK WIPED OUT THE MINISTRY OF INTELLIGENCE'S COMPUTER SYSTEMS.
THIS IMAGE REPORTEDLY FLASHED ACROSS EVERY ELECTRONIC SCREEN IN TEHRAN BEFORE THEY ALL WENT DARK.

...PRESIDENT XI JINPING'S DREAMS WERE INVADED LAST NIGHT BY GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED AUSTRALIAN METAHUMANS. HE WAS INTERROGATED AND TORTURED BY A BEASTLY CREATURE...
DO YOU HAVE PROOF OF THIS, AMBASSADOR?
HOW DO WE KNOW IT WASN'T JUST A NIGHTMARE?
AUSTRALIA IS DENYING THE ACCUSATIONS.

I TOLD YOU, DUDE, I HAVE NO COMMENT!
WHETHER TYPHOON WAS PART OF THIS FAKE NEWS THEORY OR NOT, I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, ALL RIGHT?
NOW STOP FOLLOWING ME AROUND!
3

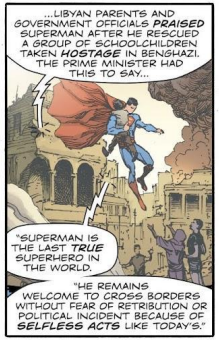

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE.

BLIND SPOT

SAYS THE BUBBLY BLONDE WHILE HER WORLD FALLS APART AROUND US.
NOT THAT I DON'T MIND MEETING NEW AND INTERESTING PEOPLE, RORSCHACH, BUT...
WHO ARE WE?

MY NAME IS IMRA ARDEEN, BUT I'VE BEEN DESIGNATED SATURN GIRL. I'M A TELEPATH.
FROM THE 30th CENTURY.

NN...
DIDN'T MENTION THAT LAST PART WHEN WE MET.
WHERE DID YOU FIND HER?
...
ARKHAM ASYLUM.
OF COURSE YOU DID.
4


...LIBYAN PARENTS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS PRAISED SUPERMAN AFTER HE RESCUED A GROUP OF SCHOOLCHILDREN TAKEN HOSTAGE IN BENGHAZI. THE PRIME MINISTER HAD THIS TO SAY...
"SUPERMAN IS THE LAST TRUE SUPERHERO IN THE WORLD.
"HE REMAINS WELCOME TO CROSS BORDERS WITHOUT FEAR OF RETRIBUTION OR POLITICAL INCIDENT BECAUSE OF SELFLESS ACTS LIKE TODAY'S."

PUNDITS FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE CALL THIS UNBREAKABLE TRUST BETWEEN SUPERMAN AND THE WORLD "EARNED" AND VIEW SUPERMAN AS SEPARATE FROM AMERICA, THE METAHUMAN ARMS RACE AND, IN FACT, EVEN THE CONTROVERSIAL SUPERMEN THEORY.

SUPERMAN'S WHY I SERVE AS AN INTERGALACTIC REPRESENTATIVE OF A LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES...
...SENT HERE TO HELP CLEANSE THE TIME STREAM OF AN UNKNOWN ANOMALY THAT THREATENS HIM.
RECONSIDERING MY SUGGESTION OF BRINGING THEM WITH US.
I WOULD IMAGINE.

NNG
GG

PAIN'S LASTING LONGER.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME I HAVE LEFT...

MAYBE NONE AT ALL.
MAYBE ASKING JON TO SAVE OUR WORLD WAS A FUTILE IDEA.

NOT FUTILE, ADRIAN.
MY FATHER BELIEVED IN BEST OUTCOME UNTIL END. WAS GOING TO SAVE KOVACS FROM HIMSELF. NEVER GAVE IN TO DARK THOUGHTS.
DON'T GIVE UP.

RREOW!

WHAT IS IT, BUBASTIS?
5

SSSSSS!
WHAT'S CAT DOING?

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE.
YOU SAID CAT WAS COMPASS...

YES.
PRRR.

I CLONED THIS BUBASTIS FROM THE REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL, WHO HAD BEEN... DISINTEGRATED WITH JON.
SHE'S GETTING JON'S SCENT...FROM THEM, FROM THAT LANTERN.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DO KNOW THE OUTCOME.
THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY, JOHNNY.

LOOK AT YOUR JOURNEY SO FAR, RORSCHACH.
YOU WERE LED TO ARKHAM ASYLUM BY THE BATMAN AND LOCKED UP.
LATER FREED BY THIS WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE A HERO FROM THE FUTURE.

AND THEN BROUGHT TO A MAN CLAIMING TO BE A HERO FROM THE PAST.
COINCIDENCE.

...FOOTAGE OF THE ASSAILANT WHO AUTHORITIES BELIEVE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EXPLOSIONS IN THE GOTHAM SEWERS.

YOU MUST KNOW THIS BY NOW, RORSCHACH.
WHEN IT COMES TO DR. MANHATTAN...
THERE ARE NO COINCIDENCES.
"DO I SEE A SMILE?"

BECAUSE IF I DON'T SEE A SMILE, I CAN MAKE ONE!
EYES UP HERE!

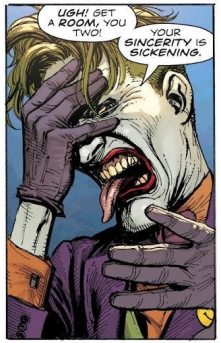
THERE WE GO.
HI THERE, HANDSOME!

...THE HEL... AM I?

I CALL IT MY FUN HOUSE! THE JOKER CAVE! LE PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE!
YOU CAUSED QUITE A STIR AMONG MY BRETHREN, YOU HALF-SMILING FOOL. YOU, BUT I GIVE YOU FIVE GOLD STARS FOR THAT SHOT TO EDDIE NYGMA.
RIDDLE ME THIS! WHAT'S GREEN, RED AND MISSING A KNEECAP?!
HAHAHAHAHA!
THERE'S SO MANY TO CHOOSE FROM.

DON'T BE SHY, MY DEAR!
MY HOME IS YOURS!

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN.


UGH! GET A ROOM, YOU TWO!
YOUR SINCERITY IS SICKENING.

THE MIME AND THE MARIONETTE...
PTTT?
HOW THE HELL DID VEIDT ROPE YOU TWO IDIOTS INTO WHATEVER THE HELL HE'S DOING? AND MORE IMPORTANTLY... WHY?
WE'RE GOING TO ASK THE QUESTIONS, BLAKE.
YOU DIED IN THE PAST. YET, HERE YOU ARE. HAVEN'T AGED A DAY. TELL US YOUR SECRET.
COCONUT OIL? POMEGRANATES?

A NAKED BLUE MAN?

WHY DON'T YA UNCUFF ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU, SWEETHEART.

NNNNNYYAAA!

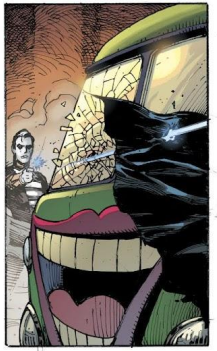
OH, HONEY, THAT'S THE EASY PAIN.
TELL US WHERE DR. MANHATTAN IS AND I'LL ONLY DRILL INTO YOUR ARMS.

WHO KNOWS WHERE OR WHEN THAT ASSHOLE IS?

LISTEN, ALL DOC ASKED ME TO DO WAS TAKE OUT VEIDT'S CAT, OKAY? SO I WAS HAVIN' A LITTLE BIT OF FUN WITH YOU. THAT'S ALL.
I'LL SHOW YOU FUN...
WHAT, BABY?
WHAT IS IT?

GOD, I WISH I HAD SOME POPCORN!

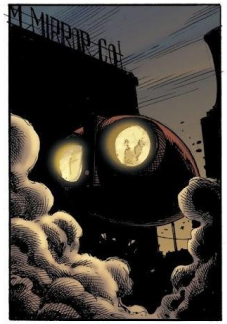
NNFF!



I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING!
HAHAHAHA!

REOWWWW.

SHE'S PICKING UP THE TRAIL.
IT'S GROWING STRONGER...

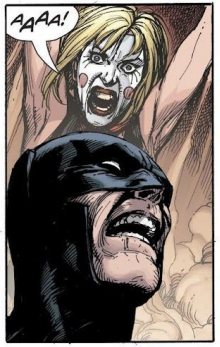


WHERE ARE WE?
THE NEXT STOP ON OUR MISSION, MR. THUNDER, BUT I NEED YOU AND SATURN GIRL TO STAY HERE.
WHY...

YOU'VE HELPED US MORE THAN YOU KNOW, BUT I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU MAY BE IN DANGER IF WHO WE'RE SEARCHING FOR IS INSIDE.
AND I'M GOING TO NEED THE LANTERN.

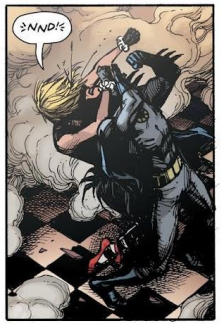
BUT MY GENIE...
IT'S OKAY, JOHNNY. YOU'LL FIND THE THUNDERBOLT AGAIN.
IT'S HISTORY.

10


AAAA!

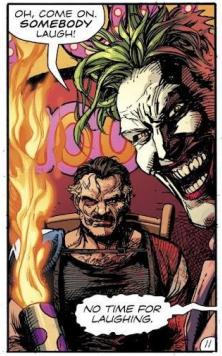
KK.

EEYAA!


ÞNND!'S

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...

HAHAHAHAHA!
IS THAT A FLAMETHROWER IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?


OH, COME ON. SOMEBODY LAUGH!
NO TIME FOR LAUGHING.
11

AAAAAA!!
DON'T SNEAK UP ON A MAN LIKE THAT, BOGART!

RORSCHACH.
I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU...
YES, BATMAN.

YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. EVERYTHING, MAYBE.
I SUPPOSE THAT COMES WITH BEING A CORNERSTONE OF THE EVER-GROWING PROBLEM YOUR WORLD IS BEING SWALLOWED UP BY.

WOW! VEIDT AND HIS MAD DOG FINALLY SHOW THEIR FACES. YOU GUYS GO SIGHTSEEING WHILE MIME AND I WORK!
SEE! LOOK WHO WE FOUND!

HELLO AGAIN, EDWARD.
RREOWW!

WHAT THE HELL IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT CAT?

SHIT, WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?

NOTHING.
SHE'S WORKING PERFECTLY.

BUBASTIS SEES JON'S TEMPORAL FINGERPRINTS.
ON THIS LANTERN.
AND ON YOU, EDWARD.

AS SHE FEEDS, JON SHOULD FEEL A STRONG PULL TO HER. NOT UNLIKE A MAGNET.

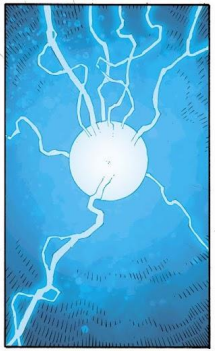
AND TO DENY IT WILL PROVE PAINFUL.

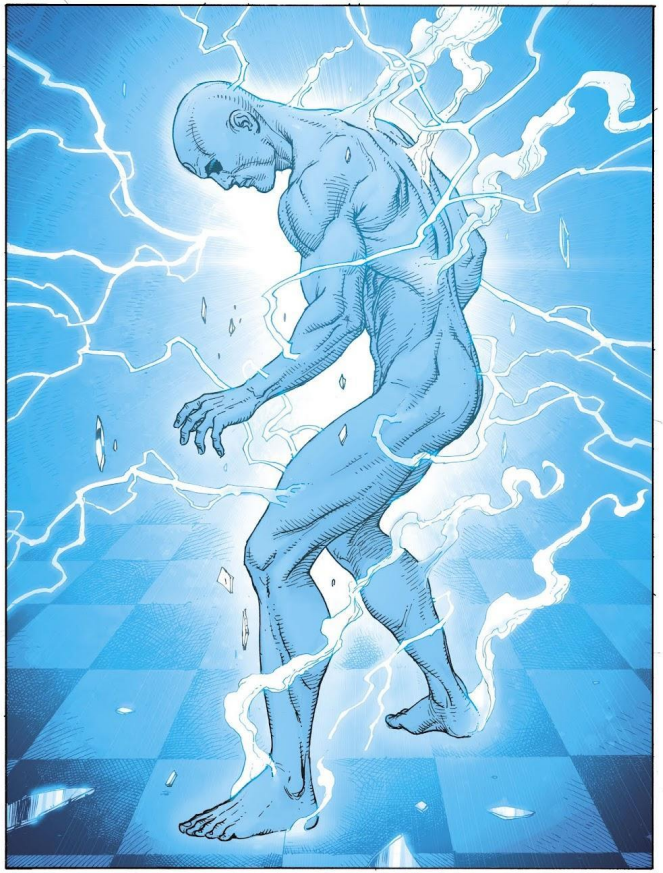
EVEN FOR HIM.

WHERE ARE YOU, JON?

SHOW YOURSELF!

I CAN MAKE THIS HURT MORE THAN IT DOES!





HELLO, JON.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

WHOEVER YOU ARE, PUT ON SOME CLOTHES FOR GOD'S SAKE!
OR AT LEAST FOR MINE!

WHAT'S HE DOING?
VEIDT?

I'M SORRY FOR SUMMONING YOU LIKE THAT, JON, BUT I'VE COME HERE TO TALK.
THAT'S ALL.

TRIPPY!

SO LET'S TALK.
16

I HAD NO CHOICE, YOU UNDERSTAND.
YOU KNOW OUR WORLD IS IN TROUBLE. I'VE COME TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP.

I FAILED TO SAVE IT FROM ITSELF.
NOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY FOR NOTHING, ADRIAN.
I'M NOT GOING BACK.

I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING.
17

YOU'RE THINKING I'VE ONCE AGAIN TURNED MY BACK ON HUMANITY.
THAT'S WHY YOU ASKED LAURIE TO COME WITH YOU, TO REMIND ME. SHE REFUSED.
BUT SHE LED YOU TO THEM.
ERIKA MANSON AND MARCOS MAEZ.
I'M AT ROCKEFELLER WITH LAURIE, LISTENING TO HER COMPLAIN ABOUT THE SECURITY CAMERAS INSTALLED IN OUR LIVING QUARTERS.
AS I REMOVE THEM, I'M TOLD THERE'S A BANK ROBBERY IN PROGRESS ONE MILE AWAY.
I ARRIVE TO DISPATCH THE CRIMINALS.
YOU BELIEVE I AM HESITANT TO USE EXTREME FORCE WHEN I LEARN ERIKA MANSON IS PREGNANT.
BUT I DID NOT SPARE YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE PREGNANT, ERIKA MANSON.
I SAW WHAT YOUR CHILD WOULD DO AND I CHOSE TO SAVE HIM.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT DID MY CHILD DO?
WHICH CHILD?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHICH CHILD?
AH, YES. SOMETIMES I FORGET WHAT'S BEEN AND WHAT WILL BE.
YOU'RE PREGNANT AGAIN.
WHAT?
18

JON...
YOUR PLEADING WILL NOT CHANGE MY MIND, ADRIAN.
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.
I WAS. I AM. I WILL BE.
MANHATTAN ...
HEY! SOMEONE GONNA UNTIE ME?! JON!
NEED TO LISTEN.
VEIDT ISN'T SAME MAN YOU KNEW.
WAS GOING TO KILL HIM MYSELF FOR WHAT HE DID.
BUT FOUND HIM. CHANGED. DYING FROM CANCER.
CANCER?
ADRIAN DOES NOT HAVE CANCER.
NO. LOOK AGAIN.
HE'S SICK.
19

LET ME TALK TO JON, RORSCHACH. HE'S ONLY CONFUSING YOU.
NO, I...

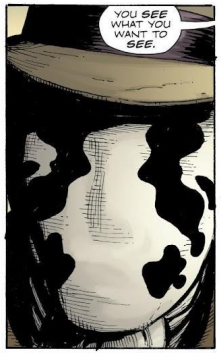
YOU HAVE CANCER.
RORSCHACH, HOLD ON...

YOU HAVE CANCER!

AS WE HOVER HERE, YOU TELL HIM THE TRUTH, ADRIAN.
BECAUSE YOU KNOW I WILL.

I DON'T HAVE CANCER. I NEVER DID.
WHU...? WHY WOULD YOU...LIE...
BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR HELP.
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

OH, REGGIE.


YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.

"AND WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE, WHAT YOU NEEDED TO, WAS THAT THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF YOUR PARENTS AND THE MADNESS THAT AFFLICTED YOU WAS OVERCOME WITH REGRET AND REMORSE.
"I KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU BEFORE YOU STEPPED A FOOT INTO THAT ROOM.
"AND I NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU, REGGIE."

STOP CALLING ME REGGIE.
I AM RORSCHACH!

RORSCHACH? PLEASE.
YOU SAW WHAT YOU WANTED TO SEE WITH RORSCHACH, TOO.

YOU BELIEVED YOU WERE TAKING UP THE MASK OF A FRIEND OF YOUR FATHER'S.

"BUT WALTER KOVACS WAS NEVER YOUR FATHER'S FRIEND.

"IF BYRON LEWIS HADN'T KEPT MOST OF YOUR FATHER'S NOTES FROM YOU, YOU WOULD'VE SEEN THAT.

"BYRON WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU FROM THE TRUTH. THAT RORSCHACH BROKE DOWN YOUR FATHER'S UNDYING POSITIVITY AND LEFT HIM A SHELL OF THE MAN HE WAS.

"HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR MOTHER DETERIORATED INTO NOTHINGNESS.
"SHE LEFT HIM, REGGIE.

YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER DID NOT DIE IN A LOVING EMBRACE.
THEY DIED DESPISING ONE ANOTHER.
ALONE.
NO.
NO.

IS IT TRUE?

IS IT?

IT IS.

WHY ARE YOU HERE, JON?

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND A PLACE AMONG THEM.
BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED AS I LOOKED FORWARD...

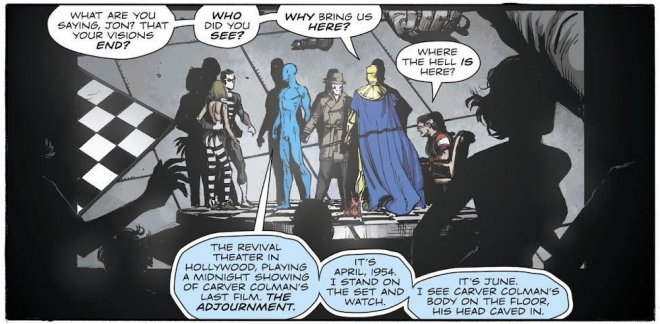
"I SAW A VISION OF THE MOST HOPEFUL AMONG THEM.
"HEADING TOWARD ME.
"NOW HOPELESS.

AND THEN...
I SAW NOTHING.

22

"TWO MEN WERE PLAYING A GAME OF CHESS.
REVIVAL
CARVER COLMAN IS NATHANIEL IN THE Adjournment

BOTH WERE SHOT AND KILLED BEFORE THE GAME WAS FINISHED.


WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, JON? THAT YOUR VISIONS END?
WHO DID YOU SEE?
WHY BRING US HERE?
WHERE THE HELL IS HERE?
THE REVIVAL THEATER IN HOLLYWOOD, PLAYING A MIDNIGHT SHOWING OF CARVER COLMAN'S LAST FILM. THE ADJOURNMENT.
IT'S APRIL, 1954. I STAND ON THE SET AND WATCH.
IT'S JUNE. I SEE CARVER COLMAN'S BODY ON THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD CAVED IN.

CARVER COLMAN WAS ONCE FULL OF HOPE, TOO.

BUT I WAS WRONG, ADRIAN.
EVERYTHING ENDS.

WHAT'S THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING, JON?

WE'VE TALKED ENOUGH.
GOOD-BYE.
JON, WAI...
23

?!

WE NEED TO CALL HIM BACK.
HE HAS TO LISTEN...

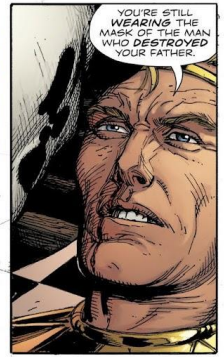
LISTEN TO ME!

WHY COULDN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?!

YOU WON'T MIND IF WE BORROW THIS...

SGG

YOU DON'T EVEN REALIZE YET...


YOU'RE STILL WEARING THE MASK OF THE MAN WHO DESTROYED YOUR FATHER.

WHATEVER WE MISSED WAS A DOOZY!
THAT'S ENOUGH, JOKER.
24

HUSH NOW. DADDY'S SPEAKING!

I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS MONTHS AGO.

KILL YOU.

A LITTLE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, IF I MAY...

TOUCH...

DON'T TOUCH ME!
GET THE FREAK!
WE'RE NOT DONE WITH YOU, BLAKE.

LET'S GO CELEBRATE, LOVER.
WE'RE HAVING A BABY.

HEH... HA HO... HEH...
DID YOU ENJOY IT AS MUH-MUCH AS I DUH-DID?

DEAD.

RORSCHACH IS DEAD.
25

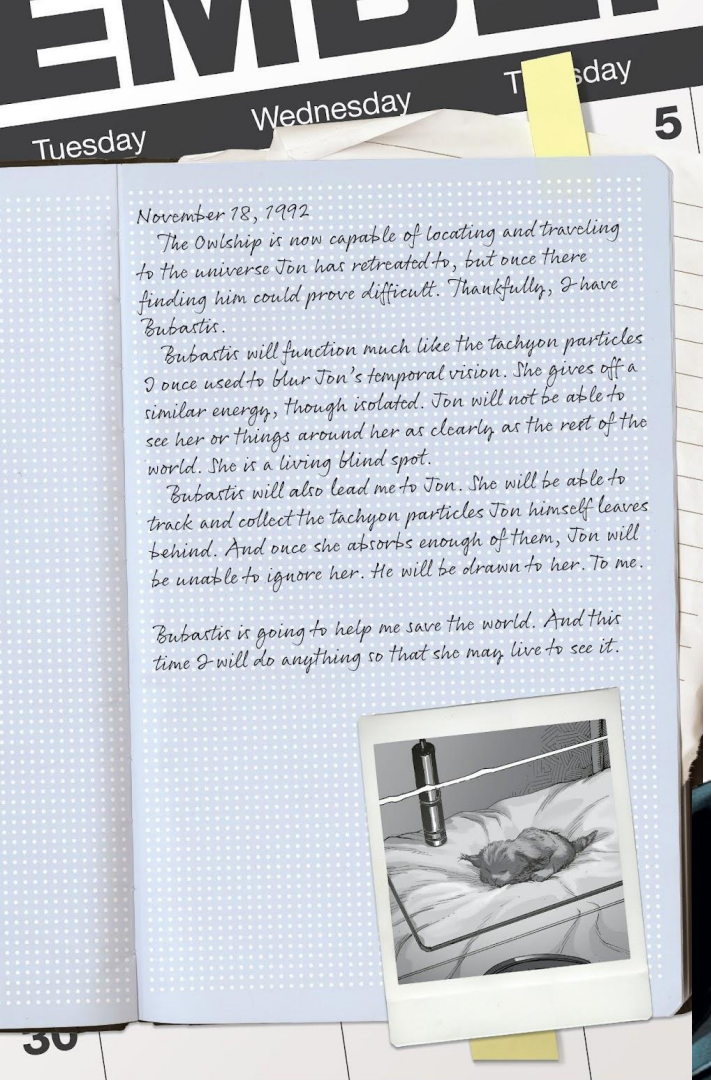
WHAT HAPPENED?
KFF!?
MY GOD!
REOW!
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY... I LEARNED A FEW THINGS THE HARD WAY.
WAIT. YOUR THOUGHTS... YOUR MIND. I CAN READ IT.
NO. THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN. YOU CAN'T...
EHN!
WHAT HAVE YOU...
KKAA!
JON REFUSES THE CALL.
BUT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE NOW, BUBASTIS, I REALIZE I CAN SAVE MORE THAN OUR WORLD.
I CAN SAVE THIS ONE, TOO.
I CAN SAVE EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.
I HAVE A PLAN.
26

"WHAT DO YOU SEE?"
I SEE BLACK ADAM! HE'S ENTERED JERUSALEM AND...
"JAKE, WE NEED TO TAKE COVER!
"THIS IS SERIOUS.
"WE'RE EXPOSED OUT HERE.
"WHAT'S THAT?
LOIS LANE
C/O THE DAILY PLANET
2526 BROADWAY
METROPOLIS, NH 10023
"SOMETHING'S CREEPING THROUGH THE DARKNESS.
"I THINK IT'S FOLLOWING US."
"HAHAHAHAHAHA!
"BEWARE THE CREEPER!"
"EEEYAAAAAA..."
"MARK? MARK, ARE YOU THERE?"
TWO MEN WERE PLAYING CHESS.
NONE CAME OUT ALIVE.
27

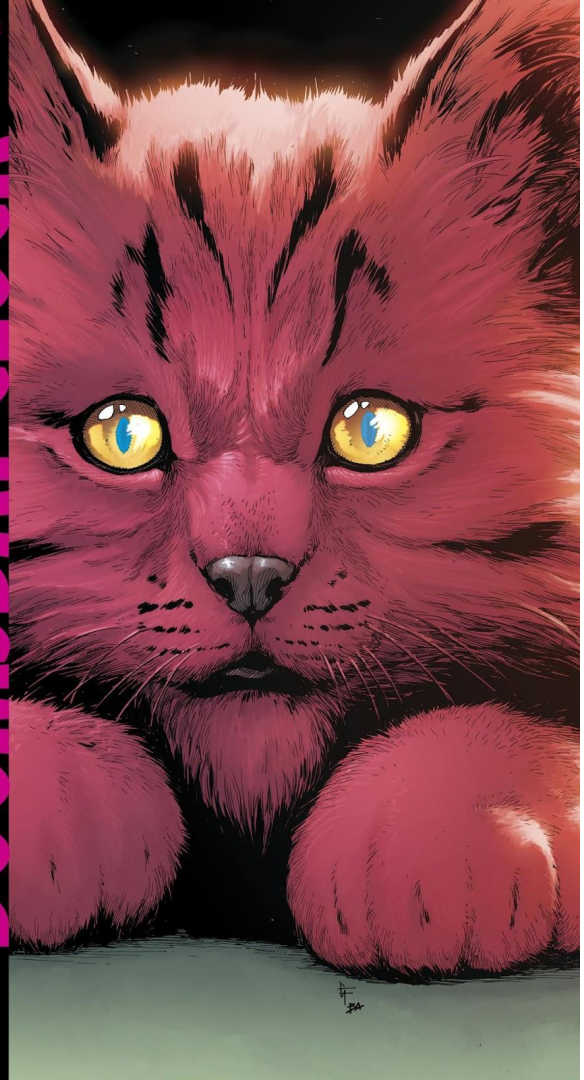
I STEP OFF A CHECKERBOARD FLOOR AND ONTO THE SURFACE OF MARS.
I'M OVERCOME WITH CURIOSITY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1959.
ONE MONTH IN MY FUTURE, I SEE SUPERMAN.
HE'S YELLING AT ME, THOUGH I'M DEAFENED BY THE THUNDER FROM THE WORLD FALLING APART AROUND US.
HIS EYES BURN WITH ANGER AS HE THROWS HIS FIST FORWARD.
THEN I SEE NOTHING.
A YEAR. A CENTURY. A MILLENNIUM.
STILL NOTHING.
I DO NOT SEE TOMORROW.
AND I WONDER... ONE MONTH FROM NOW...
DOES SUPERMAN DESTROY ME?
OR DO I DESTROY EVERYTHING?
28
Seeing-is-believing is a blind spot in man's vision.
— R. Buckminster Fuller

VEIDT
Adrian Veidt
President and C.E.O.
November 7, 1985
Kelley Popham
Vice President Public Relations and Communications
Dear Kelley,
As you have heard by now my loyal and dear friend Bubastis has died. I had theorized her unique genetics had left her vulnerable to the psychic backlash in Manhattan. After some investigation, I'm sorry to confirm she is indeed one of the victims of the New York Massacre. Gratefully, I do not believe she suffered in any way. However, to say I am devastated by her death would be an understatement. As the world mourns, I too mourn the only family I had.
In honor of Bubastis, Veidt Industries will put every resource it has into saving all endangered species. We will create groundbreaking sanctuaries throughout the world and fund unparalleled research in curing prevalent and painful diseases that affect them. I would also like to find an artist of rising importance to consid
statue of Bubastis; perhaps Jeff Koons as I have enjoyed his work greatly ove
years.
I have organized a meeting with my executive team to discuss the above. I w
want press there. Before the meeting, I ask you to speak with our head of t
Non-Profit Animal Services Division, Marti Kheel. I am sure you will be as
impressed with her as I am.
Love to you and your family,
Adrian Veidt
29

Tuesday
August 1, 1986
My initial attempts at cloning Bubastis have proven difficult. The DNA in the somatic cells I recovered from her ashy remains had been unexpectedly altered by the intrinsic field subtractor that killed her. The first eggs to be "fertilized" grew quickly, but every fetus died at week 15.
October 4, 1986
I had forgotten the animated series featuring myself and Bubastis was due to premiere this morning. It is a silly cartoon, even sillier in the wake of last year, but it has made me nostalgic for my old friend.
I find myself once again attempting to re-create Bubastis. I have isolated the missing links in her DNA and will search for a compatible animal that might fill them. Although this will take time, I have hope that one day it will prove successful.
March 7, 1992
My most recent attempt to clone Bubastis may not have been a failure after all. Under the guise of our work for animals, there was not a species' DNA I did not have access to. But over the years, none have been successful. Out of desperation, I turned to another source of DNA found within Bubastis's remains—Jon's. I had thought myself foolish, particularly after the fetus detonated. But last night, Karnak's cameras caught a glimpse of a catlike nervous system wandering the halls. I remain optimistic.
March 20, 1992
This morning, a circulatory system was caught in the loading docks. I can barely sleep.
March 22, 1992
Bubastis II's skeletal system was spotted last night. I am giddy.
March 31, 1992
At dinner, I felt a wave of static electricity wash over me. I saw a spark at the end of my fork. I heard her cry. Then I saw her. Frightened, up against the wall, under the monitors she once watched alongside me. Bubastis II is here. And she is more beautiful than I ever could have imagined.


Tuesday
Wednesday
5
November 18, 1992
The Owlship is now capable of locating and traveling to the universe Jon has retreated to, but once there finding him could prove difficult. Thankfully, I have Bubastis.
Bubastis will function much like the tachyon particles I once used to blur Jon's temporal vision. She gives off a similar energy, though isolated. Jon will not be able to see her or things around her as clearly as the rest of the world. She is a living blind spot.
Bubastis will also lead me to Jon. She will be able to track and collect the tachyon particles Jon himself leaves behind. And once she absorbs enough of them, Jon will be unable to ignore her. He will be drawn to her. To me.
Bubastis is going to help me save the world. And this time I will do anything so that she may live to see it.
30

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 8 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
FEBRUARY 2019



DOOMSDAY CLOCK 8
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Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

SAVE HUMANITY

"IT'S A CRIME, CLARK."
HEY! YOU GOTTA PAY FOR THAT!
UM, WHAT'S A CRIME, LOIS?
YOUR DESK ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE THAT.
SOMEONE WENT THROUGH MY DESK!
Daily Planet
BREAK-IN AT THE WHITE HOUSE
NO. I HAVE A SYSTEM HERE.
NOT TO MENTION MY DRAWERS WERE LOCKED.
THE LOCKS AREN'T BROKEN...
AND I DON'T SEE ANY FINGERPRINTS.
MS. LANE?
GOT YOUR ORANGE JUICE RIGHT HERE.
MORNING, JIM.
OH! MR. KENT... I, UM, GOSH, I'M SORRY. I FORGOT TO GET YOUR ORDER.
IS THIS FRESHLY SQUEEZED? IT LOOKS LIKE KOOL-AID.
I DON'T DRINK KOOL-AID, JIMMY.
THEY WERE ALL OUT OF O.J., SO I...
LANE!
2

WHY AM I BUYING YOU BREAKFAST WHEN I SHOULD BE DOCKING YOUR PAY?
WHAT?
WHERE'S MY STORY?!
I'M WORKING ON IT, CHIEF...
OVER 97 PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S METAHUMANS ARE AMERICAN BORN AND BRED AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY!
ARE THEY WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT?
HOW DID THE GOVERNMENT PULL THIS OFF?
IS SUPERMAN THE ONLY CAPE ON THE PLANET WE CAN TRUST?
I'M CLOSE.
CLOSE ONLY COUNTS IN HORSESHOES AND HAND GRENADES!
I'M WORKING ON IT, CHIEF.
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR STORY!
GOOD MORNING, MR. WHITE.
IT HASN'T BEEN A GOOD MORNING IN WEEKS, KENT.
THE WORLD NEEDS THE TRUTH OUT THERE IF IT'S GOING TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.
AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, KENT, DITCH THE BLUE SUIT.
IT'S, UM, NAVY, MR. WHITE.
MM.
YEP.
KOOL-AID.
OKAY, LOIS LANE, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK...
...WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?
BREAKING NEWS OUT OF MOSCOW!
LOIS LANE C/O THE DA...
3

HUNDREDS HAD GATHERED EARLIER TODAY, PROTESTING RUSSIA'S NEW METAHUMAN LAWS...

...FORCING EVERY NEWBORN TO BE TESTED AT BIRTH FOR THE METAGENE.
STORIES OF BABIES ALREADY BEING TAKEN INTO CUSTODY HAVE LED TO PROTESTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

AND SECONDS AGO, CONTROVERSIAL METAHUMAN FIRESTORM ILLEGALLY ENTERED RUSSIAN AIRSPACE AND ATTACKED THE PEOPLE'S HEROES.
VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT THE PITTSBURGH-BASED SUPERHERO...

...ALTHOUGH SPECULATION THAT HE IS CONNECTED TO THE SUPERMEN THEORY CONTINUES, FIRESTORM HAS INTENSELY DENIED THE ACCUSATIONS.

FIRESTORM?
FIRESTORM WASN'T CREATED BY SOME SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM, LOIS.
RONNIE RAYMOND AND PROFESSOR MARTIN STEIN WERE IN A NUCLEAR ACCIDENT THAT FUSED THEM TOGETHER.

RONNIE'S IN CONTROL OF THE BODY, THE PROFESSOR ADVISES HIM TELEPATHICALLY. BUT RONNIE'S JUST A KID...

...KNOWN FOR HIS TEMPER.
WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO YELL TO GET SOMEONE'S ATTENTION AROUND HERE?

THIS IS BIG, FOLKS!
WHO WANTS TO GO TO MOSCOW?

"THE TWO OF YOU WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS."
4

DO YOU HEAR ME IN THERE, STEIN?
SURELY YOU KNOW COMING HERE IS AT BEST FOOLISH AND AT WORST CRIMINAL.
IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SURRENDER BEFORE MORE LAWS ARE BROKEN.

DON'T BLAME STEIN, POZHAR. THE PROFESSOR'S ALONG FOR THE RIDE THIS TIME!
HE DIDN'T WANT TO COME HERE. HE DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT.
BUT I KNOW IT'S YOU AND YOUR RUSSIAN GOONS THAT ARE TRYING TO DESTROY MY LIFE!

YOU'RE EMOTIONAL.

"IRRATIONAL."

WE MUST KEEP HIM CLEAR OF THE CROWDS.
DA, CHRISTINA.

HEY!

DO NOT TOUCH ME!
AAH!

HE HURRRT THEM.
WE HURRRT HIM BACK.

NYYAAAA!
5

PRUH-PROFESSOR?!
I CUH-CAN'T HEAR YOU!

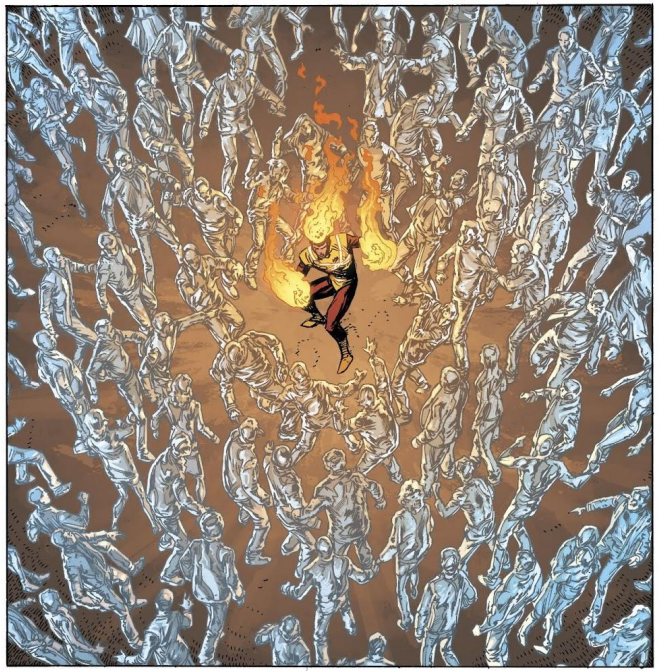
PLEASE, ANSWER ME!
I NUH... NEED YOU...

YOU'RE SO QUIET, BUT...
GET BACK ON MY FEET, YEAH. BACK IN THE SKY, I...I'M TRYING. THE FIRE'S OUT, BUT I...

NO! LET GO!
LET GO OF ME!

LET.

GO.



PROFESSOR...
OH MY GOD. I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

WHAT DID I DO?

DID HE... DID HE KILL ALL THOSE PEOPLE?
WHERE'S HE GOING?

PRIME MINISTER MEDVEDEV IS CALLING THIS A CALCULATED TERRORIST ATTACK CARRIED OUT BY ONE OF THE UNITED STATES' MOST DANGEROUS METAHUMAN AGENTS...
OM MOSCOW

IT CAN'T BE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

CAN IT, CLARK?

CLARK?

THE WHITE HOUSE IS ALREADY DENYING ANY RELATIONSHIP EXISTS BETWEEN FIRESTORM AND THE DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS.

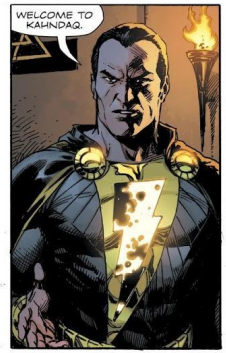
THERE SUPES GOES! HE'S GONNA BRING FIRESTORM IN, I BET YA.
YEAH, SUPERMAN'S GOING TO CLEAR THIS ALL UP.

"AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY."

A BIRD, A PLANE.

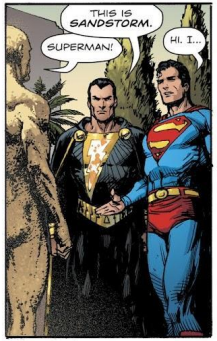
A SUPERMAN.
HAHAHAHAHAHA

HELLO, SUPERMAN.


WELCOME TO KAHNDAQ.

AS YOU CAN SEE, KAHNDAQ IS A PLACE OF PEACE FOR ALL, HUMAN AND METAHUMAN ALIKE.

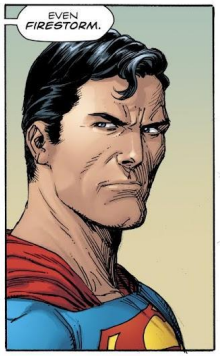
WE HAVE NO SECRETS.
NO ONE TO HIDE.


THIS IS SANDSTORM.
SUPERMAN!
HI. I...

YOU'RE REALLY HERE!
SANDSTORM? HE'S...

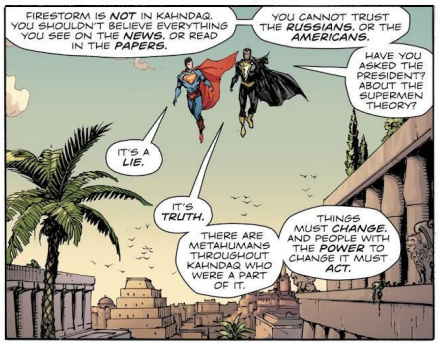
A BOY.
NABIL AZMAH. FROM DOUMA, SYRIA.

HIS FAMILY WAS KILLED IN THE CIVIL WAR. HIS YOUNGER SISTER GASSED BY ASSAD, THE RUSSIANS' PUPPET.
HE USED HIS POWER OVER THE DESERT SANDS TO FREE THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN FROM ENSLAVEMENT, INCLUDING HIMSELF.
HE BROUGHT THEM TO KAHNDAQ WHERE ALL ARE WELCOME.


EVEN FIRESTORM.

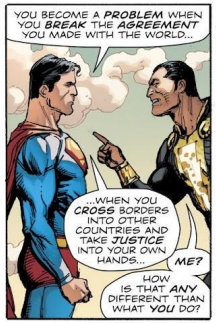
THAT IS WHY YOU'RE HERE, IS IT NOT?
I HEAR THE SAME RUMORS YOU DO. THAT FIRESTORM FLED TO KAHNDAQ.

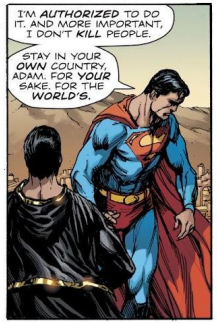
I ONLY WANT TO TALK TO HIM. I WANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED.
THAT'S ALL.


FIRESTORM IS NOT IN KAHNDAQ. YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE ON THE NEWS, OR READ IN THE PAPERS.
YOU CANNOT TRUST THE RUSSIANS, OR THE AMERICANS.
HAVE YOU ASKED THE PRESIDENT? ABOUT THE SUPERMEN THEORY?
IT'S A LIE.
IT'S TRUTH.
THERE ARE METAHUMANS THROUGHOUT KAHNDAQ WHO WERE A PART OF IT.
THINGS MUST CHANGE, AND PEOPLE WITH THE POWER TO CHANGE IT MUST ACT.

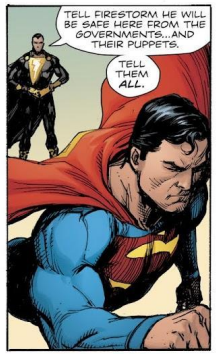
THOUGH YOU MAY NOT BE AMONG THEM. BECAUSE LET'S BE HONEST, SUPERMAN...
YOU'RE A GLORIFIED FIREFIGHTER IN A CAPE.

CAREFUL, ADAM. I DIDN'T GET MY WORKOUT IN TODAY.


YOU BECOME A PROBLEM WHEN YOU BREAK THE AGREEMENT YOU MADE WITH THE WORLD...
...WHEN YOU CROSS BORDERS INTO OTHER COUNTRIES AND TAKE JUSTICE INTO YOUR OWN HANDS...
ME?
HOW IS THAT ANY DIFFERENT THAN WHAT YOU DO?


I'M AUTHORIZED TO DO IT. AND MORE IMPORTANT, I DON'T KILL PEOPLE.
STAY IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY, ADAM. FOR YOUR SAKE. FOR THE WORLD'S.

WHEN YOU FIND FIRESTORM, SUPERMAN...
TELL HIM HE IS WELCOME IN KAHNDAQ.


TELL FIRESTORM HE WILL BE SAFE HERE FROM THE GOVERNMENTS...AND THEIR PUPPETS.
TELL THEM ALL.

"I'VE BEEN LOOKING..."
12

DAILY
"...ALL OVER THE PLANET..."

...FOR SOMEPLACE RONNIE WOULD GO TO AVOID DETECTION.
AND AVOID HURTING ANYONE ELSE.
I DON'T THINK HE EVER LEFT RUSSIA, CLARK.
ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. THANKS, LO.
BE CAREFUL.

NO RETURN ADDRESS...

HUH.

WHO SENT ME THIS?

OTHAM BROADCASTING C
Presents
...COMPANY PRESENTS... THE AMERICAN NEWS!
AMERICAN
NEWS
IT'S APRIL 2ND, 1941! AND AS THE WAR RAGES ON OVERSEAS, BACK HOME THERE'S TROUBLE!

SABOTEURS! SPIES! FASCISTS!
WHAT IS THIS?

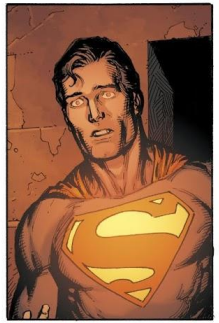
AND ONLY THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA CAN STOP THEM!
THE... WHAT?
13

"WHO THE HELL ARE THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?"

WE NEED TO TRY AGAIN, PROFESSOR!

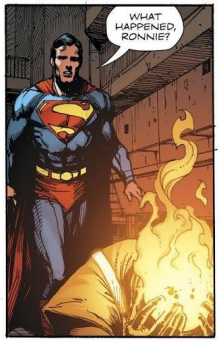
NO. I WON'T GIVE UP!

AAAAAAAA!



COME ON!
PLEASE!

YOU NEED TO SHUH-SHOW ME HOW, PROFESSOR!
TELL ME HOW TO DO IT!
NO! WE CAN DO IT!


WHAT HAPPENED, RONNIE?

SUPERMAN?
PLEASE.
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU. I DUH-DON'T...

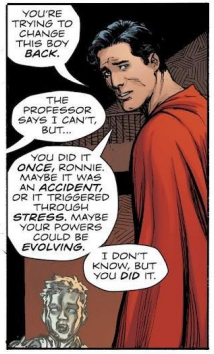
I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PEOPLE?
TO THIS... CHILD?

I CAN TRUST SUPERMAN, PROFESSOR!
BECAUSE EVERYONE CAN!

TELL PROFESSOR STEIN I ONLY WANT TO HELP.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THIS CHILD?

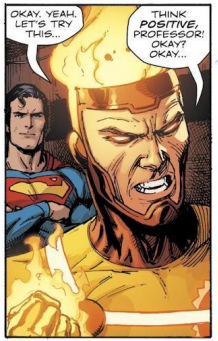
I CAN TRANSMUTE ELEMENTS. I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SINCE THE PROFESSOR AND I COULD FUSE TOGETHER.
BUT MY POWERS HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO AFFECT ANYTHING ORGANIC.
UNTIL NOW. I TURNED THEM TO...GLASS. I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT...


YOU'RE TRYING TO CHANGE THIS BOY BACK.
THE PROFESSOR SAYS I CAN'T, BUT...
YOU DID IT ONCE, RONNIE. MAYBE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, OR IT TRIGGERED THROUGH STRESS. MAYBE YOUR POWERS COULD BE EVOLVING.
I DON'T KNOW, BUT YOU DID IT.

YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN.

YEAH, I... I CAN TRY.
BUT THE PROFESSOR IS RIGHT. YOU NEED TO LEAVE. PUSHING MYSELF LIKE THIS, I'LL BECOME UNSTABLE.
I COULD DETONATE.

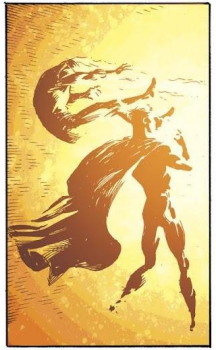
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU.
BUT...
I'LL BE FINE.

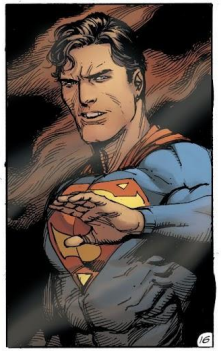

OKAY. YEAH. LET'S TRY THIS...
THINK POSITIVE, PROFESSOR! OKAY? OKAY...

YyAAAAA!!

GOD, PLEASE.
PLEASE LET THIS WORRRRRR

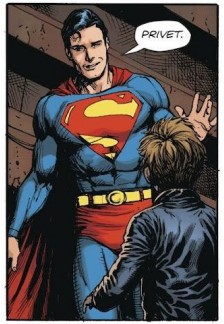
KKKKKAAAEEEE!

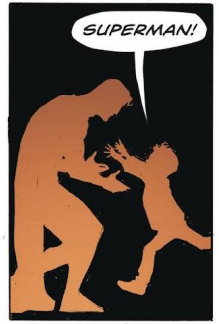



15

WE... WE DID IT.
WE FREAKING DID IT!

SUPERMAN.


PRIVET.


SUPERMAN!

IS HE REALLY ALL RIGHT?

HE'S REALLY ALL RIGHT.
AND EVERYONE ELSE IN MOSCOW WILL BE, TOO.
IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, RONNIE.

THANK YOU, SUPERMAN.

THE PROFESSOR SAYS THANK YOU, TOO.
17

THIS IS A MESSAGE TO AMERICA FOR ALL THE WORLD TO HEAR.
WE ARE AT A VIOLENT CROSSROADS; WHERE THE DIRECTION WE TURN WILL DETERMINE THE FUTURE OF OUR WORLD.

MAJOR GLOBAL CONFLICTS HAVE BEEN AVOIDED FOR DECADES, DUE TO THE GEOSTRATEGIC BALANCE OF POWER, WHICH USED TO EXIST.
THE TWO SUPER-NUCLEAR POWERS ESSENTIALLY AGREED TO STOP PRODUCING WEAPONRY CAPABLE OF ANNIHILATING OUR PLANET.
THIS WAS THE ABSOLUTE LINCHPIN OF INTERNATIONAL SECURITY ALONG WITH ALL OF THE SURROUNDING AGREEMENTS THAT USED TO BE IN PLACE.
BUT ON BEHALF OF THE HUNDREDS OF RUSSIAN CITIZENS WHO WERE MURDERED BY AN AMERICAN METAHUMAN, A SOLDIER OF THE UNITED STATES, I WILL NO LONGER TOLERATE AMERICA'S LIES!

THEY HAVE BEEN AMASSING AN ARMY COVERTLY FOR MORE THAN A DECADE.
FORCING US TO AMASS OUR OWN.

FIRESTORM WILL BE FOUND WHEREVER HE IS. ALONG WITH EVERYONE CONNECTED TO HIS CREATION.
INCLUDING MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
WE ARE AT WAR...

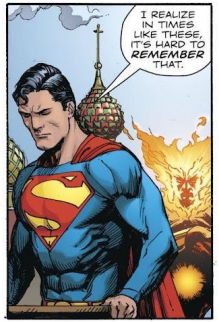
I WAS HOPING I COULD CONVINCE YOU OTHERWISE, SIR.

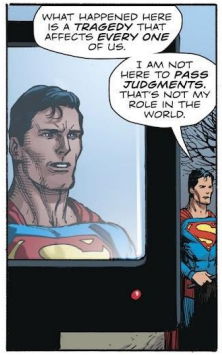
SUPERMAN.
WELCOME, SUPERMAN. THANK YOU FOR COMING. I ASSUME YOU'RE HERE TO HELP.

I AM.

YOU CAN START BY HELPING US FIND FIRESTORM.
TURN HIM OVER.

ALTHOUGH YOUR TONE IS UNDERSTANDABLE, POZHAR, REMEMBER SUPERMAN SPEAKS NOT FOR AMERICA, BUT FOR ALL PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET.
THANK YOU. I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN, TO YOU. TO EVERYONE.
THERE'S STILL HOPE.

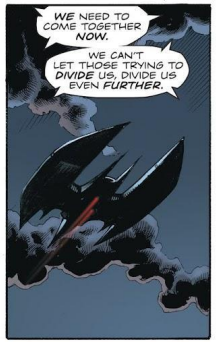

I REALIZE IN TIMES LIKE THESE, IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER THAT.


WHAT HAPPENED HERE IS A TRAGEDY THAT AFFECTS EVERY ONE OF US.
I AM NOT HERE TO PASS JUDGMENTS. THAT'S NOT MY ROLE IN THE WORLD.

BUT I AM HERE TO ASK YOU TO TRUST ME.

WHAT FIRESTORM DID WAS AN ACCIDENT.
BUT IT'S ONE THAT CAN BE UNDONE.

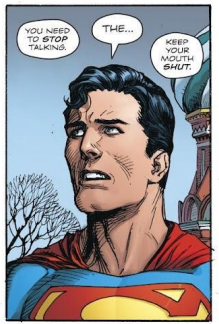
YOU ALL KNOW, I COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET. ONE THAT WAS CALLED KRYPTON.
MY WORLD DID NOT SURVIVE BECAUSE A COUNCIL COULDN'T AGREE.
THEY COULDN'T COME TOGETHER TO TRY AND SAVE IT.


WE NEED TO COME TOGETHER NOW.
WE CAN'T LET THOSE TRYING TO DIVIDE US, DIVIDE US EVEN FURTHER.

THE SUPERMEN THEORY HAS SPREAD FEAR AND HATRED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
IT'S THE SOURCE OF THE RIOTS IN OUR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES AND THE STRIFE BETWEEN OUR NATIONS.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
AND THE TRAGEDY HERE IN MOSCOW.

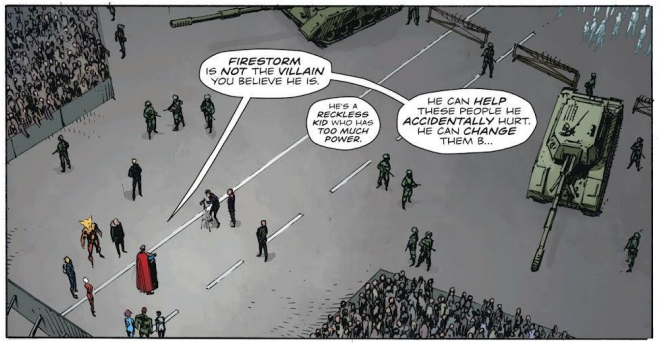
H.F. RADIO
TRANSMITTING
CLARK... IT'S BRUCE.

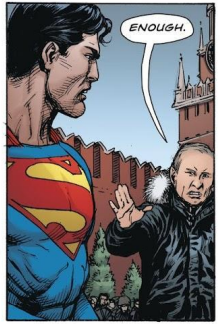

YOU NEED TO STOP TALKING.
THE...
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

DON'T PICK A SIDE.

THE DEMONIZATION OF METAHUMANS IS WRONG.

THE DEMONIZATION OF ANY GROUP OF PEOPLE IS WRONG.


FIRESTORM IS NOT THE VILLAIN YOU BELIEVE HE IS.
HE'S A RECKLESS KID WHO HAS TOO MUCH POWER.
HE CAN HELP THESE PEOPLE HE ACCIDENTALLY HURT. HE CAN CHANGE THEM B...


ENOUGH.

I HAVE PROOF. POZHAR DOES.
FIRESTORM IS AN AMERICAN AGENT, SUPERMAN.

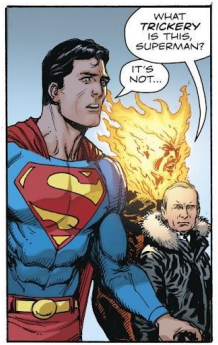
THIS WAS AN ATTACK AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF RUSSIA AND FOR YOU TO TRY AND SUGGEST OTHERWISE IN THE PRESENCE OF THOSE HE KILLED...
FIRESTORM CAN TURN THEM BACK...

FIRESTORM MURDERED MY CHILD!

AAAHH!

IT'S HIM!
RUN!

IT'S THE AMERICAN MONSTER!


WHAT TRICKERY IS THIS, SUPERMAN?
IT'S NOT...

NO, WAIT! I CAN FIX IT!
I CAN FIX EVERYTHING, YOU SEE?!

STOP.

MAMA!

STOP!

MAMA!

NO!

YOU'RE KILLING THEM!

WE NEED TO END THIS.
BUT... BUT THAT'S SUPERMAN. WHAT DO WE DO?
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, CHRISTINA...
...YOU PROTECT OUR COUNTRY OR I PUT YOU BACK IN THAT PRISON YOU WERE ROTTING IN.

LEAVE FIRESTORM TO ME.

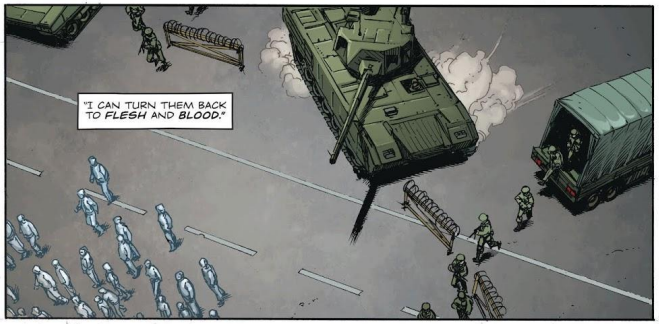
YOU HEARD HIM...

STOP SUPERMAN!

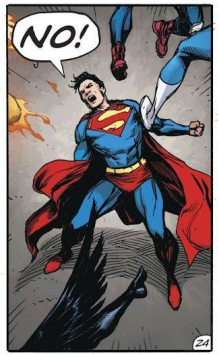
HOW DARE YOU COME BACK HERE!
WAIT, I CAN SAVE THEM!

"LIAR!"
THIS WAY, MR. PRESIDENT.

I CAN MAKE THIS RIGHT!
I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
PLEASE...

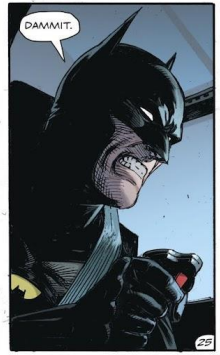

"I CAN TURN THEM BACK TO FLESH AND BLOOD."

NO!


NO!

...APPEARS TO BE ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN MILITARY...

MY GOD! CLARK?!


DAMMIT.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I CAN STILL HELP THEM ALL!

NO! I'M NOT LEAVING, PROFESSOR!
WE HAVE TO HELP THESE PEOPLE!

"WE CAN STOP THIS!

IF I PICK ONE! IF I CHANGE ONE BACK AND SHOW THEM, I...
...OH NO.
NO, NO, NO, NO! NO!

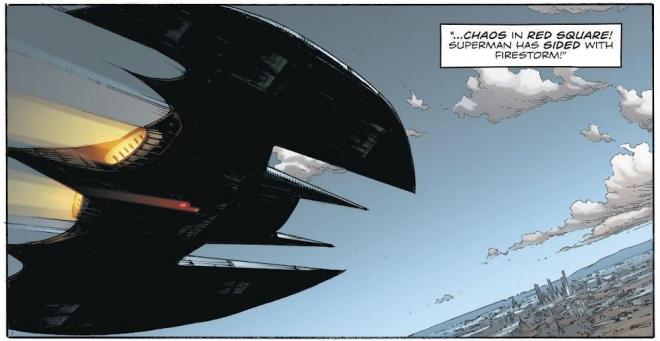
NO, I CAN'T... I CAN'T FIX THIS ONE.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START... HOW...

WHY WOULDN'T YOU LISTEN?!

AAAAAA!!!

AAAAARRRR!

FIRESTORM!


"...CHAOS IN RED SQUARE! SUPERMAN HAS SIDED WITH FIRESTORM!"

SUPERMAN, LISTEN TO ME!

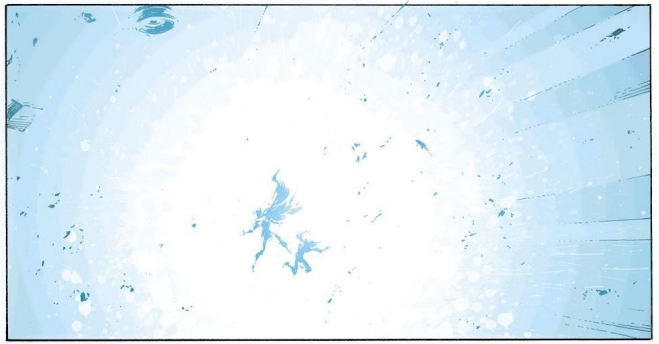
THE ENERGY READINGS ARE SPIKING!

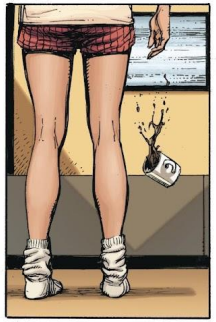
DON'T LOSE CONTROL AGAIN, RONNIE.
SUPERMAN...

I...

I'M OKAY.

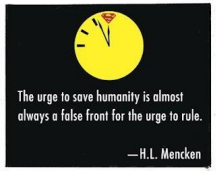
IT'S NOT FIRESTORM!





YES.

IT BEGINS.


The urge to save humanity is almost always a false front for the urge to rule.
—H.L. Mencken

the daily Star
METRO FINAL
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TRUST
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All the News We Fit to Print

Metropolis Times

Today's Weather
Overcast with some sun in early evening. High 80, low 62. Tomorrow: drizzle expected in morning. Thunderstorms possible in afternoon.

JUNE 6, 2019

METAHUMAN MOSCOW MASSACRE

DAILY PLANET

THE VOICE OF METROPOLIS

$1.50

EVENING METRO EDITION

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 2019

SUPERMAN MISSING

The Truth We Don't Know

BY PERRY WHITE

Although it's been confirmed Firestorm is responsible for the deaths of dozens in Moscow after transforming them into glass, the exact source of the detonation that later left hundreds dead and Superman and Firestorm missing has come into question. The obvious assumption was yet another outburst from the rash and seemingly unstable Firestorm. But as the world, in this editor's opinion, unjustly began to blame Superman, suspicions of his own "solar flare" eruptions from the past came into question. Was the Man of Steel, the most trusted metahuman in the world, behind it? Or was it a third party? An unseen force that has been speculated by one of the top physicists in the world, Professor Ray Palmer. Could there be another element behind this tragedy?

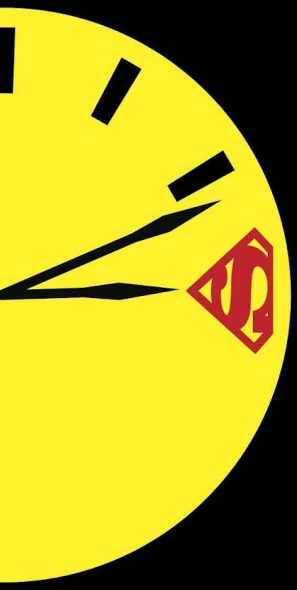
Last spring, Superman saves children of the New Troy School District.

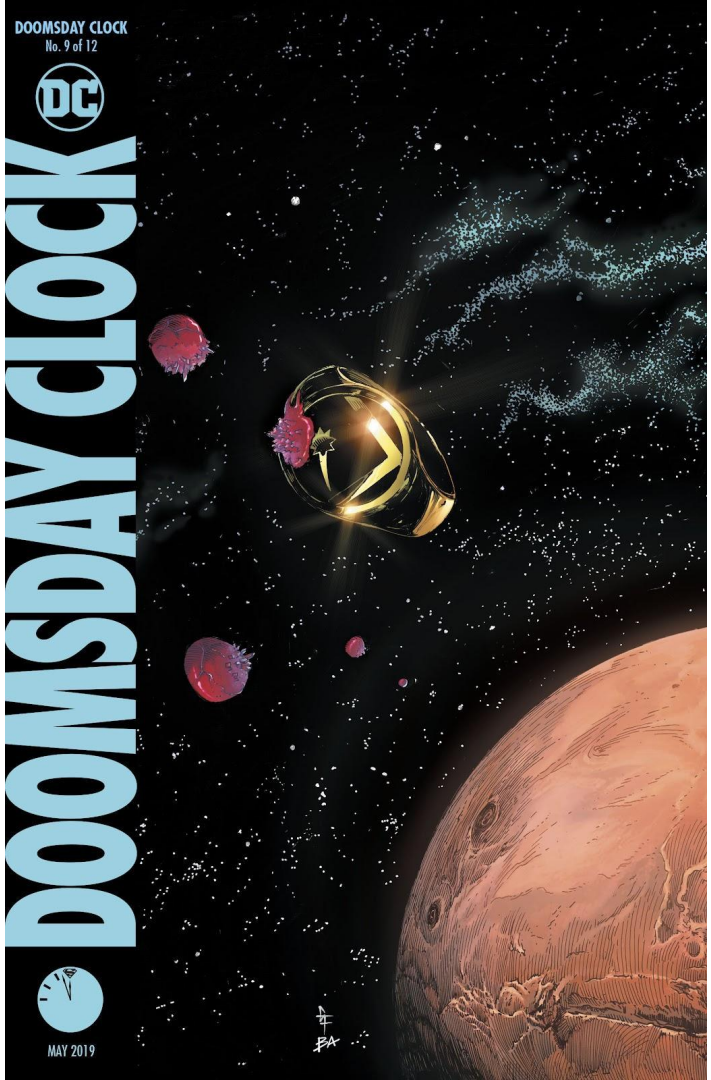
Who Attacked Who?

BY RON TROUPE

Government leaders from across the world have quickly moved to denounce Superman for his part in the horrible tragedy at Moscow that has left hundreds dead, but the truth is Superman's exact role in this event is still unclear. By all accounts, prior to the outbreak of violence, Superman was addressing the Russian people, and the world, reflecting upon the destruction of his own home planet and how, in many ways, the inability of its leaders to work together to save Krypton mirror our own troubles here on Earth. Despite reports from media outlets claiming Superman was the first to attack the Russian army, analysis of footage from Red Square reveals a young boy in the line of gunfire from Russian soldiers.

Although previous reports have




DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 9 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
MAY 2019

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 9
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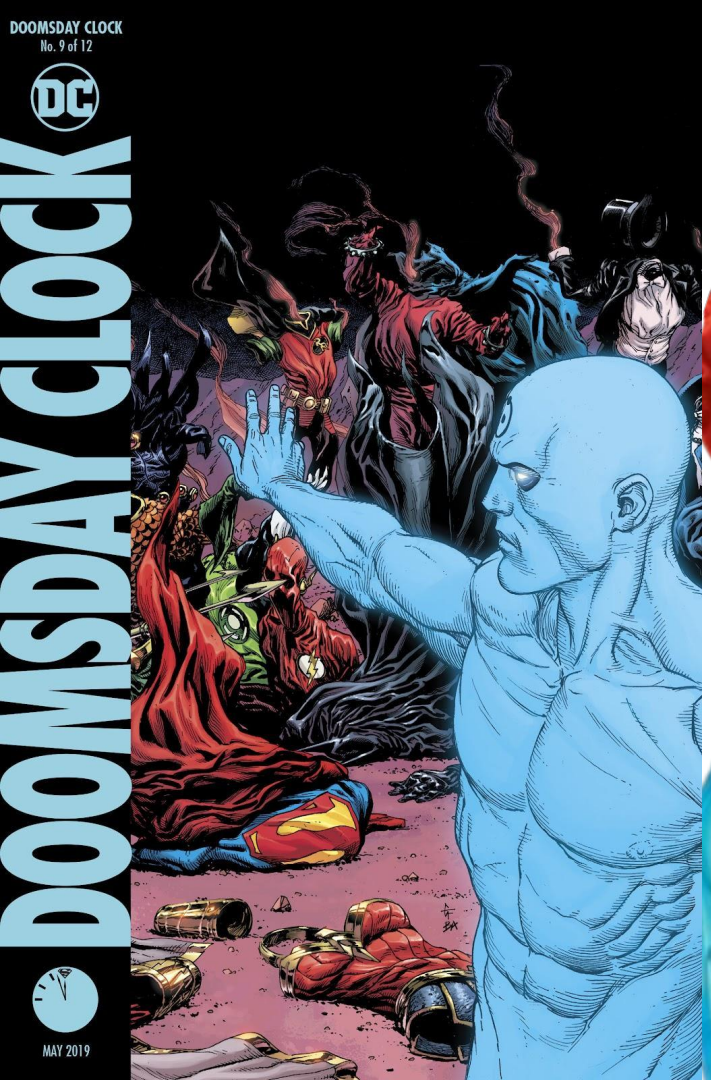
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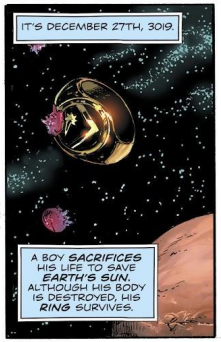
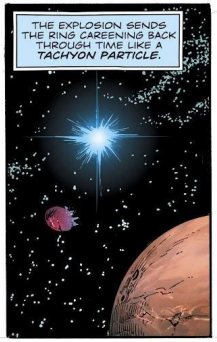
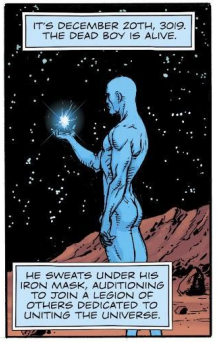

IT'S DECEMBER 27TH, 3019.
A BOY SACRIFICES HIS LIFE TO SAVE EARTH'S SUN. ALTHOUGH HIS BODY IS DESTROYED, HIS RING SURVIVES.

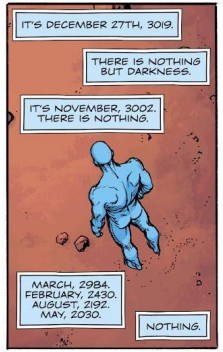

THE EXPLOSION SENDS THE RING CAREENING BACK THROUGH TIME LIKE A TACHYON PARTICLE.


IT'S DECEMBER 20TH, 3019. THE DEAD BOY IS ALIVE.
HE SWEATS UNDER HIS IRON MASK, AUDITIONING TO JOIN A LEGION OF OTHERS DEDICATED TO UNITING THE UNIVERSE.

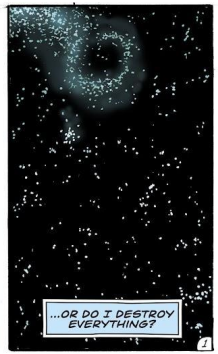
THE DEAD BOY'S RING IS IN MY HAND.

IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. I MOVE THE LANTERN SIX INCHES OUT OF ALAN SCOTT'S REACH.

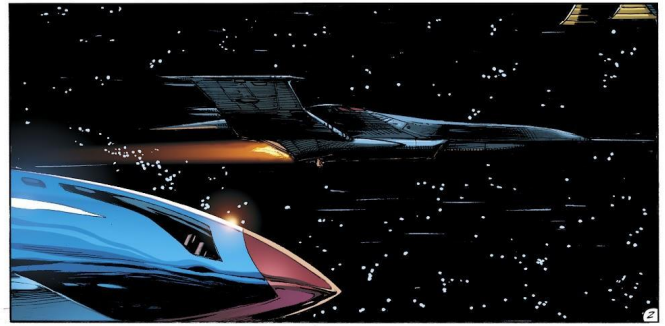
THERE IS NO RING IN MY HAND. THERE NEVER WAS A RING.

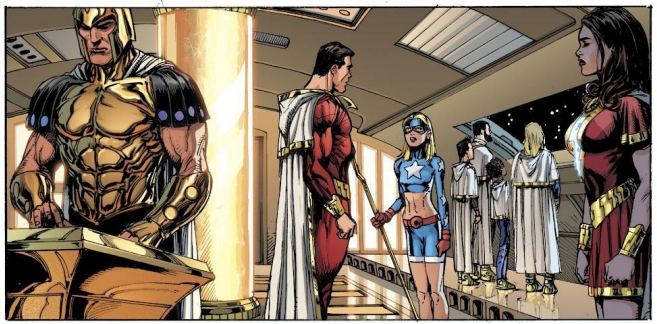

IT'S DECEMBER 27TH, 3019.
THERE IS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS.
IT'S NOVEMBER, 3002. THERE IS NOTHING.
MARCH, 2984. FEBRUARY, 2430. AUGUST, 2192. MAY, 2030.
NOTHING.

ONE WEEK FROM NOW, THE LAST THING I SEE IS SUPERMAN IN A RAGE. HIS CAPE IS TORN AND HIS HANDS STAINED WITH BLOOD.
I STAND ON MARS UNABLE TO ANSWER BUT A SINGLE QUESTION: DOES SUPERMAN DESTROY ME...

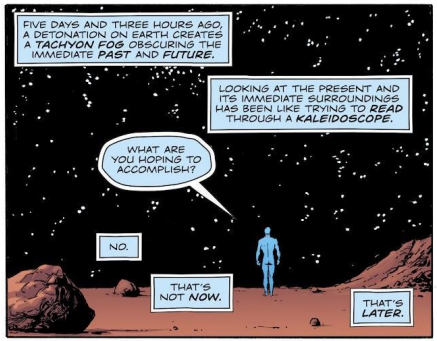

...OR DO I DESTROY EVERYTHING?

CRISIS





HOW MUCH LONGER?
GOOD QUESTION.


FIVE DAYS AND THREE HOURS AGO, A DETONATION ON EARTH CREATES A TACHYON FOG OBSCURING THE IMMEDIATE PAST AND FUTURE.
LOOKING AT THE PRESENT AND ITS IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS HAS BEEN LIKE TRYING TO READ THROUGH A KALEIDOSCOPE.
WHAT ARE YOU HOPING TO ACCOMPLISH?
NO.
THAT'S NOT NOW.
THAT'S LATER.

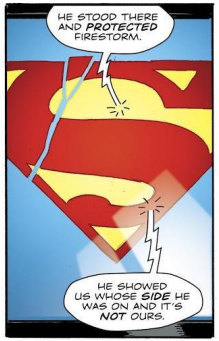
AS THE TACHYON PARTICLES FINALLY BEGIN TO FADE, I AM ABLE TO PROBE INTO THE PAST, FOLLOWING THEM TO THEIR SOURCE.

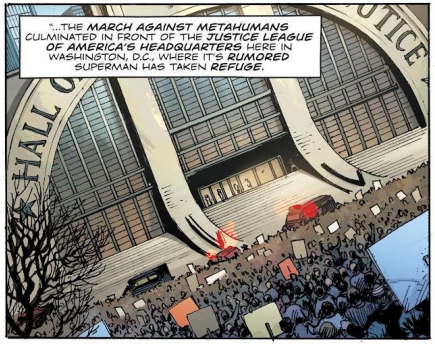
MOSCOW.

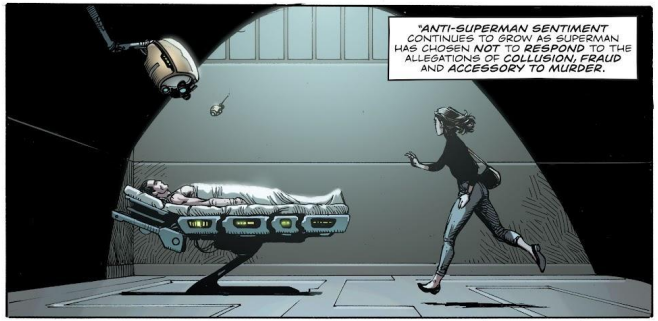
I'VE GOT BRUCE. HE'S BREATHING.

FIRESTORM MUST'VE MADE A HELLUVA EXPLOSION TO PULL HIMSELF APART LIKE THIS.
AND SUPERMAN... I MEAN, CHRIST, CARTER.

WHAT THE HELL DID FIRESTORM DO TO SUPERMAN?
"SUPERMAN GOT WHAT HE DESERVED."


HE STOOD THERE AND PROTECTED FIRESTORM.
HE SHOWED US WHOSE SIDE HE WAS ON AND IT'S NOT OURS.


"...THE MARCH AGAINST METAHUMANS CULMINATED IN FRONT OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA'S HEADQUARTERS HERE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE IT'S RUMORED SUPERMAN HAS TAKEN REFUGE.


"ANTI-SUPERMAN SENTIMENT CONTINUES TO GROW AS SUPERMAN HAS CHOSEN NOT TO RESPOND TO THE ALLEGATIONS OF COLLUSION, FRAUD AND ACCESSORY TO MURDER.

"WE CAN ONLY GUESS AS TO WHY SUPERMAN REFUSES TO TALK TO THE PRESS."

"YOU CAN'T WAIT TO ADDRESS THIS ANY LONGER, MR. PRESIDENT.

YOU HAVE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND CONDEMN SUPERMAN'S ACTIONS.
CONDEMN THEM? I'LL BE GIVING UP THE BIGGEST DETERRENT TO FOREIGN ATTACK I'VE GOT.
IT'S A HUGE THING, WHAT YOU'RE ASKING. HUGE.
HE'S A LIABILITY NOW, MR. PRESIDENT. YOU STAND BY SUPERMAN TODAY, YOU LOSE THE WHITE HOUSE TOMORROW.

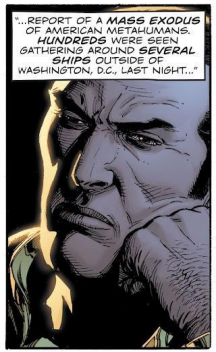
I SHOULD THROW THIS FAILURE TO THE WOLVES, TOO. ARROGANT AND VERY DUMB.
FIRESTORM
I WOULD ADVISE AGAINST THAT. NO ONE WANTS TO GO TO PRISON.

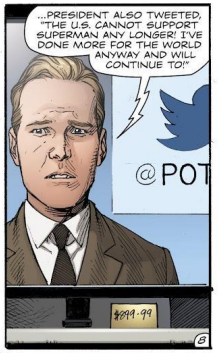
"YOU NEED TO SHOW THE AMERICAN PEOPLE YOU'RE THEIR SAVIOR NOW."

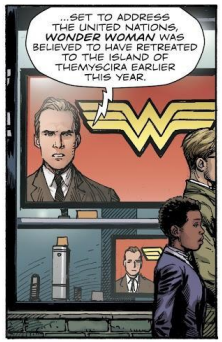
YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE

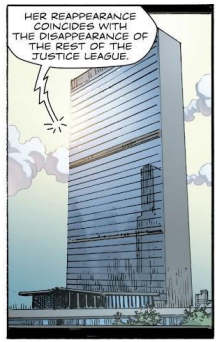
"OUR HEROES CAN NO LONGER WEAR MASKS...

THEY MUST REVEAL THEMSELVES AND THEIR TRUE LOYALTIES TO THE WORLD.
RUSSIA DEMANDS IT.


"...REPORT OF A MASS EXODUS OF AMERICAN METAHUMANS. HUNDREDS WERE SEEN GATHERING AROUND SEVERAL SHIPS OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON, D.C., LAST NIGHT..."


...PRESIDENT ALSO TWEETED, "THE U.S. CANNOT SUPPORT SUPERMAN ANY LONGER! I'VE DONE MORE FOR THE WORLD ANYWAY AND WILL CONTINUE TO!"
@POT
$999.99
8


...SET TO ADDRESS THE UNITED NATIONS, WONDER WOMAN WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE RETREATED TO THE ISLAND OF THEMYSCIRA EARLIER THIS YEAR.

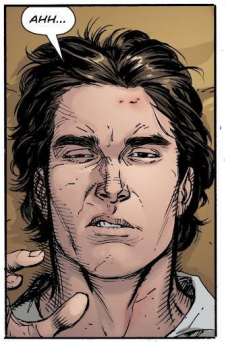

HER REAPPEARANCE COINCIDES WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE REST OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE.

SHHN...

MASTER WAYNE?
ALFRED?
RRN.
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S CLARK?

HE'S RECOVERING, SECURED WITHIN THE HALL OF JUSTICE.
HE'S SAFE.

AND FIRESTORM?
9


AHH...

PROFESSOR? YOU GET THE NUMBER OF THE TRUCK THAT HIT US?
IT WASN'T A TRUCK, RONALD. A DETONATION OF SOME KIND.

ONE MADE TO APPEAR AS THOUGH WE WERE THE SOURCE OF IT.

SO, FRAMED AGAIN? FIRST POZIHAR SPREADS LIES ABOUT US BEING CONNECTED TO THE SUPERMEN THEORY AND NOW THIS?
WHERE ARE WE ANYWAY?

LOOKS LIKE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS MAYBE.

UH...

OR NOT.
10

WHY WOULD THEY ALL LEAVE THE PLANET?

...YEAH, YOU CAN QUOTE ME. NONE OF YOU BARKING PUNDITS ARE WORTH SUPERMAN'S PISS!
HELL, YOU AREN'T WORTH MINE!

...THE LEAGUE SENT THE VERY BEST TO ANALYZE AND CONTAIN ANY ENVIRONMENTAL DAMAGE FROM FIRESTORM'S DETONATION.
THE GREEN LANTERNS, THE ATOM... EVEN JOHN CONSTANTINE VOLUNTEERED.
AND THEY DISCOVERED IT WASN'T FIRESTORM WHO CAUSED THE EXPLOSION.

IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE THEY BELIEVE WAS TRYING TO KILL SUPERMAN.

"IT WAS AN ENERGY THEY'D NEVER ENCOUNTERED.
"AND THEY TRACED IT TO MARS."

THEY'RE BEING PLAYED.
PLAYED? EXCUSE ME, SIR? I BELIEVE YOUR LAST WORDS TO SUPERMAN BEFORE THE EXPLOSION WERE, "IT ISN'T FIRESTORM."

FIRESTORM WASN'T BEHIND THE EXPLOSION, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THE MAN THEY'RE GOING AFTER WAS EITHER.
I SHOULD'VE LISTENED.

I DIDN'T SEE IT.

COMPUTER? HOW LONG FOR A MESSAGE TO REACH MARS?
11

"THIRTEEN MINUTES AND FIFTY-FIVE SECONDS."

WOULD'VE BEEN FASTER IF WE CAME OURSELVES INSTEAD OF DRAGGIN' ALL THESE FOLKS WITH US.
WE DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, GUY.

WELL, WE KNOW ONE THING ABOUT 'EM BESIDES HIS NOT BEIN' A FAN OF SUPERMAN.
WHAT'S THAT?

HE LIKES CHECKERS.
WHY DO YOU ASSUME IT'S A HE?
SHIT, NOT THIS AGAIN, NEW GIRL.
AND, HEY, I SAY THE VILLAIN IS A WOMAN AND YOU'LL GET MAD FOR THAT.

LOOK AT THIS. A PHOTOGRAPH.

WHO'S THAT?

EVERYONE, OUR RINGS HAVE LOCATED A STRUCTURE OF SOME KIND UP AHEAD.
HIS BASE, IF ANYTHING.
OR HERS.
CRAM IT, GARDNER.

YOU BROUGHT US ALONG WITHOUT CONSENT, TORNADO.
PROFESSOR, PLEASE UNDERSTAND...

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY FINE, LORRAINE.
WE'VE ESSENTIALLY BEEN SHANGHAIED BY THE JUSTICE LEAGUE...

RONNIE, SOMEONE SET YOU UP. AND THAT SOMEONE PUT SUPERMAN IN A COMA.
AND THAT SOMEONE IS ON MARS?

THE RING ISN'T PICKING UP ANY FINGERPRINTS, BUT ITS ENERGY SOURCE MATCHES THE EXPLOSION IN MOSCOW.

MESSAGE WILL BE RECEIVED IN TWELVE MINUTES AND FOUR SECONDS.

KINDA CREEPY, ISN'T IT?

"IT'S SO STILL."

AND... PRETTY.

HELLO, LOIS.

DID YOU GET THE DRIVE I SENT YOU?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT IN HERE, LEX, BUT IF YOU'VE COME TO TRY AND FINISH SUPERMAN OFF...
...IT'LL BE OVER MY DEAD BODY.

I HAVE NO INTENTION OF HARMING SUPERMAN AT THE MOMENT, LOIS.
"I DON'T BELIEVE THIS."

WE SHOULD BE FLYING HOME TO TURN OURSELVES IN FOR WHAT HAPPENED IN MOSCOW, RONALD.
...NOT MARCHING ACROSS MARS TO FIGHT SOME BATTLE.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE BELIEVES WHATEVER HAPPENED IN RUSSIA, INCLUDING THE CIVILIAN DEATHS, MAY NOT HAVE BEEN YOUR FAULT, PROFESSOR STEIN.
IN FACT, WE THINK THE VILLAIN WE'RE TRACKING WAS BEHIND IT ALL IN AN EFFORT TO DISCREDIT SUPERMAN.

AND US. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
RONALD, DON'T...

"I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR.

"BUT THEY NEED FIRESTORM!"

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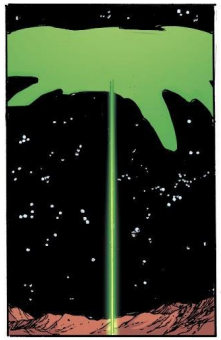
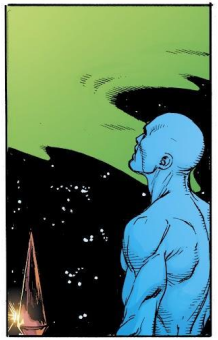
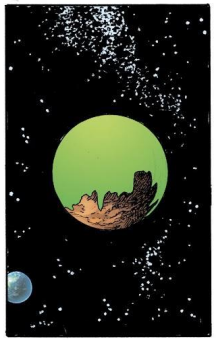






THE PLANET'S SEALED. READY FOR...
WILL YOU STOP IT, PROFESSOR?

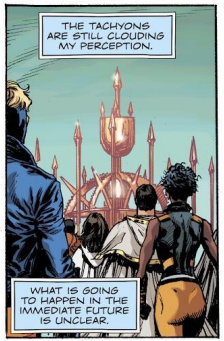
I AM DEMANDING YOU REMOVE US FROM THIS, RONALD.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
I WON'T HELP YOU!

I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE TO CREATE BREATHABLE AIR, PROFESSOR.
EVEN I KNOW THAT ONE.

WOW. MARS.
DON'T GET DISTRACTED, ROBBY.
I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN OUT OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE.

MESSAGE WILL BE RECEIVED IN ELEVEN MINUTES AND FIVE SECONDS.

...THE SUPERMEN THEORY ISN'T A CONSPIRACY. IT'S FACT.
NO ONE EVER DOES.
NO ONE WANTS TO HEAR IT RIGHT NOW, QUESTION.
15


THE TACHYONS ARE STILL CLOUDING MY PERCEPTION.
WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN IN THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE IS UNCLEAR.

BUT I SEE HOW THIS ENDS.

IS THERE A PLAN, J'ONN?
WE MAKE INITIAL CONTACT, RALPH. WE SEE WHAT HE WANTS.

HELLO. MY NAME IS J'ONN J'ONZZ.
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MARS?
GROSS. THE DUDE'S NAKED. HE'S HANGIN' IN THE WIND.
THAT'S ENOUGH, FREDDY.
DARLA, COVER YOUR EYES.

THEY'RE PROTESTING A POWER THEY FEAR.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

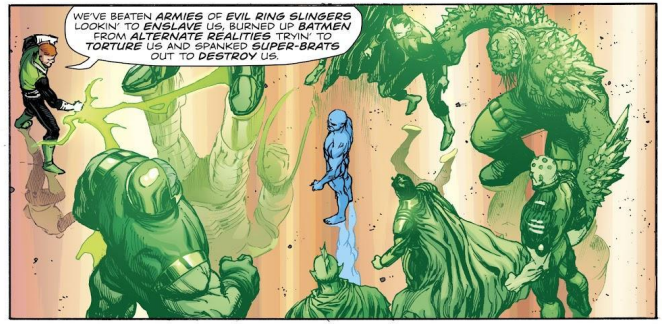
EXCUSE ME, I WAS TALKING TO RONALD RAYMOND SIX MINUTES FROM NOW.
THE TACHYONS ARE MUDDLING THINGS UP...
YOU'RE HERE LOOKING FOR ANSWERS YOU DON'T KNOW THE QUESTIONS TO.

SHOCKER. THE GUY'S A LUNATIC.

HEY, BLUE MAN GROUP! BEFORE YOU LAUNCH INTO WHY YOU'RE MESSIN' WITH SUPERMAN, LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT HIS FRIENDS!
WE'RE THE BIGGEST GROUP OF BADASSES THIS SIDE OF THE MILKY WAY.

WE'VE MADE THE RULER OF APOKOLIPS LICK THE SHIT OFF OUR BOOTS.

SHOVED A UNIVERSE-EATER BACK INTO THE SEWER HE CRAWLED OUT OF.


WE'VE BEATEN ARMIES OF EVIL RING SLINGERS LOOKIN' TO ENSLAVE US, BURNED UP BATMEN FROM ALTERNATE REALITIES TRYIN' TO TORTURE US AND SPANKED SUPER-BRATS OUT TO DESTROY US.

GUY, THAT'S ENOUGH.
FROM YOUR MIND, I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE CONFUSED.

ONLY FOR THE MOMENT.
IN FIVE SECONDS, YOU WILL BROADCAST TO EVERYONE THE THOUGHT YOU READ MOST CLEARLY.

MY FINAL VISION OF SUPERMAN.

YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO DESTROY YOU SO YOU'RE OUT TO DESTROY HIM FIRST?

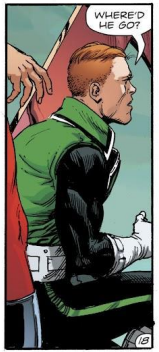
AND ALL OF US WITH HIM.
YOU ALL SAW WHAT J'ONN DID, RIGHT? THIS FREAK THINKS IT'S THE END OF THE UNIVERSE!

SHIT, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!
TALK IS OVER. LET'S PUT SOME UNDERWEAR ON THIS GUY!

AAAAHHHH!

WAIT. IS THAT IT?
CHRIST, I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM OUTRIGHT, BUT HE HAD IT COMIN'...

HEY.


WHERE'D HE GO?

THAT RING...

I'M CURIOUS.

WHAT'S INSIDE IT?

BUH-BACK AW-OFF!

AAAAEEYYY!

I MUST ADMIT, NOT KNOWING WHAT IS AND WAS AND WILL BE...

IT'S ENJOYABLE.

AND THIS ENERGY, EMOTION COALESCED AND MANUFACTURED INTO A POWER BY THE RING.
I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO AFFECT.

IF HE AIN'T SUSSED THE POWER RINGS, HE'S GON'AVE A FOOKEN HARD TIME W' WHAT WE'VE GOT.
ZEE!

MY TURN TO PLAY FIRST!
HELLFIRE BURNS WORST!

EZEERF!

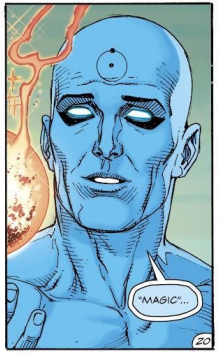
YOU ALL BELIEVE YOU'RE WIELDING MAGIC.

Y'GOT THAT RIGHT.

I MUST PERFORM A DEEPER ANALYSIS, BUT I SEE THIS POWER YOU HARNESS IS IN REALITY THE SCRAPS OF CREATION.

LIKE THE RANDOM ERRORS IN COMPUTER CODE, DISCARDED AND FORGOTTEN...

...LEFT TO BE PICKED UP AND USED BY THOSE WHO ALSO FIND THEMSELVES DISCARDED AND FORGOTTEN.


"MAGIC"...
20

IT FEELS GOOD TO STILL LEARN.

"I'VE COME IN PEACE..."
21

...TO WORK TOGETHER.
YOU'VE DEDICATED YOUR LIFE TO DESTROYING SUPERMAN, LEX. BUT TODAY, NOW, WHILE THE WORLD TURNS AGAINST HIM AND HE LIES IN A COMA... YOU'VE COME TO HELP HIM?
THAT MAY BE AN OVERSTATEMENT. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, LOIS.
WITH THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE.

WHY WOULD I BELIEVE A THING YOU SAY?

OH, LOIS, IT'S TRUE, I'LL ADMIT, I'M ECSTATIC TO SEE SUPERMAN TAKEN DOWN A PEG OR TWO.
AND I UNDERSTAND YOUR CAUTION WHEN IT COMES TO ME.

BUT PLEASE HEAR ME OUT.

TAKE IT, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.

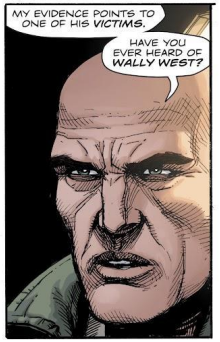
THE SAFETY'S ON, BUT...

I KNOW HOW TO TAKE IT OFF.
BEAUTIFUL AND STRONG.
SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS.

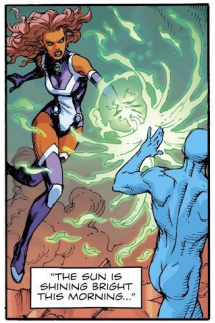
AND DON'T TAKE A STEP CLOSER TO SUPERMAN.
22

I WAS THE ONE WHO SENT YOU THE FOOTAGE OF THOSE HEROES THAT NEVER WERE.
IT'S PROOF, LOIS.
PROOF OF WHAT, LEX?

"THAT THERE IS A FORCE OUT THERE UNDERMINING NOT ONLY SUPERMAN, BUT ALL OF CREATION.'


MY EVIDENCE POINTS TO ONE OF HIS VICTIMS.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF WALLY WEST?

SIR, I TRUST YOU AREN'T THINKING OF GOING TO MARS.


"THE SUN IS SHINING BRIGHT THIS MORNING..."

...AS THE UNITED NATIONS GATHER TOGETHER TO HEAR OUT WONDER WOMAN...
...WHO IS EXPECTED TO PRESENT A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN OF PEACE IN HOPES OF DEFUSING THE ESCALATING METAHUMAN ARMS RACE.

WE CAN'T HOLD BACK, PROFESSOR.
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE'RE DEALING WITH.

NO, RONALD.

YOU DON'T.
23

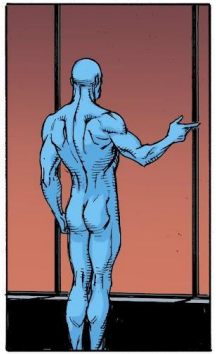
WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? PROFESSOR?
WHERE ARE WE?

YOU ARE SEVEN YEARS, FORTY-SIX DAYS, TWENTY MINUTES AND TEN SECONDS AGO.
OUTSIDE...

THEY'RE PROTESTING A POWER THEY FEAR.

"IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS, THIS FACILITY WILL EXPLODE AND YOU AND PROFESSOR MARTIN STEIN WILL BE FUSED INTO A SINGLE ORGANISM.
"ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL METAHUMANS I HAVE ENCOUNTERED ON THIS EARTH.
"AND LAID BARE, ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY."
STOP PLAYING GOD

WHERE IS THE PROFESSOR?

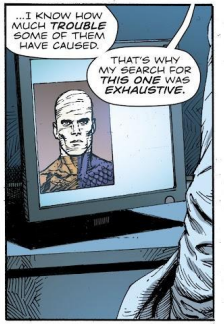


...IT'S ALMOST TIME.

OF COURSE, I REALIZE THE RISKS INVOLVED, BUT...
PROFESSOR?

...YES, AS YOU READ IN MY LATEST REPORT, I BELIEVE THE MORE POWERFUL THE ACCIDENT, THE MORE POWERFUL THE END RESULT...

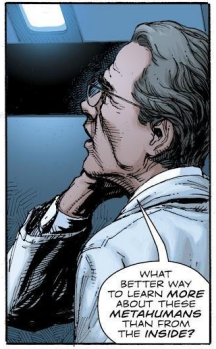
IF YOU TAKE THE ORIGINS OF THE OTHERS INTO CONSIDERATION AND APPLY THE SAME...


...I KNOW HOW MUCH TROUBLE SOME OF THEM HAVE CAUSED.
THAT'S WHY MY SEARCH FOR THIS ONE WAS EXHAUSTIVE.

HIS MOTHER DIED YEARS AGO AND HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS FATHER IS STRAINED.
HE'S IN DESPERATE NEED OF A PARENTAL FIGURE.

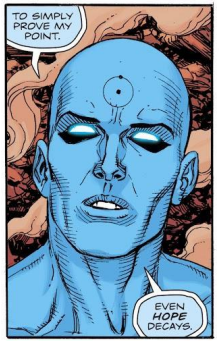
YET IN SOME WAYS, HE REMINDS ME OF MY OWN SON.
I'VE GROOMED HIM WELL.

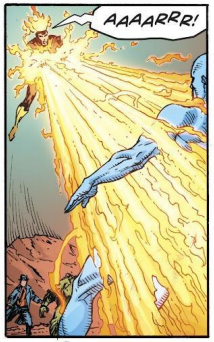
HE AND I SHALL BECOME ONE.


WHAT BETTER WAY TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THESE METAHUMANS THAN FROM THE INSIDE?

NO!
THIS IS ALL A LIE!
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!
GET OUT!

NO!
WHY WOULD YOU SHOW ME THAT? PROFESSOR, WHY WOULD HE...


TO SIMPLY PROVE MY POINT.
EVEN HOPE DECAYS.

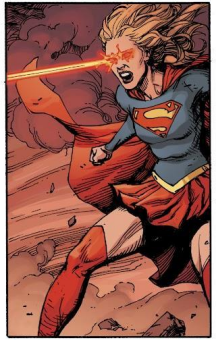

AAAARRR!

INTERESTING.

HEY, YOU SEE THAT?!
NOT AS INVULNERABLE AS HE LOOKS.

VERY.
INTERESTING.

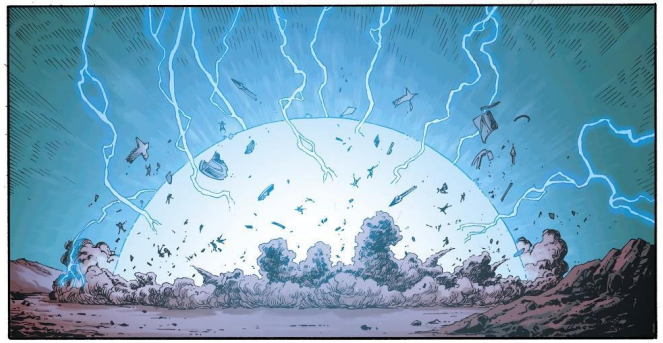
26

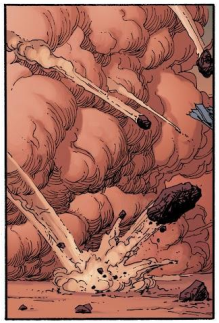


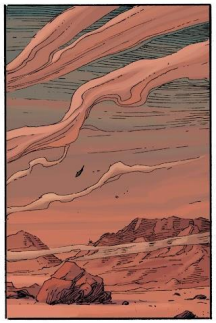
GET BEETLE AND GET CLEAR.

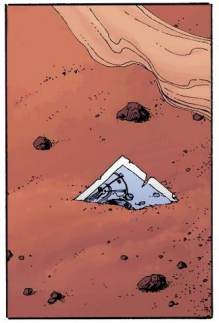
FORGET SUPERMAN!
CAPTAIN ATOM IS THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE.

27









TODAY IS THE DAY WE CAN BEGIN TO HEAL.

OUR WORLD HAS BEEN UNDER ASSAULT BY MISTRUTHS, FEAR AND EXTREMISM.

THERE IS NO SINGULAR VILLAIN BEHIND IT.

"WE'VE ALL PLAYED A ROLE."
MESSAGE FAILED TO SEND.
"EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY, HAL."

YOU ALL RIGHT?
JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE.

HEY! WAY TO GO, RONNIE!
CRACKED THAT EGG RIGHT OPEN!
I DON'T BELIEVE HIM, PROFESSOR, BUT...

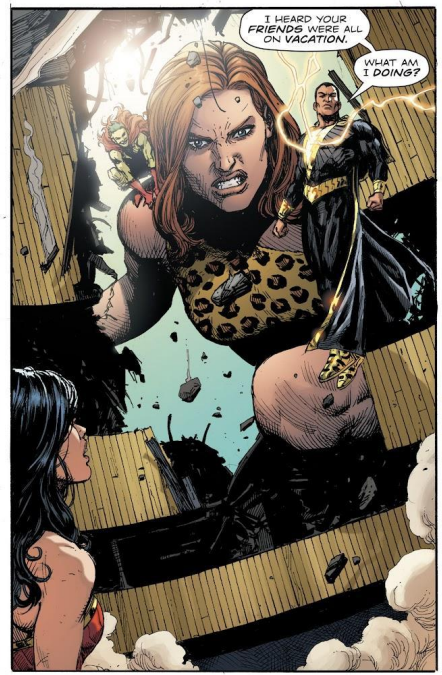
GUYS?

AHH...

I... I...

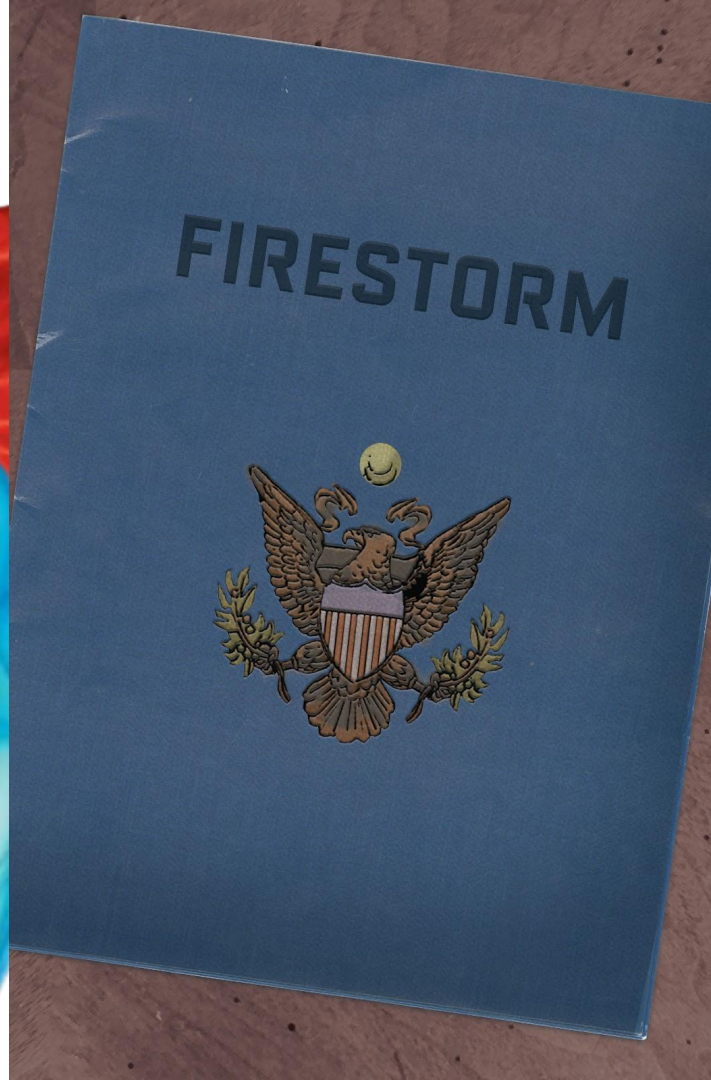
I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING, DIANA.

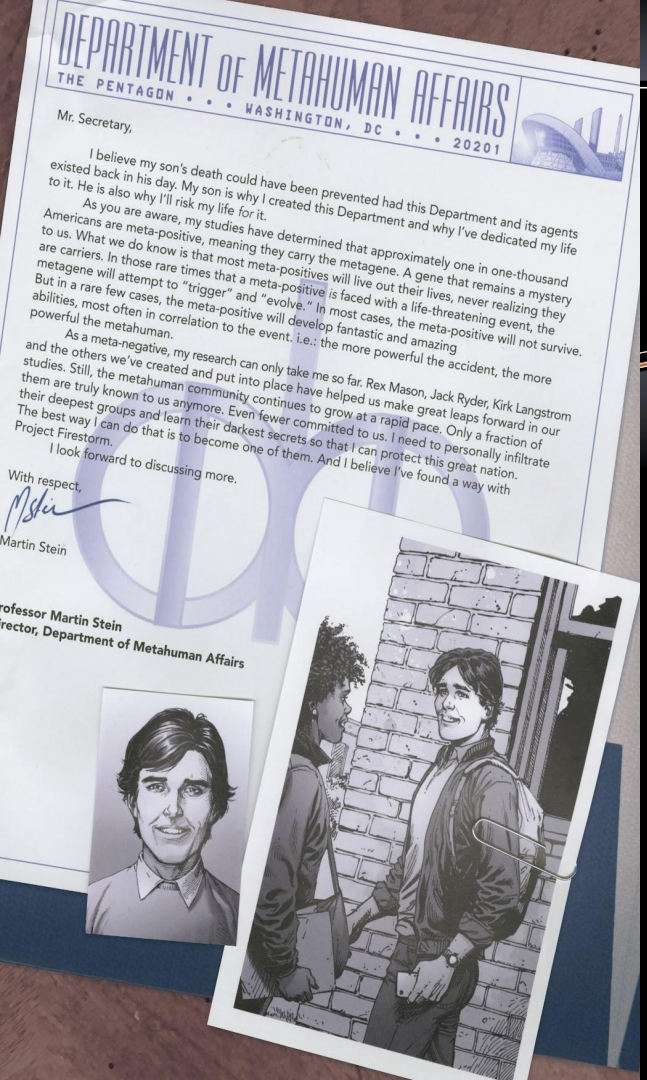
WHAT ARE YOU HOPING TO ACCOMPLISH?



Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for crisis.

—Seneca





TEEN TITANS
DEATHSTROKE
THE TERMINUS AGENDA

A 6-PART CROSSOVER EVENT

Written by
ADAM GLASS & CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

Art by
BERNARD CHANG & CARLO PAGULAYAN

MARCH
Prelude: DEATHSTROKE #41
Part 1: TEEN TITANS #28

APRIL
Part 2: DEATHSTROKE #42
Part 3: TEEN TITANS #29

MAY
Part 4: DEATHSTROKE #43
Epilogue: TEEN TITANS #30

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BEWARE MY POWER!

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No. 10 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
JULY 2019

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editor

Watchmen created by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Superman created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

A STRUGGLING CITY PLANNER AND A FAT-CAT BANKER WERE PLAYING A GAME OF CHESS.
TWO MEN FROM TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS.

THEY WERE SHOT AND KILLED BEFORE THEY COULD FINISH THEIR GAME.
I'M SORRY, NATE. THIS ISN'T HOW I WANTED IT TO GO.
MY FRIEND MURRAY WANTED MY HELP SOLVING THE CASE. TO FIND THE KILLER I KNEW I HAD TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION...

WHO WAS THE TARGET AND WHO WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME?
MERRY CHRISTMAS, NATHANIEL.
I ALWAYS SAW MYSELF AS A KNIGHT OF SORTS. TURNS OUT...
I'VE BEEN THE PAWN.

THE WOMAN STANDING OVER ME WAS THE LOVE OF MY LIFE. JOYCE GULINO. THE WIFE OF MOBSTER JOSEPH COSTILINO.
WHEN COSTILINO LEARNED ABOUT US, HE HAD JOYCE GUNNED DOWN.
I'D BEEN DROWNING IN WHISKEY EVER SINCE.
I'M GUESSING YOU'RE NOT THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. SO TELL ME, JOYCE...HOW DID YOU DO IT?
AND WHY?

WHY, NATHANIEL?
I NEEDED MY HUSBAND OUT OF MY WAY IF I WAS GOING TO TAKE OVER HIS BUSINESSES.
AND HOW?

I FOUND A TROUBLED MAN HAUNTED BY THE WAR...
...AND I AIMED HIM AT MY HUSBAND.
I KNEW IF JOSEPH HAD ME KILLED, YOU WOULDN'T STOP GOING AFTER HIM UNTIL HE WAS DEAD.

THANK YOU FOR LOVING ME THE WAY YOU DID, NATHANIEL.

DID YOU EVER LOVE ME?
OR WAS IT ALL JUST A GAME TO YOU? WAS IT...ABOUT THE LIES... AND...THE...

LINE?
CUT!

IT'S JUNE 8TH, 1954. CARVER COLMAN IS ON THE SET OF THE ADJOURNMENT SHOOTING THE FINAL SCENE.
I'M SORRY, JACQUES. I'LL GET IT NEXT TAKE.
I SAID MILK AND SUGAR, JOHNNY.
I KNEW I FORGOT SOMETHING!
THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THE LAST TWELVE, CARVER.
THIRTEEN.
I WANT THIS MORON OFF MY LOT. PERMANENTLY.

ACTION

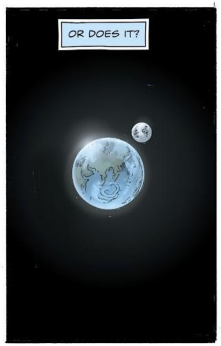
IT'S NEARLY TWO O'CLOCK AND HE HASN'T MADE IT THROUGH ONE TAKE.
HE TELLS HIS DIRECTOR IT'S A HEADACHE.
IT'S JUNE 1ST, 1954. CARVER COLMAN READS A LETTER THREATENING TO EXPOSE HIS DARKEST SECRET.

IT'S MARCH 19TH, 1952. THE 25TH ACADEMY AWARDS ARE HELD AT THE RKO PANTAGES THEATRE. IT'S THE FIRST CEREMONY TO BE TELEVISED.
...THANK MY DIRECTOR, DON McGREGOR, AND MY PARENTS IN MERILLVILLE, INDIANA.
THIS IS FOR YOU, MOM AND DAD!

IT'S JUNE 9TH, 1954. CARVER COLMAN'S BODY LIES ON HIS LIVING ROOM FLOOR, BLOOD POOLING AROUND HIS CAVED-IN SKULL.
OH LORD!
IT'S JUNE 13TH, 1954. I AM STANDING AT CARVER COLMAN'S GRAVE.
I FEEL NOTHING.

IT'S A QUARTER PAST TWO ON JUNE 8TH, 1954.
I JUST NEED FIFTEEN MINUTES AND I'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN, JACQUES. THAT'S ALL.
IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR LAST DAY, BUT WE CAN WRAP THE FILM UP TOMORROW.
NO.
WE HAVE TO FINISH TODAY.
I'M CERTAIN THE MAN'S ON PEP PILLS. ALL THE SIGNS ARE THERE.
GO POWDER YOURSELF, HEDY.
SIX HOURS LATER, FILMING ON THE ADJOURNMENT WRAPS AND CARVER COLMAN DINES WITH THE STUDIO HEADS TO CELEBRATE.
TRADER VIC'S
THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES INTO DINNER, HE LEAVES FOR A BAR.
IT'S TEN O'CLOCK.
CARVER COLMAN IS WAITING FOR HIS BLACKMAILER.
HELLO, MA.
SON.
I ONLY WANT TO PROTECT YOUR LIE.
BUT IT'S GOING TO COST YOU.
I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS HERE.
3

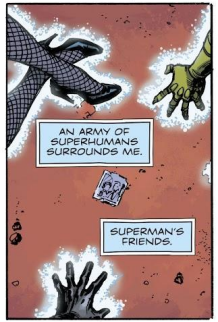
FOUR HOURS AGO.
ACTION!
DID YOU EVER LOVE ME?
OR WAS IT ALL JUST A GAME TO YOU?
WAS IT A LIE EVERY DAY AND EVERY NIGHT?
IF YOU'RE ASKING IF I EVER FELT ANYTHING?
I DID, NATHANIEL.
THAT'S WHY I LEFT THIS PRESENT FOR YOU.
OPEN IT, NATE.
SAY ANOTHER WORD TO ME, MURRAY, AND I'LL SHOVE THAT GUN DOWN YOUR THROAT.
YOU DON'T WANT TO TRY THAT. NOW OPEN THE PRESENT.
YOU SAID IT FELT LIKE WE WERE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHEN WE WERE ALONE.
I WANTED YOU TO HAVE THAT WORLD.
A WORLD TO REMEMBER.
THANKS!
AAAHH!
WORLDS LIVE. WORLDS DIE.
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER.
4


OR DOES IT?

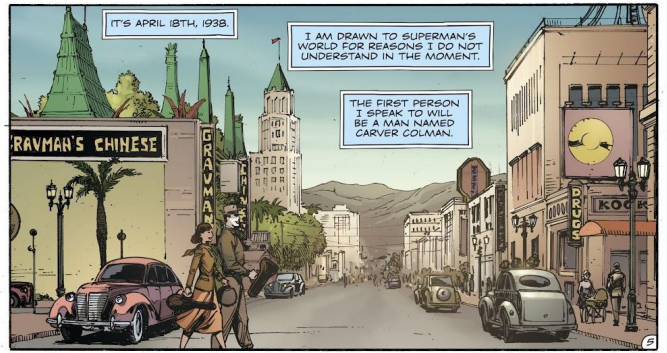
IT'S AUGUST 1959. THE LIGHT IS TAKING ME TO *PIECES*.

IT'S NOVEMBER 1ST, 1985.
?HHHUUHHHHR?
SOMETIMES THESE THINGS SLIP MY MIND.

IT'S NOW. THE RED DIRT OF MARS IS UNDER MY FEET.


AN ARMY OF SUPERHUMANS SURROUNDS ME.
SUPERMAN'S FRIENDS.

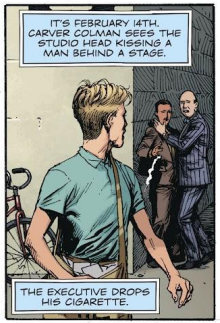
...BUT YES, I UNDERSTAND, WITHOUT CONDONING OR CONDEMNING, HUMAN AFFAIRS CANNOT BE MY CONCERN.
I'M *LEAVING* THIS GALAXY FOR ONE LESS *COMPLICATED*.
IT'S NOVEMBER 2ND, 1985.
I ENTER THE MULTIVERSE.


IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1938.
I AM DRAWN TO SUPERMAN'S WORLD FOR REASONS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IN THE MOMENT.
THE FIRST PERSON I SPEAK TO WILL BE A MAN NAMED CARVER COLMAN.
RAVMAN'S CHINESE
GRAYMAN
DRUGS
KOCK

IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, 1928. CARVER COLMAN SITS IN A DARK THEATER IN PHILADELPHIA WHILE HIS MOTHER DANCES DOWN THE STREET FOR SWEATY MEN AND DIMES.
ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE. THAT'S WHY THEY HAVE RUBBERS ON PENCILS.
WHEN SHE BRINGS ONE OF THE MEN HOME, HE DECIDES TO GO WEST.

IT'S DECEMBER 31ST, 1928. CARVER COLMAN ARRIVES IN LOS ANGELES WITH SEVENTEEN DOLLARS AND A CLEAN CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

IT'S JANUARY 19TH, 1929. CARVER COLMAN HAS DELIVERED MAIL AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS FOR EIGHT MONTHS.
MORNING, JACKIE.
MORNING, CALVIN.
PEOPLE STILL DON'T REMEMBER HIS NAME.


IT'S FEBRUARY 14TH. CARVER COLMAN SEES THE STUDIO HEAD KISSING A MAN BEHIND A STAGE.
THE EXECUTIVE DROPS HIS CIGARETTE.

SEVEN HOURS LATER, THE STAGE WILL BURN TO THE GROUND.
SOUNDPROOF
TALKING PICTU
STAGE BURNS
THE STUDIO WILL CLAIM IT WAS DUE TO FAULTY WIRING.

BOG MONSTER
CARVER COLMAN LOSES HIS JOB OVER IT.

IT'S FEBRUARY 12TH, 1937. CARVER COLMAN IS FIRED FROM DAN TANA'S WHEN HE SKIPS WORK TO WAIT IN LINE FOR AN AUDITION THAT NEVER HAPPENS.
HE IS EVICTED ON APRIL 18TH, 1938.

THAT NIGHT, CARVER COLMAN SLEEPS ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES.

TEN TO MIDNIGHT, HE IS WOKEN BY A BLUE LIGHT.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

HOW MANY TIMES WE GOTTA TELL YOU TRAMPS TO MOVE ALONG?

GET UP AND GET OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THIS IS A NICE PLACE.
THIS IS HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.

I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.

SURE YOU DO.
THE HOSPITAL, FOR ONE.

HAHAHAHA.
GO ON NOW. FIND ANOTHER STREET.
IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1938.

I ARRIVE.

THE FIRST THING I HEAR IS CARVER COLMAN CRYING OUT TO THE MAN WHO STRUCK HIM.

THE FIRST THING I SEE IS CARVER COLMAN CHECKING HIS PULSE.

THE PEOPLE ON THIS WORLD ARE DIFFERENT.

I WONDER IF THAT IS WHY I WAS DRAWN HERE.

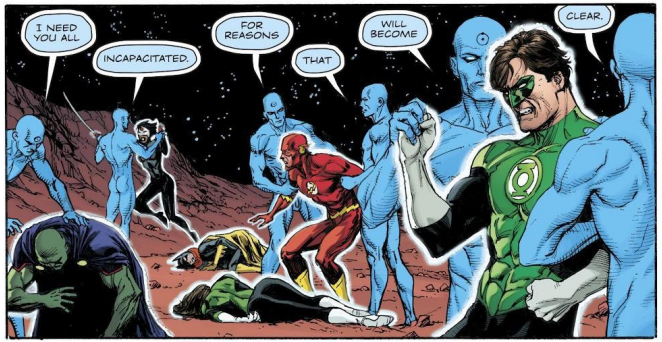
I AM CONFUSED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE ADRIAN BLINDED ME WITH TACHYONS.
I TRY TO PULL BACK THE CURTAIN TO UNDERSTAND THE TIME DELINEATION BETWEEN WORLDS.

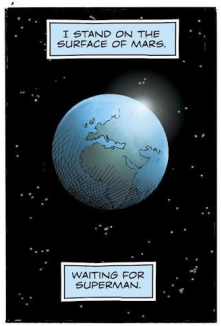
I SEE MYSELF ON MARS.
OR IS THAT NOW?
GUY! JOHN!

I'M CALLING THE CORPS FOR BACKUP.

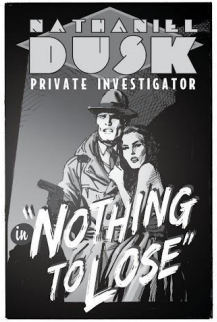
SUMMON YOUR LANTERNS FOR A RECHARGE AND...

NO.


I NEED YOU ALL.
INCAPACITATED.
FOR REASONS
THAT
WILL BECOME
CLEAR.


I STAND ON THE SURFACE OF MARS.
WAITING FOR SUPERMAN.

IT'S AUGUST 13TH, 1943. THE FIRST NATHANIEL DUSK PICTURE IS RELEASED.
ALTHOUGH ITS CONTROVERSIAL CONTENT BRINGS CRITICISM, IT IS VERNER BROS' MOST SUCCESSFUL PICTURE OF THE YEAR.


NATHANIEL
DUSK
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
in "NOTHING TO LOSE"

MY NAME IS NATHANIEL DUSK. I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
I SERVED IN THE GREAT WAR THEN I SERVED ON THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.
NOW I SERVE WHOEVER HAS THE MONEY.

IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1938. I HAVE ARRIVED.
WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS JON.
9

ARE YOU AN ANGEL?

NO.

I HEAR THE YOUNG MAN'S STOMACH GROWL.
DINER

I DON'T HAVE MONEY...
YOU DON'T NEED ANY.

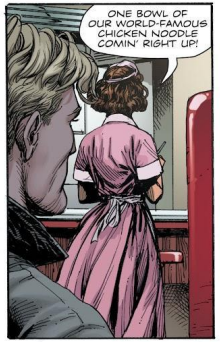
HI THERE. TABLE FOR TWO?
YES. THANK YOU.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY ISN'T SHE...
I'M SHIFTING THE LIGHT'S COLOR FREQUENCIES AROUND ME. SHE'S SEEING WHAT I WANT HER TO SEE.

NOW WHAT CAN I GET YOU BOTH?
10

I, UM...I'D LOVE A HOT BOWL OF SOUP.
WE HAVE SOME CHICKEN NOODLE. MADE RIGHT HERE FROM SCRATCH!

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW...
THANK YOU.


ONE BOWL OF OUR WORLD-FAMOUS CHICKEN NOODLE COMIN' RIGHT UP!

IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1938.
I FEEL LIKE I'M WALKING THROUGH A FOG.
I TRY A SIMPLE EXERCISE.

TO LOOK THREE MINUTES INTO THE FUTURE.

I AM UNABLE TO.
I NEED SOMETHING TO FOCUS ON.

THIS MAN.
IT'S LIKE TRYING TO SEE THROUGH A SOAP-COVERED WINDOW.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1938.
A BUZZING FILLS MY EARS AS I ATTEMPT TO OPEN MY EYES.

IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1939.
YOU WERE RIGHT, JON! I GOT THE PART!
RIGHT ALONGSIDE GARY COOPER, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? IT'S CALLED THE WESTERNER. HOW DID YOU...?

...HAVING A HARD TIME AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE SENT FROM HEAVEN.
MY GUARDIAN ANGEL, MAYBE.
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT AN ANGEL...ARE YOU GOD?

MY EYES CONTINUE TO ADJUST TO THIS UNIVERSE.
AND I BEGIN TO SEE THE FUTURE AGAIN.

IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1943.
IT'S A HIT, JON! AN ABSOLUTE SMASH!
THEY WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER NATHANIEL DUSK PICTURE. OTTO PREMINGER IS ASKING FOR IT!

APRIL 18TH, 1952.
I HAD TO ACT SURPRISED WHEN THEY READ MY NAME, "BEST ACTOR: CARVER COLMAN"! HAHAHA.
ANYWAY, I HAVE A PARTY TO GET TO SO IF YOU CAN GIVE ME A BIT OF YOUR INSIGHT FOR WHAT'S HAPPENING NEXT YEAR, I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

APRIL 18TH, 1954.
I WON'T BE ON THIS WORLD ONE YEAR FROM NOW?
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, JON?
IT MEANS JUST THAT.
NO, I WANT DETAILS THIS TIME. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, DAMMIT!

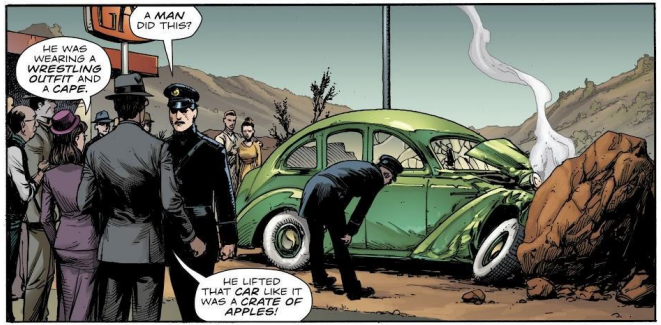
IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1955.
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1938, I SIT HERE ALONE.

...NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD BE THIS HARD FINDING MY WAY. SOMETIMES I THINK I SHOULD GIVE UP.
JON?
I CAN SEE AGAIN.

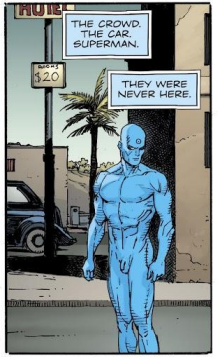
IN EIGHT MONTHS, YOU'RE GOING TO GET CAST IN A ROLE THAT WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE.
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

...REPORTS OUT OF METROPOLIS, NEW YORK, OF A MYSTERIOUS MAN WHO LIFTED A CAR OVER HIS HEAD!
I HOPE HE'S ON OUR SIDE.
IT'S A JOKE, MEL.
IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1938. NEWS OF SUPERMAN TRAVELS QUICKLY ACROSS AMERICA.

JON?

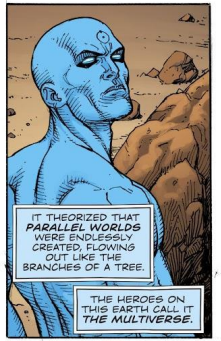

A MAN DID THIS?
HE WAS WEARING A WRESTLING OUTFIT AND A CAPE.
HE LIFTED THAT CAR LIKE IT WAS A CRATE OF APPLES!

THEN HE LEAPT OVER THAT BUILDING WAY OVER THERE!
HE HAD THIS SMILE ON HIS FACE, TOO.

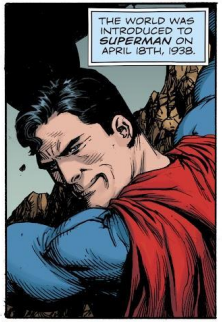

THE CROWD. THE CAR. SUPERMAN.
THEY WERE NEVER HERE.

IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1938.
THE WORLD HAS CHANGED.
13

A THEORETICAL PHYSICIST NAMED BRYCE DeWITT HYPOTHESIZED THAT THE UNIVERSE WAS CONSTANTLY SPLITTING INTO ALTERNATE TIMELINES.
THE MANY WORLDS INTERPRETATION.


IT THEORIZED THAT PARALLEL WORLDS WERE ENDLESSLY CREATED, FLOWING OUT LIKE THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.
THE HEROES ON THIS EARTH CALL IT THE MULTIVERSE.

AND THIS WORLD WAS ITS CENTER.


THE WORLD WAS INTRODUCED TO SUPERMAN ON APRIL 18TH, 1938.

HE WAS THE FIRST OF THE COSTUMED HEROES.

THE FIRST OF MANY ON THIS WORLD...

IT'S JULY, 1940.

AN ENGINEER NAMED ALAN SCOTT IS ON A TRAIN CAREENING OVER A BRIDGE.

HE GRABS ONTO A GREEN LANTERN, UNAWARE OF THE POWER WITHIN.
14

IN JANUARY, A COLLEGE STUDENT NAMED JAY GARRICK LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE SCHOOL LAB, BREATHING IN HEAVY WATER VAPORS.
BY MORNING, HE WILL BE THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE.

THAT SAME MONTH, ARCHAEOLOGIST CARTER HALL COMES INTO CONTACT WITH AN ANCIENT KNIFE THAT AWAKENS HIS PAST LIFE AS AN EGYPTIAN PRINCE.
REMEMBERING THE WARRIOR HE WAS, CARTER WILL SEARCH FOR NOT ONLY THE WEAPONS HE ONCE WIELDED, BUT FOR THE LOVE HE LOST.

IN OCTOBER, FRUSTRATED BY HIS SIZE, AL PRATT BEGINS TRAINING UNDER ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS IN THE WORLD.
IN NOVEMBER, HE WILL SIT AROUND A TABLE AND FEEL THE NEED TO POINT THAT OUT.

IN MAY, A GOLDEN HELMET OF UNKNOWN SUPERNATURAL POWER FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF KENT NELSON.
THREE YEARS LATER, HE WILL LEARN THE SPIRIT WITHIN SOUGHT HIM OUT.

IT'S APRIL, 1939. WESLEY DODDS AWAKES FROM A NIGHTMARE OF A MURDER ON THE GROUNDS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.
DONNING A GAS MASK, WESLEY DODDS FINDS THE KILLER.

IN FEBRUARY OF 1940, THE BODY OF JIM CORRIGAN LIES STILL.
HE RISES FROM THE DEAD, SEEKING VENGEANCE.

IN MARCH, CHEMIST REX TYLER WILL INVENT A PILL THAT INCREASES HIS STRENGTH TENFOLD.
HE BEGINS TRIAL TESTING ON HIMSELF.

IT'S NOVEMBER, 1940.
"I KNOW WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SUPERMAN..."
15

...BUT IF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA IS GOING TO WORK, I THINK WE NEED HIM.
MAYBE HIS INVITATION GOT LOST.
MAYBE HE THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD FOR THE REST OF US.
I'M SURE THAT ISN'T THE CASE.
I AGREE.
SUPERMAN IS ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY STAR EVERY MORNING. HE'S A BUSY GUY.

HE WAS AN INSPIRATION TO ME WHEN I FIRST GOT MY POWERS.
THEY CALL ME THE FLASH, BY THE WAY. I'VE OUTRUN BULLETS. EVEN CAUGHT A FEW.

WE ALL READ THE PAPERS, FLASH. WE KNOW WHO EVERYONE IS.
AND I SEE YOU ALL STARIN'. I MIGHT NOT LOOK LIKE MUCH IN PERSON, BUT I WAS TRAINED BY OLD JOE MORGAN HIMSELF.
ASK ME, WE DON'T NEED SUPERMAN. WE GOT GREEN LANTERN AND HIS MAGIC RING.
I HEAR IT CAN DO ANYTHING.

I'M NOT SURE IT CAN DO ANYTHING... ATOM, IS IT?
THOUGH THE RING AND ITS LANTERN DID SAVE MY LIFE.
OKAY, EVERYONE SAY "CHEESE!"
16

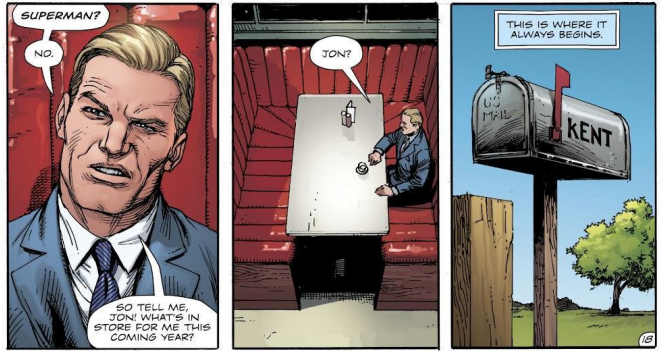
NO PICTURES YET, JOHNNY. I'M STILL WORKING ON MY COSTUME.
THE HOOD'S NOT RIGHT.
LET'S GIVE SUPERMAN SOME MORE TIME.
I CAN FIND OUT WHERE SUPERMAN IS!
I CAN SUMMON MY MAGIC THUNDERBOLT TO TELL US!
CEI-U!
HIYA, JOHNNY! WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR?
FIND SUPERM--

NO PICTURES YET, JOHNNY. I'M STILL WORKING ON MY COSTUME.
THE HOOD'S NOT RIGHT.
I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT WE CAPTURE THIS MOMENT.
THE ENTIRE TEAM IS HERE.
IT'S NOVEMBER, 1940. GREEN LANTERN HAS NEVER HEARD OF SUPERMAN.
NO ONE HAS.

"WHERE IS HE?"
17

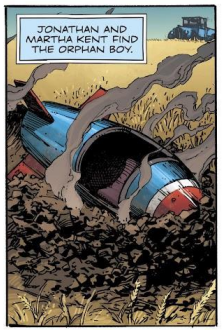
IT'S APRIL 18TH, 1948.
HELLO, CARVER.
THERE YOU ARE! HOW ARE YOU, JON?!
DID YOU SEE MY NEW DUSK PICTURE? MURDER AT HOME? IT WAS A REAL DOOZY.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH INTEREST IN FICTION.
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, JON. EVERYTHING YOU'VE PROPHESIZED HAS HAPPENED!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME SO MUCH HOPE OVER THE YEARS!
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF SUPERMAN?

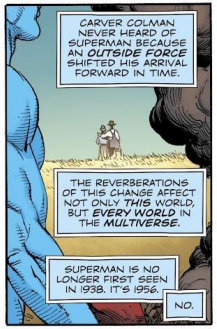

SUPERMAN?
NO.
SO TELL ME, JON! WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME THIS COMING YEAR?
JON?
THIS IS WHERE IT ALWAYS BEGINS.
U.S. MAIL
KENT
18

IT'S 1956. SUPERMAN IS SEEN IN METROPOLIS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EARLIER, THE WINDS CHANGE ON A FARM IN KANSAS.


JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT FIND THE ORPHAN BOY.

GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S A SPACE ROCKET!
LAND SAKES! THEN THIS CHILD MUST BE FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
OH, IF ONLY WE HAD A BABY OF OUR OWN AS SWEET AS HE LOOKS!


CARVER COLMAN NEVER HEARD OF SUPERMAN BECAUSE AN OUTSIDE FORCE SHIFTED HIS ARRIVAL FORWARD IN TIME.
THE REVERBERATIONS OF THIS CHANGE AFFECT NOT ONLY THIS WORLD, BUT EVERY WORLD IN THE MULTIVERSE.
SUPERMAN IS NO LONGER FIRST SEEN IN 1938. IT'S 1956.
NO.

IT'S OCTOBER, 1986.
HIS ARRIVAL ON EARTH HAS SHIFTED FORWARD AGAIN.
OMIGOSH!
P-PA...?
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S WHERE YOU CAME FROM, SON.

HIS ARRIVAL CHANGES AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.
...YOU WILL BE FREE TO MOVE AMONG THE PEOPLE OF EARTH.
BUT NEVER FORGET, ALTHOUGH YOU LOOK LIKE ONE OF THEM...
...YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THEM.

THIS ISN'T TRUE.
CLARK! WAIT!
IT'S NOT!
CLARK?!

IT CAN'T BE.

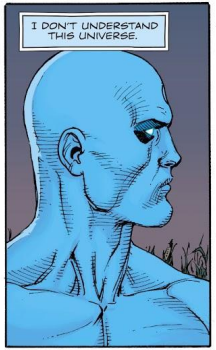
CLARK?

I DON'T WANT TO BE DIFFERENT.

I WANT TO BE CLARK KENT.
I WANT TO BE YOUR SON.

CLARK...

YOU ARE MY SON.

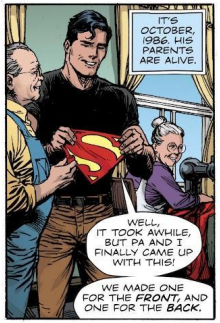

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS UNIVERSE.

SON, YOU DID YOUR BEST FOR US!

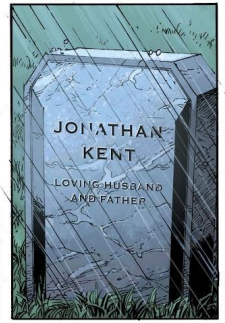
NOW LISTEN TO MY LAST WORDS! YOU MUST ALWAYS USE YOUR SUPERPOWERS TO DO GOOD. UPHOLD LAW AND ORDER! GOOD LUCK, MY SON... AND GOOD-BYE!
GOOD-BYE, DAD!

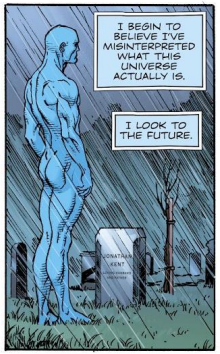
IT'S MAY, 1949. A YOUNG CLARK KENT SITS BY HIS PARENTS' BEDSIDE AS THEY PASS AWAY.

IT'S 1956. I WATCH CLARK VISIT THE GRAVES OF HIS PARENTS.
JONATHAN KENT
MARTHA KENT


IT'S OCTOBER, 1986. HIS PARENTS ARE ALIVE.
WELL, IT TOOK AWHILE, BUT PA AND I FINALLY CAME UP WITH THIS!
WE MADE ONE FOR THE FRONT, AND ONE FOR THE BACK.

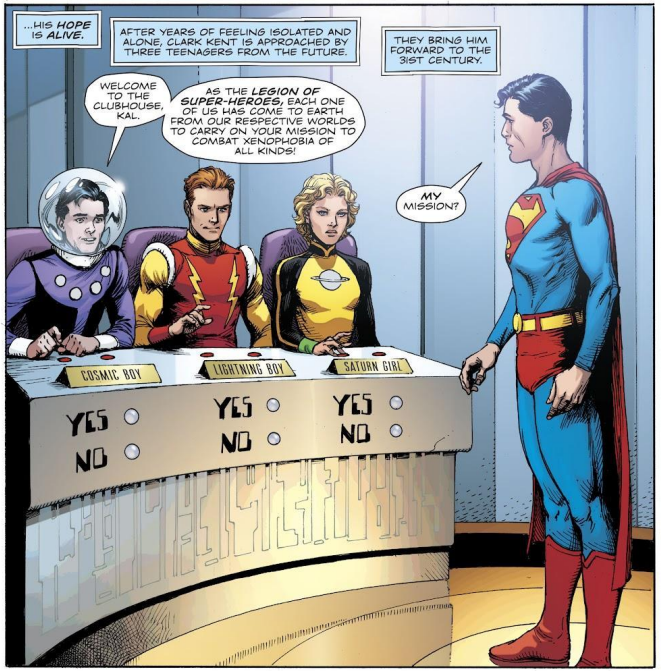
YEARS LATER, JONATHAN KENT DIES AGAIN IN HIS SON'S ARMS.


JONATHAN KENT
LOVING HUSBAND AND FATHER


I BEGIN TO BELIEVE I'VE MISINTERPRETED WHAT THIS UNIVERSE ACTUALLY IS.
I LOOK TO THE FUTURE.

FOLLOWING SUPERMAN'S TRAIL OF INFLUENCE.
HOW CAN ONE MAN AFFECT SO MUCH?

EVEN ONE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW...
21

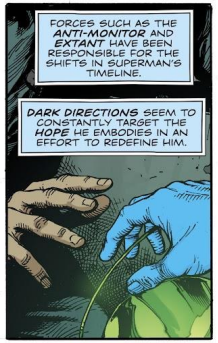

...HIS HOPE IS ALIVE.
AFTER YEARS OF FEELING ISOLATED AND ALONE, CLARK KENT IS APPROACHED BY THREE TEENAGERS FROM THE FUTURE.
THEY BRING HIM FORWARD TO THE 31ST CENTURY.
WELCOME TO THE CLUBHOUSE, KAL.
AS THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES, EACH ONE OF US HAS COME TO EARTH FROM OUR RESPECTIVE WORLDS TO CARRY ON YOUR MISSION TO COMBAT XENOPHOBIA OF ALL KINDS!
MY MISSION?
COSMIC BOY
LIGHTNING BOY
SATURN GIRL
YES
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO

DON'T WORRY, KAL.
THE VOTING PROCESS IS A FORMALITY.

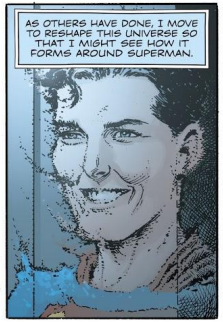
IT'S TWO AGAINST ONE ANYWAY.
I WASN'T GOING TO VOTE AGAINST HIM, IMRA.
I JUST DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU'RE STARING AT HIM.

I REALIZE THAT THIS UNIVERSE IS MUCH MORE THAN IT APPEARS.
AND IT'S ALL CONNECTED TO HIM.
22

WHY IS HE THE CENTER OF THIS UNIVERSE?


FORCES SUCH AS THE ANTI-MONITOR AND EXTANT HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHIFTS IN SUPERMAN'S TIMELINE.
DARK DIRECTIONS SEEM TO CONSTANTLY TARGET THE HOPE HE EMBODIES IN AN EFFORT TO REDEFINE HIM.

I GROW CURIOUS.


AS OTHERS HAVE DONE, I MOVE TO RESHAPE THIS UNIVERSE SO THAT I MIGHT SEE HOW IT FORMS AROUND SUPERMAN.

I CHANGE THE PAST TO CHALLENGE THE FUTURE.

AND AS I WATCH REALITY COME CRASHING DOWN, I REALIZE THAT THIS UNIVERSE IS NOT A PART OF THE MULTIVERSE AS OTHERS BELIEVE.

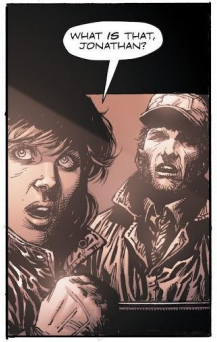
THE MULTIVERSE REACTS TO THIS UNIVERSE. THERE HAVE BEEN ENDLESS PARALLEL WORLDS, NONE, FIFTY-TWO, DARK MULTIVERSES, ALL CREATED BY CHANGES TO THIS UNIVERSE.
THIS UNIVERSE STANDS APART FROM THE MULTIVERSE.

IT IS THE METAVERSE.
AND IT IS IN A CONSTANT STATE OF CHANGE.

AND AS I REMOVE THE LINCHPIN TO THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA, I CHANGE SUPERMAN ONCE AGAIN.

I WATCH AS MY TAKE ON THIS UNIVERSE SHARPENS INTO REALITY.
SUPERMAN IS SENT TO EARTH AS A CHILD.

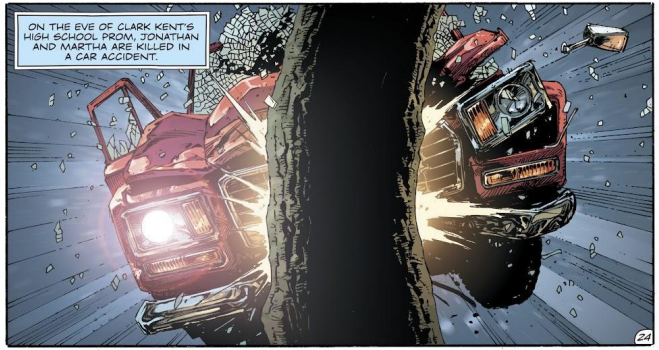
I LOST OUR BABY.
OUR LAST CHANCE AT... AT A...

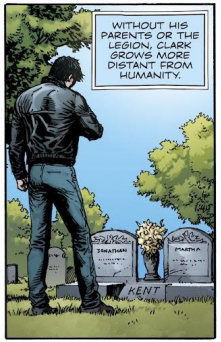

WHAT IS THAT, JONATHAN?

...IT WAS LIKE CRYING.
I KNOW HOW THAT SOUNDS, BUT I KNOW WHAT I HEARD...

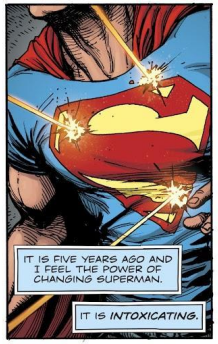
LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF PLANE OR SPACE EXPERIMENT.

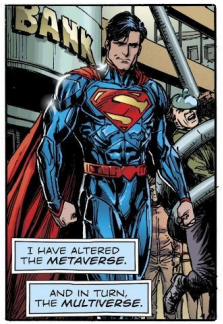
JONNY, IT'S...
IT'S A BABY.


ON THE EVE OF CLARK KENT'S HIGH SCHOOL PROM, JONATHAN AND MARTHA ARE KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT.


WITHOUT HIS PARENTS OR THE LEGION, CLARK GROWS MORE DISTANT FROM HUMANITY.
JONATHAN
MARTHA
KENT

I UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER.
I RELATE TO HIM MORE.


IT IS FIVE YEARS AGO AND I FEEL THE POWER OF CHANGING SUPERMAN.
IT IS INTOXICATING.


BANK
I HAVE ALTERED THE METAVERSE.
AND IN TURN, THE MULTIVERSE.

ONE YEAR AGO, THE METAVERSE BECOME AWARE OF MY HUBRIS.

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID!

WHATEVER YOU DID, THEY'LL STOP YOU!
I REALIZE THAT THE METAVERSE IS NOT PASSIVE.

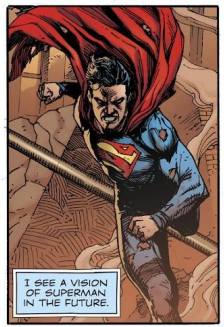
LIKE AN ORGANISM FIGHTING TO SURVIVE, THERE ARE ASPECTS OF IT I HAVE UNDERESTIMATED.

AN INNATE HOPE THAT FIGHTS BACK TO THE SURFACE.

JON, TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

IT IS APRIL 18, 1938.
I HAVE RE-CREATED THE METAVERSE.

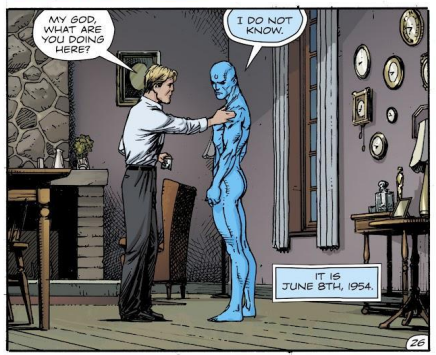
AND IT HAS TURNED AGAINST ME.

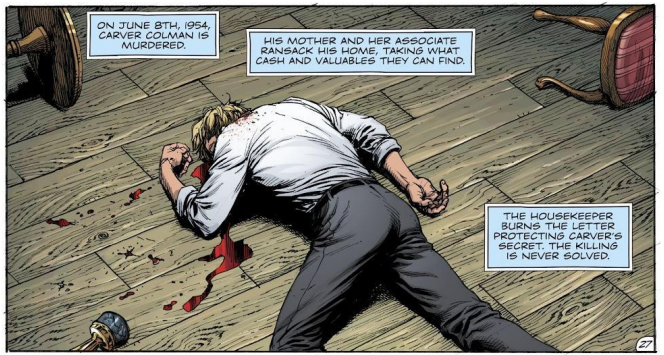

I SEE A VISION OF SUPERMAN IN THE FUTURE.

HE HAS FOUND ME.

AND HE DESTROYS ME.
OR I DESTROY THE METAVERSE.
JON?

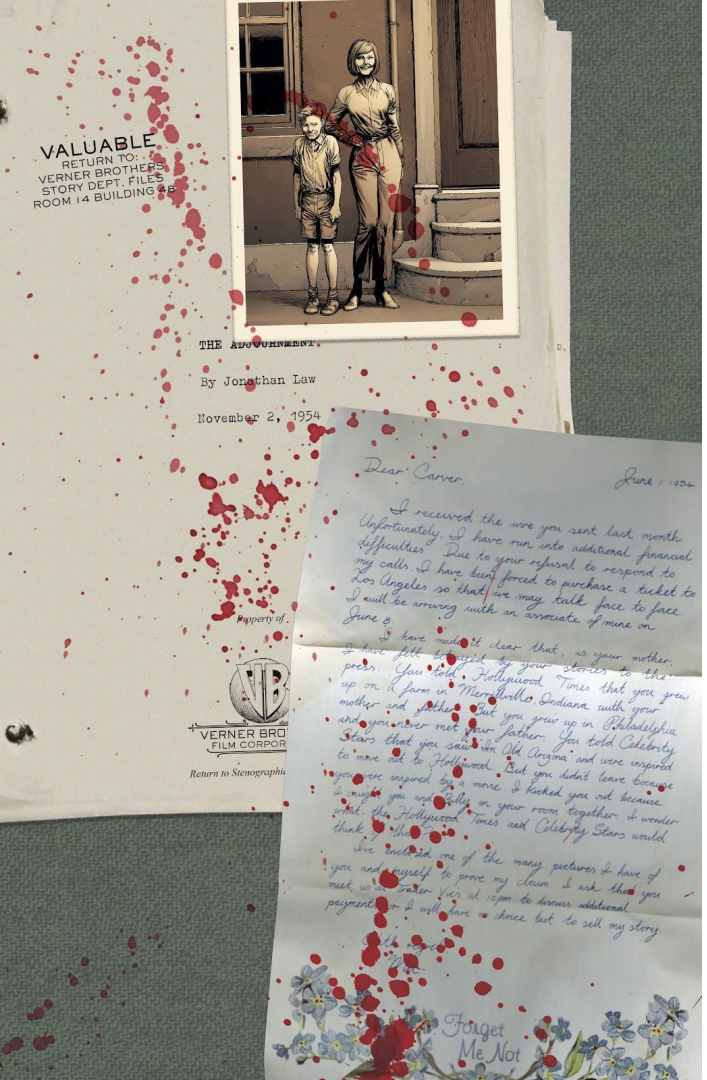
JON? ARE YOU OKAY?

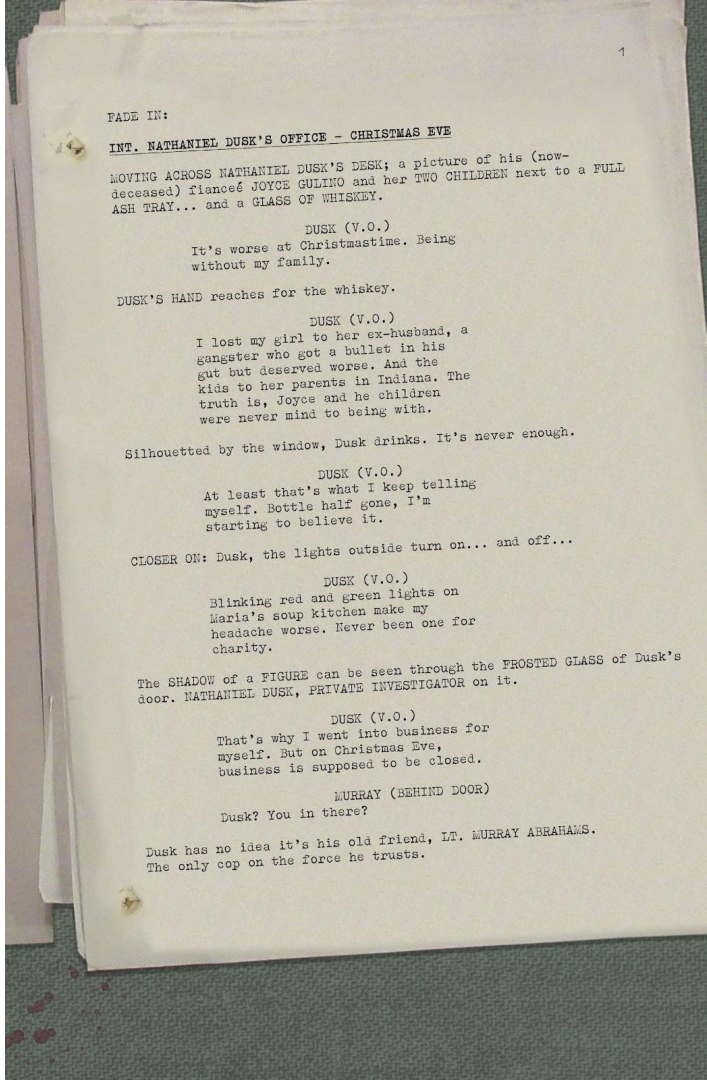

MY GOD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I DO NOT KNOW.
IT IS JUNE 8TH, 1954.



Every action has its pleasures and its price.

—Socrates





1

FADE IN:

INT. NATHANIEL DUSK'S OFFICE - CHRISTMAS EVE

MOVING ACROSS NATHANIEL DUSK'S DESK; a picture of his (now-deceased) fiancée JOYCE GULINO and her TWO CHILDREN next to a FULL ASH TRAY... and a GLASS OF WHISKEY.

DUSK (V.O.)
It's worse at Christmastime. Being without my family.

DUSK'S HAND reaches for the whiskey.

DUSK (V.O.)
I lost my girl to her ex-husband, a gangster who got a bullet in his gut but deserved worse. And the kids to her parents in Indiana. The truth is, Joyce and he children were never mind to being with.

Silhouetted by the window, Dusk drinks. It's never enough.

DUSK (V.O.)
At least that's what I keep telling myself. Bottle half gone, I'm starting to believe it.

CLOSER ON: Dusk, the lights outside turn on... and off...

DUSK (V.O.)
Blinking red and green lights on Maria's soup kitchen make my headache worse. Never been one for charity.

The SHADOW of a FIGURE can be seen through the FROSTED GLASS of Dusk's door. NATHANIEL DUSK, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR on it.

DUSK (V.O.)
That's why I went into business for myself. But on Christmas Eve, business is supposed to be closed.

MURRAY (BEHIND DOOR)
Dusk? You in there?

Dusk has no idea it's his old friend, LT. MURRAY ABRAHAMS. The only cop on the force he trusts.

Hunched at Joyce's feet, Dusk opens the present. He looks inside the box to find: A GLASS GLOBE.

JOYCE
You said it felt like we were the only people in the world when we were alone. I wanted you to have that world. A world to remember.

Dusk looks into the reflection in the globe, watching Murray holding his gun. He spots Murray gazing away for a moment.

DUSK
Thanks!

Dusk spins around, throwing the globe at Murray! The globe shatters, knocking the gun out of Murray's hand! Dusk goes for the gun, but Joyce kicks it skittering across the floor. Back into Murray's hands.

MURRAY
Nice try. But you lose, Nate.

Suddenly, SIRENS wail outside. The police are here.

DUSK
No losers yet, Murray. As much as I hate the NYPD... I called them.
(off Murray's shock)
Do you really think I'd meet you in the dead of night to discuss the case without knowing what I was walking into?

MURRAY
What are you talking about?

DUSK
I solved the chess player murders 35 minutes ago, Murray.
I know they were both targets and I know Joyce had you kill them.

Joyce and Murray exchange a look, the tables turning.

DUSK (CONT'D)
I was so focused on what made the two men different... I didn't see the obvious. It was what they have in common that mattered.

Joyce and Murray hear the police exit their cars outside. As the police close in, Dusk walks towards Joyce, unafraid.

DUSK (CONT'D)
The city planner, Bentley Farmer, was Murray's brother-in-law. I knew Murray disliked him, but that wasn't what tipped me off. Every plan Farmer approved over the last year was connected to Costilino's businesses. Now your businesses, I guess you'd rather I say, Joyce. Farmer was on the payroll. And the banker, Alastair Tempus, was fronting the cash. The only question I have left is... why bring me into it? To frame me? To keep me busy while you cleaned up loose ends, one of which was me? Or was it because... you wanted me to stop you, Joyce?

JOYCE
I love you. But not that much.

As the cops rush in, Murray shoots Dusk in the back. BANG!

MURRAY
Go to hell, Nate!

The cops tackle Murray and grab Joyce. Dusk lies on the floor, bleeding. He looks up at Joyce with a smile.

DUSK
I love you, too.

Still smiling, he blacks out.

INT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NEW YEAR'S EVE

It's New Year's Eve. People celebrate in the streets as the clock ticks down. Limping through the crowd we find... NATHANIEL DUSK on a crutch, healing from the shooting days before.

DUSK (V.O.)
Doc says the limp will put me out of the game permanently. I don't mind. I was honest. I was loyal. And I've learned the greatest lesson of all...

He looks up at the clock as it ticks down, people cheering.

DUSK (V.O.)
It's not who wins or loses. It's how you played the game.

THE END

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DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 11 of 12

DC

DOOMSDAY CLOCK

NOVEMBER 2019

DOOMSDAY CLOCK 11
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By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family.

"THE PRESIDENT DECLARED, "WITHOUT SUPERMAN, AMERICA NEEDS TO RELY ON MORE TRADITIONAL DETERRENTS TO FOREIGN THREATS."
LAUNCH CONTROL AND MO
MY ARM! YOU BROKE MY...

...GANG WAR BETWEEN THE JOKER AND TWO UNKNOWN PLAYERS HAS ERUPTED ACROSS GOTHAM!
PROTESTORS HAVE DISPERSED AS A MANDATORY CURFEW IS...OH, FORGET THIS SHIT, JAKE! I WANT THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

AAAAEEEE!

IF READING THIS NOW, WHETHER I AM ALIVE OR DEAD, YOU WILL KNOW THE TRUTH: "WHATEVER PRECISE NATURE OF THIS CONSPIRACY, ADRIAN VEIDT IS RESPONSIBLE."
HAVE DONE BEST TO MAKE THIS LEGIBLE. BELIEVE IT PAINTS A DISTURBING PICTURE.
1

APPRECIATE YOUR RECENT SUPPORT AND HOPE WORLD SURVIVES LONG ENOUGH FOR THIS TO REACH YOU, BUT TANKS ARE IN EAST BERLIN, AND WRITING IS ON WALL.
FOR MY OWN PART, I REGRET NOTHING. HAVE LIVED LIFE, FREE FROM COMPROMISE...

...AND STEP INTO THE SHADOW NOW WITHOUT COMPLAINT.

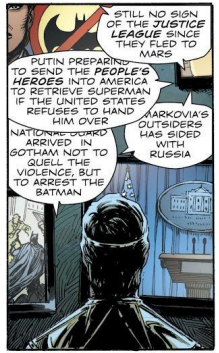
RORSCHACH, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1985.

I SEE FREE STUFF!
YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.

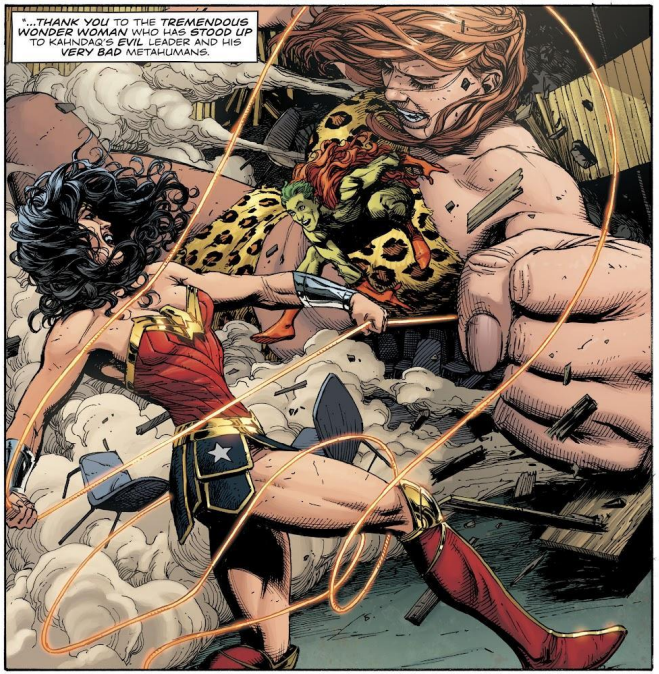
MY FRIEND MURRAY WANTED MY HELP SOLVING THE CASE TO FIND THE KILLER I KNEW I HAD TO ANSWER A SIMPLE QUESTION...
GRAB THE TV!
WHO WAS THE TARGET AND WHO WAS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME?
MERRY CHRISTMAS, NATHANIEL.

I ALWAYS SAW MYSELF AS A KNIGHT OF SORTS. TURNS OUT...

"I'VE BEEN THE PAWN."


STILL NO SIGN OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE SINCE THEY FLED TO MARS
PUTIN PREPARING TO SEND THE PEOPLE'S HEROES INTO AMERICA TO RETRIEVE SUPERMAN IF THE UNITED STATES REFUSES TO HAND HIM OVER
MARKOVIA'S OUTSIDERS HAS SIDED WITH RUSSIA
NATIONAL GUARD ARRIVED IN GOTHAM NOT TO QUELL THE VIOLENCE, BUT TO ARREST THE BATMAN

"...CHARGED WITH TREASON AFTER LEAVING DOZENS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS WOUNDED, SOME SEVERELY,' THE WHITE HOUSE SAID."
2


...THANK YOU TO THE TREMENDOUS WONDER WOMAN WHO HAS STOOD UP TO KAHNDAQ'S EVIL LEADER AND HIS VERY BAD METAHUMANS.

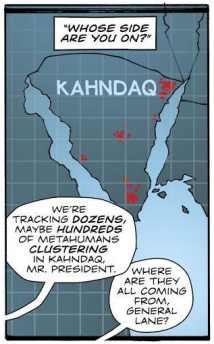
"BLACK ADAM IS A HUGE TERRORIST THREAT TO THE WORLD. BUT AMERICA WILL WIN. THE BIGGER THEY ARE...

"...THE BIGGER THEY'LL FALL."

"IT'S HARDER, MR. PRESIDENT."
AAAAAAAA!
YOU PREACH OF PEACE AS IF THAT'S WHAT THE LEADERS OF THIS BLOATED, SELFISH, FRIGHTENED COUNTRY WANT.
3

THEY ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF THOSE WHO ENSLAVED YOUR PEOPLE, DIANA WHO RAPED AND KILLED SO MANY OF YOU.
THEY FIGHT FOR THE PRIVILEGED.

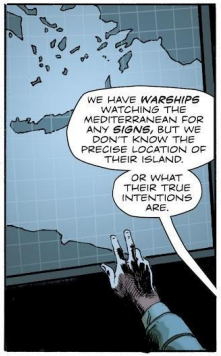
I FIGHT FOR THE OPPRESSED.
I NEED TO KNOW, RIGHT NOW...


"WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?"
KAHNDAQ
WE'RE TRACKING DOZENS, MAYBE HUNDREDS OF METAHUMANS CLUSTERING IN KAHNDAQ, MR. PRESIDENT.
WHERE ARE THEY ALL COMING FROM, GENERAL LANE?

FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.
THE SUPERMEN THEORY, THE ABDUCTIONS OF METAHUMANS BY GOVERNMENTS AND TRAFFICKERS... THESE PEOPLE SEE KAHNDAQ AS THEIR ONLY OPTION TO FIND SAFETY.

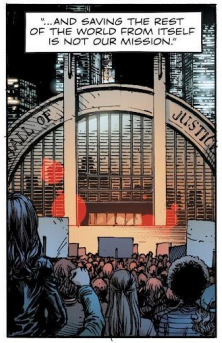
YOU NEED TO RECONSIDER YOUR POSITION ON WHETHER WE ACKNOWLEDGE PROFESSOR MARTIN STEIN'S WORK OR NOT.
IF WE TELL THE WORLD WE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A PERCENTAGE OF AMERICA'S "SUPERHEROES" AND "SUPER-VILLAINS," IF WE RESTORE FAITH IN AT LEAST SOME OF THEM...
NO.

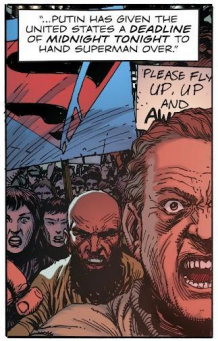
"BUT WITH OUR NUCLEAR SYSTEMS DOWN, WE HAVE NO DEFENSES IN PLACE."
"WON'T THE AMAZONS COME TO WONDER WOMAN'S AID?"

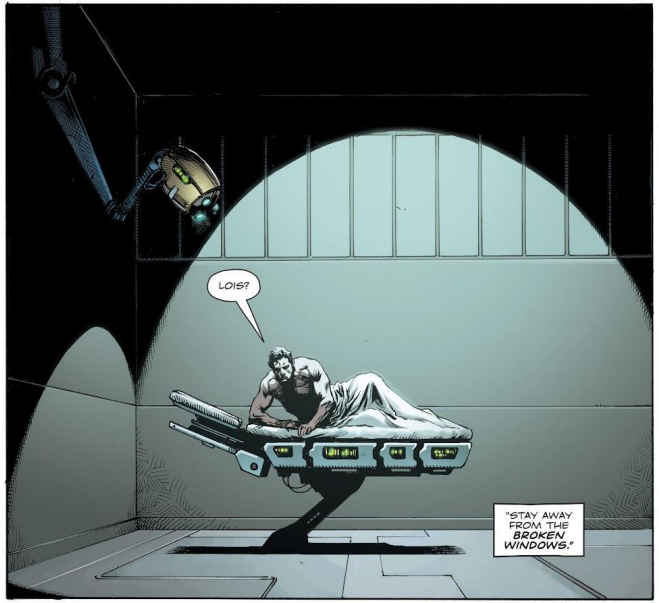

WE HAVE WARSHIPS WATCHING THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR ANY SIGNS, BUT WE DON'T KNOW THE PRECISE LOCATION OF THEIR ISLAND.
OR WHAT THEIR TRUE INTENTIONS ARE.

THE ORACLE HAS PREDICTED DIANA WILL BE SEVERELY INJURED IN BATTLE IF IT CONTINUES.
WE MUST BRING HER BACK TO THE ISLAND TO THE PURPLE LIGHT.

SHE WILL FIGHT TO STAY, BUT THIS IS FOR HER OWN PROTECTION.
WHAT OF THE IMPENDING WAR ON MAN'S WORLD?
RETRIBUTION AGAINST BLACK ADAM IS NOT OUR WAY...
4



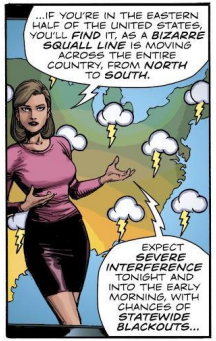


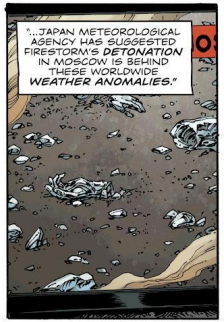


A LIFELONG MISTAKE

IN REALITY, IT WAS A METAHUMAN MILITARY EXERCISE INSIDE KAHNDAQ THAT TRIGGERED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE GIZA PYRAMIDS OUTSIDE CAIRO.
LIVE

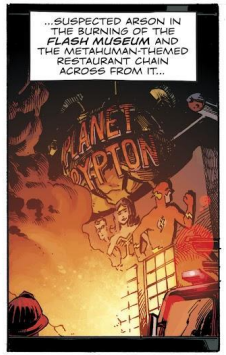
"LOOKING FOR LIGHTNING?


...IF YOU'RE IN THE EASTERN HALF OF THE UNITED STATES, YOU'LL FIND IT, AS A BIZARRE SQUALL LINE IS MOVING ACROSS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY, FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.
EXPECT SEVERE INTERFERENCE TONIGHT AND INTO THE EARLY MORNING, WITH CHANCES OF STATEWIDE BLACKOUTS...


"...JAPAN METEOROLOGICAL AGENCY HAS SUGGESTED FIRESTORM'S DETONATION IN MOSCOW IS BEHIND THESE WORLDWIDE WEATHER ANOMALIES."

"THOUGH WHERE THE EXPLOSION ORIGINATED HAS BECOME A HOTLY DEBATED TOPIC."
MMMRRRR.

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE VENTURED TO MARS DAYS AGO NOW WITH DOZENS OF OTHERS, SEARCHING FOR THE ANSWER, BELIEVING IT TO BE CONNECTED TO SOME KIND OF OTHERWORLDY THREAT.
SKEPTICS CALL IT AN ACT IN AN ATTEMPT TO ABSOLVE SUPERMAN.

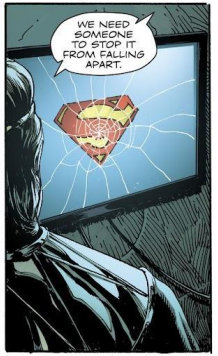

...SUSPECTED ARSON IN THE BURNING OF THE FLASH MUSEUM AND THE METAHUMAN-THEMED RESTAURANT CHAIN ACROSS FROM IT...
PLANET KRYPTON

"YOU SAID IT FELT LIKE WE WERE THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHEN WE WERE ALONE. I WANTED YOU TO HAVE THAT WORLD.

A WORLD TO REMEMBER.
7

LIVE
A WORLD TO REMEMBER.
NO SIGNAL
YES.
LET'S HOPE SO.

THIS WORLD NEEDS A HERO.


WE NEED SOMEONE TO STOP IT FROM FALLING APART.

OH, WE ALL WARNED HIM THAT IT WASN'T GONNA HOLD...
8

...BUT HE LIVED IN THIS TOWN FOR EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS...

...AND THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' THAT WAS GONNA MAKE HIM LEAVE HIS LAND.
WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING THIS TIME?
NOTHIN' AT ALL.

AN' NOW THE WATER IS GONNA LEAVE HIS BODY SO FAR FROM HOME IT MIGHT NEVER BE FOUND...

WHATEVER IT IS, IT ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
I'VE SEEN THE WORLD'S FUTURE.
YOU AREN'T THE ONE TO SAVE IT!
YES, YES! I HEAR YOU!
ALL THESE SCREENS. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.

COME, BUBASTIS.
IT'S TIME TO DEAL WITH ONE OF OUR INQUISITIVE GUESTS.

NOT THIS MAN FROM THE PAST, WHO SITS WHIMPERING...

...BUT YOU.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO KNOW WHY I CAN'T READ YOUR MIND.

"THE WORLD'S ENDING AND YOU HAVE A SMUG SMILE ON YOUR FACE."
47

I SHOULD TURN AROUND AND WALK OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, LEX.
BUT YOU WON'T, MISS LANE.
YOUR CURIOSITY WON'T LET YOU.
YOU MEAN MY CONCERN FOR SUPERMAN.

YOU SHOULD FEEL SPECIAL, MISS LANE.
NO OTHER HUMAN BEING ON THE PLANET HAS BEEN INSIDE THIS VAULT SAVE FOR ME.
I'LL SEND YOU A THANK-YOU CARD.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

IT IS THE MOST SECURE FACILITY I POSSESS, HOUSING THE SECRETS TO THE VERY NATURE OF OUR UNIVERSE...WHICH I WILL PROVE TO YOU...
...REVOLVES AROUND ME.

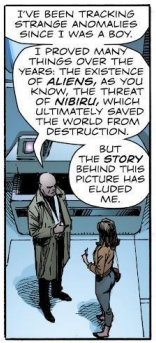
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF CARVER COLMAN?
THE ACTOR?
YES.
HE WAS MURDERED IN 1954. THE CASE WAS NEVER OFFICIALLY SOLVED.

CARVER COLMAN'S ESTATE WENT UP FOR SALE. HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS IDENTIFIED AND SOLD TO COLLECTORS, TRADING HANDS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS.
ONE OF THOSE ITEMS BELONGS TO ME.

THIS.
10

ACCORDING TO THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK, I BELIEVE THE MAN'S NAME IS JON AND THE PICTURE WAS FOUND ON APRIL 18TH, 1938.
WHO ARE THEY?

AND WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT?


I'VE BEEN TRACKING STRANGE ANOMALIES SINCE I WAS A BOY.
I PROVED MANY THINGS OVER THE YEARS: THE EXISTENCE OF ALIENS, AS YOU KNOW, THE THREAT OF NIBIRU, WHICH ULTIMATELY SAVED THE WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION.
BUT THE STORY BEHIND THIS PICTURE HAS ELUDED ME.

"TWO YEARS AGO, I BEGAN TRACKING ABNORMAL CHRONAL ENERGY SPIKES, WHICH HAD BEEN INCREASING IN BOTH POWER AND FREQUENCY, LEADING ME TO BELIEVE THAT SOMETHING WAS TRYING TO COME INTO OUR UNIVERSE FROM BEYOND."

EVERY SECOND WAS A GIFT.

"I HEARD A WARNING, ABOUT SOMEONE WHO HAD ALTERED REALITY."

HOW COULD I EVER FORGET YOU?

"BUT THE FLASHES WERE NOT THE SOURCE OF THE ANOMALY I WAS TRACKING.

"LYING THERE, IN THE GRASS...
"...WAS A PHOTOGRAPH."

THIS PICTURE IS CONNECTED TO THE REBIRTH OF KID FLASH?
IN A WAY, IT IS.

I FOUND "CHRONAL DEBRIS" IN THE AREA, INCLUDING THE FILM I SENT YOU, ALONG WITH OTHER PERSONAL ITEMS CONNECTED TO WALLY WEST.
EVIDENCE THAT OUR REALITY HAD BEEN ALTERED.
BUT IT WAS THIS PHOTOGRAPH THAT WAS THE TRUE ANOMALY.

OH MY GOD.

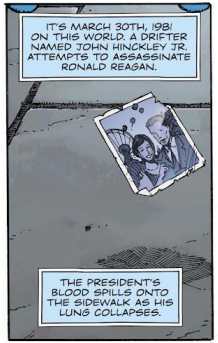
I'VE FOUND THEM ALL OVER AMERICA, MOSTLY. ALTHOUGH ONE WAS RECOVERED BY MY TEAM IN THE CONGO ONLY DAYS AGO.
EACH ONE IS ABSOLUTEY IDENTICAL IN EVERY WAY.
FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER, THE ONE IN YOUR HAND WAS THE FIRST: BACK IN 1938. BUT IF YOU LOOK AT "JON'S" SUIT, IT COMES FROM A LATER ERA. THE '50'S, IT APPEARS.

YOU'RE SAYING THAT THESE PHOTOS ARE TRAVELING THROUGH TIME?

NOT THESE PHOTOS, MISS LANE. THESE PHOTOS APPEAR TO BE... LEFT BEHIND BY SOMEONE. LIKE A TRAIL OF BREAD CRUMBS DROPPED ACROSS MOST OF THE LAST CENTURY AND INTO THIS ONE.
WHY WOULD SOMEONE CREATE THESE?

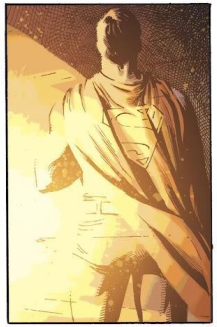
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE AWARE OF IT, MISS LANE.

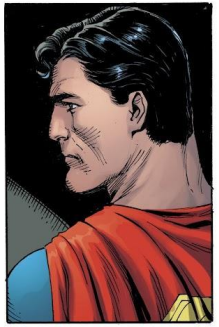
"BUT WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY OTHER BEING I'VE ENCOUNTERED."
AS THE END APPROACHES, THINGS COME INTO FOCUS.


IT'S MARCH 30TH, 1981 ON THIS WORLD. A DRIFTER NAMED JOHN HINCKLEY JR. ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE RONALD REAGAN.
THE PRESIDENT'S BLOOD SPILLS ONTO THE SIDEWALK AS HIS LUNG COLLAPSES.

FOUR HOURS AND SEVENTEEN MINUTES FROM NOW, THIS STREET WILL BE RUBBLE.

AND I WILL SPEAK WITH SUPERMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME.





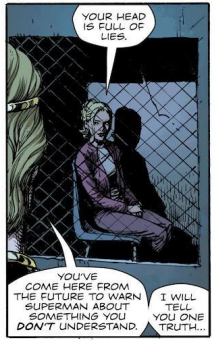
HANDS IN THE AIR!

BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, I'M ASKING YOU TO COME QUIETLY.
I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.
LOWER YOUR WEAPONS.

PLEASE.
"SUPERMAN WILL STOP YOU."

SUPERMAN DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST, IMRA.

IF THE PRESIDENT HAS AN ISSUE WITH ME, I'LL GO TO HIM TO DISCUSS IT.
"I CAN READ YOUR MIND, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE TRUTH.


YOUR HEAD IS FULL OF LIES.
YOU'VE COME HERE FROM THE FUTURE TO WARN SUPERMAN ABOUT SOMETHING YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I WILL TELL YOU ONE TRUTH...

"YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO SEE SUPERMAN AGAIN."

YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!
DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!

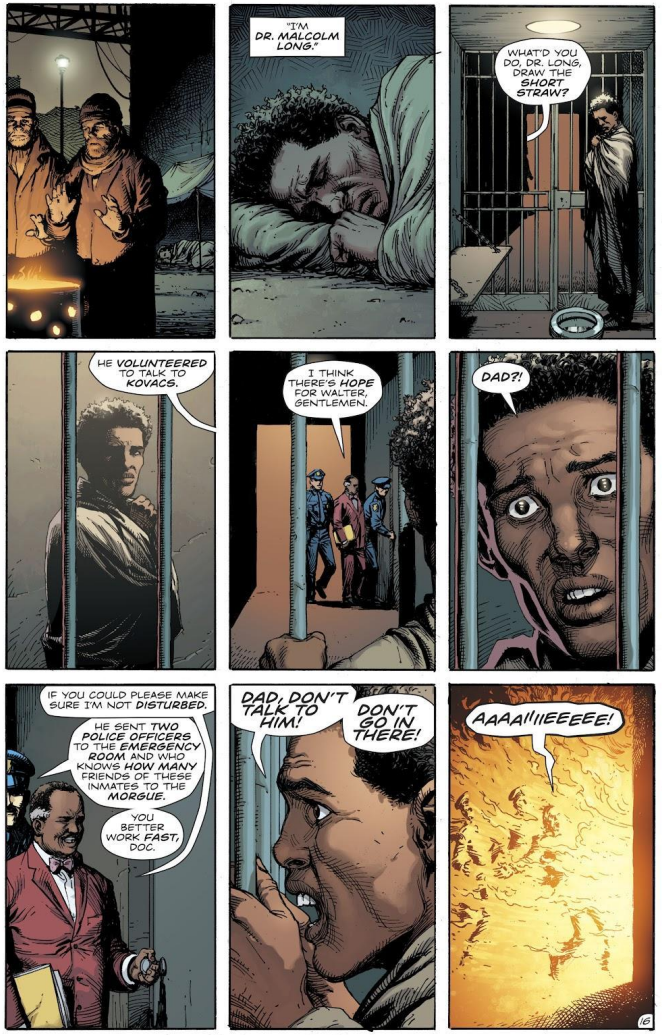
...FIRST SIGHTING OF SUPERMAN SINCE HIS INVOLVEMENT IN THE TRAGEDY IN MOSCOW.
WASHINGTON, D.C.
"I'LL TELL YOU A TRUTH NOW, ADRIAN."

YOU WILL NEVER DESTROY SUPERMAN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING.
"I WAS HONEST. I WAS LOYAL. AND I'VE LEARNED THE GREATEST LESSON OF ALL...

IT'S NOT WHO WINS OR LOSES. IT'S HOW YOU PLAYED THE GAME.
The End

OH.
I'M COUNTING ON HIM SURVIVING WHATEVER COMES HIS WAY.

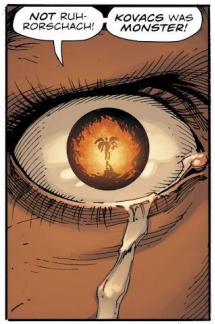
15


"I'M DR. MALCOLM LONG."
WHAT'D YOU DO, DR. LONG, DRAW THE SHORT STRAW?
HE VOLUNTEERED TO TALK TO KOVACS.
I THINK THERE'S HOPE FOR WALTER, GENTLEMEN.
DAD?!
IF YOU COULD PLEASE MAKE SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED.
HE SENT TWO POLICE OFFICERS TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM AND WHO KNOWS HOW MANY FRIENDS OF THESE INMATES TO THE MORGUE.
YOU BETTER WORK FAST, DOC.
DAD, DON'T TALK TO HIM!
DON'T GO IN THERE!
AAAA!!IEEEEE!
16

DAD!

REGGIE?

RORSCHACH?


NOT RUH-RORSCHACH!
KOVACS WAS MONSTER!

SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE.

I SEE A WORLD DYING.

:KK:
LUH-LET G-GO.

AAAAHHHHH!

DO YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M ALFRED PENNYWORTH.
YOU LIKED MY COOKING.
:HH:
I READ THE JOURNAL.
I'M SORRY WE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU BEFORE, BUT WE DO NOW.

BRUCE ASKED ME TO FIND YOU, TO HELP US LOCATE OZYMANDIAS SO WE CAN PROVE SUPERMAN'S INNOCENT.
SO WE CAN STOP HIM FROM DOING TO OUR WORLD WHAT HE DID TO YOURS.
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HUNGRY.

PUT ME IN PRISON.
LEFT ME TO ROT.

MAGGOTS TWISTING IN FOOD.
PLEASE, COME WITH ME. WE NEED RORSCHACH.

AAAARRRR!

NOT RORSCHACH!

WAIT! PLEASE!
WE WANT TO HELP YOU!

"ISN'T THAT SWEET?"

THEY SENT A WELCOMING PARTY, BABY!
MORE LIKE A HUNTING PARTY.
CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS CRAZY BITCH.

GGGAAAHH!
WHAT HANDS?

MY ORIGINAL PLAN WAS TO FIND JON AND CONVINCE HIM TO RETURN TO OUR EARTH, SO THAT HE MIGHT SAVE IT FROM NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION.
BUT I KNEW AFTER OUR DISCUSSION BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED, JON WOULD NEVER LISTEN TO ME.

"SO I SET MY SIGHTS ON THEM."
HOW DARE YOU ASSAULT A PREGNANT WOMAN.
"THEIR SON WAS BORN IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL. I PROMISED TO REVEAL WHERE HE HAD BEEN TAKEN IF THEY CAME WITH ME TO CONFRONT JON.

"I PULLED THEIR PROVERBIAL STRINGS."
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU HOLDIN'?

NNFFF!

I REQUIRED THEM BECAUSE OF THEIR PAST EXPERIENCE WITH DR. MANHATTAN.

NNYYAAA!
"DON'T KILL HIM!

YOU DON'T KILL HIM WITHOUT KILLING ME.

"JON WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR INCARCERATION."
WHAT?
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?

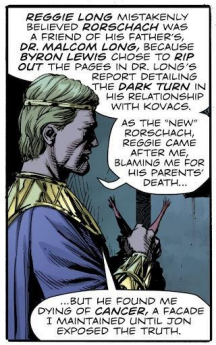
"EVERYONE BELIEVED HE HAD HESITATED TO KILL MARIONETTE BECAUSE SHE WAS PREGNANT.

"BUT I KNEW, IN THE PAST, JON WATCHED THE COMEDIAN SHOOT AND KILL A PREGNANT WOMAN AND HAD DONE NOTHING.
"JON REVEALED TO ME, OVER THE YEARS, THAT HE HAD SEEN MARIONETTE'S CHILD'S FUTURE...

"THIS BOY WOULD BE ADOPTED BY A COUPLE AND HE WOULD BRING INCREDIBLE JOY TO A WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN VERY IMPORTANT TO JON AT ONE TIME IN HIS LIFE.
GOOD MORNING, MRS. HOLLIS!
HI, MOM!

"I HOPED UPON SEEING MARIONETTE, JON WOULD BE REMINDED OF THE FAMILY HE CHOSE TO PROTECT BY GRANTING MARIONETTE MERCY SHE MOST CERTAINLY DID NOT DESERVE."

AND YOU BROKE THEM OUT OF PRISON...
NOT ME. MY OTHER PUPPET. WHO WAS EASIER TO MANIPULATE THAN MARIONETTE AND MIME.


REGGIE LONG MISTAKENLY BELIEVED RORSCHACH WAS A FRIEND OF HIS FATHER'S, DR. MALCOM LONG, BECAUSE BYRON LEWIS CHOSE TO RIP OUT THE PAGES IN DR. LONG'S REPORT DETAILING THE DARK TURN IN HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH KOVACS.
AS THE "NEW" RORSCHACH, REGGIE CAME AFTER ME, BLAMING ME FOR HIS PARENTS' DEATH...
...BUT HE FOUND ME DYING OF CANCER, A FACADE I MAINTAINED UNTIL JON EXPOSED THE TRUTH.

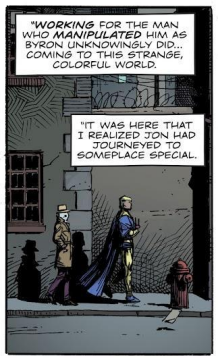
"REGGIE BELIEVED I WAS OVERWHELMED WITH GUILT AND SHAME OVER THE TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

"HE GATHERED MARIONETTE AND MIME, AND ONCE I REENGINEERED NITE OWL'S SHIP..."
"YOU TURNED IT INTO A TIME SPHERE."
"WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT, IT LOCKED ON JON'S SIGNAL...

"...AND AS THE MISSILES FELL AROUND US...

"...WE MADE OUR WAY TO THIS UNIVERSE.

POOR REGGIE.
HE HAD NO IDEA HE WAS WEARING THE MASK OF THE MAN THAT DESTROYED HIS PARENTS.


"WORKING FOR THE MAN WHO MANIPULATED HIM AS BYRON UNKNOWINGLY DID... COMING TO THIS STRANGE, COLORFUL WORLD.
"IT WAS HERE THAT I REALIZED JON HAD JOURNEYED TO SOMEPLACE SPECIAL.

"AND HORRIFYING."
21

"A WORLD OF EXTREMES IMPOSSIBLE TO RECONCILE.
"ONE FULL OF HOPE... AND AT THE SAME TIME DESPAIR.

"A SCHIZOPHRENIC SOCIETY OVERRUN WITH SUPER-POWERS AND COSTUMES.
LOCK UP!
"HE REFUSED TO HELP US, OBSESSED WITH AN IMPENDING CONFRONTATION WITH SUPERMAN THAT WOULD LEAD TO HIS OWN DESTRUCTION...OR THIS UNIVERSE'S."
"BUT IT WAS CLEAR WHY JON HAD VENTURED HERE.

"TO BE WITH HIS OWN."
NO.
"HE REFUSED TO HELP US, BELIEVING THAT A CONFRONTATION WITH SUPERMAN WOULD LEAD TO HIS OR THIS UNIVERSE'S OBLIVION."

SO I CAME UP WITH A NEW PLAN.
ONE TO SAVE BOTH WORLDS.
22

"THE WORLD'S BELIEF IN SUPERMAN WAS HOLDING IT TOGETHER LIKE **STRING** AND **CHEWING GUM.**

IN ORDER FOR THINGS TO CHANGE, THEY MUST HIT **ROCK BOTTOM.**

SO WHAT IF I COULD TURN THE WORLD **AGAINST** SUPERMAN?

"IN MY SEARCH, I DISCOVERED THE **SUPERMEN THEORY** TO BE, IN FACT, PARTIALLY **TRUE.**

"AFTER SUPERMAN'S ARRIVAL, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAD BEGUN EXPERIMENTING IN AN ATTEMPT TO CREATE ITS OWN METAHUMANS.

"THESE **CONFIDENTIAL PROGRAMS** WERE LED BY **PROFESSOR MARTIN STEIN...**

"...WHO LATER CAUSED THE ACCIDENT THAT BONDED HIM AND STUDENT **RONALD RAYMOND** INTO **FIRESTORM.**

"RAYMOND'S **PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE** REVEALED A DEEPLY FLAWED AND INSECURE HUMAN BEING. ONE I COULD **MANIPULATE** AS **STEIN** DID.

"AFTER I LEAKED THIS INFORMATION TO FIRESTORM'S RUSSIAN COUNTERPART, **POZHAR,** I PLACED RAYMOND UNDER INCREASING PRESSURE FROM THE MEDIA.

I TOLD YOU I DON'T CARE WHAT POZHAR SAYS! HE'S A **LIAR!**

AND I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN HIS **THROAT!**

"ULTIMATELY, SUPERMAN WENT TO MOSCOW TO INTERVENE, DEFENDING FIRESTORM IN HOPES HE MIGHT SAVE LIVES.

THEN **BUBASTIS** HELPED ME CREATE A LITTLE... DETONATION.

"PEOPLE **DIED.** SUPERMAN WAS **BLAMED** FOR **PROTECTING** FIRESTORM.

BUT I WANTED THE METAHUMANS WHO WOULD NO DOUBT INVESTIGATE TO QUICKLY LEARN THE EXPLOSION WAS **NOT** FIRESTORM.

THE HEROES OF THIS EARTH WOULD THEN TRACE THIS **ENERGY** NOT BACK TO ME AND BUBASTIS...

"...BUT TO **JON.**

"RESULTING IN A BATTLE THAT REMOVED **ALL** OF SUPERMAN'S METAHUMAN ALLIES."

AS THE MIDNIGHT DEADLINE TO TURN SUPERMAN OVER INCHES CLOSER, PUTIN'S METAHUMAN FORCES HAVE GATHERED IN **RED SQUARE** IN HONOR OF THOSE FALLEN.

AMAZONS STORMED THE UNITED NATIONS AND ABDUCTED **WONDER WOMAN** IN MIDBATTLE... LEAVING **NO ONE** TO STOP **BLACK ADAM.**

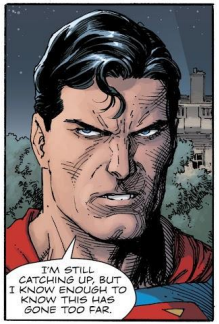
THE STAGE IS SET.

"THE CHOPPER'S WAITING."

WE NEED TO GET YOU SOMEPLACE SAFE.

IT'S NOT GOING TO BE SAFE OUTSIDE.

...ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, LIGHTNING STORMS APPARENTLY CREATED TO COVER THEIR ARRIVAL...
I HAVE A MESSAGE TO ALL METAHUMANS EVERYWHERE. THE REVOLUTION IS NOW. COME JOIN ME.
IT IS TIME TO FREE THIS WORLD FROM ENSLAVEMENT.


I'M STILL CATCHING UP, BUT I KNOW ENOUGH TO KNOW THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR.

YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE TO STAND ASIDE, SUPERMAN.

...JOINED BY WHAT APPEAR TO BE OTHER METAHUMANS WHO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED TO THE SUPERMEN THEORY...
"WHATEVER YOU'RE TRYING TO DO, SUPERMAN WILL STOP IT."

I'VE SEEN THE FUTURE.
IT EXISTS BECAUSE OF SUPERMAN.

YES, WELL, IF SUPERMAN IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU, TO YOUR EXISTENCE, LET ME ASK YOU ONE THING, SATURN GIRL.
DOES SUPERMAN REMEMBER YOU?

...
NO.

NO...WHAT'S HAPPENING...
I WOULD THEORIZE THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER PART OF THIS TIMELINE.

YOU JUST DIDN'T REALIZE IT.

LONG... LIVE...

OUR WORLDS.

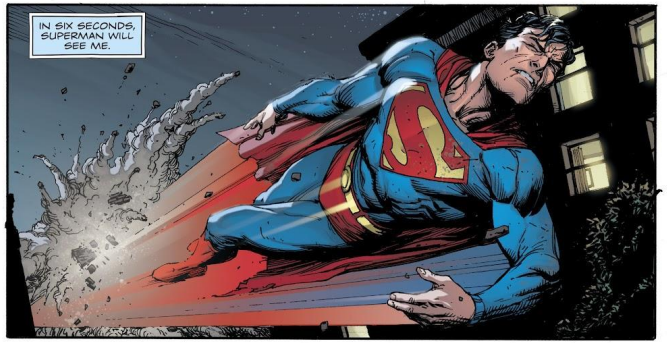
THIS ONE WILL BECOME MY TOMB.

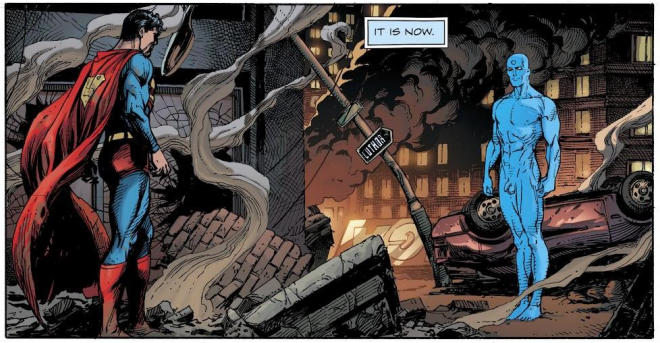
BUT THAT TOMB WILL BE A MONUMENT.

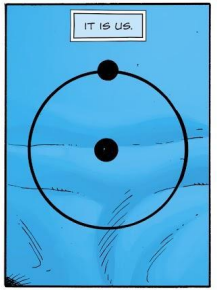
OH, QUIT CRYING, OLD MAN.

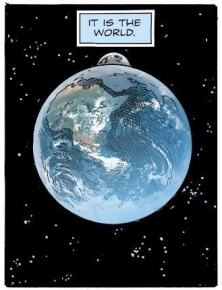
YOU'RE FROM THE PAST.

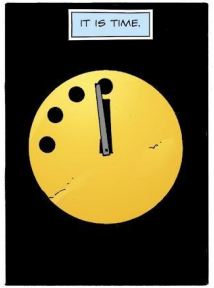
AND THE PAST WON'T BE ERASED.











I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps as long as eternity too.

—James Joyce
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

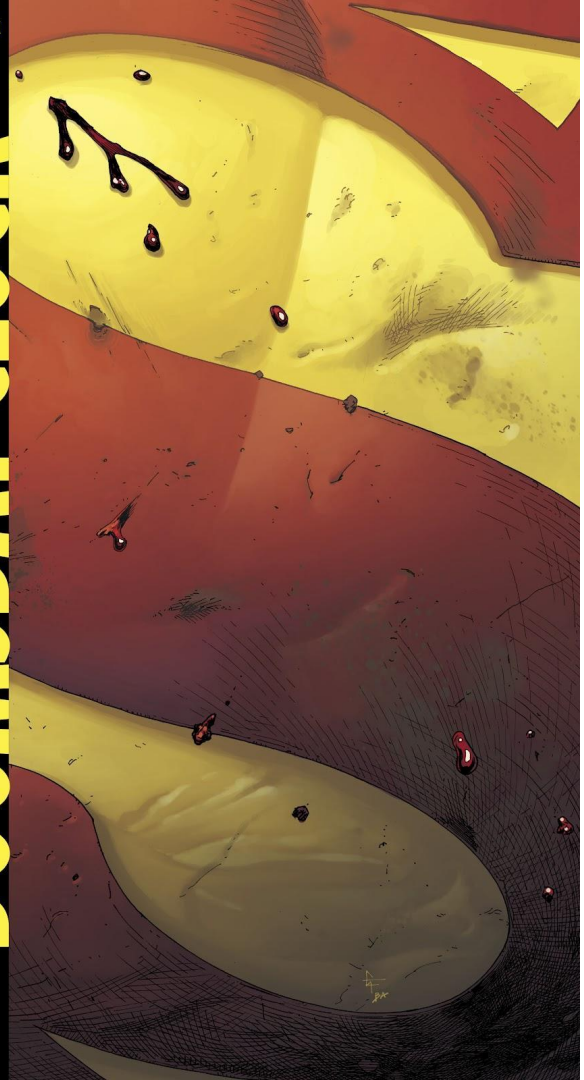
LEXCORP
ITEM #1 Originally found in the home of Carver Colman, believed to have been in his possession since April 18th, 1938. The man in the photo is known simply as "Jon."
ITEM #1
ITEM #2
ITEM #3
ITEM #4
ITEM #5
ITEM #6
ITEM #7
ITEM #8
ITEM #9
ITEM #10
ITEM #11
LEXCORP
ITEM #2 Originally found on March 19th, 1952, at the RKO Pantages Theater in Hollywood, California. The photograph was found in Carver Colman's dressing room following the 25th Academy Awards. Believing it to be a collector's item, a custodian sold it to a Hollywood collectibles shop where it remained until it was located by LexCorp.
ITEM #3 Originally found in a train wreck in July of 1940 outside of Gotham. It was left unclaimed with other personal items, eventually finding its way to a secondhand store, where it was lost between the pages of a used copy of Walden Two by B.F. Skinner until it was located by LexCorp.
ITEM #4 Originally found in a booth on April 18th, 1955, in Arnold's Diner in Hollywood, California. The photograph was put up on the wall, where it hung alongside other patron photos until it was located by LexCorp.
ITEM #5 Originally found in November of 1940 in a brownstone in Battery Park, Manhattan. The photograph was given to the brownstone's former owner, Wesley Dodds. Dodds is said to have studied the photograph with great interest, noting that its fashions appeared "out of time." He claimed to dream about the man in it, calling him "Dr. Manhattan." He kept it until his death in 1986. It was located in an antique shop by LexCorp, hidden inside one of Dodds's old trunks.
ITEM #6 Originally found in a cemetery in Smallville, Kansas, in 1956, it was brought to the local library in hopes that its owner may recover it. It remained there until it was located by LexCorp.
ITEM #7 Originally found in a field in Smallville, Kansas, in 1986, most likely by a farmhand, it was apparently mistakenly put into a photo album belonging to the Hubbards, where it remained until it was located by LexCorp.
ITEM #8 Recently found by LexCorp in Arkham Asylum following a riot and subsequent mass breakout in the cell of an unknown prisoner known only as John Doe, 5'8", African-American. Brought in by Batman.
ITEM #9 Tracked down and located by LexCorp last week. Found in the Congo Basin. Believe this to be a recent creation as the energy signature was only registered two weeks ago.
ITEM #10 Discovered in the New Beverly Cinema during a Nathaniel Dusk movie marathon, which starred Carver Colman. Evidence points to the obvious: the being had some kind of relationship or infatuation with the actor, romantic or otherwise.
ITEM #11 Additional energy readings point to dozens of new photographs, their appearance increasing at an alarming rate. The latest to be discovered was in one of the Joker's safe houses, a former warehouse on the East Side.

LEXLORP

ITEM #12 Found among several other items in Central City at the site of the first discovery of "Jon's" photograph, this image is of the Flash and a second Flash, visually the same as the one found in the film reel of the Justice Society of America, recovered the same day at the same time. I believe it to be chronal debris from past lives or alternate histories of our world that no longer exist. In conclusion, the being I am tracking—this "Jon"—I believe him to be the cause of our revisionist reality, or at least to have knowledge of that cause.

I believe our universe is ever-evolving, that I have lived past lives—alongside Superman—and am locked in an endless battle with him that I might never win, nor will he. My goal is simple: find "Jon" and learn what I can about this endless loop between Superman and myself, and close it.

DOOMSDAY CLOCK
No. 12 of 12
DC
DOOMSDAY CLOCK
FEBRUARY 2020



DOOMSDAY CLOCK 12
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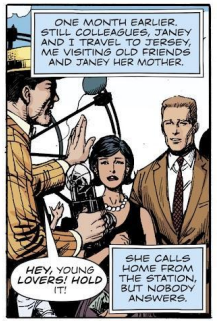
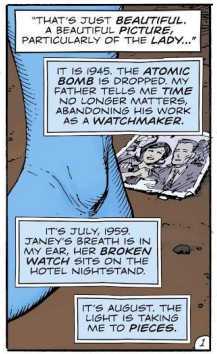
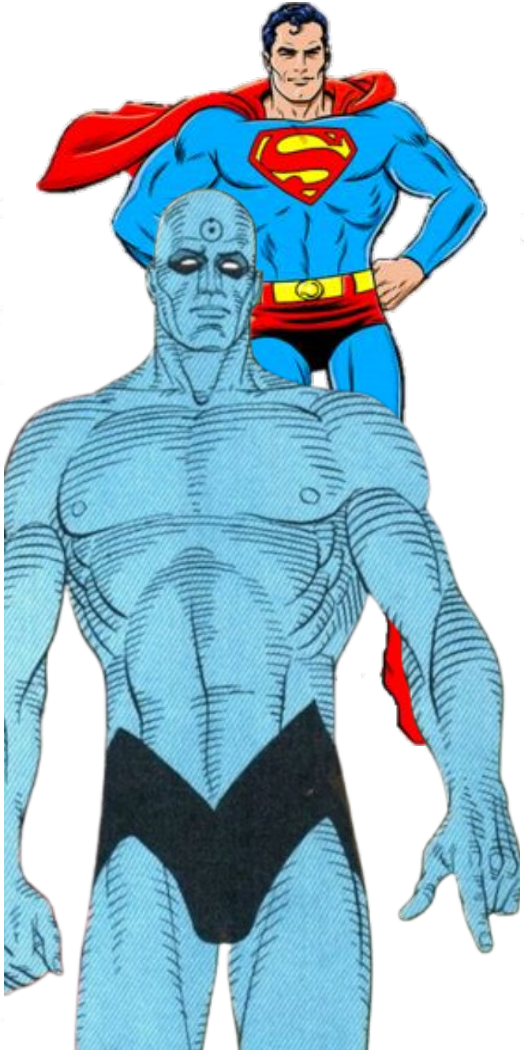
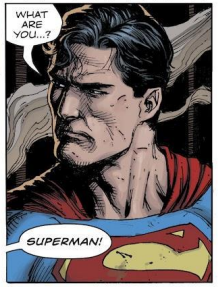






DISCOURAGED OF MAN



YOU HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD IN THE WORLD, SUPERMAN...
BUT THAT CANNOT EXCUSE THE ROLE YOU PLAYED IN THE ATTACK THAT LEFT SCORES OF MY PEOPLE DEAD.

POZHAR...

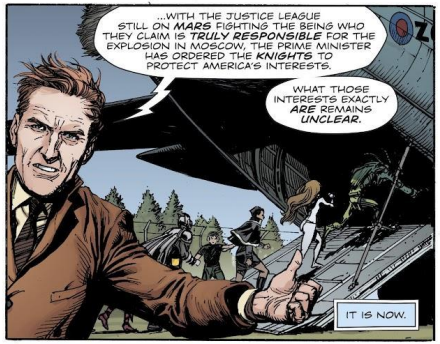
SUPERMAN WILL BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE...
BUT KAHNDAQ WILL BE THE NATION THAT DOES IT.
FIGHT NOT FOR A GOVERNMENT THAT WANTS TO CONTROL YOU BECAUSE IT FEARS YOU.
JOIN ME AND MY NATION AND BE FREE.

I WOULD NEVER BETRAY MY HOMELAND.

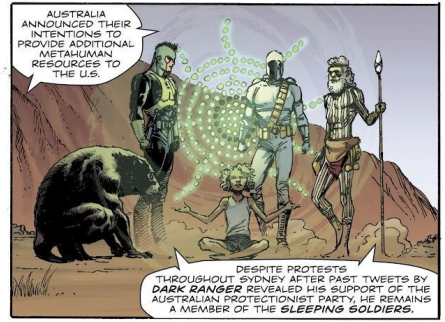
IT IS NOVEMBER 2ND, 1985. I WATCH LAURIE HOLD DANIEL DREIBERG CLOSE, HER MASCARA MIXED WITH TEARS, HIS NAKED SKIN PROVIDING HER COMFORT.
IT'S OCTOBER, 1985. I DROP THE PHOTOGRAPH ON MARS, LEAVING IT ALL BEHIND.

IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1938. SUPERMAN HOLDS A CAR OVER HIS HEAD.
THERE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THE AREA.

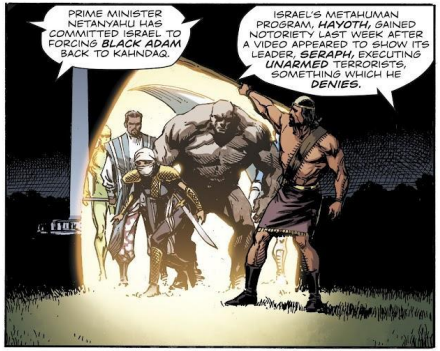
SINCE WHEN HAS THAT EVER STOPPED YOUR COUNTRY?
IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1938. THERE IS NO CAR.
3


...WITH THE JUSTICE LEAGUE STILL ON MARS FIGHTING THE BEINGS WHO THEY CLAIM IS TRULY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EXPLOSION IN MOSCOW. THE PRIME MINISTER HAS ORDERED THE KNIGHTS TO PROTECT AMERICA'S INTERESTS.
WHAT THOSE INTERESTS EXACTLY ARE REMAINS UNCLEAR.
IT IS NOW.

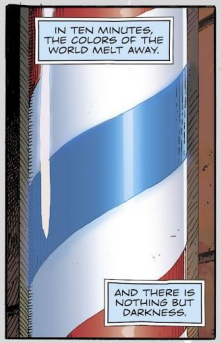
I AM CAUGHT IN A QUESTION WITH TWO ANSWERS.


AUSTRALIA ANNOUNCED THEIR INTENTIONS TO PROVIDE ADDITIONAL METAHUMAN RESOURCES TO THE U.S.
DESPITE PROTESTS THROUGHOUT SYDNEY AFTER PAST TWEETS BY DARK RANGER REVEALED HIS SUPPORT OF THE AUSTRALIAN PROTECTIONIST PARTY, HE REMAINS A MEMBER OF THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS.

I CANNOT SEE THROUGH THIS BARRIER OF BLACKNESS.


PRIME MINISTER NETANYAHU HAS COMMITTED ISRAEL TO FORCING BLACK ADAM BACK TO KAHNDAQ.
ISRAEL'S METAHUMAN PROGRAM, HAYOTH, GAINED NOTORIETY LAST WEEK AFTER A VIDEO APPEARED TO SHOW ITS LEADER, SERAPH, EXECUTING UNARMED TERRORISTS, SOMETHING WHICH HE DENIES.

I ONLY SEE SUPERMAN.
4


IN TEN MINUTES, THE COLORS OF THE WORLD MELT AWAY.
AND THERE IS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS.

Ali's Barber
BARBER
URGING ALL RESIDENCES WITHIN THE DOWNTOWN D.C. AREA TO EVACUATE
DECLARING WAR AGAINST RUSSIA
MARCHES TURNING VIOLENT
ELITE BASIJ SIDING WITH KAHNDAQ...
GREAT TWENTY WITH RUSSIA
JAPAN SENDING BIG MONSTER ACTION
CLOSED

THIS IS THE END.

GGGG!

HAHAHAHAHA.
KNEW I'D CATCH ONE OF YOU TRYIN' TO BREAK INTA MY STORE.

C'MON NOW, BOY.

STAND UP AND FIGHT BACK.

I SEE NOTHING...
...TO FIGHT FOR.

EXCUSE ME, SIR.

HUH?

YOU'VE GOT BLOOD ON YOUR HAT.
I GOT WHAT?

TOLD YOU.
LEAVE ME ALONE.

WHERE WOULD WE ALL BE IF I DID THAT?
I REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE.
SUPERMAN DOES.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP US FIND OZYMANDIAS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

YOU DUH-DON'T KNOW...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHOSE FACE THAT IS.

YES, I DO. I'VE READ HIS JOURNAL. HIS NAME WAS...
DON'T SAY HIS NAME!

AAHH!
MONSTER'S NAME. MONSTER'S FACE.
FILLED WITH EMPTINESS.
"EYES WERE CLOSED.
NOW THEY'RE OPEN.
I SEE THE TRUTH!
"FIGHTING WILL NOT HELP.
YOUR WORLD'S GOING TO END LIKE MINE.
IT WILL UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING TO SAVE IT.
IRAN CALLING SUPERMAN A WAR CRIMINAL AND VOWING TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THE AMERICAN HERO...
LOOK AT MASK...
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I SEE PIECES OF ROCK FLOATING IN SPACE.
"I SEE NO FUTURE.
"I SEE NO HOPE."
7

"IT IS LOST AND I CANNOT FIND IT."
8
9

MY FUH-FATHER USED TO WAKE ME UP EVERY MUH-MORNING WITH SMILE ON HIS FUH-FACE.
HE'D TELL ME NO MATTER WHAT CAME MY WAY TO MAKE MUH-MOST OF IT.

AAAARRRR!

HE BUH-BELIEVED THERE WAS GOOD TO BE FOUND EVERYWHERE. IN EVERYONE.
WE JUST HAD TO LUH-LOOK FOR IT.

"WE HAD TO SEE IT AND HELP OTHERS SEE IT TUH-TOO.

"NEVER GAVE IN TO DARK THOUGHTS.
"BUT SOME PEOPLE CAN'T SEE THE GOOD.

"THEY ONLY WUH-WANT EVERYONE ELSE TO SUFFER WITH THEM.
"AND THEY'RE GOING TO WIN.

"THE WORLD IS DROWNING IN HATE AND ANGER. SIDES SEPARATED BY AN EVER-WIDENING CANYON OF DIGITAL BILE.
"SOON BOTH FACTIONS WILL TUMBLE OFF EDGE, FALLING INTO BOTTOMLESS PIT OF LIBERAL SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS AND OUTDATED IDENTITY POLITICS...

"...HANDS CLUTCHING THEIR WEAPONIZED PHONES, FINDING NO OLIVE BRANCH TO SAVE THEM.
"BECAUSE NEITHER SIDE KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS ANYMORE.

LOST SIGHT OF SUPERMAN NOW AS REPORTS CONFIRM HE IS FIGHTING ALONE
"WHY NOT LET THIS UGLY WORLD DESTROY ITSELF..."
10

...BEFORE WE'RE DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS WITH IT?

I KNOW YOU TRIED TO WARN ME.

I'M SORRY.

IT DOESN'T MATTER.
11

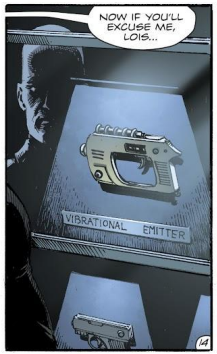
"THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW."
MOMMY?!
SHUT YOUR EYES.
SUPERMAN?

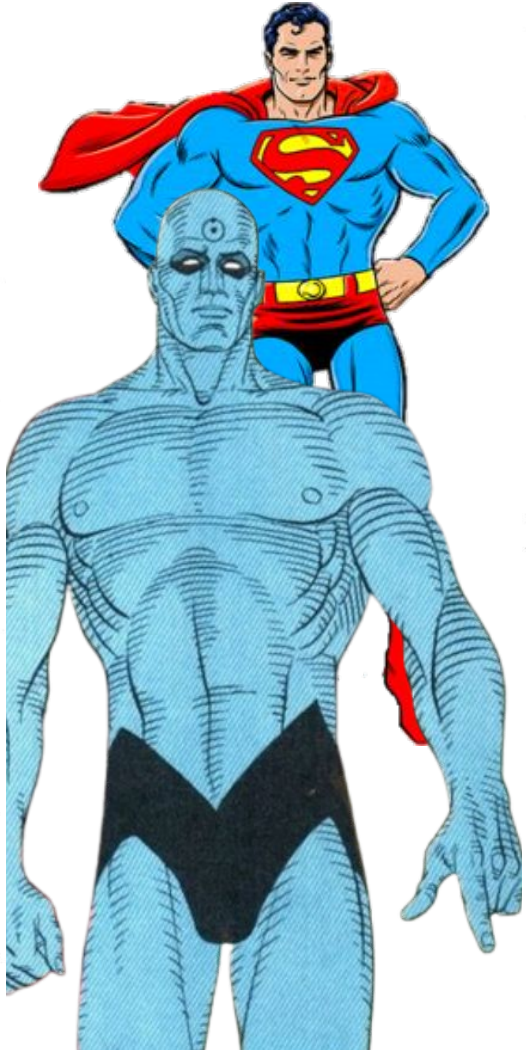
WHOEVER YOU ARE, HELP THESE PEOPLE!
I DON'T HELP YOU.
NNRR!
I'VE ALREADY SEEN IT.
WHAT ARE YAAAAAAAAH!
I...
I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.
LESS THAN FOUR MINUTES NOW.
New York
NOVEMBER 2, 198
IT IS NOVEMBER 2ND, 1985.

I REMEMBER THIS FEELING.
MILLIONS WILL DIE. A COMPLICATED PROSPECT OF PEACE BROUGHT TO AN UNHINGED WORLD.
KILLING WALTER KOVACS, I BECOME PART OF THE LIE.
TUTE FOR SPATIAL STUDIES
NEWS
WAR?

NOT YET REALIZING THE ILLUSION WOULD ONE DAY END.
YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT.
AND WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?
WRITE YOUR ARTICLE. INFORM THE WORLD. TELL THEM OUR VERY HISTORY HAS BEEN ALTERED BY A FORCE BEYOND OUR UNIVERSE.
TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT? PANICKING PEOPLE?

TO TELL PEOPLE I WAS THE ONE WHO UNCOVERED IT.
I WANT THE CREDIT FOR MY WORK.

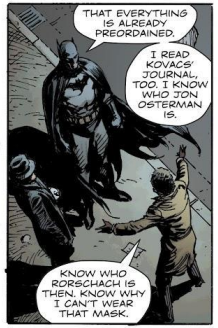

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, LOIS...
VIBRATIONAL EMITTER



"I HAVE A MEETING WITH SOMEONE."

PULL OVER!
YOU WISH!
HAHAHAHAHA!
STOP

"SO YOU BELIEVE WHAT DR. MANHATTAN DOES?


THAT EVERYTHING IS ALREADY PREORDAINED.
I READ KOVACS' JOURNAL, TOO. I KNOW WHO JON OSTERMAN IS.
KNOW WHO RORSCHACH IS THEN. KNOW WHY I CAN'T WEAR THAT MASK.

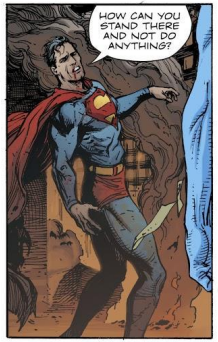
BYRON LEWIS. MOTHMAN.
MY SUPPOSED FRIEND IN HOSPITAL LIED TO ME. TOLD ME MY FATHER WAS GETTING THROUGH TO RORSCHACH, BUT TRUTH...
RORSCHACH WAS GETTING THROUGH TO HIM.

DESTROYED MY FATHER. MY MOTHER. DIED ALONE. SEE IT.
I ALWAYS SEE IT.

YOU SEE A MONSTER WHEN YOU LOOK AT THAT MASK.
BUT YOU CAN TAKE IT. CHANGE IT.

MAKE PEOPLE SEE SOMETHING ELSE.

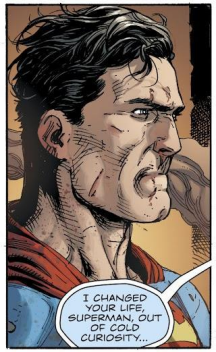
"THAT'S WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR FRIEND BYRON WAS TRYING TO DO.
KFF
"HE JUST WANTED TO PROTECT HOW YOU REMEMBERED YOUR FATHER."


HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND NOT DO ANYTHING?

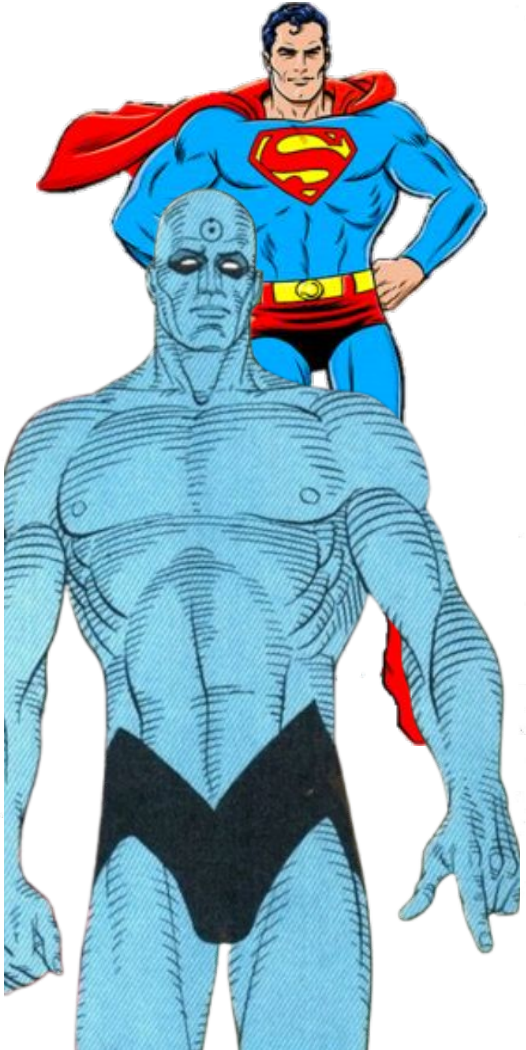
MY WORLD ONCE HAD A CHANCE AT PEACE. BUT AFTER I LEFT, IT LOST IT. IT FELL INTO WAR.
IT'S BURNING EVEN NOW.
TWELVE SECONDS.

I SEE NOTHING BUT DARKNESS.

I AM THE ONE BEHIND THE CHANGES IN YOUR LIFE. THE LOSS OF MENTORS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN. FRIENDS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN.
MORE SPECIFICALLY, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF YOUR PARENTS.


I CHANGED YOUR LIFE, SUPERMAN, OUT OF COLD CURIOSITY...

WILL YOU DESTROY ME FOR IT?
OR WILL I DEFEND MYSELF DESPITE MY SINS?
16



17

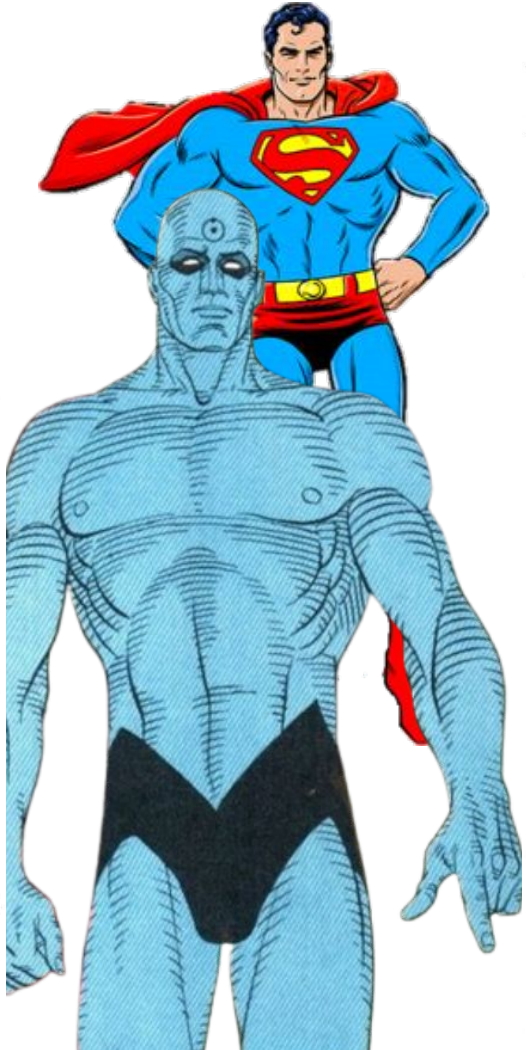
AAAHHH!

HIS FLAME IS SNUFFED OUT. THE DARKNESS IS STILL COMING. BUT I AM CONFUSED.

WHY WOULD YOU DEFEND ME...?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ABOUT ALL THIS...

BUT I DO KNOW THAT RIGHT NOW...

"RIGHT NOW YOU HAVE A CHOICE TO MAKE.
"YOU TALK ABOUT ME DESTROYING YOU OR YOU DESTROYING ME BECAUSE ALL YOU SEE BEYOND THIS IS NOTHING?
"BUT MAYBE THERE'S A THIRD CHOICE."
18



WHO IS SHE?

SHE?

YOU'RE CREATING THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS WITH EVERY STEP YOU TAKE.
I ASSUME THEY'RE IMPORTANT TO YOU.

JON!

JANEY!

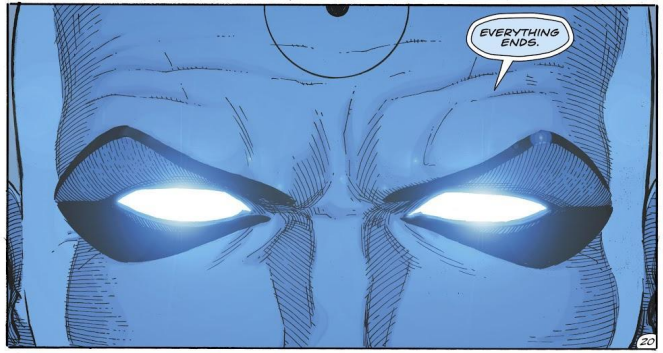
SHE WAS.

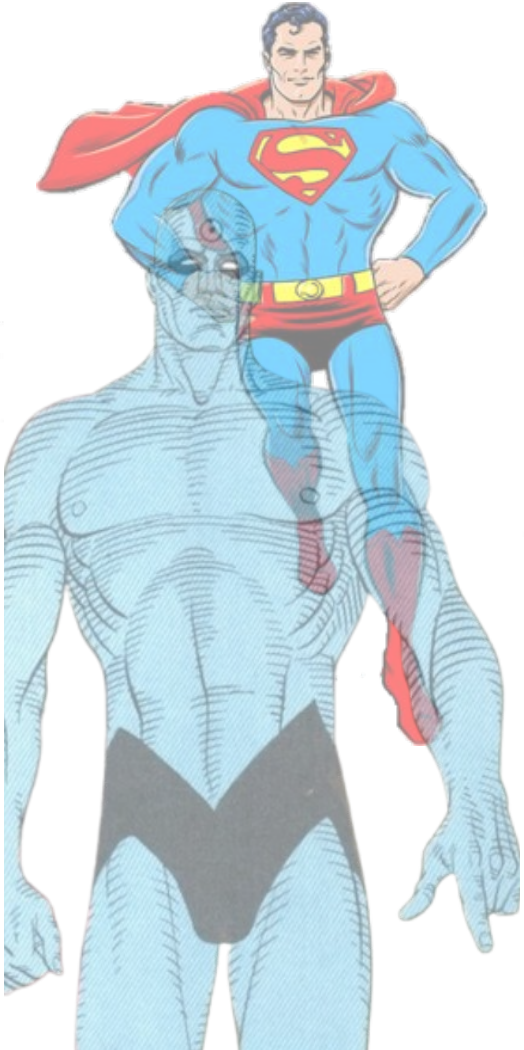
MAYBE THE DARKNESS YOU SEE...
MAYBE IT TAKES EVERYTHING YOU HAVE TO SAVE YOUR WORLD.

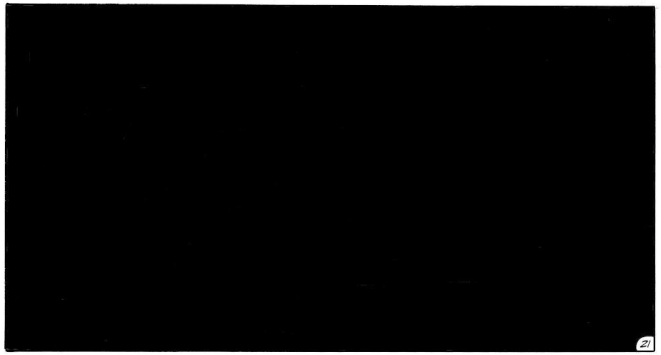
"MAYBE YOU MAKE THAT CHOICE."
19

YES.

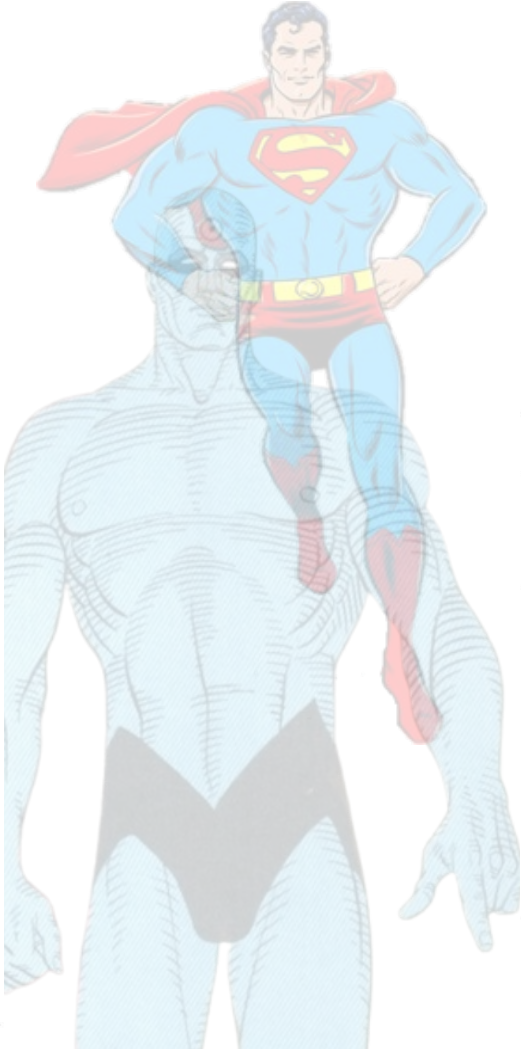
I UNDERSTAND NOW.


EVERYTHING ENDS.





IT BEGINS WITH A CHILD.
24



THE METAVERSE FORMS AROUND THIS ONE AND ONLY SON.
"IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO SHOW YOURSELF TO THE WORLD."
25

THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE YOU, CLARK.
IF THEY DID, A LOT OF 'EM WOULD BE AFRAID.

IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940.
I MOVE THE LANTERN SIX INCHES OUT OF ENGINEER ALAN SCOTT'S REACH.
HE DIES AS THE TRAIN CAREENS OFF THE BRIDGE.

IT'S JULY 16TH, 1940. I MOVE THE LANTERN BACK.
"THEY'VE SEEN PEOPLE WITH EXTRAORDINARY ABILITIES BEFORE, CLARK.

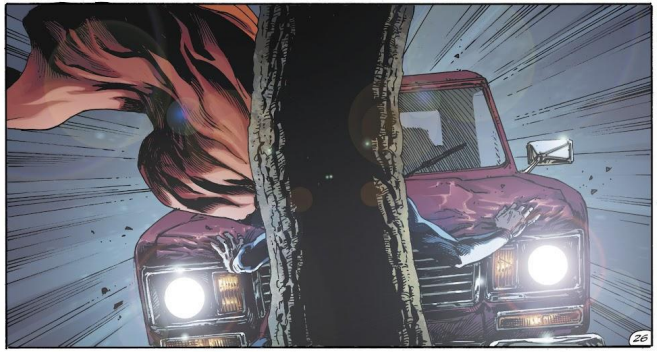
WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY FATHER TOLD ME STORIES OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA. WARTIME HEROES WHO MADE US FEEL SAFER AND INSPIRED US TO DO OUR PART.
BUT THAT WAS DECADES AGO...

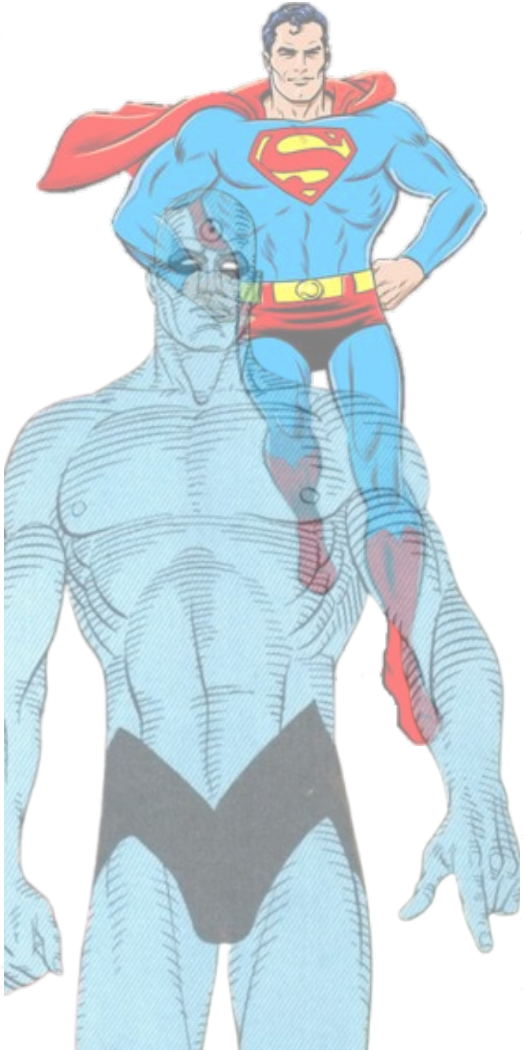
SO IF YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU'RE READY TO GET OUT THERE AND SHOW EVERYONE WHAT YOU CAN DO, WELL, THE WORLD IS READY, TOO, CLARK.

THANKS, PA!
NOW YOU GO ASK LANA ABOUT THAT DANCE!
I WILL!

I WORRY ABOUT CLARK. HE'S SO ALONE.
HE HAS YOU AND ME.
WE WON'T BE AROUND FOREVER...
JONATHAN?

JONATHAN!





INSPIRED BY THE HEROES OF THE PAST, CLARK KENT STEPS INTO THE LIGHT.

IS THAT...
OUR SON.

BECAUSE THE JUSTICE SOCIETY EXISTS AGAIN...

...SO DOES SUPERBOY.
YOU SAVED US, CLARK.
YOU LOOK SO HANDSOME.
THANKS, MA.

AND BECAUSE SUPERBOY EXISTS AGAIN...
EARTH EMBRACED HIM, AN ALIEN IMMIGRANT LIKE US.
HE LED THE WAY.
SO DOES THE LEGION.

AS THE METAVERSE RE-FORMS, TIME CATCHES UP.
IT IS NOW.

HSSSSS
BUBASTIS?
YES, I FELT IT, TOO.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, A YOUNG GIRL SAVES THE LIFE OF INTERGALACTIC PHILANTHROPIST R.J. BRANDE.

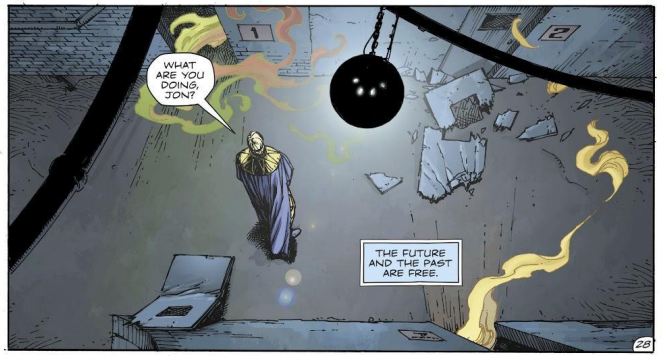
ON JULY 7TH, 1917, JONATHAN L. THUNDER IS BORN AND KIDNAPPED TO BADHNESIA.
JOHNNY?

YOU'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOUR GENIE THIS WHOLE TIME WHEN YOU FORGOT!
FORGOT?
YOU BECAME THE THUNDERBOLT! REMEMBER?

I...
I DID, DIDN'T I?

CEI-U!

HER RING.
THE OLD MAN.


WHAT ARE YOU DOING, JON?
THE FUTURE AND THE PAST ARE FREE.
28

SNNNG!%
GRIFE, THERE HE IS!

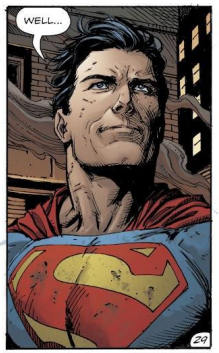
A LITTLE TELEPATHIC PUSH WILL CLEAR THEM AWAY.

WHO...?

YOU REMEMBER US NOW, DON'T YOU, KAL?

IMRA.

SORRY WE'RE LATE, SON.


WELL...
29

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

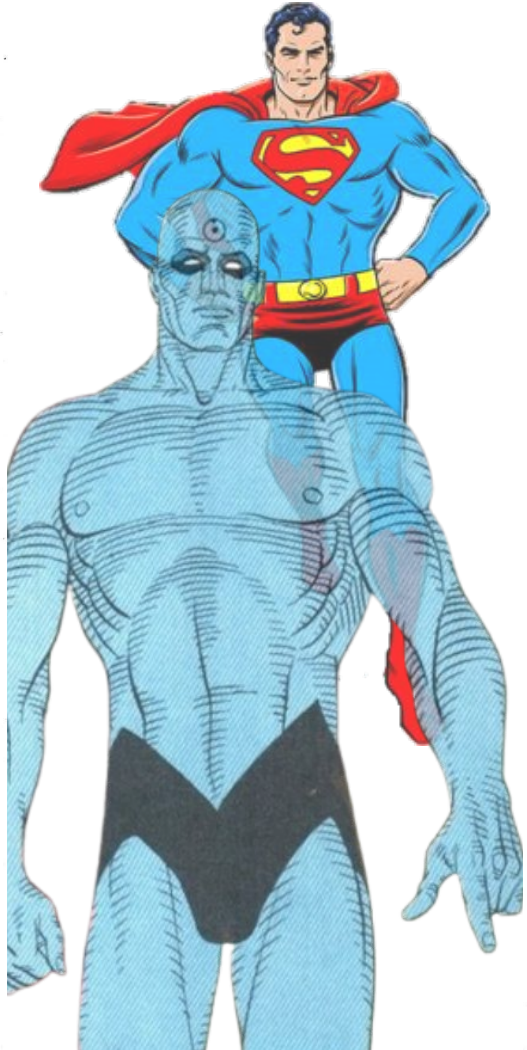
GIVE 'IM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE, JOHNNY!

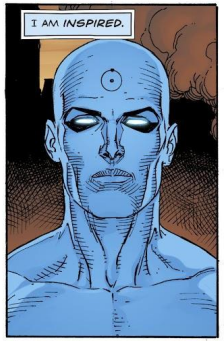
YOU GOT IT, PAL!

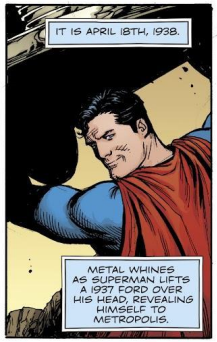
KAAZZZzZZZ!
SERVES YOU RIGHT, YA BIG BULLY!

SOULTAKER!
I KNOW, SATURN GIRL. NO KILLING!
ESPECIALLY IN FRONT OF SUPERMAN.

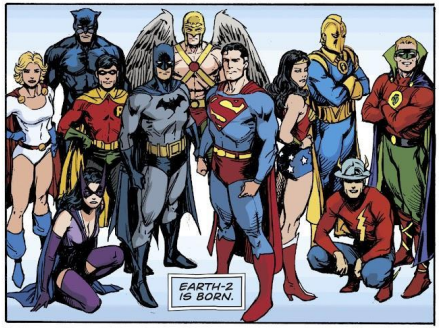
I SEE TOMORROW.
THE MAN OF TOMORROW.
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME...



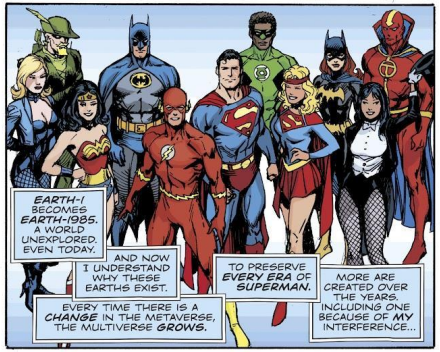

I AM INSPIRED.


IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1938.
METAL WHINES AS SUPERMAN LIFTS A 1937 FORD OVER HIS HEAD, REVEALING HIMSELF TO METROPOLIS.

DECADES LATER, A POLICE SCIENTIST IS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND THE BIRTH OF THE SPEED FORCE RATTLES THE METAVERSE.
SUPERMAN'S TIMELINE SHIFTS FORWARD AND REALITY DIVIDES FOR THE FIRST TIME, CREATING THE MULTIVERSE.


EARTH-2 IS BORN.

AFTER THE FIRST AND GREATEST CRISIS, THE EARTH DIVIDES AGAIN.


EARTH-1 BECOMES EARTH-19B5. A WORLD UNEXPLORED EVEN TODAY.
AND NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY THESE EARTHS EXIST.
EVERY TIME THERE IS A CHANGE IN THE METAVERSE, THE MULTIVERSE GROWS.
TO PRESERVE EVERY ERA OF SUPERMAN.
MORE ARE CREATED OVER THE YEARS. INCLUDING ONE BECAUSE OF MY INTERFERENCE...

...AFTER THE FLASH-POINT...
...AND THIS REBIRTH...

...EARTH-52 IS OUT THERE.
I LOOK BEYOND NOW...

IN THE YEAR 2020, SUPERMAN'S TIMELINE IS BOMBARDED BY THE ***RECKLESS*** ENERGIES OF THE OLD GODS, ONCE AGAIN WARPING THE METAVERSE.

IT'S JULY 2ND, 2025.

A ***CRISIS*** UNLIKE ANY THE METAVERSE HAS SEEN, ONE THEY WILL CALL "***TIME MASTERS,***" ERUPTS...

BUT IN ITS WAKE, ***SUPERMAN*** IS ***REVITALIZED.***

AND HIS ***GREATEST ALLIES RETURN.***

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES SUPERMAN'S EXISTENCE IS ATTACKED, HE WILL SURVIVE.

EVEN IF ***CHANGE*** IS A ***CONSTANT.***

BECAUSE ***HOPE*** IS THE ***NORTH STAR*** OF THE METAVERSE.

IT IS JANUARY 2026. THE TIMELINE IS RESTORED...

AND ***EARTH-56*** IS BORN.

IT IS JUNE 17TH, 2026. SUPERMAN GOES ON A QUEST TO FIND BRUCE WAYNE'S LOST ***DAUGHTER***...SO SHE CAN ***SAVE*** BRUCE'S SON.

ON JULY 10TH, 2030, THE "***SECRET CRISIS***" BEGINS, THROWING SUPERMAN INTO A BRAWL ACROSS THE UNIVERSE WITH ***THOR*** HIMSELF... AND A ***GREEN BEHEMOTH*** STRONGER THAN EVEN ***DOOMSDAY,*** WHO ***DIES*** PROTECTING SUPERMAN FROM THESE INVADERS.

IN ITS ***WAKE,*** SUPERMAN'S TIMELINE SHIFTS FORWARD ***AGAIN...***

IT'S APRIL 18TH, 2038.

SUPERMAN APPEARS IN ***PUBLIC*** FOR THE FIRST TIME.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS ***EARLIER,*** THE KENTS' PRAYERS FOR A CHILD ARE ANSWERED WHEN A ROCKET LANDS ON THEIR FARM.

SUPERMAN'S TIMELINE SHIFTS FORWARD AGAIN. APRIL 18TH, 2038, NOW MARKS A DIFFERENT DATE.

JONATHAN, MARTHA, AND THEIR BABY, COLIN, FIND THE BOY WHO WILL ONE DAY BE SUPERMAN.

THE ROCKET ARRIVES AGAIN IN THE YEAR 2045, DELIVERING THE KENTS THEIR ONLY CHILD.

THEY FIND THE ROCKET WITH THEIR THREE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, CLARA, IN THE YEAR 2162.

IN 2965, SUPERMAN APPEARS IN METROPOLIS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE ROCKET ARRIVES. A CHILD IS LOVED. SUPERMAN IS MADE.

I NOW UNDERSTAND SUPERMAN'S ***TRUE PURPOSE.***

HE WILL SHOW THEM THE WAY.

AND IN A ***MILLENNIUM*** WHEN HIS TIMELINE ***CONVERGES*** WITH THE LEGION'S...HUMANKIND WILL FINALLY ***EMBRACE*** THE WAYS OF SUPERMAN.

HE IS THE ***BRIDGE*** STRETCHING ACROSS ***GENERATIONS*** THAT WILL LEAD ***EVERYONE*** TO PEACE.

BETWEEN WHAT I LEARNED FROM LEX PONTIFICATING, WHICH TOOK ALL THE PATIENCE IN THE WORLD, AND THIS...

THANK YOU, BRUCE.

ARRIVAL OF ***WONDER WOMAN,*** WHO FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE ***JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA*** DURING WORLD WAR II

COUNTLESS LIVES SAVED BY THE ***LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES.***

I DID IT. AGAIN.

DID ***WHAT*** EXACTLY? EVERYTHING WE NEEDED TO CLEAR SUPERMAN'S NAME WAS ON YOUR SHIP.

YES, I KNOW.

I LEFT IT FOR YOU TO FIND...AND GIVE TO HIS WIFE, NO DOUBT.

IT'S ALL GONE ACCORDING TO PLAN.

DON'T WORRY, BUBASTIS, IT'S ONLY JON.

LET HIM SUMMON US.

I KNOW.
THAT DAMN BLUE LIGHT.
AND WE WERE HAVING SO MUCH F

I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, ADRIAN.
I WOULD EXPECT NOTHING LESS BY THIS POINT IN THE GAME, JON.

ONCE I LEARNED ABOUT YOUR VISION OF SUPERMAN, AND SUPERMAN HIMSELF, IT WAS RATHER A SIMPLE INITIATIVE.
IF I COULDN'T CONVINCE YOU TO USE YOUR POWERS TO SAVE OUR WORLD...I WAS CERTAIN HE WOULD.
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS ARRANGE THE CONFRONTATION.

SO LET'S GO HOME.
EVERYONE LIVES TODAY.

NNNG!

'CEPT MAYBE YOU, VEIDT.
GODDAMN ASSHOLE.

NOW FOR YOU TWO CLOWNNNZZZZZ!

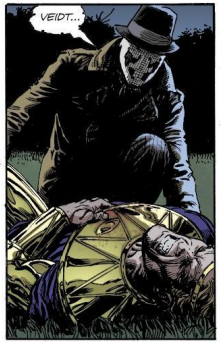
I DON'T USE THAT LANGUAGE OFTEN MYSELF, BUT IT'S APPROPRIATE.
YOU GODDAMN ASSHOLE.

WHAT DID YOU DUH-DO?

I'M NEGATING THE VIBRATIONAL FREQUENCY THAT'S BROUGHT YOU HERE.
I'M SENDING YOU BACK TO WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM.

NO! MANHATTAN, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
THIS CAN'T BE HOW IT EN

IT IS OCTOBER 11TH, 1985. GLASS SHATTERS.


VEIDT...

WE ALL GET WHAT WE WANT, REGGIE.
I GET TO DIE A HERO. JON GETS PURPOSE.
YOU GET REVENGE.

DON'T WANT REVENGE.

WANT JUSTICE.

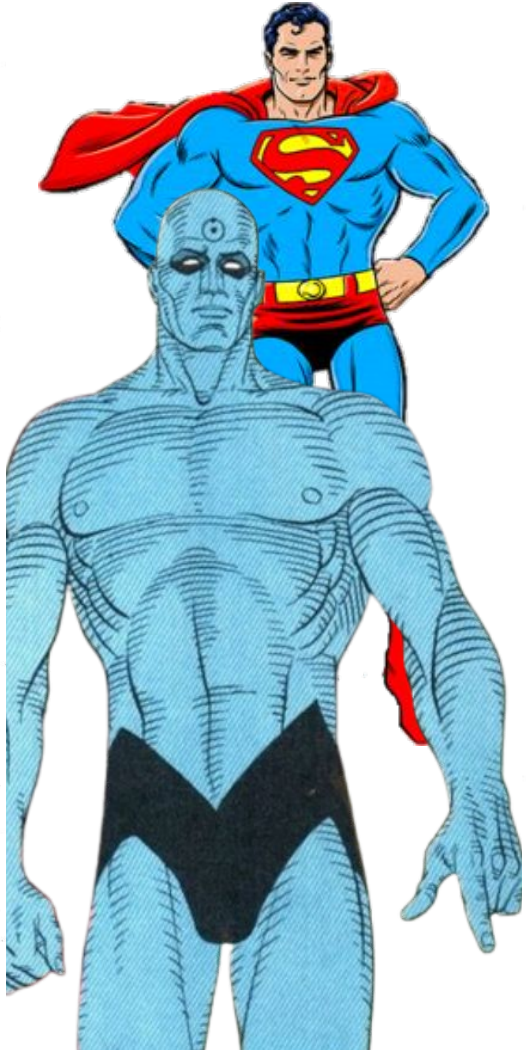
GGGGAAAA!

WANT TO STOP THE BLEEDING.

YOU LIVE. PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES.
ROT IN PRISON.

YOU'RE... GNN... NOT RORSCHACH.

NO.
RORSCHACH IS ME.



ERIKA MANSON.
YOU AND MARCOS MAEZ ARE NOT COMING WITH US.
WHAT?!
WE WERE PROMISED WE'D GET OUR SON BACK.

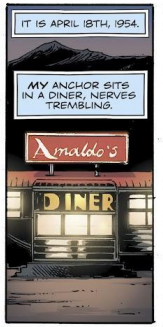
WE WANT OUR SON, DAMMIT!

YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER ON THE WAY. AS FOR YOUR SON...
MY PLAN IS THAT YOU'LL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN. HE WILL NEED AN ANCHOR HERE..
...AS I DID.

AN ANCHOR?

I SEE THE LIGHT NOW.

I SEE MY FINAL PURPOSE.


IT IS APRIL 18TH, 1954.
MY ANCHOR SITS IN A DINER, NERVES TREMBLING.
Amaldo's
DINER

IT IS ONE SECOND AFTER MY ANNUAL CONVERSATION WITH CARVER COLMAN.
I'M NOT GOING TO BE HERE A YEAR FROM NOW? WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

I'M SORRY I DIDN'T EXPLAIN MYSELF BETTER.
JON? YOU'RE BACK?

IT IS I WHO WILL NOT BE AROUND.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I HAVEN'T BEEN A VERY GOOD... FRIEND, CARVER. BUT I CAN SEE SO MANY FUTURES NOW.. MAKE A GOOD CHOICE.

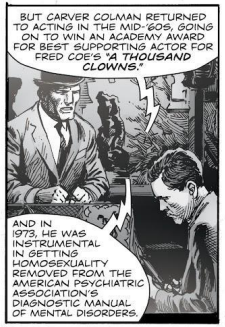
DON'T BE AFRAID OF WHAT YOU FEEL.

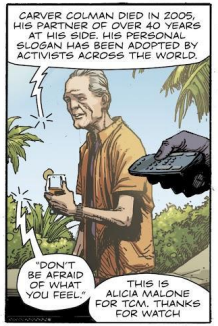
"IT'S NOT WHO WINS OR LOSES. IT'S HOW YOU PLAYED THE GAME."

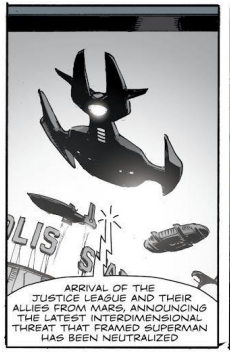
15% OFF
...THAT CONCLUDES OUR ANNUAL NATHANIEL DUSK MARATHON IN HONOR OF ITS LATE STAR, CARVER COLMAN.
The End

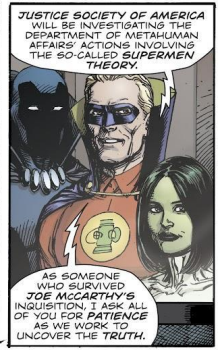
FACING BLACKMAIL, CARVER COLMAN CAME OUT TO THE PUBLIC IN 1954 BEFORE THE RELEASE OF THE FINAL NATHANIEL DUSK FILM, "THE ADJOURNMENT."
SHUNNED BY THE STUDIOS, HE BECAME A RECLUSE FOR YEARS. LOSING HIS HOME, HE ALMOST ENDED UP BACK ON THE STREETS.

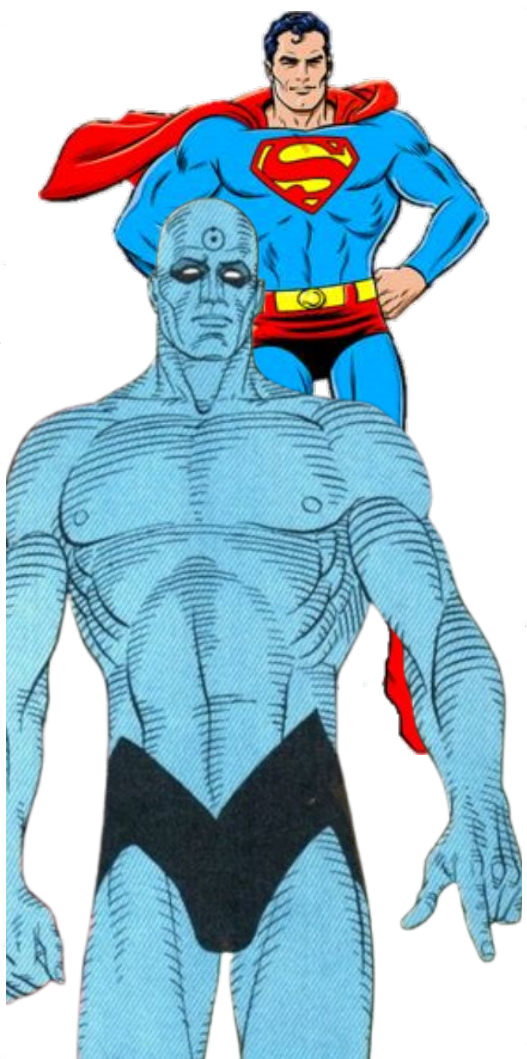
ARREST OF MARTIN STEIN FOR HIS ROLE IN THE CREATION OF DOZENS OF METAHUMANS AGAINST THEIR WILL, FIRESTORM, KILLER FROST, AND THE HYENA AMONG THOSE THAT
UP NEXT, THE 1950 CLASSIC "THE SILVER BLADE," STARRING JONATHAN LORD AND SANDRA STANYON
AMANDA WALLER LEADING TALKS OF IMPEACHMENT, CLAIMING THE PRESIDENT SUPPORTED DIRECTOR STEIN'S PROGRAM AND HAD FIRSTHAND KNOWLEDGE OF
RONNIE RAYMOND RECEIVING TREATMENT AT THE ALL-STAR CLINIC, DR. MID-NITE'S METAHUMAN MEDICAL CENTER
DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PEOPLE'S HEROES AND THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA HAS BEGUN, THANKS TO SUPERMAN
CALLS BY WONDER WOMAN FOR A NEW ITERATION OF THE DORMANT GLOBAL GUARDIANS TO BE FORMED IN THE WAKE OF
INDIA HAS AGREED TO DESIGNATE A MEMBER OF THE DOOMED TO
JAPAN'S HERO JOINING
ISRAEL'S
AUSTRALIA'S
DISCUSS KAHNDAG'S DELICATE FUTURE
WHY ARE YOU SO QUIET, CLARK?
JUST LISTENING TO THE NEWS.
Silver Screens
40


BUT CARVER COLMAN RETURNED TO ACTING IN THE MID-'60S, GOING ON TO WIN AN ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR FOR FRED COE'S "A THOUSAND CLOWNS."
AND IN 1973, HE WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING HOMOSEXUALITY REMOVED FROM THE AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION'S DIAGNOSTIC MANUAL OF MENTAL DISORDERS.


CARVER COLMAN DIED IN 2005, HIS PARTNER OF OVER 40 YEARS AT HIS SIDE. HIS PERSONAL SLOGAN HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY ACTIVISTS ACROSS THE WORLD.
"DON'T BE AFRAID OF WHAT YOU FEEL."
THIS IS ALICIA MALONE FOR TCM. THANKS FOR WATCH


ARRIVAL OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE AND THEIR ALLIES FROM MARS, ANNOUNCING THE LATEST INTERDIMENSIONAL THREAT THAT FRAMED SUPERMAN HAS BEEN NEUTRALIZED


JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA WILL BE INVESTIGATING THE DEPARTMENT OF METAHUMAN AFFAIRS' ACTIONS INVOLVING THE SO-CALLED SUPERMEN THEORY.
AS SOMEONE WHO SURVIVED JOE MCCARTHY'S INQUISITION, I ASK ALL OF YOU FOR PATIENCE AS WE WORK TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH.



"LEARN ANYTHING INTERESTING?"

"CLARK? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?"
GUESS THIS IS OUR LITTLE NEST NOW, LOVER.
YOU DRIVE.
"NO, LOIS, I JUST... THERE'S SUCH A LONG ROAD AHEAD."

"WELL NO ONE SAID YOU COULD BLINK AND MAKE EVERYTHING PERFECT."
VEIDT HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.
BUT IT CAN BE IMPROVED UPON.
"THE WORLD'S MORE CONNECTED THAN EVER, BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN SO DIVIDED.

PEOPLE ARE CHOOSING SIDES INSTEAD OF EXTENDING THEIR HANDS.
BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU DID IT. YOU REACHED OUT TO HIM.
YOU CHANGED HIM.
AND HE'LL CHANGE SOMEONE NOW, TOO. DON'T YOU THINK? BECAUSE IF YOU HAVE FAITH IN THAT, THERE'S HOPE FOR ALL OF US.

THERE'S THE BOY I KNOW!

CLARK! LOIS!
MA! PA! I TOLD YOU WE WERE GOING TO PICK YOU UP AT THE STATION!
WE CAUGHT AN EARLIER FLIGHT, AND YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER. HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE A BOTHER.
CITY'S CLEANER THAN I REMEMBER.

IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU.
I AFFECTED HIS WORLD.
41

AND NOW HE WILL AFFECT MINE.

IT IS NOVEMBER 22ND, 1992. VEIDT'S PLAN HAS BLOWN UP IN THE WORLD'S FACE.

THE ASH IS STILL WARM UNDER MY FEET.

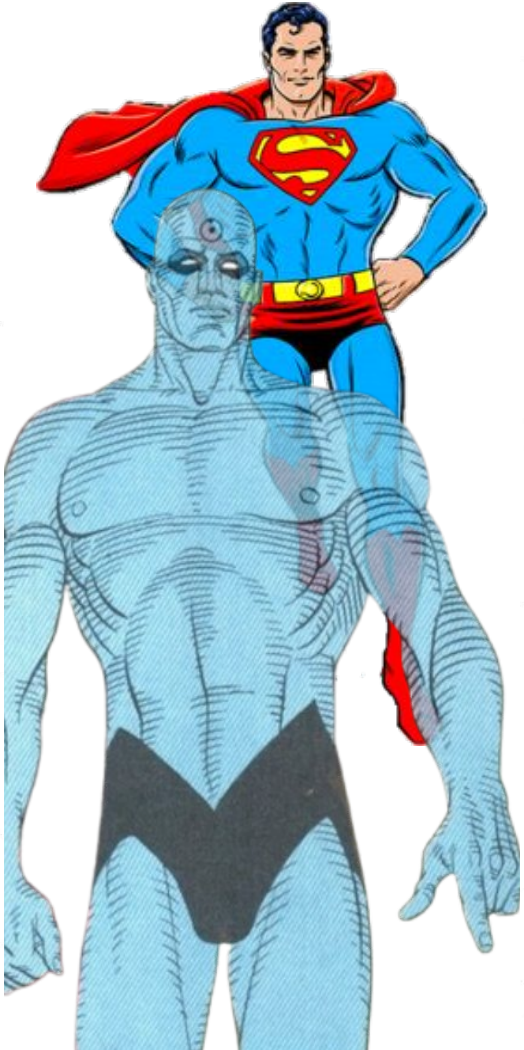
THE END

THE TACHYONS FROM THE OWL SHIP DEPARTING ARE STILL DISSIPATING.

IT IS 1945. THE COGS FLY INTO THE AIR.

IT IS 1959. I FIX JANEY'S WATCH.

IT IS 1992. I SEE A LIGHT.



IT IS DECEMBER 25, 1992. REGGIE LONG STANDS OVER THE COLD GROUND IN FRONT OF BYRON LEWIS'S GRAVESTONE AND FINDS **WARMTH.**

BYRON LEWIS

HIS BREATH LEAKS THROUGH THE FABRIC AS HE MUTTERS UNDER THE MASK.

THANK YOU.

IT IS MARCH 13TH, 1993. VEIDT'S HEADQUARTERS HAVE BECOME HIS PRISON.

EVERY DAY AFTER SCHOOL, A YOUNG ORPHAN NAMED ***CLEOPATRA PAK*** STANDS OUTSIDE, OBSESSED WITH THE ***RISE*** AND ***FALL*** OF OZYMANDIAS.

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, WITH A FULLY-GROWN ***BUBASTIS*** AT HER SIDE, MISS PAK WILL CALL HERSELF ***NOSTALGIA.***

LIFE DOESN'T STOP.

BABY! CARE

BUT IT NEEDS LOVE.

BY Dr. N.O.

AS CALLOUS AND CRUEL AS ***ERIKA MANSON*** AND ***MARCOS MAEZ*** CAN BE, THE LOVE BETWEEN THEM IS REAL.

WHAT ABOUT ANITA? AFTER YOUR MOTHER?

EIGHT MONTHS FROM NOW, ANITA MAEZ WILL BE BORN.

IT IS 1984. MARIONETTE AND MIME ARE ROBBING A BANK A MILE FROM ROCKEFELLER. ALERTED, I GO TO CONFRONT THEM.

I HESITATE TO KILL THEM BECAUSE I SEE THEIR SON'S FUTURE. HE WILL BRING GREAT HAPPINESS TO A WOMAN I CARE ABOUT.

YET THE DETAILS OF HOW AND WHY ARE UNCLEAR TO ME.

BRING HIM BACK! BRING MY BABY BACK TO ME!

WWAAUUU!

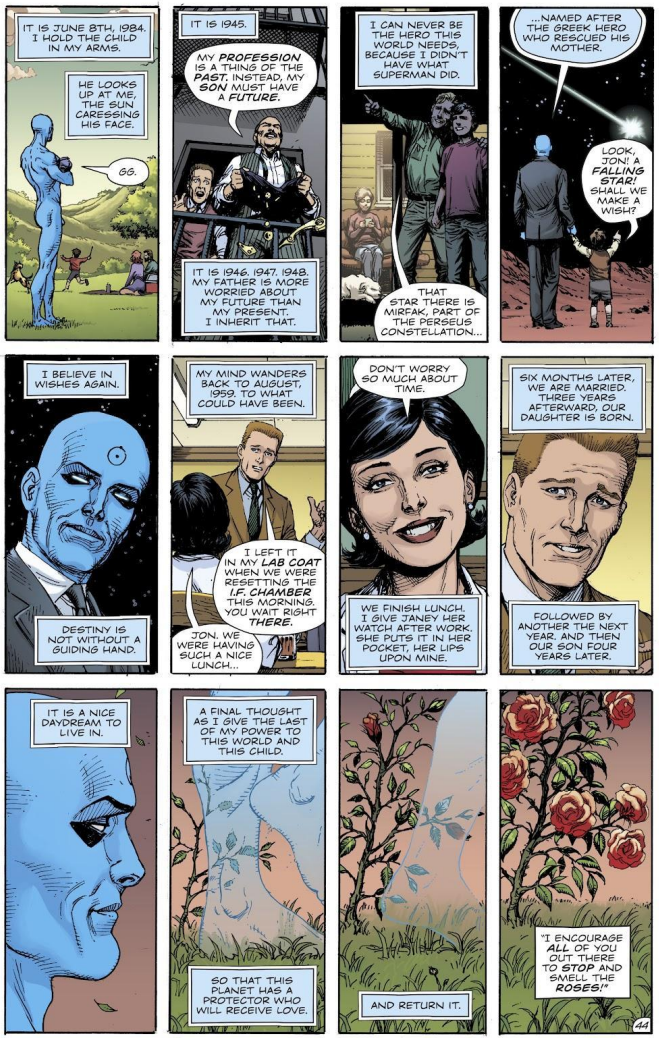
I BLAME MY BLURRED VISION ON MY RECENT EXPERIMENTS INVOLVING THE ***DIALECTICAL UNITY PRINCIPLE*** AND GIVE IT LITTLE MORE THOUGHT.

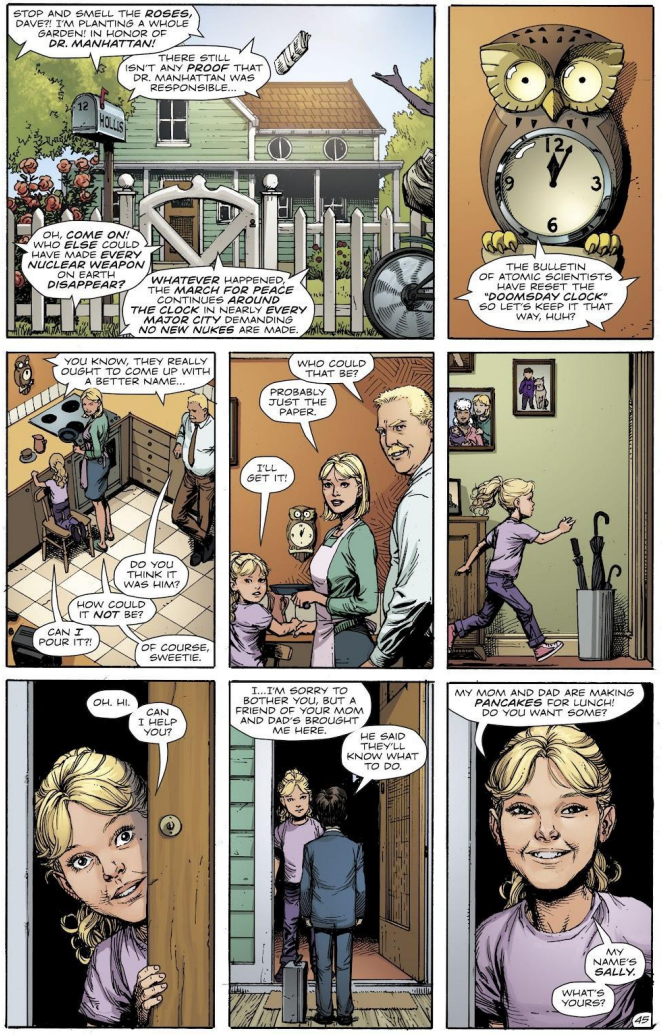
I NOW REALIZE THAT ***BLIND SPOT*** TO THE DETAILS OF THIS CHILD'S FUTURE...

WHERE'D YOU PUT HIM?

I DIDN'T TOUCH HIM!

IS ME.

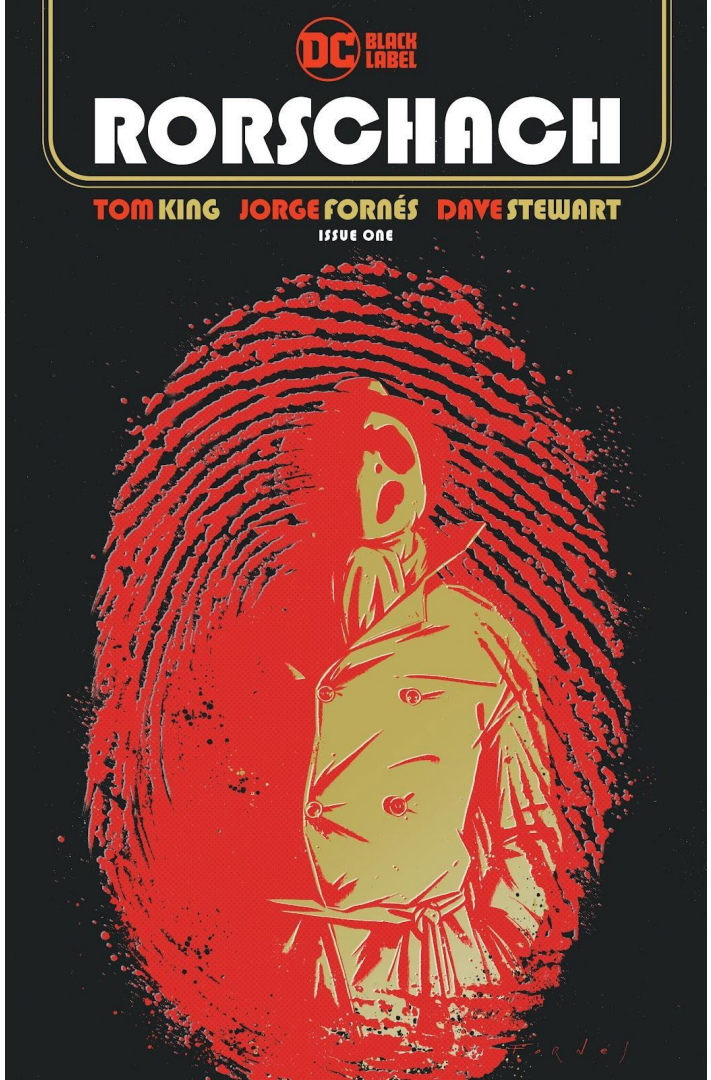

IT IS JUNE 8TH, 1984. I HOLD THE CHILD IN MY ARMS.
HE LOOKS UP AT ME, THE SUN CARESSING HIS FACE.
GG.
IT IS 1945.
MY PROFESSION IS A THING OF THE PAST. INSTEAD, MY SON MUST HAVE A FUTURE.
IT IS 1946. 1947. 1948. MY FATHER IS MORE WORRIED ABOUT MY FUTURE THAN MY PRESENT. I INHERIT THAT.
I CAN NEVER BE THE HERO THIS WORLD NEEDS, BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE WHAT SUPERMAN DID.
THAT STAR THERE IS MIRFAK, PART OF THE PERSEUS CONSTELLATION...
...NAMED AFTER THE GREEK HERO WHO RESCUED HIS MOTHER.
LOOK, JON! A FALLING STAR! SHALL WE MAKE A WISH?
I BELIEVE IN WISHES AGAIN.
DESTINY IS NOT WITHOUT A GUIDING HAND.
MY MIND WANDERS BACK TO AUGUST, 1959. TO WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN.
I LEFT IT IN MY LAB COAT WHEN WE WERE RESETTING THE I.F. CHAMBER THIS MORNING. YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE.
JON. WE WERE HAVING SUCH A NICE LUNCH...
DON'T WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT TIME.
WE FINISH LUNCH. I GIVE JANEY HER WATCH AFTER WORK. SHE PUTS IT IN HER POCKET, HER LIPS UPON MINE.
SIX MONTHS LATER, WE ARE MARRIED. THREE YEARS AFTERWARD, OUR DAUGHTER IS BORN.
FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER THE NEXT YEAR AND THEN OUR SON FOUR YEARS LATER.
IT IS A NICE DAYDREAM TO LIVE IN.
A FINAL THOUGHT AS I GIVE THE LAST OF MY POWER TO THIS WORLD AND THIS CHILD.
SO THAT THIS PLANET HAS A PROTECTOR WHO WILL RECEIVE LOVE.
AND RETURN IT.
"I ENCOURAGE ALL OF YOU OUT THERE TO STOP AND SMELL THE ROSES!"
44


STOP AND SMELL THE ROSES, DAVE? I'M PLANTING A WHOLE GARDEN! IN HONOR OF DR. MANHATTAN!
THERE STILL ISN'T ANY PROOF THAT DR. MANHATTAN WAS RESPONSIBLE...
12
HOLLIS
OH, COME ON! WHO ELSE COULD HAVE MADE EVERY NUCLEAR WEAPON ON EARTH DISAPPEAR?
WHATEVER HAPPENED, THE MARCH FOR PEACE CONTINUES AROUND THE CLOCK IN NEARLY EVERY MAJOR CITY DEMANDING NO NEW NUKES ARE MADE.
THE BULLETIN OF ATOMIC SCIENTISTS HAVE RESET THE "DOOMSDAY CLOCK" SO LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, HUH?
YOU KNOW, THEY REALLY OUGHT TO COME UP WITH A BETTER NAME...
DO YOU THINK IT WAS HIM?
HOW COULD IT NOT BE?
CAN I POUR IT?!
OF COURSE, SWEETIE.
WHO COULD THAT BE?
PROBABLY JUST THE PAPER.
I'LL GET IT!
OH, HI.
CAN I HELP YOU?
I...I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT A FRIEND OF YOUR MOM AND DAD'S BROUGHT ME HERE.
HE SAID THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.
MY MOM AND DAD ARE MAKING PANCAKES FOR LUNCH! DO YOU WANT SOME?
MY NAME'S SALLY.
WHAT'S YOURS?
45

Every child comes with the message that
God is not yet discouraged of man.

—Rabindranath Tagore

CARVER COLMAN


DC BLACK LABEL
RORSCHACH
TOM KING JORGE FORNÉS DAVE STEWART
ISSUE ONE

DC BLACK LABEL
PRESENTS

RORSCHACH

CHAPTER ONE

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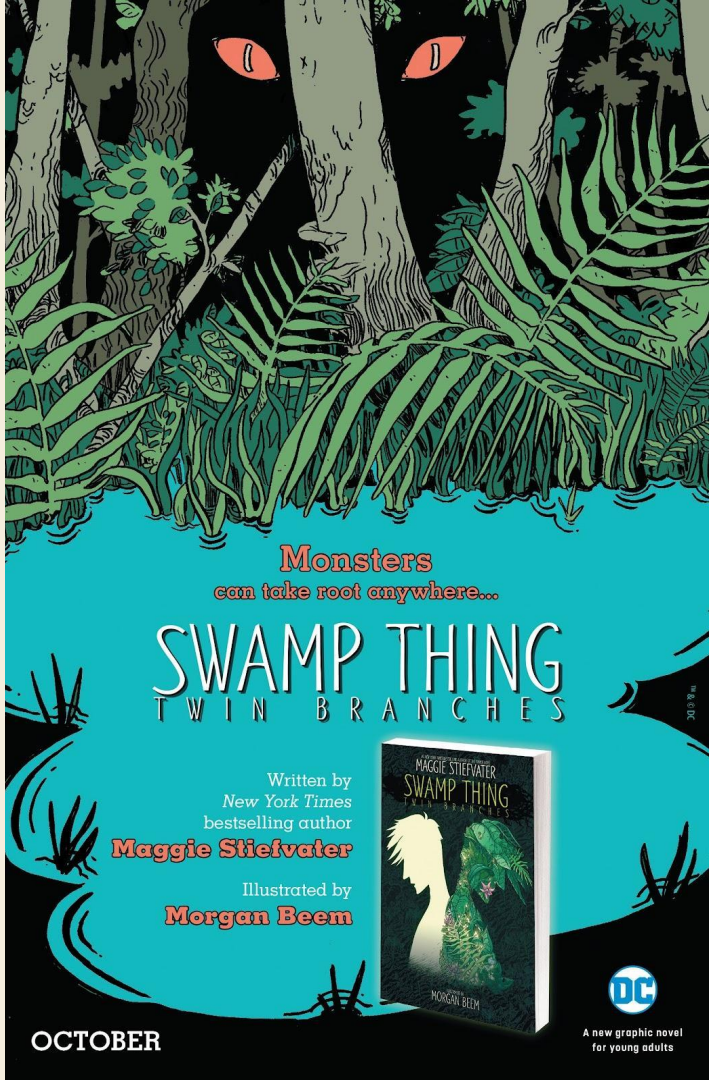
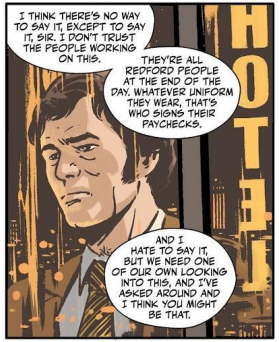

Monsters
can take root anywhere...
SWAMP THING
TWIN BRANCHES
Written by
New York Times
bestselling author
Maggie Stiefvater
Illustrated by
Morgan Beem
MAGGIE STIEFVATER
SWAMP THING
TWIN BRANCHES
MORGAN BEEM
OCTOBER
A new graphic novel
for young adults

BANG
LAURA!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
ON
NNN...
BLAMM

CLEAR!
WE'RE CLEAR!
VOTE TURLEY!
VOTE TURLEY!
VOTE TURLEY!
VOTE TURLEY!


I THINK THERE'S NO WAY TO SAY IT, EXCEPT TO SAY IT, SIR. I DON'T TRUST THE PEOPLE WORKING ON THIS.
THEY'RE ALL REDFORD PEOPLE AT THE END OF THE DAY. WHATEVER UNIFORM THEY WEAR, THAT'S WHO SIGNS THEIR PAYCHECKS.
AND I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE NEED ONE OF OUR OWN LOOKING INTO THIS, AND I'VE ASKED AROUND AND I THINK YOU MIGHT BE THAT.

A MAN ALMOST DIED YESTERDAY. A GREAT MAN.
ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING... WELL, THIS ISN'T GOING TO STOP HIM.
THANK CHRIST.
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT WHAT COULD'VE BEEN. BUT WE NEED TO LOOK INTO THIS. THAT'S FOR DAMN SURE.

HOW DO YOU WANT TO DO IT?

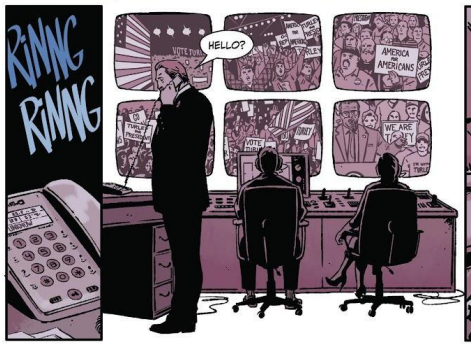
WE'VE TALKED TO THE FEDS ALREADY.
THEY DON'T WANT ANYTHING NEAR A SCANDAL THIS CLOSE TO THE ELECTION.
THEY'RE PANICKED WE'RE GOING TO START SAYING REDFORD WANTED TO WIN SO BAD, HE DIDN'T GIVE PROPER SECURITY OR SOMETHING.

WHICH HE DIDN'T, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO WIN LIKE THAT. THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS CAMPAIGN IS ABOUT.
ANYWAY, THEY'LL GIVE YOU THE ROOM TO MOVE, AND IF THEY DON'T, YOU JUST LET ME KNOW.

I HEARD YOU TOOK THE CALL.

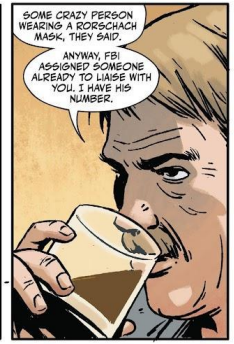
YEAH.
ON THE V.I.P. LINE. THEY TRACED IT BACK TO A PUBLIC PHONE ON THE CON FLOOR.
THEY GOT NO CAMERAS ON THAT PHONE. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE HAD ACCESS TO IT.

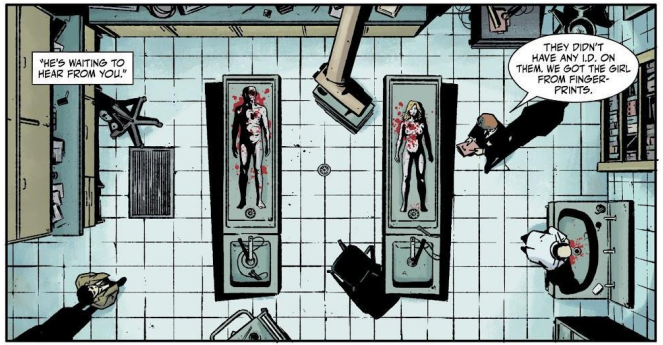
HOW THEY GOT THE V.I.P. NUMBER... WHY THEY DIDN'T JUST CALL THE COPS OR WHATEVER.
WHY I HAD TO BE IN IT. THAT'D BE A GOOD PLACE TO START.


RINNG
RINNG
HELLO?
AMERICA AMERICANS
WE ARE

EXCUSE ME? WHO IS THIS CALLING? I...

ROSS, GET THE NUMBER FOR SECURITY.
THAT WAS... A...IT'S NOTHING BUT SOME CRANK. CALL SECURITY.
TELL THEM WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE'S A-1 GUESS A SNIPER THEY SAID, ON THE CATWALK AND SOMEONE'S HELPING HER THEY SAID...


SOME CRAZY PERSON WEARING A RORSCHACH MASK, THEY SAID.
ANYWAY, FBI ASSIGNED SOMEONE ALREADY TO LIAISE WITH YOU. I HAVE HIS NUMBER.


"HE'S WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU."
THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY I.D. ON THEM. WE GOT THE GIRL FROM FINGER-PRINTS.

LAURA CUMMINGS, NINETEEN, OUT OF HANNA, WYOMING. WE'RE DIGGING UP EVERYTHING ON HER NOW.
THERE WASN'T MUCH OF A FILE ON HER IS MY UNDERSTANDING. AT LEAST UNDER WHAT WE KNOW NOW.

OUR QUOTE-UNQUOTE RORSCHACH FRIEND HERE IS A BIT MORE OF A PROBLEM, SADLY. NO FINGERPRINTS IN THE SYSTEM.
WHICH MEANS HE DIDN'T DRIVE. OR DIDN'T HAVE A LICENSE, AT LEAST.

MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS HE'S A RELATIVELY FIT MAN, FOR HIS AGE.
MAYBE, LIKE, EIGHTIES, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT, AT LEAST. MAYBE OLDER.

THE SHOT TO THE FACE OBVIOUSLY IS GOING TO MAKE THE I.D. EVEN HARDER.
WE'LL TRY TO RECONSTRUCT IT AS BEST WE CAN AFTER THE AUTOPSY.

CAN YOU SEND ME A COPY OF THOSE PRINTS?
WELL, THEY TELL ME YOU GET EVERYTHING. WHO AM I TO ARGUE?

ANYWAY, ONLY THING REALLY INTERESTING IS ONE OF THE GUN WOUNDS ON CUMMINGS ISN'T FROM YESTERDAY.
PROBABLY GOT IT A WEEK OR SO BACK.

WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH.
DOESN'T LOOK CLEAN.

BLAM

"NO, YOU'RE RIGHT, THE PATTERN ON THE STITCHES, THIS WASN'T A PRO.
"WE'LL CHECK IF THERE'S ANTIBIOTICS IN THE TOX SCREEN.
"BUT I THINK THEY PATCHED THIS UP THEMSELVES.

"WE'RE CHECKING HOSPITALS, THOUGH, JUST IN CASE.

"DOES SORT OF SUGGEST TO ME THAT THEY WEREN'T THAT ORGANIZED.
"I MEAN IF IT WAS A BIG CONSPIRACY OR SOMETHING, THEY'D AT LEAST HAVE A DOCTOR.

YOU WANT TO GO LOOK AT THEIR STUFF?

THAT'S ALL?
YEAH, IT'S JUST THIS. JUST CLOTHES AND THE GUN AND THAT TAPE.
THE GUN'S ALREADY AT THE LAB. REPORT'LL BE IN ASAP.
WE'RE PROCESSING THAT TAPE NOW, OBVIOUSLY. BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE THING, IT WAS FROM, LIKE, THE SIXTIES.
WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE EXTRACTING WHAT'S ON IT. JUST FINDING SOMETHING TO PLAY IT ON WITHOUT BREAKING IT.
WE'LL GET IT EVENTUALLY.
FBI
EVIDENCE
6
IT'S JUST TIME.
WE'LL SEND A COPY OF THE TAPE AS SOON AS WE GET ONE.
WHAT ABOUT THE MASKS?

"STORE-BOUGHT. JUST HALLOWEEN STUFF.
"MADE IN CHINA, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE.
HALLOWE

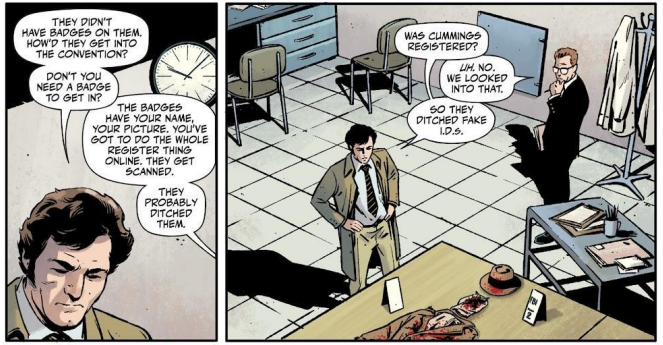
"WE'RE TRYING TO TRACK WHERE THEY WERE BOUGHT.

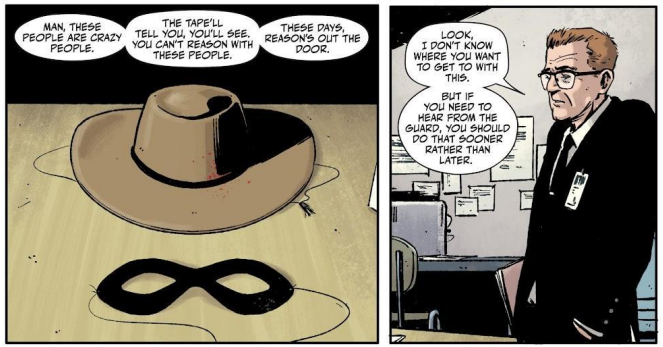
"THEY PROBABLY PAID CASH, BUT MAYBE THERE'S CAMERAS. YOU CAN GET LUCKY.

"BUT THERE'S A MILLION OF THESE THINGS.
"IT'S A PRETTY POPULAR COSTUME.
"EVEN AFTER OKLAHOMA.

"YOU ALMOST WISH IT WAS LIKE A FANCY ONE, LIKE THE REAL RORSCHACH WORE.
"YOU REMEMBER HOW RORSCHACH'S BLOTS WOULD MOVE AROUND HIS MASK, SO YOU COULD READ IT DIFFERENT? THAT WAS SPECIAL, THAT'D BE EASIER TO FIND.
"THIS FAKE CRAP. IT'S EVERYWHERE REALLY."
PRINCE OF DARKNESS
HALLOWEEN
SHOP

THE TAPE IS GOING TO BE THE KEY. THAT'S IT, I'M TELLING YOU.
THERE'S ALWAYS A STATEMENT OR A RANT FROM THESE GUYS.
PROBABLY THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO GET KILLED AFTER THE ASSASSINATION. HE MAD A TAPE IN HIS POCKET. THAT'LL SAY WHAT IT IS.

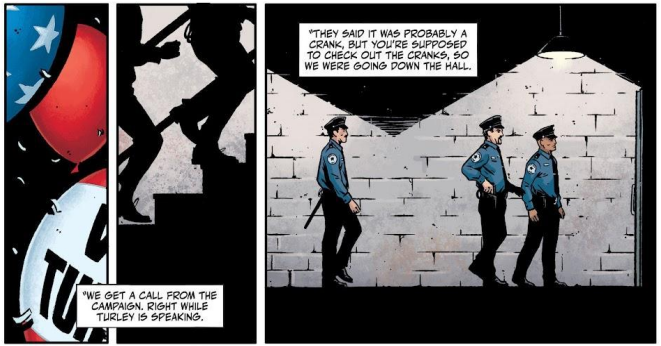

THEY DIDN'T HAVE BADGES ON THEM. HOW'D THEY GET INTO THE CONVENTION?
DON'T YOU NEED A BADGE TO GET IN?
THE BADGES HAVE YOUR NAME, YOUR PICTURE. YOU'VE GOT TO DO THE WHOLE REGISTER THING ONLINE. THEY GET SCANNED.
THEY PROBABLY DITCHED THEM.
WAS CUMMINGS REGISTERED?
UH, NO. WE LOOKED INTO THAT.
SO THEY DITCHED FAKE I.D.S.


MAN, THESE PEOPLE ARE CRAZY PEOPLE.
THE TAPE'LL TELL YOU, YOU'LL SEE. YOU CAN'T REASON WITH THESE PEOPLE.
THESE DAYS, REASON'S OUT THE DOOR.
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO WITH THIS.
BUT IF YOU NEED TO HEAR FROM THE GUARD, YOU SHOULD DO THAT SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.

YOU TALK TO THE DOCTORS?
I TALKED TO THEM.
THEY WON'T TALK TO ME. TREATING ME LIKE I'M A DAMN KINDERGARTEN KID.

I GOT TWINS IN KINDERGARTEN. DWAYNE AND DWIGHT. I'M NOT A KINDERGARTEN KID.
JESUS CHRIST. WHAT'D THEY SAY TO YOU?
THAT YOU'RE DYING.

SHIT.


"WE GET A CALL FROM THE CAMPAIGN. RIGHT WHILE TURLEY IS SPEAKING.
"THEY SAID IT WAS PROBABLY A CRANK, BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CHECK OUT THE CRANKS, SO WE WERE GOING DOWN THE HALL.

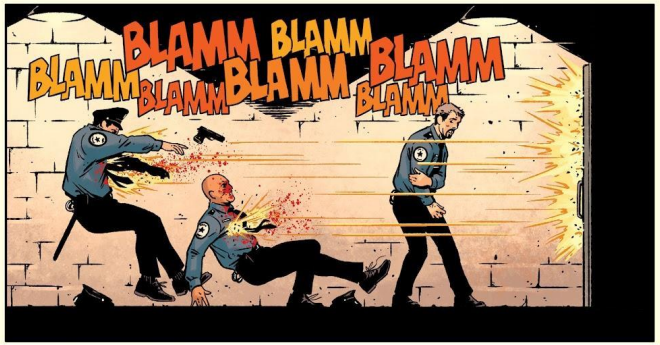
"SECRET SERVICE WAS SENDING PEOPLE TOO, BUT WE GOT THERE FIRST.
NO ENTRY
"WE'D CLEARED OUT THE CATWALK EARLIER--WE KNEW WHERE THE DOOR WAS."
I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING.
GO SLOW.

AAAA!
BAM!
SHIT! FREEZE! COME OUT--
HEY!

LET GO OF THE OFFICER!
STOP!
KRACK
BLAM
SWIP!

AAAAAHH
AAAAAA!!!
COME OUT! NOW!
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM
SLAM!

RON, YOU OKAY?
NNNN
RON?
HH HH HH
RON.
WHERE'S YOUR GUN?


BLAMM BLAMM
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM
BLAMM

NO ENTRY
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

OH, JESUS.

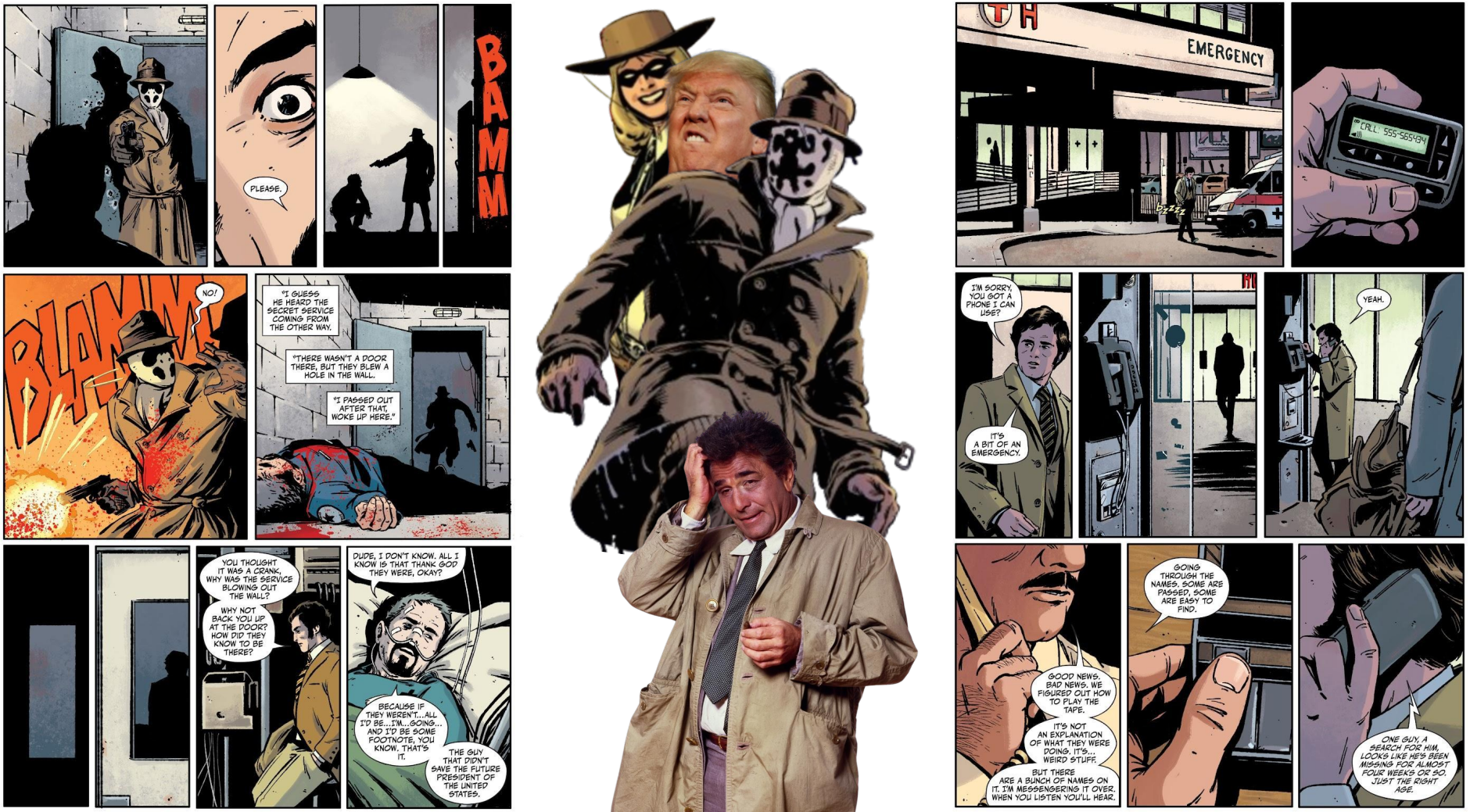
WHAT DID...

OHMYGODOHMYGOD...

CLACK

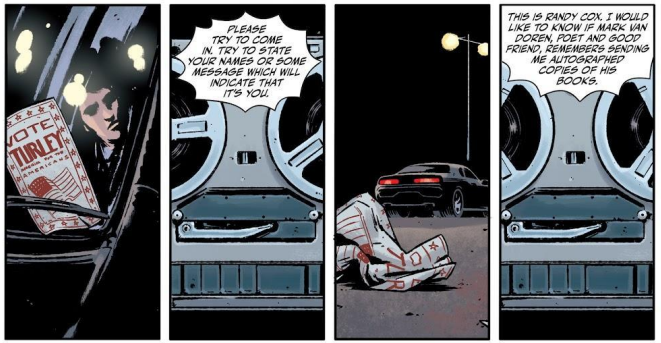
OHMYGOD...
"ALL THAT GUNFIRE."

"PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS THE BALLOONS."
HUIRM.


PLEASE.
BAMM
BLAMM
NO!
"I GUESS HE HEARD THE SECRET SERVICE COMING FROM THE OTHER WAY.
"THERE WASN'T A DOOR THERE, BUT THEY BLEW A HOLE IN THE WALL.
"I PASSED OUT AFTER THAT, WOKE UP HERE."
YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A CRANK, WHY WAS THE SERVICE BLOWING OUT THE WALL?
WHY NOT BACK YOU UP AT THE DOOR? HOW DID THEY KNOW TO BE THERE?
DUDE, I DON'T KNOW. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THANK GOD THEY WERE, OKAY?
BECAUSE IF THEY WEREN'T...ALL I'D BE...I'M...GOING... AND I'D BE SOME FOOTNOTE, YOU KNOW. THAT'S IT.
THE GUY THAT DIDN'T SAVE THE FUTURE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
EMERGENCY
CALL: 555-565434
I'M SORRY, YOU GOT A PHONE I CAN USE?
IT'S A BIT OF AN EMERGENCY.
YEAH.
GOOD NEWS. BAD NEWS. WE FIGURED OUT HOW TO PLAY THE TAPE.
IT'S NOT AN EXPLANATION OF WHAT THEY WERE DOING. IT'S... WEIRD STUFF.
BUT THERE ARE A BUNCH OF NAMES ON IT. I'M MESSENGERING IT OVER. WHEN YOU LISTEN YOU'LL HEAR.
GOING THROUGH THE NAMES, SOME ARE PASSED, SOME ARE EASY TO FIND.
ONE GUY, A SEARCH FOR HIM, LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR ALMOST FOUR WEEKS OR SO. JUST THE RIGHT AGE.

HE'S WILLIAM MYERSON. HE'S ACTUALLY A LITTLE FAMOUS.
I GUESS HE'S THE GUY WHO CREATED PONTIUS PIRATE BACK IN THE SIXTIES.
THERE'S ALL SORTS OF STUFF OUT THERE ABOUT HIM.
HE'S A CRAZY SHUT-IN TYPE. BUT THERE'S, LIKE, PEOPLE WHO WORSHIP HIM.
IT'S CRAZY.
I THINK THIS IS HIM.
THIS IS OUR RORSCHACH.

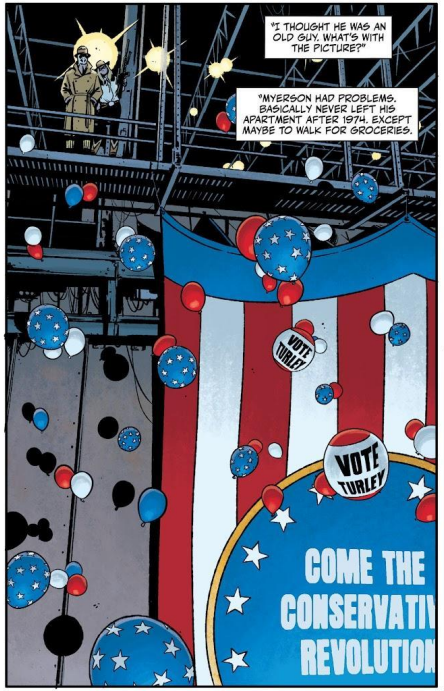
WE'RE AT THE HOUSE OF OTTO BINDER IN CHESTERTOWN, NEW YORK. THERE ARE FOUR OF US. THIS IS OTTO BINDER SPEAKING, AND THE OTHERS WILL INTRODUCE THEMSELVES IN TURN.
WE WOULD LIKE TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT MAN, AND CALL FOR MARY BINDER, MY DAUGHTER. THIS IS YOUR DADDY.
I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO CONTACT EARL BINDER, MY BROTHER. THIS IS OTTO, YOUR BROTHER.


PLEASE TRY TO COME IN. TRY TO STATE YOUR NAMES OR SOME MESSAGE WHICH WILL INDICATE THAT IT'S YOU.
THIS IS RANDY COX. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF MARK VAN DOREN, POET AND GOOD FRIEND, REMEMBERS SENDING ME AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF HIS BOOKS.

THIS IS FRANK MILLER. I'D LIKE TO CONTACT MY GRANDMOTHER BRIGHAM, AND ASK HER TO SAY HER NAME, OR SAY HELLO, OR ANYTHING.

THIS IS WIL MYERSON.
I'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM
They're watching us!

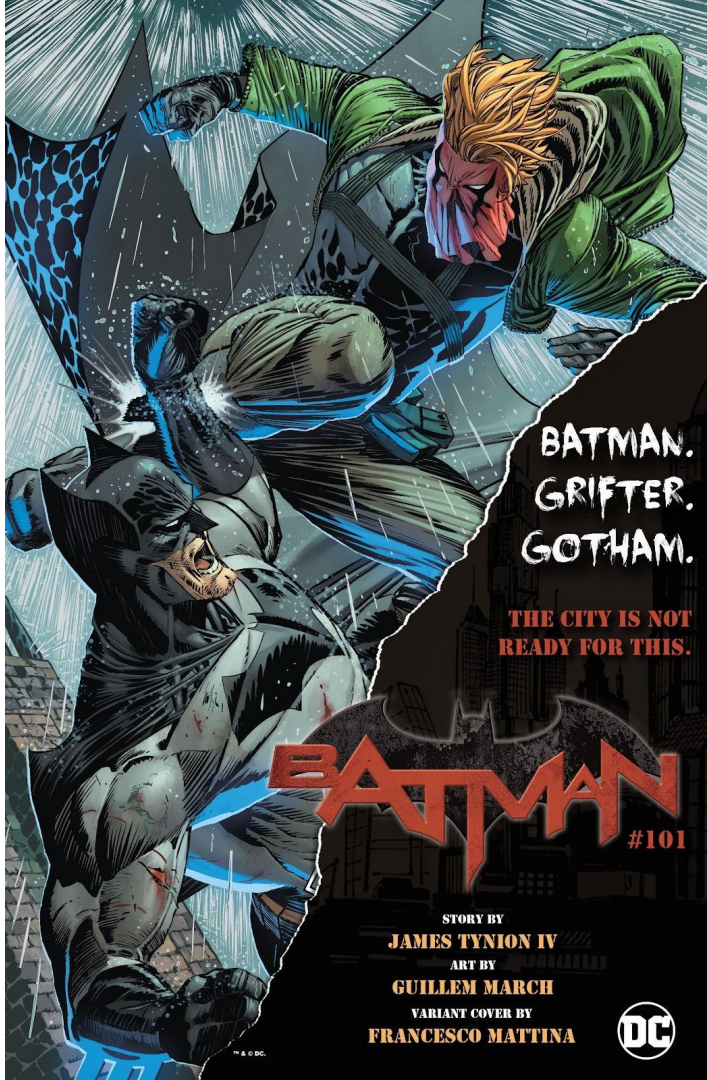
OKAY, LET'S LET IT RUN FOR A FEW MINUTES.
GIVE THE SPIRITS A CHANCE TO RESPOND.
COME BACK TO
NYC
NEW YORK CITY



"NO FAMILY. NO LICENSE. NO PICTURES.

"NO FRIENDS."

"RAID OF HIS PLACE REVEALED A BUNCH OF DRAWINGS. HE WAS AN ARTIST. DREW PIRATE STUFF IN THE SIXTIES.
"KEPT DRAWING FOR HIMSELF AFTER THAT, APPARENTLY.
"THIS STUFF, THOUGH, I'VE SEEN SOME OF IT. NOT A LOT OF IT MAKES SENSE.
"NOTHING PATTERNS GOING NOWHERE. A LOT OF NONSENSE WORDS. BOXES OF IT.
"HOWEVER, SOME OF IT SEEMS LIKE LIBERAL STUFF. EVERYONE'S A FASCIST, THAT KIND OF THING.
"EVEN SOME ANTI-TURLEY JUNK. PICTURES YOU MIGHT INTERPRET AS DEATH THREATS.
"HE WAS A FANATIC.
"FROM A CREDIT CARD, FBI'S GOT CUMMINGS IN THE CITY SAME DAY MYERSON GOES MISSING.
"SO FBI FIGURES THAT'S WHEN THEY HOOKED UP.
"IT WORKS. OLD GUY COULDN'T HANDLE FAME. YOUNG GIRL CARRIED AWAY. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS.
"SO FBI SAYS THIS IS OUR GUY. BUT.
"THERE'S A COLLECTOR HERE IN L.A. DOES COSTUMED HERO STUFF. GOT A MANHATTAN THONG. ALL THAT.
"HELPED HIM OUT WHEN HE GOT SOMETHING STOLEN A WHILE BACK.
"86, WALTER KOVACS GOES TO SING SING, GIVES HIS PRINTS. EVERYONE THOUGHT THEY GOT BURNT UP IN THE RIOT.
"BUT THIS COLLECTOR, HE'D ALREADY BRIBED A GUARD FOR THEM.
"I REACHED OUT TO THIS GUY.
"HE SENT ME OVER KOVACS'S PRINTS TO COMPARE WITH THE ONES ON THE BODY.
PONTUS PIRATE
WAR OF THE WEST INDIES
"THE TWO SETS MATCHED."
"WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
"C'MON, BE SERIOUS. THIS IS A SERIOUS CAMPAIGN. WE DON'T NEED THIS."
NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT
62186
CHECK THE CLOCK. IT'S 2020, DETECTIVE.
RORSCHACH'S DEAD.
TO BE CONTINUED.


BATMAN.
GRIFTER.
GOTHAM.
THE CITY IS NOT READY FOR THIS.
BATMAN
#101
STORY BY
JAMES TYNION IV
ART BY
GUILLEM MARCH
VARIANT COVER BY
FRANCESCO MATTINA
DC
™ & © DC.

DC NATION INTERVIEW WITH RORSCHACH ARTIST JORGE FORNÉS

Tom King and Jorge Fornés collaborated on *Batman*, and now they're taking on a very different vigilante in *Rorschach*—where the controversial *Watchmen* character resurfaces, apparently, 35 years after his death. But how and why is a mystery that will unfold over 12 issues.

A RORSCHACH SOLO SERIES FEELS LIKE A VERY INTIMIDATING PROJECT TO TAKE ON—HOW DID THIS COME TOGETHER FOR YOU AND TOM?

Tom and I share many tastes: the noir genre, classic comic book artists, '80s books, Alan Moore…and after a while talking, Tom had an idea to make our own approach to the *Watchmen* universe mixing all the things we liked. At first just thinking about *Watchmen* was quite intimidating, but we aspire to create an independent work respecting that great legacy, so that readers can enjoy it regardless of everything they've read or seen about this universe.

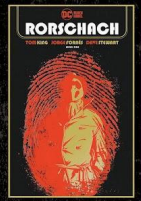
BEFORE STARTING THIS SERIES, WHAT WAS YOUR TAKE ON RORSCHACH AS A CHARACTER?

The first time I read *Watchmen* I was very young, maybe 13 years old. At that age I still couldn't understand the more adult aspects of the book, and obviously Rorschach was the most charismastic character and everyone's favorite. I grew up in the '80s between Rambo and Bronson movies every week, so for me Rorschach was another hero fighting against crime. As I grew up, reading the book almost every year, I began to understand the Manichean aspects of the character, and I was able to enjoy the work in a deeper and less superficial way.

HOW DO YOU DESCRIBE YOUR VISUAL APPROACH TO THE SERIES? HOW DO YOU BALANCE HONORING THE CHARACTER'S VERY FAMOUS ARTISTIC LEGACY WHILE ALSO MAKING IT DISTINCTLY YOURS?

It's hard work. One of the most recognizable things about *Watchmen* is the phenomenal work that Dave [Gibbons] did; it's really iconic! We've tried to create a book in the same universe but independent in itself, so I tried to continue working with my usual style equally inspired by the noir genre but with a quite different look than the original *Watchmen*. We didn't want to make an imitation of the original series, and I opted for a look close to aesthetic classicism and inspired by the noir films of the '60/'70s that fits the book perfectly…I hope!

RORSCHACH #1



TOM KING
JORGE FORNÉS
DAVE STEWART

ON SALE NOW

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AGES 17+

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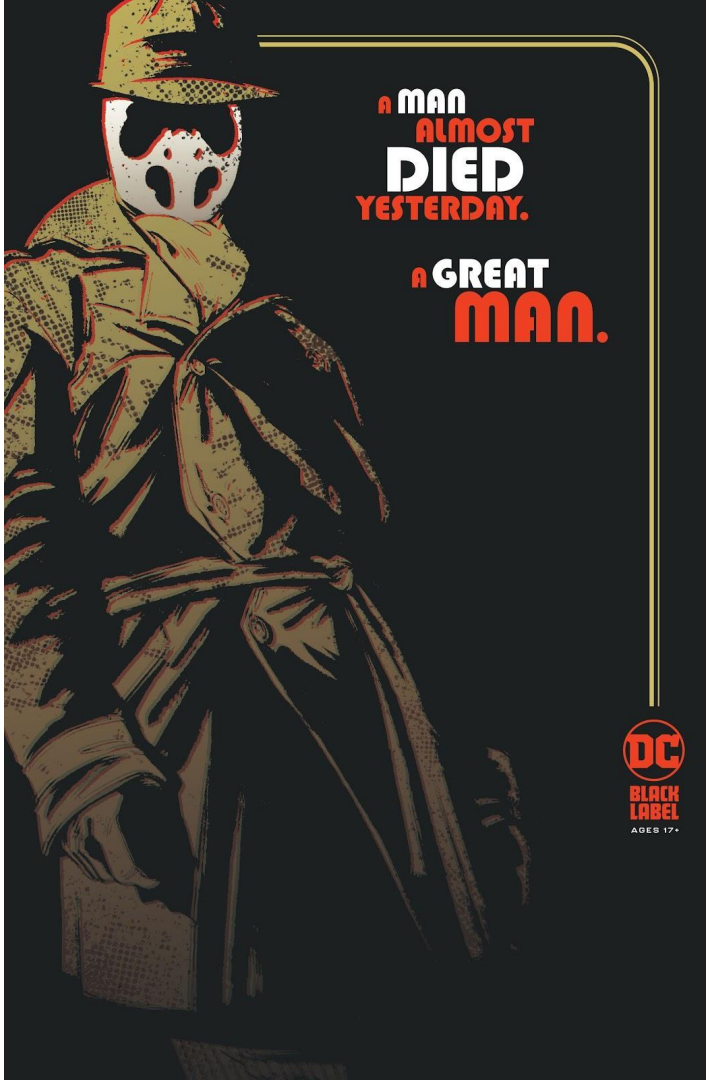

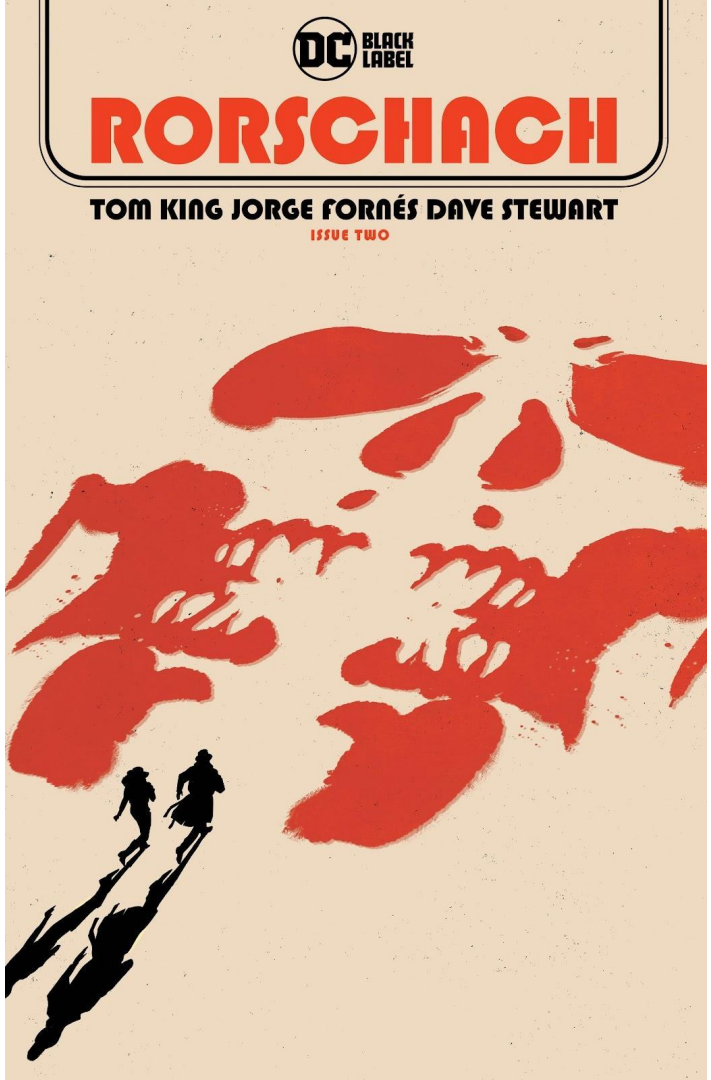
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RORSCHACH
TOM KING JORGE FORNÉS DAVE STEWART
ISSUE TWO

DC BLACK LABEL
PRESENTS

RORSCHACH

CHAPTER TWO

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JORGE FORNÉS
INTERIOR AND COVER ARTIST

DAVE STEWART
COLORIST

CLAYTON COWLES
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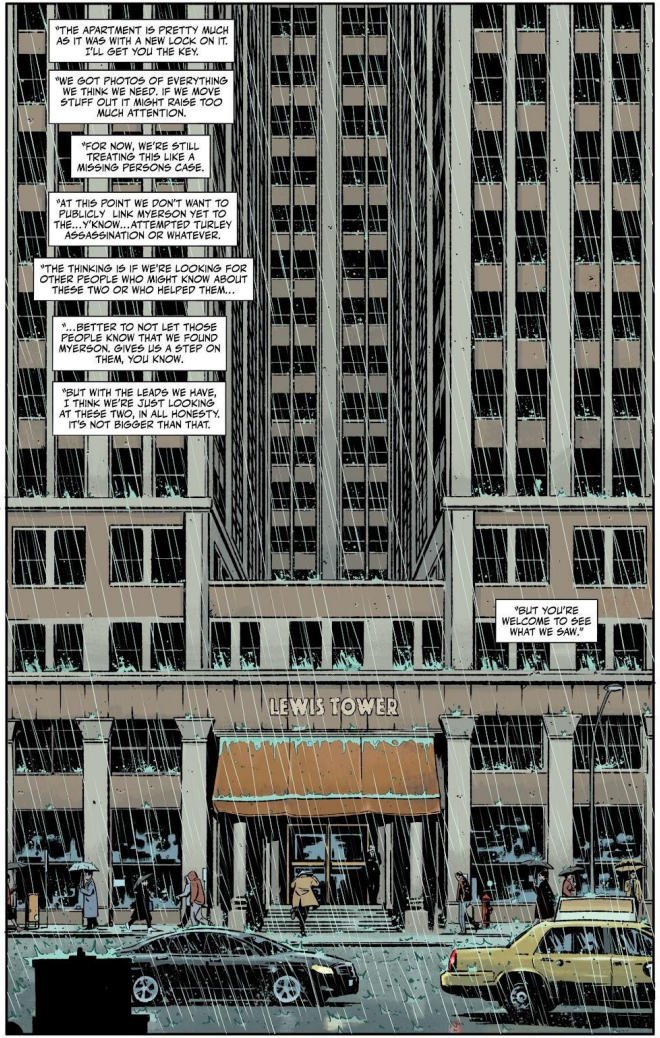
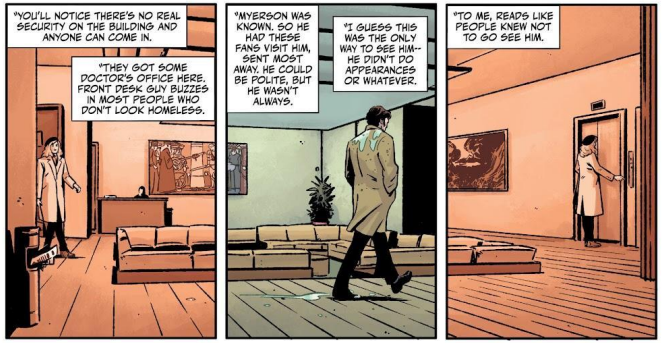
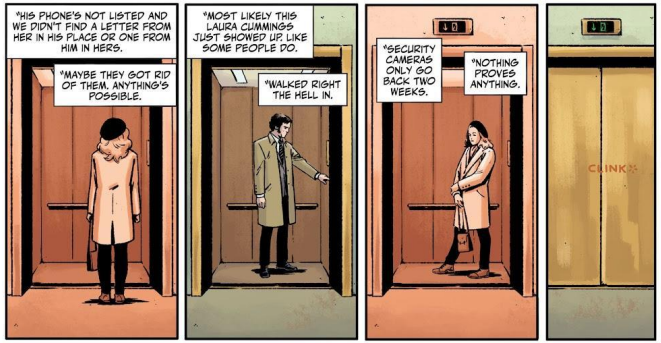
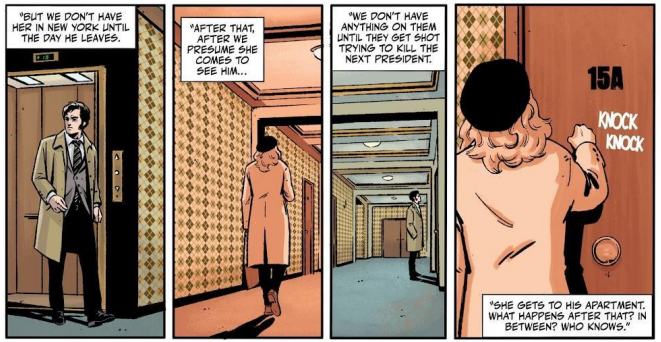
WATCHMEN CO-CREATED BY
DAVE GIBBONS


"THE APARTMENT IS PRETTY MUCH AS IT WAS WITH A NEW LOCK ON IT. I'LL GET YOU THE KEY.
"WE GOT PHOTOS OF EVERYTHING WE THINK WE NEED. IF WE MOVE STUFF OUT IT MIGHT RAISE TOO MUCH ATTENTION.
"FOR NOW, WE'RE STILL TREATING THIS LIKE A MISSING PERSONS CASE.
"AT THIS POINT WE DON'T WANT TO PUBLICLY LINK MYERSON YET TO THE...Y'KNOW...ATTEMPTED TURLEY ASSASSINATION OR WHATEVER.
"THE THINKING IS IF WE'RE LOOKING FOR OTHER PEOPLE WHO MIGHT KNOW ABOUT THESE TWO OR WHO HELPED THEM...
"...BETTER TO NOT LET THOSE PEOPLE KNOW THAT WE FOUND MYERSON. GIVES US A STEP ON THEM, YOU KNOW.
"BUT WITH THE LEADS WE HAVE, I THINK WE'RE JUST LOOKING AT THESE TWO, IN ALL HONESTY. IT'S NOT BIGGER THAN THAT.
"BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO SEE WHAT WE SAW."
LEWIS TOWER


"YOU'LL NOTICE THERE'S NO REAL SECURITY ON THE BUILDING AND ANYONE CAN COME IN.
"THEY GOT SOME DOCTOR'S OFFICE HERE. FRONT DESK GUY BUZZES IN MOST PEOPLE WHO DON'T LOOK HOMELESS.
"MYERSON WAS KNOWN. SO HE HAD THESE FANS VISIT HIM, SENT MOST AWAY. HE COULD BE POLITE, BUT HE WASN'T ALWAYS.
"I GUESS THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SEE HIM-- HE DIDN'T DO APPEARANCES OR WHATEVER.
"TO ME, READS LIKE PEOPLE KNEW NOT TO GO SEE HIM.


"HIS PHONE'S NOT LISTED AND WE DIDN'T FIND A LETTER FROM HER IN HIS PLACE OR ONE FROM HIM IN HERS.
"MAYBE THEY GOT RID OF THEM. ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.
"MOST LIKELY THIS LAURA CUMMINGS JUST SHOWED UP, LIKE SOME PEOPLE DO.
"WALKED RIGHT THE HELL IN.
"SECURITY CAMERAS ONLY GO BACK TWO WEEKS.
"NOTHING PROVES ANYTHING.
CLINK


"BUT WE DON'T HAVE HER IN NEW YORK UNTIL THE DAY HE LEAVES.
"AFTER THAT, AFTER WE PRESUME SHE COMES TO SEE HIM...
"WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON THEM UNTIL THEY GET SHOT TRYING TO KILL THE NEXT PRESIDENT.
15A
KNOCK KNOCK
"SHE GETS TO HIS APARTMENT. WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT? IN BETWEEN? WHO KNOWS."

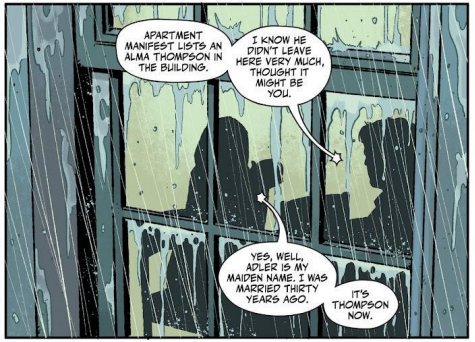
CLICK-chckkk
WHAT?
I'M COMING... ONE SECOND, PLEASE.

sshff

sshfft

CLACK
CLACK

Alma Adler


APARTMENT MANIFEST LISTS AN ALMA THOMPSON IN THE BUILDING.
I KNOW HE DIDN'T LEAVE HERE VERY MUCH, THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE YOU.
YES, WELL, ADLER IS MY MAIDEN NAME. I WAS MARRIED THIRTY YEARS AGO.
IT'S THOMPSON NOW.

WE KNEW EACH OTHER BEFORE CARL. THAT'S MY HUSBAND. HE JUST PASSED, GOD REST HIM.

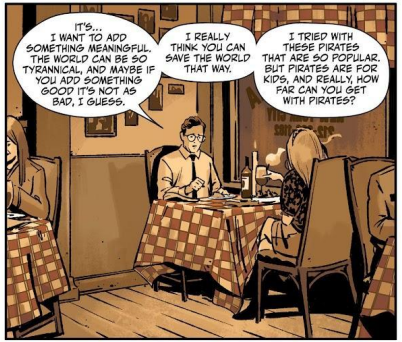
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'D HAVE THAT MAIL THING.

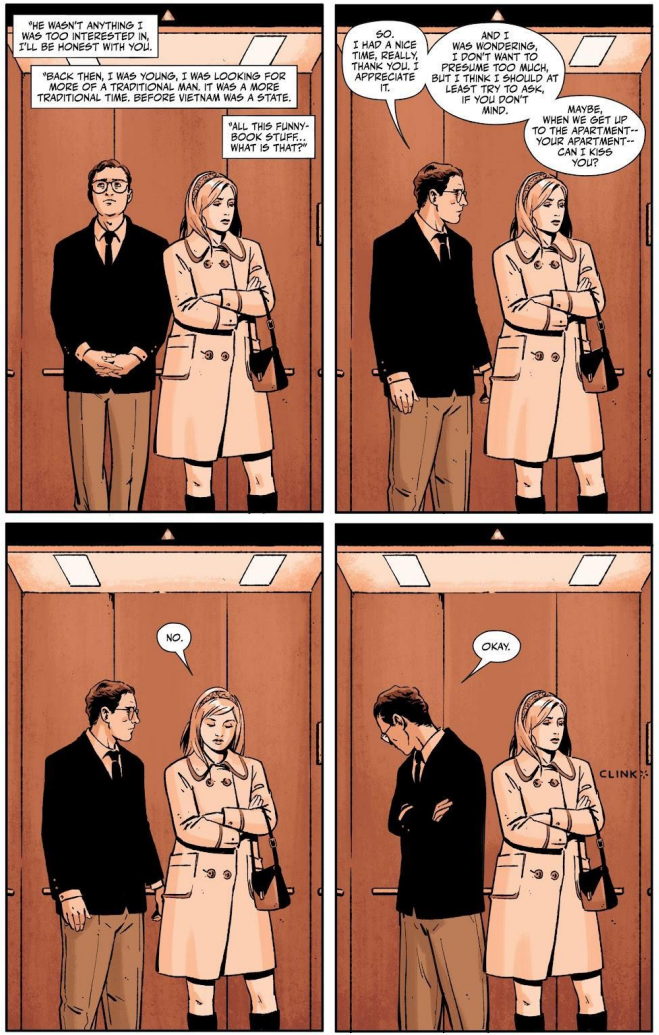
BUT WE WENT OUT, ONCE. IT WAS SORT OF A DATE.

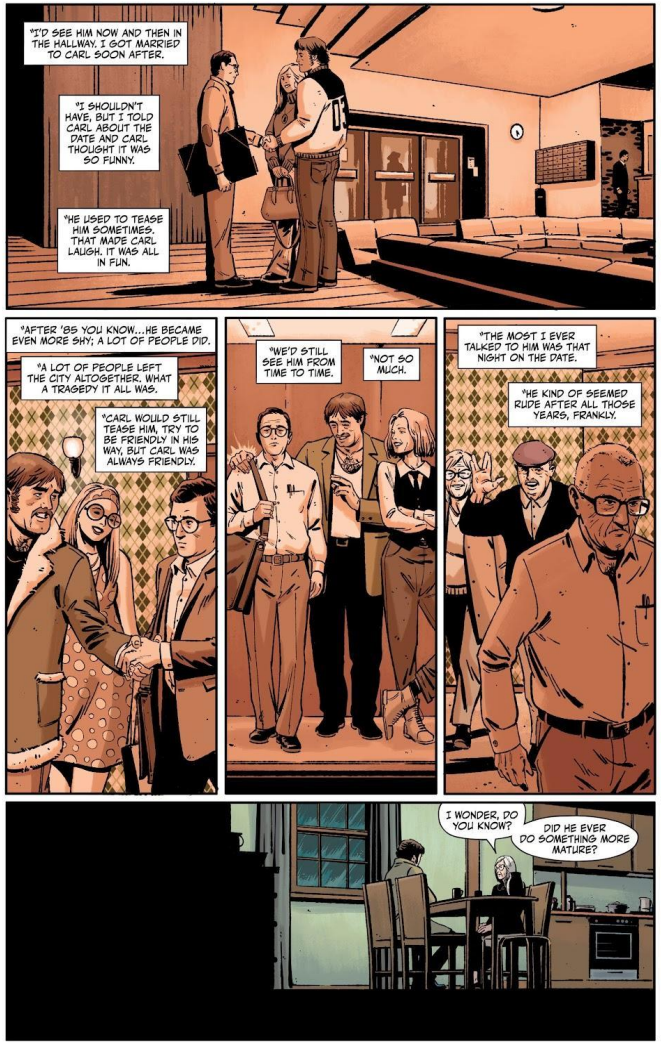
I DON'T REALLY TALK ABOUT PONTIUS SO MUCH.

I DREW IT AND IT'S SOMETHING PEOPLE THINK IS SWELL, WHICH IS FINE. BUT I DON'T ANYMORE. I'M WORKING ON OTHER THINGS.
MORE MATURE WORK, I THINK.

WHAT'S MATURE?


IT'S... I WANT TO ADD SOMETHING MEANINGFUL. THE WORLD CAN BE SO TYRANNICAL, AND MAYBE IF YOU ADD SOMETHING GOOD IT'S NOT AS BAD, I GUESS.
I REALLY THINK YOU CAN SAVE THE WORLD THAT WAY.
I TRIED WITH THESE PIRATES THAT ARE SO POPULAR. BUT PIRATES ARE FOR KIDS, AND REALLY, HOW FAR CAN YOU GET WITH PIRATES?


"HE WASN'T ANYTHING I WAS TOO INTERESTED IN, I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU.
"BACK THEN, I WAS YOUNG, I WAS LOOKING FOR MORE OF A TRADITIONAL MAN. IT WAS A MORE TRADITIONAL TIME. BEFORE VIETNAM WAS A STATE.
"ALL THIS FUNNY-BOOK STUFF... WHAT IS THAT?"
SO. I HAD A NICE TIME, REALLY, THANK YOU. I APPRECIATE IT.
AND I WAS WONDERING, I DON'T WANT TO PRESUME TOO MUCH, BUT I THINK I SHOULD AT LEAST TRY TO ASK, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
MAYBE, WHEN WE GET UP TO THE APARTMENT-- YOUR APARTMENT-- CAN I KISS YOU?
NO.
OKAY.
CLINK


"I'D SEE HIM NOW AND THEN IN THE HALLWAY. I GOT MARRIED TO CARL SOON AFTER.
"I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT I TOLD CARL ABOUT THE DATE AND CARL THOUGHT IT WAS SO FUNNY.
"HE USED TO TEASE HIM SOMETIMES. THAT MADE CARL LAUGH. IT WAS ALL IN FUN.
"AFTER '85 YOU KNOW... HE BECAME EVEN MORE SHY; A LOT OF PEOPLE DID.
"A LOT OF PEOPLE LEFT THE CITY ALTOGETHER. WHAT A TRAGEDY IT ALL WAS.
"CARL WOULD STILL TEASE HIM, TRY TO BE FRIENDLY IN HIS WAY, BUT CARL WAS ALWAYS FRIENDLY.
"WE'D STILL SEE HIM FROM TIME TO TIME.
"NOT SO MUCH.
"THE MOST I EVER TALKED TO HIM WAS THAT NIGHT ON THE DATE.
"HE KIND OF SEEMED RUDE AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, FRANKLY.
I WONDER, DO YOU KNOW?
DID HE EVER DO SOMETHING MORE MATURE?

NIXON WILL FIGHT THE WAR THAT JOHNSON WON'T. HE'S NOT AFRAID OF WHAT IT TAKES TO GET IT DONE.

AND I DON'T CARE WHAT HUMPHREY SAYS. HE'S JUST THE SAME CUP OF WEAK COFFEE.

NIXON WILL BRING IN MANHATTAN AND THAT WILL TURN THIS WHOLE THING AROUND.
THAT'S RIGHT.

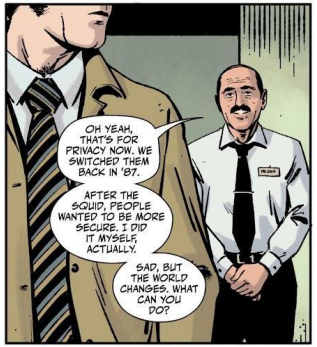
IT'S A CRIME, ALL THOSE BOYS DYING.
Alma Alder

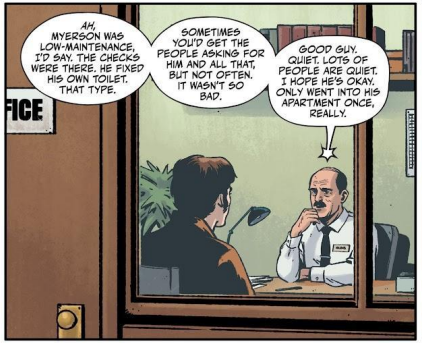
AND WE FIGHT WITH TWO BLUE HANDS TIED BEHIND OUR BACK. LIKE SUCKERS.

IF YOU COMMIT THE UNITED STATES TO A WAR, YOU WIN THE WAR. END OF DISCUSSION.

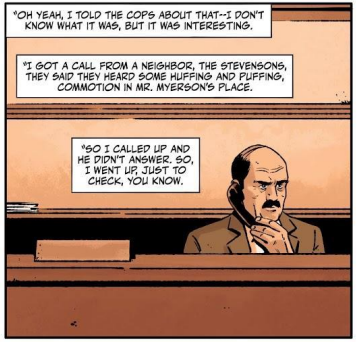
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?

THE MAILBOXES DON'T HAVE NAMES, JUST NUMBERS.


OH YEAH, THAT'S FOR PRIVACY NOW. WE SWITCHED THEM BACK IN '87.
AFTER THE SQUID, PEOPLE WANTED TO BE MORE SECURE. I DID IT MYSELF, ACTUALLY.
SAD, BUT THE WORLD CHANGES. WHAT CAN YOU DO?


AH, MYERSON WAS LOW-MAINTENANCE, I'D SAY. THE CHECKS WERE THERE. HE FIXED HIS OWN TOILET. THAT TYPE.
SOMETIMES YOU'D GET THE PEOPLE ASKING FOR HIM AND ALL THAT, BUT NOT OFTEN. IT WASN'T SO BAD.
GOOD GUY. QUIET. LOTS OF PEOPLE ARE QUIET. I HOPE HE'S OKAY. ONLY WENT INTO HIS APARTMENT ONCE, REALLY.

WHY'D YOU GO INTO HIS APARTMENT?


"OH YEAH, I TOLD THE COPS ABOUT THAT--I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS, BUT IT WAS INTERESTING.
"I GOT A CALL FROM A NEIGHBOR, THE STEVENSONS, THEY SAID THEY HEARD SOME HUFFING AND PUFFING, COMMOTION IN MR. MYERSON'S PLACE.
"SO I CALLED UP AND HE DIDN'T ANSWER. SO, I WENT UP, JUST TO CHECK, YOU KNOW.

15A
"THE DOOR WAS ALREADY OPEN."
MR. MYERSON! YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH, JEEZ LOUISE.

WHAT HAPPENED? YOU NEED TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL.
NO, NOT HURT. FINE.
GET ME...NEED A CHAIR.

MR. MYERSON, SHOULD I CALL THE POLICE? WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
HAVE TO WORK.

"I TRIED TO GET HIM MORE HELP. BUT HE DIDN'T WANT IT. AND, I DON'T KNOW, IF HE DOESN'T WANT IT, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
"I THINK HE'D BEEN BEAT UP BY SOMEONE. BUT HE DIDN'T SAY. I WOULD'VE CALLED THE POLICE IF HE'D SAID THAT, BUT HE DIDN'T.
"HE STARTED DRAWING. THAT WAS HIS PROFESSION, AS YOU KNOW, AND I WAS STANDING THERE. I WAITED TO SEE IF HE WANTED ANYTHING. I WAITED A LITTLE BIT AT LEAST.

KINK
"THEN I LEFT. NOTHING MORE TO IT THAN THAT."

Shhfff

shhff

AND YOU!
THE UNTHINKE

THE CITIZEN

by WILLIAM MYERSON

AND YOU!

THE UNTHINKER!

YOU POOR WEAK MAN! AT YOUR END AGAIN!

14B

THEN THIS IS IT, CITIZEN! THIS IS THE FINAL BATTLE!

THERE IS A BETTER WAY, A WAY OF COMPROMISE AND FORGIVENESS!

I WOULD DEVOTE MY LIFE TO SHOWING IT TO YOU, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO CANNOT SEE!

SOME, I SAY...

POW

...WHO CANNOT THINK!

HA! YOU PREACH ACCEPTANCE AND DEMOCRACY, BUT IN THE END YOU ARE JUST LIKE I AM!

THE FINAL SOLUTION TO ALL PROBLEMS IS NOT RETREAT FROM ATTACK, NOT MEEKNESS BUT STRENGTH!

YOU AND I ARE THE SAME! OUR CHEEKS WILL NEVER BE TURNED!

OF COURSE YOUR FEEBLE MIND CAN ONLY UNDERSTAND ACTIONS IN SUCH A FEEBLE WAY!

WHAT YOU FAIL TO COMPREHEND IS THAT SYSTEMS ARE BUILT UPON FOUNDATIONS!

JUST AS YOU CANNOT HAVE MATHEMATICS WITHOUT LOGIC, YOU CANNOT HAVE PEACE WITHOUT WAR!

THUS MY FIST IS NOT A REJECTION OF TRANQUILITY!

BUT AN EMBRACING OF IT!

YOU WRAP YOURSELF IN IRONIES AND RIDDLES, A WORLD OF NONSENSE TO USE AS JUSTIFICATION!

YOU KNOW THE TRUTH! YOUR DESIRE FOR BLOOD IS MY DESIRE FOR BLOOD!

YOU ARE MAN TO THE CORE AND MAN MUST REVERT TO HIMSELF! MAN IS ALWAYS HE!

14B

UNTHINKER!

YOU KNOW NOTHING OF MAN!

POW

FOR YEARS YOU HAVE INSISTED THAT THE STRONG BOW TO THE WEAK!

BUT SUCH CAPITULATION IS BASED ON A CONTRADICTORY HYPOTHESIS!

FOR YOU STRENGTH IS STRENGTH, BUT IN THE PRESENCE OF TRUE BEING THIS IS MEANINGLESS!

BEING IS THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN ONESELF AND ONESELF!

STRENGTH THEN IS THE SYNTHESIS OF THIS CONVERSATION!

STRENGTH IN THE ABSENCE OF BEING IS NOT POWER BUT ILLUSION!

WHAT YOU SEE, WHAT YOU'VE SEEN FOR YEARS IS AN INTERNAL DEBATE!

WHICH TO YOU MANIFESTED AS SILENCE! FOR YOU CANNOT HEAR WHAT YOU CANNOT KNOW!

BUT THE DEBATE HAS NOW ENDED AND THE TRUE MEANING OF BEING CAN BE REVEALED!

IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE RESPONSIBLE MAN TO RECOGNIZE THE FAILURES IN THE UNTHINKER!

TO NOT ALLOW THAT VOID TO DIVIDE THE PERSON THAT SHOULD BE NOT PUT ASUNDER!

POW

TODAY AND NOW THAT RESPONSIBILITY BELONGS TO ME!

%@$ YOU!

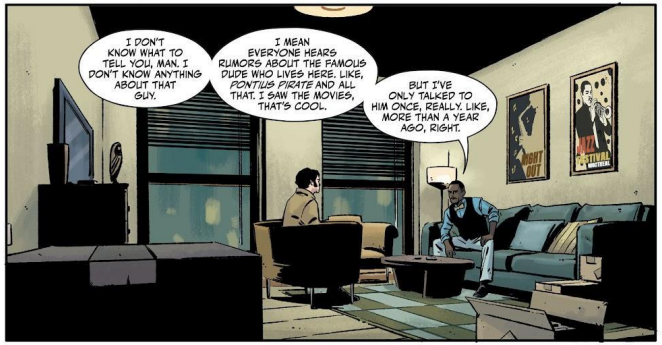
%@$ YOU!!!

%@$ YOU!!!

%@$ YOU!!!

14B

14B
KNOCK KNOCK


I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU, MAN. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT GUY.
I MEAN EVERYONE HEARS RUMORS ABOUT THE FAMOUS DUDE WHO LIVES HERE. LIKE, *PONTIUS PIRATE* AND ALL THAT. I SAW THE MOVIES, THAT'S COOL.
BUT I'VE ONLY TALKED TO HIM ONCE, REALLY. LIKE, MORE THAN A YEAR AGO, RIGHT.
NIGHT OUT
AVIZ FESTIVAL AMSTERDAM

HEY, MAN, YOU OKAY?
IT'S OPEN.

NOT GOING UP. NO, NO, NO.
THIRTY YEARS.

YOU NEED ME TO CALL SOMEBODY?

THIRTY YEARS HE TORTURES.
THIRTY YEARS HE TELLS ME WHAT HE HAS AND I DON'T.

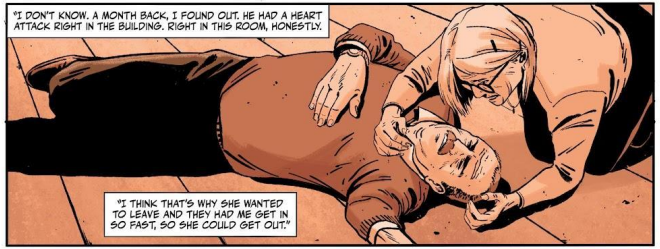
WHO, MAN? WHAT'S GOING ON?

BUT THAT WAS IT, HE JUST STOOD THERE, HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
THAT WAS THE MOST I EVER TALKED TO HIM. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE CALLED SOMEONE. I TALKED TO SOME NEIGHBORS. THEY SAID HE DOES THAT SOMETIMES, SO WHATEVER.
MAYBE REALLY I SHOULD'VE JUST GOTTEN HIS AUTOGRAPH. I LOVE *PONTIUS PIRATE*.

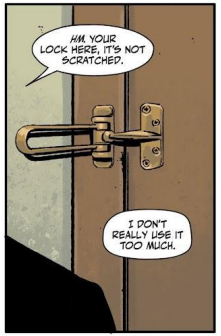
YOU'VE GOT SOME BOXES HERE.
MOVING?

YEAH, BUT MOVING IN. I MEAN, I BEEN IN THE BUILDING FOR A WHILE, BUT I WANTED KIND OF A BIGGER PLACE.
THIS LADY WAS... WHO LIVED HERE, SHE WANTED A SMALLER PLACE, WHICH IS COOL. HER HUSBAND DIED, SO SHE DIDN'T NEED THE EXTRA ROOM.
I TALKED TO MANAGEMENT AND WE SWITCHED. IT'S ALL GOOD.

THE HUSBAND DIED?
WHEN WAS THIS?


"I DON'T KNOW. A MONTH BACK, I FOUND OUT. HE HAD A HEART ATTACK RIGHT IN THE BUILDING. RIGHT IN THIS ROOM, HONESTLY.
"I THINK THAT'S WHY SHE WANTED TO LEAVE AND THEY HAD ME GET IN SO FAST, SO SHE COULD GET OUT."

WHO WANTS TO LIVE IN A DEAD MAN'S HOUSE?


HM. YOUR LOCK HERE, IT'S NOT SCRATCHED.
I DON'T REALLY USE IT TOO MUCH.

CLOSES EASY.
IS IT NEW?

IS IT? I DIDN'T NOTICE. IF IT IS, IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT IS.
THESE PEOPLE WERE LIVING HERE FOR SO LONG, BUT THEY DIDN'T REPLACE A DAMN THING.
I'VE BEEN DOING SOME NEW THINGS, BUT I DIDN'T DO THAT.

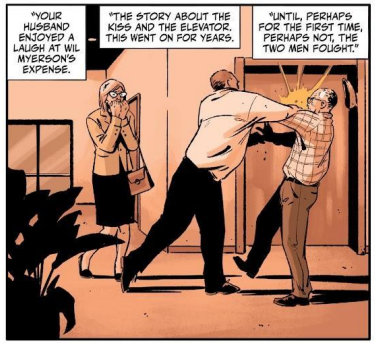
THANK YOU, SIR, FOR YOUR TIME.

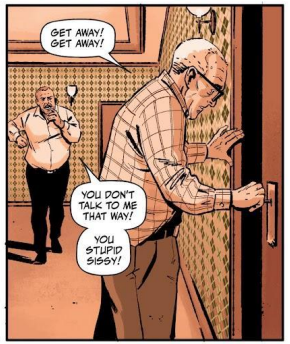
YEAH, NO PROBLEM.
HOPE YOU GET WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

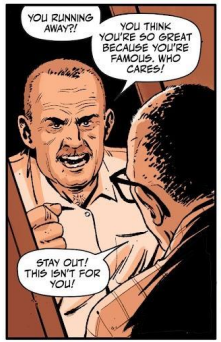
THIS WOMAN IS DEAD. I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SEEN HER.

I BELIEVE SHE WAS IN YOUR APARTMENT A MONTH AGO.
I BELIEVE SHE CAME HERE WITH A MAN IN A RORSCHACH MASK. WHO IS ALSO NOW DEAD.

D-D-DEAD, I DON'T...


"YOUR HUSBAND ENJOYED A LAUGH AT WIL MYERSON'S EXPENSE.
"THE STORY ABOUT THE KISS AND THE ELEVATOR. THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS.
"UNTIL, PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME, PERHAPS NOT, THE TWO MEN FOUGHT."


GET AWAY! GET AWAY!
YOU DON'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY!
YOU STUPID SISSY!


YOU RUNNING AWAY?!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GREAT BECAUSE YOU'RE FAMOUS. WHO CARES!
STAY OUT! THIS ISN'T FOR YOU!

YOU GIRLIE! LITTLE SISSY!
FUCK YOU!

FUCK YOU!
GFF!

MRS. THOMPSON, HOW DID YOUR HUSBAND DIE?

I'VE GOT IT, ALMA!
CLACK

WHAT THE--
SLAM

WELL, HOWDY. HOW Y'ALL DOING?

CARL!
OH MY GOD!

WHO... WHAT DO YOU... WANT... I DON'T...
PLEASE... I DON'T HAVE... MONEY...
CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU CAN'T KNOW.

CARL...
MA'AM, YOU MOVE, YOU SCREAM, YOU TALK...
...I SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE.
NN

MY... I HAVE... PILLS... I NEED... LNGG...
NNGG
GNNN

DEAD.

SEE NOW?
AIN'T THAT BETTER?
AND HER?
NEED TO SAVE THE WORLD.
WASTING TIME HERE.

MA'AM, IF I MAY, YOU TELL ANYONE ABOUT THIS, ABOUT US--ANYONE--AND I COME BACK HERE...
...AND I SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE. YOU HEAR?
BANG.
SLAM!
CARL...

"HOW WAS NEW YORK?"

"FINE."

"I SAY ANY TIME THERE ISN'T AN ALIEN ATTACK, IT'S A GOOD VISIT TO THE BIG APPLE. YOU GET ANYTHING FROM MYERSON'S PLACE THAT CAN EXPLAIN THIS THING?"

"I'M HEADED TO WYOMING NEXT, CHECKING ON CUMMINGS'S BACKGROUND."

"GREAT. I TALKED TO JUSTICE, THEY'RE NOW LEANING TOWARD SAYING IT WAS JUST THESE TWO ALL THE WAY. THEY WANT TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT. A CRAZY GIRL GETS TO A CRAZY GUY AND DOES A CRAZY THING. NO BIG CONSPIRACY, NO MASKED MEN BACK FROM THE DEAD."

"OKAY."

"WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

"JUSTICE SHOULD HOLD OFF ON AN ANNOUNCEMENT."

"RIGHT. WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

"ALL RIGHT."

"ANYWAY, HAVE FUN IN WYOMING. LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU FIND OUT. TURLEY'S EAGER FOR UPDATES. AND HE CAN GET EMOTIONAL WITH THE ELECTION COMING UP, YOU KNOW."

"OKAY."

"ALL RIGHT, BYE NOW."

"GOODBYE."

LEWIS TOWER

TO BE CONTINUED.

There's a chill wind blowing across the DC Universe in the crossover event Endless Winter, coming in December! An ancient evil has emerged from the Arctic wilderness—and only the combined might of the Justice League, the Teen Titans, and other unexpected superbeings—Black Adam? What's he doing here?—can put a stop to it and save the world from becoming a permafrost nightmare.

Co-written by Andy Lanning and Ron Marz and illustrated by an array of top artists, Endless Winter runs for a total of nine chapters, bookended by *Justice League: Endless Winter* #1 and #2.

Designs by Mikel Janin

Design by Mike Perkins

JUSTICE LEAGUE... VIKING?

It all starts when an ancient and malevolent being known as the Frost King bursts out of the snowbound former site of the Fortress of Solitude. Bent on revenge and mad with power, the Frost King's thirst for vengeance can be traced back to a bygone era when he was defeated by a proto-Justice League made up of Queen Hippolyta, Swamp Thing, the Viking Prince, and Black Adam!

"We felt like heroes would band together in every era, and we wanted to show off what we eventually came to call the Justice League Viking," says Ron Marz. "We had to sort out which characters would logically be around in the 10th century, and then figure out how those relationships work. The short version is...not everybody gets along."

Andy Lanning adds, "Having the JLV in the past to contrast with the League in the present was a great way to show how the heroes of today operate with a different ethos than the warriors of the past. Needless to say, the ancient way of the warrior is more confrontational, and all of their larger-than-life personalities send sparks flying."

PAST SECRETS EQUAL PRESENT DOOM

What happened in the distant past leads directly to battle in today's DC Universe as the Justice League struggles to stop the Frost King, his army of ice monsters, and the coming of an apocalyptic winter storm that threatens to wipe out life on Earth. And while all this is happening, Black Adam and what remains of the JLV team must face the consequences of decisions they made in the past—including some that none of them want revealed.

As Lanning explains, "At the root of the secret are actions taken centuries ago, actions some of the characters regret, which created ramifications in the present that they must revisit again." But those secrets will have to remain under wraps for now.

BLACK ADAM vs. FROST KING

At the center of the JLV's internal conflicts is Black Adam. As leader of the modern nation of Kahndaq, he has vowed to protect his people from the Frost King, no matter who gets in his way.

"Black Adam is a man on a mission, and he will not let anyone or anything stand in his way," says Lanning. "He has his own unique, single-minded approach to achieving results."

"He's not really a hero, but he's not really a villain. He has his own agenda and he is genuinely driven to protect his nation," adds Marz. "He's very much the hero of his own story, and that makes for a fascinating character."

HEROES UNITE

Along with the Justice League and what remains of the JLV, Endless Winter also features appearances by the present-day Teen Titans, members of the original New Teen Titans, and Aquaman's own army of fire trolls, direct from the Earth's core.

"The spine of the story is the Justice League, of course, so we keep coming back to them," Marz explains. "There are some interactions as the story unfolds that I really enjoy, including an encounter between the Flash and Black Adam, Superman going to visit his parents, Aquaman and Mera side by side, and even the Teen Titans discovering a new hero."

"Getting to play with such a great cast of cool superheroes is like catnip: from the Justice League to the Teen Titans, Aquaman to Black Adam, and—probably my personal favorite—the Justice League Dark," says Lanning. "The story isn't all fantasy and fistfights, though. It also reflects present-day concerns about our environment."

"Our story deals with some extreme weather conditions spreading across the globe and having a serious impact on humanity," says Marz. "It's not very different from what we're dealing with in real life, as climate change spawns more extreme conditions, from hurricanes to wildfires."

ENDLESS WINTER'S HOTTEST ARTISTS

To pull off an event this big, DC enlisted a cadre of artists, including Howard Porter (*JLA*, *The Flash*), Phil Hester (*Green Arrow*), Xermanico (*The Green Lantern: Blackstars*), Jesus Merino (*Wonder Woman*), Amancay Nahuelpan (*Justice League Dark*), Brandon Peterson (*Green Lanterns*), Marco Santucci (*Shazam!*), Carmine Di Giandomenico (*The Flash*), Clayton Henry, and Miguel Mendonça.

"Getting to see how the amazing artists we're working with bring our ideas to life just inspires us more and makes us want to raise our own game," says Lanning. "Looking at the pages, we're determined to keep up our end of the bargain because the artwork is looking bloody lovely!"

"The real pleasure is working with so many great artists, and seeing all those pages rolling in day after day," Marz says. "That's still the magical part of this job."

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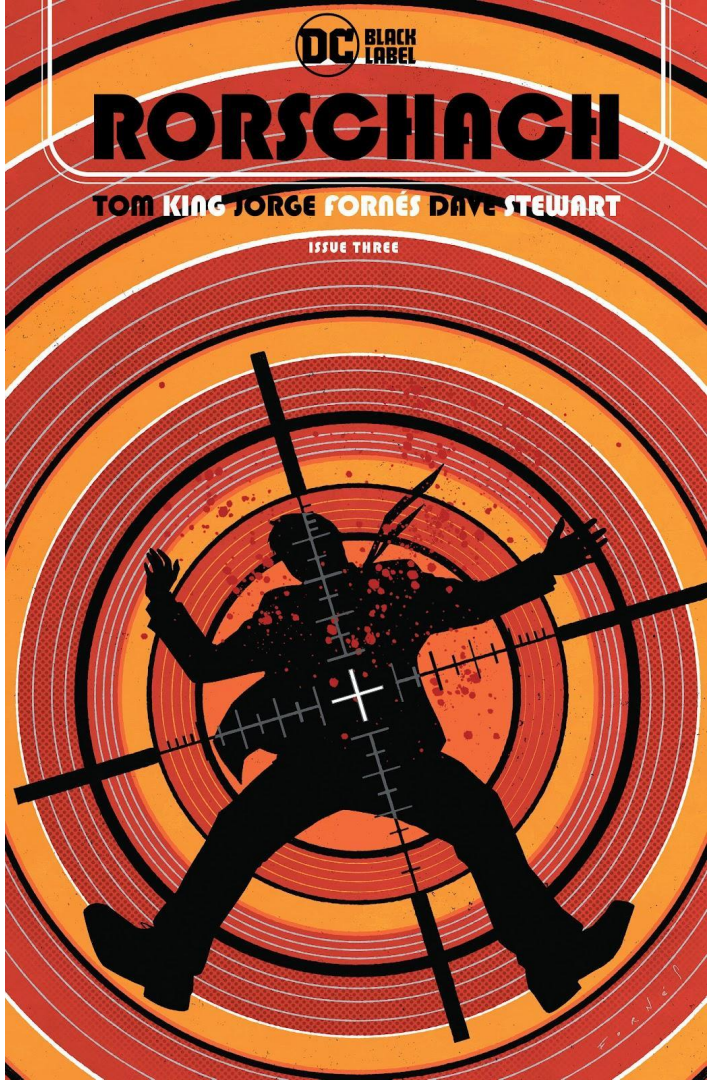
DC BLACK LABEL
RORSCHACH
TOM KING JORGE FORNÉS DAVE STEWART
ISSUE THREE

DC BLACK LABEL
PRESENTS

RORSCHACH

CHAPTER THREE

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JORGE FORNÉS
INTERIOR AND COVER ARTIST

DAVE STEWART
COLORIST

CLAYTON COWLES
LETTERER

JOCK
VARIANT COVER ARTIST

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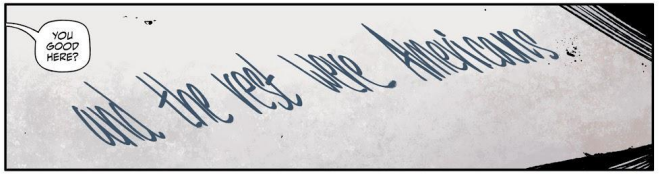
JAMIE S. RICH
EDITOR

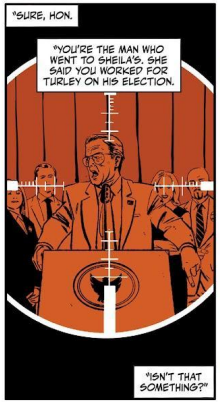
DARRAN ROBINSON
PUBLICATION DESIGN

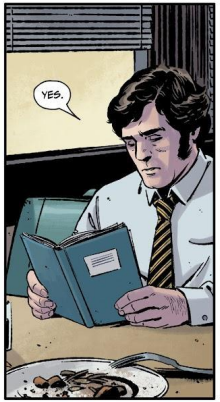
WATCHMEN CO-CREATED BY
DAVE GIBBONS

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.
JULY ONE. 1903.
*HANNA, WYOMING, JUNE 30.
*HANNA WAS THE SCENE OF A TERRIBLE DISASTER TODAY WHEN AN EXPLOSION OF FIRE DAMP IN MINE NO. 1 OF THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY SNUFFED OUT THE LIVES OF 234 MEN, INJURED SCORES OF OTHERS AND CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF A VAST AMOUNT OF PROPERTY.
*TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-TWO MEN WENT DOWN IN THE MINE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING, AND UP TO A LATE HOUR TONIGHT ONLY FORTY EIGHT HAVE BEEN ACCOUNTED FOR.
*OF THIS NUMBER, TWO ARE DEAD.
*SOME OF THE MINERS WHO ESCAPED SAY THEY SAW TWENTY DEAD BODIES IN ENTRY NO. 17.
*THEY REPORTED THAT MANY OF THE MEN WERE CRAZED BY THE EXPLOSION AND RAN HITHER AND THITHER IN THE MINE.
*MANY OF THESE COULD HAVE ESCAPED, BUT THEY LAY DOWN, BURIED THEIR FACES IN THEIR HANDS AND GAVE UP THE FIGHT.
*OF THE 234 DEAD ABOUT 175 WERE MARRIED AND LEAVE LARGE FAMILIES.
*ABOUT 100 WERE FINLANDERS, 50 WERE COLORED.
AND THE REST WERE AMERICANS.

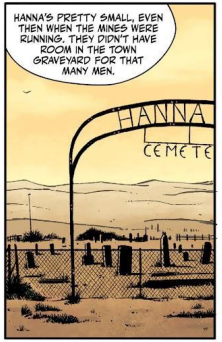

YOU GOOD HERE?
and the rest, we Americans

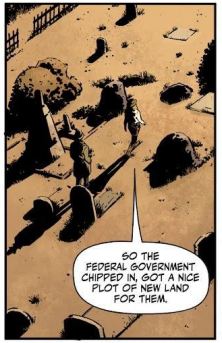
I COULD TAKE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE.
THANK YOU.


"SURE, HON.
"YOU'RE THE MAN WHO WENT TO SHEILA'S. SHE SAID YOU WORKED FOR TURLEY ON HIS ELECTION.
"ISN'T THAT SOMETHING?"


YES.

WELL, THIS IS TURLEY COUNTRY OUT HERE. I IMAGINE THERE AREN'T TOO MANY VOTES YOU HAVE TO WIN OVER IN HANNA.
BUT YOU EVER GO BACK AND SEE MR. TURLEY, YOU TELL HIM FROM ME THAT HE'S DOING GOOD WORK. NOBODY WANTS MORE OF THIS COMRADE REDFORD.
ABOUT TIME WE HAD SOMEONE COULD STAND UP TO THAT BULLY.


HANNA'S PRETTY SMALL, EVEN THEN WHEN THE MINES WERE RUNNING. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ROOM IN THE TOWN GRAVEYARD FOR THAT MANY MEN.
HANNA
CEMETE


SO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CHIPPED IN, GOT A NICE PLOT OF NEW LAND FOR THEM.

NOW, NOT HAVING ANY LOCALS BURIED HERE, THEY NEEDED TO CREATE A POSITION FOR UPKEEP.

A FEDERAL POSITION, A GOOD JOB THAT STAYED GOOD IN A TOWN THAT DIDN'T HAVE TOO MANY.

OUT OF TRADITION, IT USUALLY WENT TO A VET, THE V.A. SETTING IT UP.

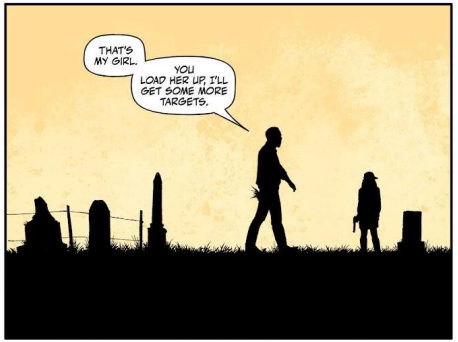
WHEN DAD LOST HIS JOB ON THE TRAIN, HE GOT WORK HERE.

"MAKING SURE THE DEAD WERE CLEAN."

LAURA, SWEETIE, YOU'RE STILL ANTICIPATING.
YOU GOT TO CALM YOURSELF. IT'LL GO OFF WHEN IT GOES. DON'T THINK ABOUT IT.

YES, DADDY.

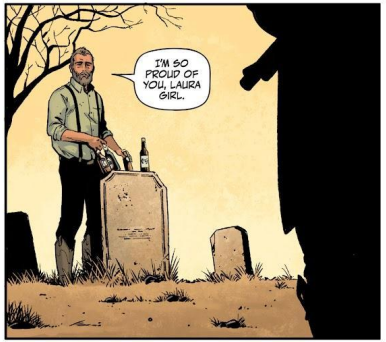
KRASSH


THAT'S MY GIRL.
YOU LOAD HER UP, I'LL GET SOME MORE TARGETS.

OKAY, DADDY.

CLACK
SKREET
YOU'RE GETTING TOO GOOD.
RUNNING LOW ON TARGETS SO FAST, SWEETIE. I'M GOING TO BE A HEAVY DRUNK JUST GETTING YOU SET UP.

WHEN I WAS EIGHT, I COULD BARELY PALM A GUN. EVEN IN THE ARMY IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO LEARN IT RIGHT.
FIRST SNIPE TARGET I HAD, I MISSED THE LADY BY TEN FEET. I'M TELLING YOU.
SOMEONE HAD TO PICK HER UP FOR ME. AND LOOK AT YOU.


I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, LAURA GIRL.

CHCHKK

BLAM
I WISH WE COULD MAKE A VIDEO OF THIS, YOU KNOW.
THAT'D SHOW THEM.

BLAM
WE COULD PUT IT IN ONE OF THE ROCKETS FOR OUTER SPACE.
LIKE THEY DID IN THE '80s WITH ALL THAT MUSIC GOING TO PLUTO.
THEY LAUNCHED THOSE THINGS TO FOREVER.

BLAM
AND THEN YOU'D GET SOME SQUID OUT THERE, OUT THERE PLOTTING.
WITH HIS TENTACLES ALL MAD AND SHIT. HE'D GET A VIDEO.
AND MAYBE HE'D BE THINKING IT WAS MUSIC AGAIN. OH, I'M GOING TO ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK TO THIS, Y'KNOW.

BLAM
AND WHAT DOES THAT SQUID FUCK FIND? RIGHT THERE HALFWAY ACROSS THE WHOLE DAMN UNIVERSE?
THERE'S MY GIRL, MY LAURA, SHOOTING IT UP, ON FIRE.
HAHAHA. THAT BOY'S KEEPING HIS DISTANCE THEN. HE'S STAYING HOME AND ALL FOR ALL TIME.

LINDY
SORRY ABOUT THAT. MADE A NEW POT FOR YOU.

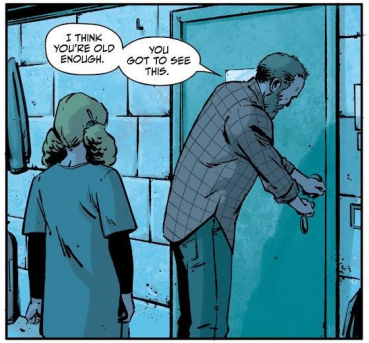
THANK YOU.

MUST BE A GOOD READ.
YOU BEEN AT IT ALL DAY, *HUH?* I HAD A BOOK ONCE LIKE THAT. I HAD TO FINISH THE WHOLE THING ALMOST AT ONCE.
IT WAS ABOUT A LAWYER WHO WAS CHASING THESE DRUG PEOPLE. AND I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST NOT SOMETHING YOU COULD LET GO.

"YEAH."

WELL, I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME HERE, I DO.
BESIDES TRUCKERS AND INDIANS COMING THROUGH, WE DON'T GET TOO MANY OUT HERE.
TOO COLD IN THE WINTERS AND TOO EMPTY ALL AROUND THEY SAY. OR LEAST THAT'S WHAT I SAY.

"WE DIDN'T GO TO CHURCH MUCH GROWING UP, HERE AND THERE WHEN A COUSIN WAS SINGING THE HYMNS, BUT NOT REGULARLY AT ALL.
"DADDY LOVED CHRIST, DON'T GET ME WRONG—HE WANTED HIS MORTAL SOUL SAVED AS MUCH AS ANY OTHER MAN.
"HE WAS JUST THE TYPE WHO FELT SITTING ON SUNDAYS WASN'T THE BEST WAY TO GET IT DONE."


I THINK YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH.
YOU GOT TO SEE THIS.

I'VE BEEN KEEPING YOU OUT OF HERE FOR TOO LONG, I THINK, AND YOU'VE BEEN PATIENT.
NOT A LOT OF GIRLS HAVE THIS MUCH PATIENCE, AND I'M NOTHING BUT IMPRESSED.
YOUR COUSIN AVA IS THE SAME AGE AS YOU AND CAN'T BARELY READ. ALL SHE DOES IS CRY ALL THE TIME. OPPOSITE OF YOU.

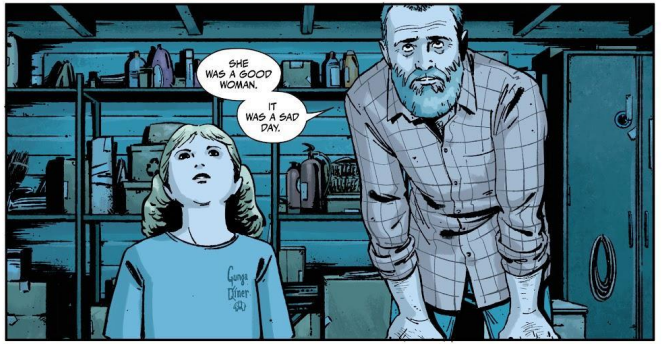
YOUR MOM AND I, WE KNEW YOU WERE SPECIAL ALMOST FROM DAY ZERO.
I TURNED TO HER, RIGHT THE DAY YOU WERE BORN, AND SAID THIS GIRL HAS GOT A SPECIAL DESTINY. SHE'S NOT LIKE US.
AND YOUR MOM. SHE LAUGHED AT ME. SHE WAS, LIKE, ALWAYS LAUGHING AT STUFF. REAL IMPORTANT STUFF.

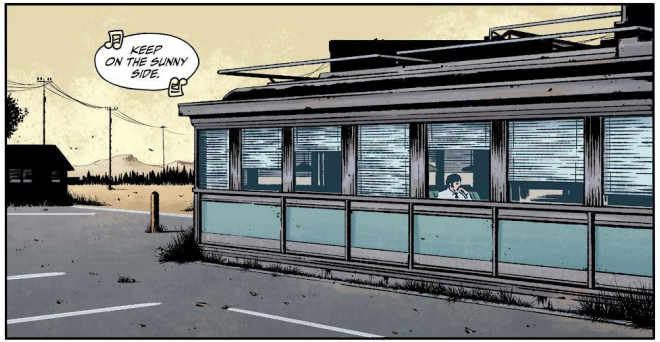
AND I SAID IT WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER. THIS WORLD IS CORRUPTED, I SAY.
IT'S DANGEROUS. THE SKIES AREN'T TO BE TRUSTED. I USED TO TRUST THE SKY BUT YOU CAN'T ANYMORE, NO.
AND I SAID TO YOUR MOTHER, THIS WORLD, IT NEEDS SOMEONE LIKE THIS LITTLE GIRL. THIS GIRL RIGHT HERE. YOU. WHEN YOU WERE NOT BIGGER THAN NOTHING, I SAID IT.
CLICK

THIS GIRL IS GOING TO SAVE US.

I KILLED YOUR MOM NOT SO LONG AFTER THAT.

IT WASN'T HER FAULT. SQUID CONTROLS MINDS, TOO, YOU KNOW.
YOU CAN READ ABOUT THAT. THAT'S PART OF THEIR POWER. THE WORST PART IF YOU ASK ME.
I WAS REAL SORRY WHEN IT GOT YOUR MOM, THOUGH. I WAS REALLY HOPING IT WOULDN'T COME THIS FAR, BUT IT DID.


SHE WAS A GOOD WOMAN.
IT WAS A SAD DAY.


KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BLAMM
"ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE."

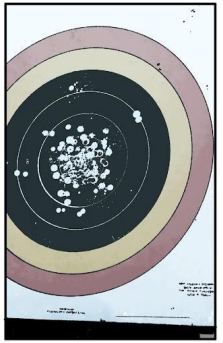
KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

"DADDY HAD A GROUP THAT CALLED THEMSELVES THE MINER'S MILITIA. A BUNCH OF DAD'S FROM HANNA AND SOME OTHER NEARBY TOWNS.
"DADDY HAD BEEN A TRAINER IN THE ARMY AFTER HE'D BEEN OVERSEAS, AND HE WOULD HELP THEM GET TRAINED FOR THE COMING WAR WITH THE SQUIDS.
"HE DID THE TRAINING BY THE GRAVES. NO ONE CAME THERE. I ALWAYS GOT INVITED ALONG."

IF MY LITTLE LAURA CAN BEAT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU ALL, HOW THE HELL YOU GOING TO FIGHT THE DAMN ENEMY?
CAN I ASK YOU THAT?
WHEN THEY'RE COMING FOR YOUR WIVES AND CHILDREN AND ALL YOU GOT IS YOURSELF AND YOUR WEAPON, HOW YOU GOING TO HELP ANYONE?!
CAN I ASK YOU THAT?

RATATATATAT
TATATAT

OH MY GOD, BOYS! LOOK AT THAT!
SHE DID IT, YOU LITTLE BITCHES. THAT LITTLE LAURA BEAT YOU ALL.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.



KEY HERE IS--AND WATCH THIS NOW--
--IF YOU'RE FIGHTING WITH A BLADE, YOU'RE ACTUALLY JUST FIGHTING WITH YOUR HAND. IT'S NOT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.
CAN'T THINK OF IT LIKE A SWORD. YOU AIN'T ROBIN HOOD, RIGHT?

CAREFUL NOW. THAT AIN'T FOR PLAY.
WE'RE HERE TO TAKE OFF SQUID TENTACLES, NOT LITTLE FINGERS.

YOU CAN'T KILL ANYTHING THAT'S TOO FAR AWAY. GOOD NEWS IS THEY'LL BE COMING HERE.
BETTER NEWS IS THIS IS WHERE WE LIVE. THIS IS OUR LAND. THIS IS THE SUPER BOWL AND WE GOT HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE.
BUT YOU GOT TO KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS OR ELSE IT'S WORTH NOTHING.

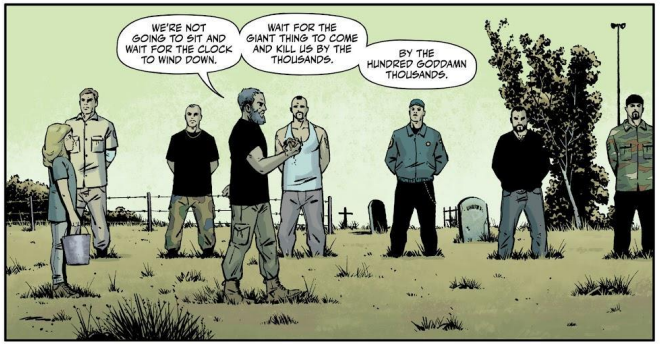
C'MON NOW. ONE MORE TIME.
SHOOT TILL YOUR HAND BLEEDS.

GOOD, GOOD.
DON'T LET HIM THINK. ONCE THEY'RE THINKIN' YOU'RE DONE.
HIS ONLY THOUGHT IS YOUR GUN.

YOU TRAIN AS YOU FIGHT. THAT'S THE NUMBER ONE RULE.
THAT WAY, WHEN YOU GET OUT THERE, WHEN THE DAMN SQUID IS A BUILDING TALLER THAN YOUR SMALL ASS...
...YOU DON'T HESITATE, YOU DON'T LOOK AROUND, YOUR BODY TAKES OVER.

NOW, NO ONE KNOWS WHEN THESE THINGS ARE COMING.
WE DIDN'T GET ANY WARNING IN '85. WE WON'T NEXT TIME EITHER. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.
MY GUESS, BASED ON THE EVIDENCE, MORE LIKELY THAN NOT, REDFORD'S WORKING WITH THEM, PREPARING A TIME FOR THEM TO COME.

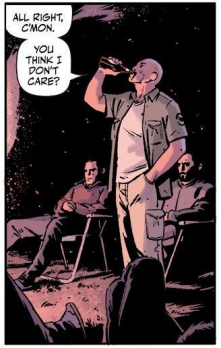
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY HAVEN'T COME YET? REDFORD'S WORKING ON US.
MAKING US WEAK AND GRATEFUL. HE GOT RID OF MANHATTAN. SENT HIM OFF TO WHERE HE CAN'T FIGHT THE SQUID.
LEAVING US VULNERABLE. BUT WE AIN'T VULNERABLE.


WE'RE NOT GOING TO SIT AND WAIT FOR THE CLOCK TO WIND DOWN.
WAIT FOR THE GIANT THING TO COME AND KILL US BY THE THOUSANDS.
BY THE HUNDRED GODDAMN THOUSANDS.

NO.
THIS AIN'T NEW YORK.

IS IT?
SQOSTH

HE'S GOING TO DO IT!
NO, HE'S NOT.
CHUCK'S TOO SCARED. HE'S SCARED OF EVERYTHING. WHEN THE SQUIDS COME HE'LL BE THE FIRST RUNNING.
NO, NO. HE'LL DO IT THIS TIME. HE'S A SOLDIER.


ALL RIGHT, C'MON.
YOU THINK I DON'T CARE?

I AIN'T AFRAID OF SQUID! OR MAN! OR GIRL!

HEY! HEY!
HOW OLD ARE YOU ANYWAY?

BLAM

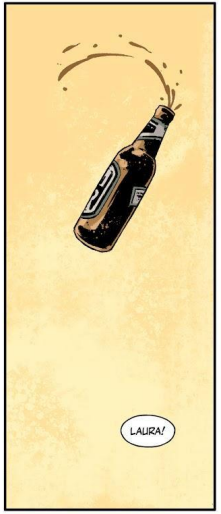
I'M TWELVE.
HAHA
HAHA
HAHA

OH I'M SORRY, DID YOU NEED SOMETHING?

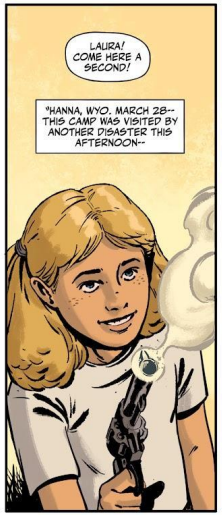
"YOU DONE?"
BLAMM

NO.
NEEDED SOME FRESH AIR.

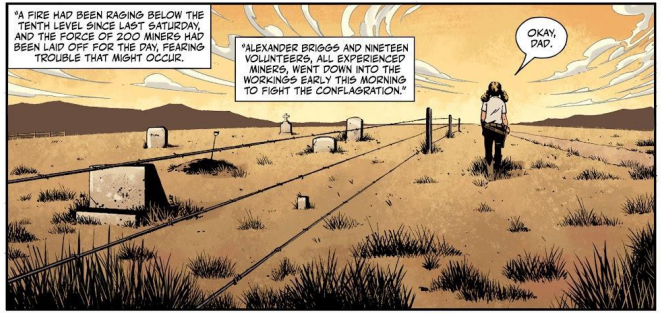
ISN'T IT NICE?
I JUST THINK IT'S THE REAL AMERICA.


LAURA!

YEAH, DAD?
*FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.
*MARCH 29, 1908.


LAURA! COME HERE A SECOND!
*HANNA, WYO. MARCH 28--THIS CAMP WAS VISITED BY ANOTHER DISASTER THIS AFTERNOON--

*--WHEN TWENTY MEN WERE KILLED BY AN EXPLOSION OF GAS IN MINE NO. 1 OF THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY.
I NEED YOUR HELP WITH THIS!
ONLY TAKE A SECOND!

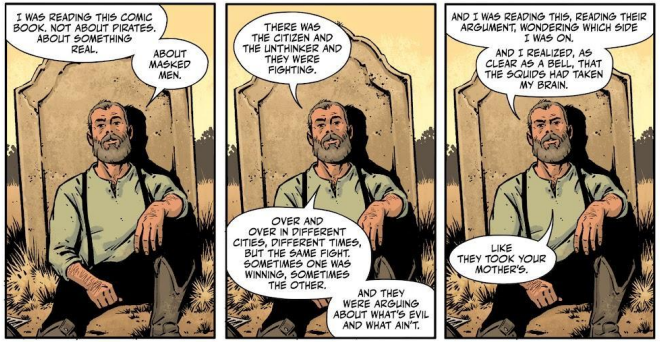

*A FIRE HAD BEEN RAGING BELOW THE TENTH LEVEL SINCE LAST SATURDAY, AND THE FORCE OF 200 MINERS HAD BEEN LAID OFF FOR THE DAY, FEARING TROUBLE THAT MIGHT OCCUR.
*ALEXANDER BRIGGS AND NINETEEN VOLUNTEERS, ALL EXPERIENCED MINERS, WENT DOWN INTO THE WORKINGS EARLY THIS MORNING TO FIGHT THE CONFLAGRATION."
OKAY, DAD.

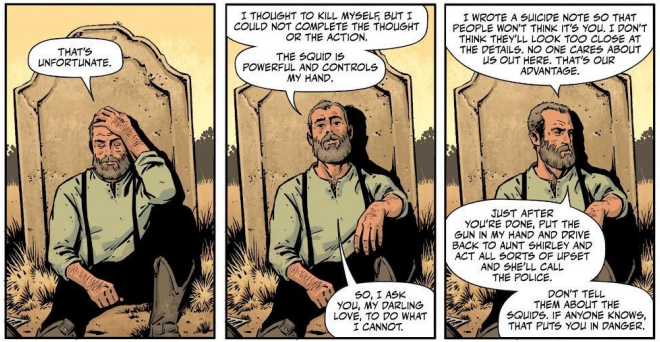
*SHORTLY AFTER THREE O'CLOCK THE TOWN WAS STARTED BY AN AWFUL ROAR FOLLOWED BY A HEAVY BOOM, THE SHAKING OF THE EARTH AND THE TREMBLING OF BUILDINGS.
*ALL KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND THERE WAS A RUSH TO THE MINE.

*BOTH ENTRIES HAD CAVED IN AND SLOPE TIMBERS HAD BEEN THROWN GREAT DISTANCES ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORKINGS.
*RELIEF PARTIES IMMEDIATELY WENT TO WORK, THOUGH KNOWING THAT THE MINERS HAD BEEN KILLED.

*THE KNOWN DEAD ARE SUPT. ALEXANDER BRIGGS, MINE FOREMAN JOHN BURTON, JAMES KNOX AND ALF DODDS...
*GUS REAMEY AND P.A. BOYD, COLORED...
*JOHN EVANS, ROBERT HERRIN, HARRY LYON, JOHN RIMMER, WILLIAM PASCOE, ROBERT WARBURTON, BENJAMIN PARRY, THOMAS FLINT, ALL AMERICANS...
*GAPPA LAHTI, EMILE SELEVAST, AND JOHN YAKNEN, FINLANDERS, AND THREE UNKNOWNS.

*SOME OF THE BODIES HAVE BEEN RECOVERED.
*ON JUNE 30, 1903, AN EXPLOSION OF GAS KILLED 169 MINERS IN THIS SAME MINE."


I WAS READING THIS COMIC BOOK. NOT ABOUT PIRATES. ABOUT SOMETHING REAL.
ABOUT MASKED MEN.
THERE WAS THE CITIZEN AND THE UNTHINKER AND THEY WERE FIGHTING.
OVER AND OVER IN DIFFERENT CITIES, DIFFERENT TIMES, BUT THE SAME FIGHT. SOMETIMES ONE WAS WINNING, SOMETIMES THE OTHER.
AND THEY WERE ARGUING ABOUT WHAT'S EVIL AND WHAT AIN'T.
AND I WAS READING THIS, READING THEIR ARGUMENT, WONDERING WHICH SIDE I WAS ON.
AND I REALIZED, AS CLEAR AS A BELL, THAT THE SQUIDS HAD TAKEN MY BRAIN.
LIKE THEY TOOK YOUR MOTHER'S.


THAT'S UNFORTUNATE.
I THOUGHT TO KILL MYSELF, BUT I COULD NOT COMPLETE THE THOUGHT OR THE ACTION.
THE SQUID IS POWERFUL AND CONTROLS MY HAND.
SO, I ASK YOU, MY DARLING LOVE, TO DO WHAT I CANNOT.
I WROTE A SUICIDE NOTE SO THAT PEOPLE WON'T THINK IT'S YOU. I DON'T THINK THEY'LL LOOK TOO CLOSE AT THE DETAILS. NO ONE CARES ABOUT US OUT HERE. THAT'S OUR ADVANTAGE.
JUST AFTER YOU'RE DONE, PUT THE GUN IN MY HAND AND DRIVE BACK TO AUNT SHIRLEY AND ACT ALL SORTS OF UPSET AND SHE'LL CALL THE POLICE.
DON'T TELL THEM ABOUT THE SQUIDS. IF ANYONE KNOWS, THAT PUTS YOU IN DANGER.

AND YOU GOT WORK TO DO, HON.
BLAM

LOVE YOU, DADDY.

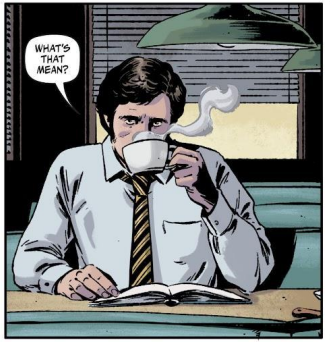
DADDY SAID THAT THE MINE KILLING IN 1903 WASN'T ALL THAT BAD. WHAT WAS BAD IS THEY KEPT THE MINE OPEN.
AND FIVE YEARS LATER, IT WENT OFF AGAIN.
TIMES HAD IT WRONG. EIGHTEEN MEN GOT TRAPPED. THEY SENT IN ANOTHER FORTY-ONE AFTER THEM TO HELP THEM.
TO SAVE THEM.
AND IT WENT OFF AGAIN AND IT KILLED ALL FIFTY-NINE OF THOSE MEN.
THEY'RE BURIED HERE TOO.

LOVE YOU, DADDY.
SEE, MY DADDY SAID THAT WHAT THAT MEANT WAS THERE WAS A PATTERN TO THE THING.
HE WAS LOOKING FOR THE PATTERNS.
BECAUSE, YOU SEE, WHEN THERE'S A PATTERN, THERE'S INTENTION.
AND INTENTION, THAT'S THE BAD PART OF IT.

THAT'S THE EVIDENCE.
THE SQUID IS HERE. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HERE.
AND WE GOT TO STOP IT.

I FOUND YOUR BOOK, LAURA.
I SAW THE INSIDE OF THE CLOSET DIDN'T QUITE MATCH THE OUTSIDE.
AND THERE IT WAS. THE HIDDEN PANEL IN THE BACK.

I HID IT TO BE FOUND.
NOT BY AUNT SHEILA OR THE COPS. BUT BY SOMEONE GOOD ENOUGH TO FIND IT. SOMEONE KIND ENOUGH TO HELP.
AND FRANKLY, YOU, SIR, SEEM ABOUT GOOD ENOUGH AND JUST ABOUT KIND ENOUGH.


WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

DC FUTURE STATE

JUSTICE LEAGUE

AN ALL-NEW TEAM FOR AN ALL-NEW ERA!
Written by JOSHUA WILLIAMSON
Art by ROBSON ROCHA
Includes a *JUSTICE LEAGUE DARK* bonus story
48 PAGES

GREEN LANTERN
GUY GARDNER & JESSICA CRUZ

JOHN STEWART MUST LEAD THE POWERLESS LANTERNS HOME!
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GEOFFREY THORNE
Art by
TOM RANEY
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AQUAMAN

AN INTERGALACTIC ADVENTURE BEYOND THE SEVEN SEAS!
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BRANDON THOMAS
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JANUARY + FEBRUARY

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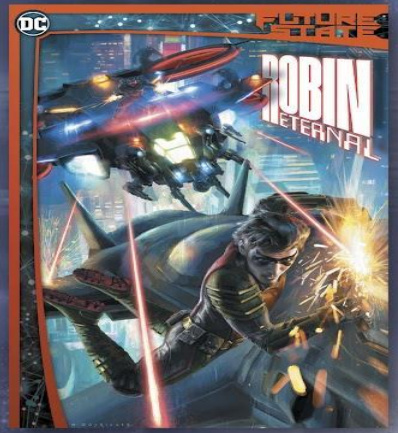
NIGHTWING

GOTHAM IS OUT OF CONTROL IF ITS SAFEST PLACE IS ARKHAM ASYLUM...

Written by ANDREW CONSTANT
Art by NICOLA SCOTT

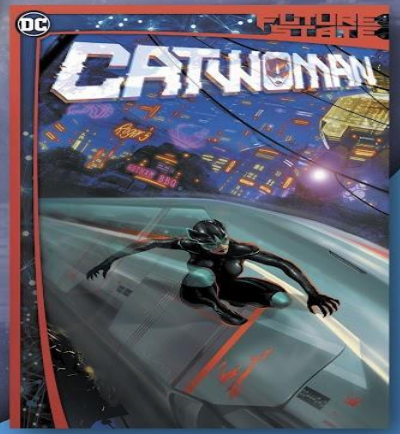


TO STOP THE MAGISTRATE FROM GAINING IMMORTAL LIFE, HE MUST RISK CERTAIN DEATH!

Written by
MEGHAN FITZMARTIN
Art by
EDDY BARROWS

EVEN HEROES CAN'T SAVE GOTHAM NOW. GOOD THING SHE'S NO HERO.

Written by
RAM V
Art by
OTTO SCHMIDT



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DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

GENERATIONS SHATTERED

What started in *Detective Comics* #1027 and *Dark Nights: Death Metal* continues in the 80-page one-shot *Generations Shattered* #1, as an unlikely team of heroes gathers to confront an existential cosmic threat—with the cast plucked from different eras of both the DC Multiverse and DC's real-life publishing history.

BATMAN | DEBUT: 1939
This is the original, purple gloves-wearing Dark Knight, representing the foundational Golden Age of comics.

SUPERBOY | DEBUT: 1945
Straight from the 30th century, it's young Clark Kent during his time in the Legion of Super-Heroes.

SINESTRO | DEBUT: 1961
We meet Sinestro at his origin, as a member of the Green Lantern Corps.

KAMANDI | DEBUT: 1972
The Last Boy on Earth debuted in the `70s, but hails from a savage postapocalyptic future.

STARFIRE | DEBUT: 1980
Starfire joins from the character's earliest days as a main player in *The New Teen Titans*.

DR. LIGHT | DEBUT: 1985
A heroic counterpart to the villain of the same name, and Justice League and Doom Patrol alum.

BOOSTER GOLD
DEBUT: 1986
Born in the 25th century, he became a fan favorite as a member of Justice League International.

GENERATIONS SHATTERED #1
ON SALE IN JANUARY!
AND DON'T MISS THE FOLLOW-UP
GENERATIONS FORGED #1
ON SALE IN FEBRUARY!

STEEL
DEBUT: 1993
First put on his armor in one of *the* comics events of the 1990s, "The Death of Superman."

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THIS GIRL IS GOING TO SAVE US.

DC BLACK LABEL
AGES 17+

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RORSCHACH
TOM KING JORGE FORNÉS DAVE STEWART
ISSUE FOUR
26 OCT
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RORSCHACH

CHAPTER FOUR

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WATCHMEN CO-CREATED BY
DAVE GIBBONS

DC FUTURE STATE

TEEN TITANS

MEET THE NEW NIGHTWING AND HIS PARTNER...RED X.

Written by TIM SHERIDAN

Art by RAFA SANDOVAL

CAN THE FASTEST MEN ALIVE OUTRUN THEIR DESTINY?

Written by BRANDON VIETTI

Art by BRANDON PETERSON

A LEGIONNAIRE BETRAYS THE ENTIRE GALAXY!

Written by BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

Art by RILEY ROSSMO

THE POWER OF SHAZAM CORRUPTED AND POSSESSED BY RAVEN!

Written by TIM SHERIDAN

Art by EDUARDO PANSICA

DISCOVER THE DESTINY OF THE DC UNIVERSE!

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FEBRUARY

PONTIUS PILATE
CRAYONS
DO YOU HAVE A FAVORITE COLOR?
NO.

PONTIUS PILATE
THAT'S WEIRD, I THINK. DOESN'T MOST EVERYONE HAVE A FAVORITE COLOR? MINE IS ORANGE.
WHY ORANGE?

PONTIUS PILATE
CRAYONS
I DON'T KNOW. I ALWAYS SAID ORANGE WHEN I WAS A KID. SO I SAY ORANGE NOW.
IT HASN'T CHANGED SINCE YOU WERE A KID?

PONTIUS PILATE
YOU ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS-- I FEEL LIKE I ANSWERED ALL THESE QUESTIONS BEFORE. WHY DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING SO MANY TIMES?
DID YOU KNOW HER REAL NAME?

"NO, WE JUST CALLED HER 'KID.'"

OKAY, KID! THIS IS IT! FOR ALL THE MARBLES!
ARE...YOU... READY?!

I'M READY, FREDDIE.

YOU HEAR THAT? SHE SAYS SHE'S READY, FREDDIE.
BUT IS FREDDIE READY?

AH, FREDDIE...
...WHO CARES IF YOU'RE READY?
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

KKRASSH

KKRASSH

KKRASSH

OH GOD.

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE BLASPHEMY, FOLKS!
RIGHT NOW IS NOT A TIME TO TEMPT THE ALMIGHTY!

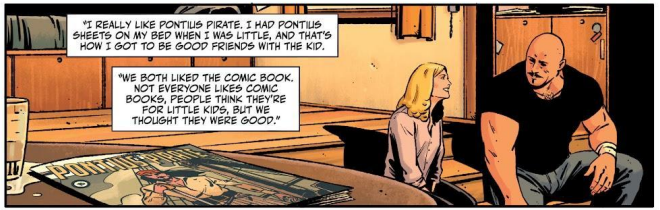
BUT JESUS H. CHRIST!
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

BLAM
KKRASSH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR KANSAS'S OWN...
THE KID!

"IT WAS A REALLY GOOD SHOW. I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT.
"AND AFTER THAT I WATCHED EVERY TIME SHE WAS ON. AND THEY DIDN'T USE TRICKS OR ANYTHING. IT WAS JUST...SHE WAS JUST THAT GOOD.
"EVERYONE LOVED HER.
"BUT I LOVED HER DIFFERENT THAN THAT."

THEY GOT ANOTHER PONTIUS PIRATE MOVIE COMING OUT, BUT IT STARTS OVER WITH NEW STUFF. DID YOU SEE THE FIRST ONE? I LIKED IT, IT WAS GOOD.
I DIDN'T SEE IT.


"I REALLY LIKE PONTIUS PIRATE. I HAD PONTIUS SHEETS ON MY BED WHEN I WAS LITTLE, AND THAT'S HOW I GOT TO BE GOOD FRIENDS WITH THE KID.
"WE BOTH LIKED THE COMIC BOOK. NOT EVERYONE LIKES COMIC BOOKS, PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE FOR LITTLE KIDS, BUT WE THOUGHT THEY WERE GOOD."

DID SHE LOVE YOU?

NO, BUT SOMETIMES AFTER WE WERE FRIENDS SHE'D COME AND DO MY SHOW.
SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THAT. SHE DIDN'T GET PAID MORE, OR IF SHE DID, I DIDN'T KNOW.
SO ASK YOURSELF WHY SHE DID THAT, HUH? YOU LIKE QUESTIONS. ASK THAT ONE.

ALL RIGHT, GIVE A BIG HAND FOR THE KID AND MUSCLES, THE MAN MOUNTAIN!
AREN'T THEY JUST SPECTACULAR?
YOU CAN GET A PICTURE OF THEM RIGHT OUTSIDE AFTER WE'RE DONE HERE!
THE PICTURE IS INCLUDED FREE IN ANY ULTRA PACKAGE, SO I SUGGEST ALL OF YOU WHO AREN'T ULTRA GO UP TO ANY MAGIC BOOTH OUTSIDE AND LET THEM KNOW YOU WANT TO BE ULTRA!

"WE STARTED TO DO A LOT OF THINGS TOGETHER. WE WERE REAL GOOD FRIENDS.

"WE HAD LUNCH TOGETHER NEARLY EVERY SINGLE DAY. AND USUALLY DINNER TOO AND SOMETIMES BREAKFAST.

"WE DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH TOO MANY OTHER PEOPLE THERE, SO IT WAS GOOD THAT WE GOT ALONG TOGETHER.

"WE RODE THE DEVIL'S REVENGE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME. THAT WAS HER FAVORITE.

"I BARELY FIT IN THE SEAT, THEY JUST LET ME GO ON 'CAUSE WE HAD A SHOW. I'D BE BUMPING AROUND AND SHE'D BE SCREAMING AND LAUGHING.

"BUT REALLY MOST OF ALL WE USED TO TALK JUST ABOUT COMICS AND EVERYTHING.

"SHE WAS THE MOST EASY PERSON TO TALK TO I EVER MET.

"YOU COULD TELL HER STUFF AND SHE COULD TELL YOU STUFF AND SOME OF IT WAS FUNNY AND SOME OF IT WAS REAL SERIOUS.

"SHE HAD BAD NIGHTMARES SOMETIMES AND SOMETIMES SHE'D COME TO MY TRAILER AND SHE'D KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

"AND SHE'D TELL ME ABOUT HER NIGHTMARES AND THEN SHE'D SLEEP THERE. WITH ME. NOT LIKE WE WERE...

"WE WERE JUST SLEEPING, OKAY? SHE WAS REAL NICE.

"BUT I NEVER EVER THOUGHT SHE LOVED ME LIKE I LOVED HER. SHE WASN'T THE TYPE OF GIRL TO FOOL YOU LIKE THAT.

"AND SHE WASN'T THE TYPE OF GIRL TO REALLY LOVE ME EITHER. I'M NOT SOMEONE INTERESTING LIKE SHE SHOULD BE WITH.

"I'M JUST GOOD AT LIFTING THINGS AND I GOT GOOD AT THAT REAL YOUNG AND THAT'S NOT THAT INTERESTING. NOT TO SOMEONE LIKE THE KID, I DON'T THINK.

BUT I GUESS I TURNED OUT MORE INTERESTING THAN I THOUGHT, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

I MEAN, I KILLED SO MANY PEOPLE. THAT'S PRETTY INTERESTING.

HOW DID THAT START?

OH, WELL, THERE WAS THIS GUY WHO WORKED THERE. LIKE A MOVER GUY, LIKE A ROADIE. AND HE LIKED TO BRAG ABOUT STUFF.

AND HE WAS AT A PARTY. A CAST PARTY. WE WERE ALL THERE, AND HE GOT REAL DRUNK AND HE WAS TELLING PEOPLE THAT HE HAD BEATEN ON HIS WIFE.

BEATEN HER TO DEATH. HE WAS CRYING. AND PEOPLE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT. AND LOTS OF PEOPLE WERE TALKING.

"THEN KID COMES UP TO ME AND SHE SAYS SHE'S GOING TO SHOOT HIM. THAT WAS HER DUTY.

"SHE SAID HE WAS ROTTEN. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT AT THE TIME BUT SHE WAS VERY SERIOUS, AND I SAID THAT'D GET HER IN A LOT OF TROUBLE.

"BUT SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO DO IT, AND I COULDN'T STOP HER.

"SO, WHAT WAS I GOING TO DO? SOMETIMES LIFE DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE BEST CHOICES. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT.

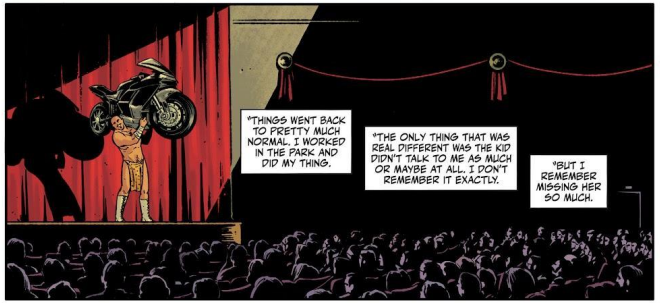
"I WENT OUT AND I WAS FOLLOWING HIM AND HE STOPPED BY THE CRUNCHER RIDE.

"HE DIDN'T TURN AROUND TO SEE ME. HE WAS STILL CRYING. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE TO THE POLICE, BUT I NEVER LIKED THE POLICE VERY MUCH.

"EVERYONE... THEY THINK EVERYONE IS JUST A BAD GUY IF THEY DON'T KNOW YOU.

"SO I THREW HIM OVER."

"HE WAS GOOD AND DRUNK AND PEOPLE FIGURED HE DID IT TO HIMSELF OR MADE A MISTAKE.
"THERE WASN'T ANYONE THINKING IT WAS ME, WHICH WAS REALLY NICE. I WASN'T SCARED, BUT I WAS HAPPY TO HEAR THAT.


"THINGS WENT BACK TO PRETTY MUCH NORMAL. I WORKED IN THE PARK AND DID MY THING.
"THE ONLY THING THAT WAS REAL DIFFERENT WAS THE KID DIDN'T TALK TO ME AS MUCH OR MAYBE AT ALL. I DON'T REMEMBER IT EXACTLY.
"BUT I REMEMBER MISSING HER SO MUCH.

"THAT WENT ON FOR A FEW WEEKS EVEN. AND THEN I REALIZED I DIDN'T HAVE TOO MANY PEOPLE TO TALK TO WHO WEREN'T HER.
"I DIDN'T TALK TO PEOPLE BEFORE, BUT I HAD GOTTEN USED TO IT, I THINK.
"AND NOW, I HAD THINGS TO SAY.

"THEN, AFTER SOME TIME HAD GONE, SHE CAME TO MY TRAILER."

WHO ARE YOU?

NAH, DON'T TELL ME. I'M ONLY ASKING 'CAUSE I'M A FOOL.
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID AND I SURE AS HELL KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

KID...

WHAT I CAN'T BELIEVE IS THAT YOU'D BE HIDING IT FROM ME ALL THIS TIME. AIN'T WE FRIENDS? DIDN'T WE SIT TOGETHER?
DIDN'T WE BREAK BREAD?

I DIDN'T HIDE ANYTHING, KID. I SWEAR. I TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
YOU DON'T TELL ME SHIT. THAT'S THE TRUTH. THAT'S THE DAMN TRUTH.
I'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND MY WHOLE SHIT LIFE TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT AND HERE YOU WERE THE WHOLE DAMN TIME.

YOU OF ALL PEOPLE TO DO THIS!
LIKE, WHAT AM I? AND WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T GET IT, KID. I'M SO SORRY.
I'LL FIX WHATEVER YOU WANT. I CAN FIX IT. IT'S NOT SO BAD. I'LL HELP. I KILLED HIM, I KNOW I DID, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW.
I DID IT TO HELP, I DID. I SWEAR ON THE LORD OUR GOD.

OH STOP WITH THAT. DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

WHAT...
WHO AM I?

YOU'RE RORSCHACH.

AH, I MESSED THIS ONE UP. I WAS TRYING NOT TO.
CAN I DO YOURS? YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE YOU'RE DOING IT. MAYBE BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE A FAVORITE COLOR.
SURE.

I'M NOT TOO GOOD AT COLORING, AM I?
I WISH I WAS BETTER.

WHY'D YOU FIRST PUT ON THE MASK?

WELL, SEE, KID EXPLAINED TO ME, AND IT MADE SENSE AFTER SHE DID. YOU SEE, I WASN'T PUTTING IT ON FOR THE FIRST TIME.
NOT LIKE YOU'RE SAYING.

"NO, I'D ALWAYS WORN IT."
KCKKK!

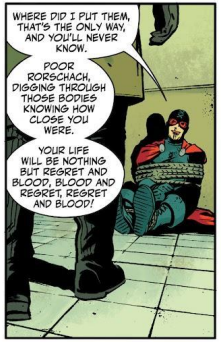
NO, NO, I'LL NEVER TELL!
NEVER EVER, EVER!

HURM.

MY SECRET PLAN IS ALL MINE!
BEAT ME AS MUCH AS YOU WANT, RORSCHACH!
EVERYONE'S STILL GOING TO DIE!

I PLANTED BOMBS THROUGHOUT THE CITY!
HERE, THERE, AND THERE, AND EVERYWHERE!
BOOM, BOOM, BOOMEDY BOOM BOOM BOOM!

FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT. AND WITH OTHER PEOPLE!
MY HENCHMEN! WHO ARE THROUGHOUT THE CITY WITH GUNS READY!
TONIGHT! IT ALL GOES DOWN! AND THOUSANDS WILL DIE! TENS OF THOUSANDS WILL DIE TONIGHT!


WHERE DID I PUT THEM, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY, AND YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
POOR RORSCHACH, DIGGING THROUGH THOSE BODIES KNOWING HOW CLOSE YOU WERE.
YOUR LIFE WILL BE NOTHING BUT REGRET AND BLOOD, BLOOD AND REGRET, REGRET AND BLOOD!

DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG I'VE PLANNED THIS, HOW I BRIBED MY WAY INTO EVERY ASPECT OF THIS CITY?
ALL THOSE CITY OFFICIALS WHO HELPED ME WHO WILL PRETEND TO CRY WHEN IT'S OVER.
BUT THEY'LL BE LAUGHING INSIDE. LAUGHING AT YOU, RORSCHACH!

AND IT GOES BEYOND THAT. I HAVE MEN IN WASHINGTON NOW. BIG MEN.
IT ALL TIES TOGETHER TO THE BOMBS. THE PLAN HAS BEEN IN STAGES FOR YEARS!
AND WE'VE DONE IT ALL BEHIND YOUR BACK, RORSCHACH! YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

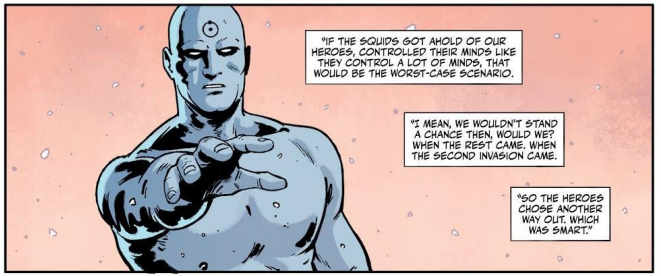
AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET IT OUT OF ME WITH YOUR MEDIEVAL WAYS I HAVE ANOTHER--
WAIT... WHAT ARE...

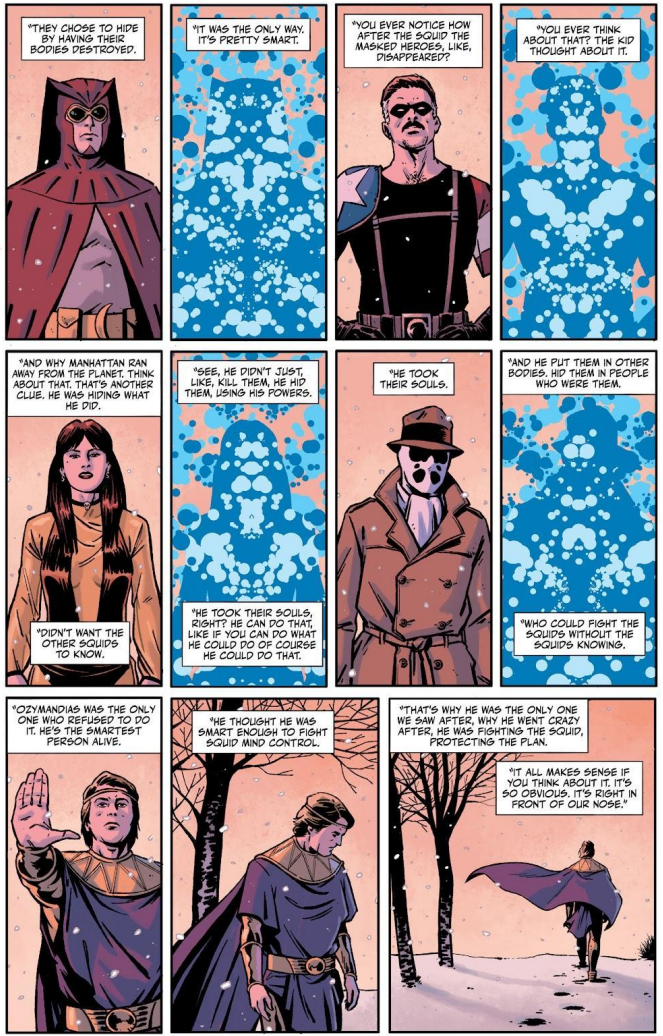
AAAAAAAAAA!!
AAAAAAA

"SEE, THAT WAS JUST ME."
SKRAAKKKK

LIKE MOST STUFF, IT'S NOT AS COMPLICATED AS IT SEEMS.
OKAY, WHAT HAPPENED WAS, RIGHT BEFORE THE SQUID INVASION, THE HEROES--
--DR. MANHATTAN, NITE OWL, SILK SPECTRE, OZYMANDIAS, THE COMEDIAN, AND RORSCHACH--THEY TRIED TO STOP IT.
BECAUSE THEY'RE HEROES.

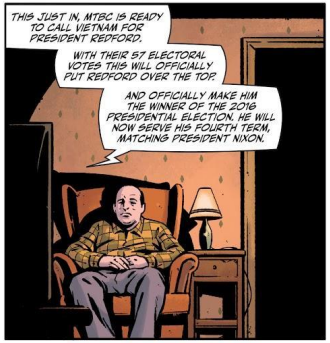
"BUT THEY COULDN'T DO IT. THE SQUID INVADER WAS TOO POWERFUL. I MEAN LOOK WHAT HE DID, RIGHT?
"THE THING KILLED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, WITH BRAIN POWERS. SO WHAT COULD THEY DO?
"THEY DID THE ONLY THING THEY COULD DO: THEY TRIED TO MAKE IT SO THE SQUIDS THAT WERE STILL OUT THERE DIDN'T GET EVEN MORE POWERFUL.


"IF THE SQUIDS GOT AHOLD OF OUR HEROES, CONTROLLED THEIR MINDS LIKE THEY CONTROL A LOT OF MINDS, THAT WOULD BE THE WORST-CASE SCENARIO.
"I MEAN, WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE THEN, WOULD WE? WHEN THE REST CAME. WHEN THE SECOND INVASION CAME.
"SO THE HEROES CHOSE ANOTHER WAY OUT. WHICH WAS SMART."


"THEY CHOSE TO HIDE BY HAVING THEIR BODIES DESTROYED.
"IT WAS THE ONLY WAY. IT'S PRETTY SMART.
"YOU EVER NOTICE HOW AFTER THE SQUID THE MASKED HEROES, LIKE, DISAPPEARED?
"YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THAT? THE KID THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
"AND WHY MANHATTAN RAN AWAY FROM THE PLANET. THINK ABOUT THAT. THAT'S ANOTHER CLUE. HE WAS HIDING WHAT HE DID.
"DIDN'T WANT THE OTHER SQUIDS TO KNOW.
"SEE, HE DIDN'T JUST, LIKE, KILL THEM, HE HID THEM, USING HIS POWERS.
"HE TOOK THEIR SOULS, RIGHT? HE CAN DO THAT, LIKE IF YOU CAN DO WHAT HE COULD DO OF COURSE HE COULD DO THAT.
"HE TOOK THEIR SOULS.
"AND HE PUT THEM IN OTHER BODIES. HID THEM IN PEOPLE WHO WERE THEM.
"WHO COULD FIGHT THE SQUIDS WITHOUT THE SQUIDS KNOWING.
"OZYMANDIAS WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO REFUSED TO DO IT. HE'S THE SMARTEST PERSON ALIVE.
"HE THOUGHT HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO FIGHT SQUID MIND CONTROL.
"THAT'S WHY HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WE SAW AFTER, WHY HE WENT CRAZY AFTER, HE WAS FIGHTING THE SQUID, PROTECTING THE PLAN.
"IT ALL MAKES SENSE IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT. IT'S SO OBVIOUS. IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR NOSE."

YOU'VE GOT RORSCHACH'S SOUL IN YOU.
THAT'S WHAT SHE TOLD YOU.
THERE ARE BLUE MEN WHO CONTROL TIME AND THERE ARE SQUID INVADERS WHO KILL MILLIONS WITH MIND POWERS.
THAT'S THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. THOSE ARE JUST FACTS. THIS IS ANOTHER FACT.
I WASN'T CRAZY.

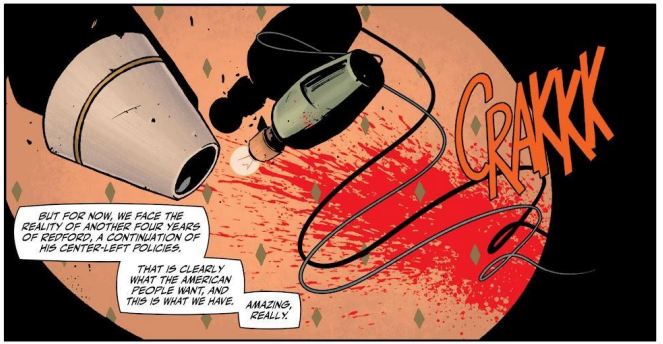
"I WAS RORSCHACH."


THIS JUST IN, MTBC IS READY TO CALL VIETNAM FOR PRESIDENT REDFORD.
WITH THEIR 57 ELECTORAL VOTES THIS WILL OFFICIALLY PUT REDFORD OVER THE TOP.
AND OFFICIALLY MAKE HIM THE WINNER OF THE 2016 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. HE WILL NOW SERVE HIS FOURTH TERM, MATCHING PRESIDENT NIXON.

WE'LL HAVE A STATEMENT FROM THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN SHORTLY. IN THE MEANTIME, WE GO TO MTBC POLITICAL ANALYST HAROLD CUPPS FOR COMMENT.
WHAT ARE YOU SEEING, HAROLD?
THIS IS NO SURPRISE, CAROL. REDFORD'S SUPPORT IN VIETNAM HAS BEEN THE KEY TO ESTABLISHING HIS STRING OF NATIONAL WINS.

THE REPUBLICANS DECIDED TO GO WITH SAWYER, A MODERATE, THIS YEAR IN HOPES OF DIGGING INTO THAT VIETNAM WALL.
BUT ONCE AGAIN, WE SEE THAT REDFORD WAS PRETTY FORMIDABLE IN THAT AREA. THE PEOPLE THERE REMEMBER THE MANHATTAN MASSACRES UNDER NIXON.
THEY'RE NOT EAGER TO SEE A REPUBLICAN RETURN.
WHAT...

THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF TALK HERE IN AMERICA AND ESPECIALLY ON THE RIGHT ABOUT HOW TO PENETRATE THIS HOLD REDFORD HAS.
FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, I THINK THE REPUBLICAN PARTY REALLY WILL HAVE TO COME TO A RECKONING.
RIGHT NOW, THEY JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE VIABLE CONTENDERS.
OH MY GOD!


CRAKKK
BUT FOR NOW, WE FACE THE REALITY OF ANOTHER FOUR YEARS OF REDFORD, A CONTINUATION OF HIS CENTER-LEFT POLICIES.
THAT IS CLEARLY WHAT THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WANT, AND THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE.
AMAZING, REALLY.

"THE KID WOULD FIND OUT WHO THESE GUYS WERE. CRIMINALS WHO HAD GOTTEN OFF ON SOMETHING OR HAD BAD RECORDS OR SOMETHING.
"I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE KNEW EXACTLY. PEOPLE ASK ME THAT A LOT. SHE WAS A SMART COOKIE, THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

"THEY WERE SQUID PEOPLE, SHE SAID. LIKE THE FIRST GUY.
"THE SQUID HAD TAKEN OVER THEIR BRAINS AND TOLD THEM TO DO BAD THINGS. THAT WAS THE SECRET TO THE SECOND INVASION.
"AND IT WAS MY DUTY AS RORSCHACH TO FIGHT THE SQUIDS.
"IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.

"WHEN I WASN'T DOING IT WE'D COME TOGETHER, ME AND THE KID, AND WE'D TALK ABOUT HOW GOOD IT ALL WAS.
"I USED TO TELL HER I THOUGHT SHE WAS SILK SPECTRE COME BACK, BUT SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T THINK SO.

"SHE SAID SHE'D BE MORE BRAVE IF SHE WAS THE SILK SPECTRE AND SHE SAID SHE WAS REALLY SCARED OF THE SQUIDS.

"I WAS SCARED TOO BUT I DIDN'T TELL HER THAT BECAUSE I THOUGHT THEN SHE MIGHT THINK I WASN'T REALLY RORSCHACH.

"IT WAS A NICE TIME IN MY LIFE. I REALLY ENJOYED IT."

I JUST HAVE THREE MORE MEETINGS WITH MY PAROLE GUY, MA.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ANYMORE, THIS IS WHAT I'M TELLING YOU.
IT'S ALL FINE NOW.
FBI!
FBI!
FREEZE! DO NOT MOVE A FUCKING INCH!
FUCK!

DROP THE BAR! LIE ON THE GROUND!
"I THINK THEY SET IT UP. I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS I HAD DONE TOO MANY. OR MAYBE I GUESS THINGS DON'T LAST FOREVER.
"IT'S LIKE NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOU ARE, YOU CAN ONLY HOLD THE LIFT SO LONG. EVENTUALLY THE WEIGHT WINS.
"IF YOU'RE HUMAN.
FBI

AAAA

THEY HAVE ME ON MEDICINES NOW AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SAY I DON'T BELIEVE IN ALL THAT STUFF ANYMORE.
BUT TO BE PERFECTLY STRAIGHT WITH YOU, SIR, I STILL THINK SOME OF WHAT THE KID SAID WAS TRUTH, I DO.
I MEAN, I'M NOT SURE IT'S TRUE OF ME. MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A HUNDRED PERCENT ABOUT EVERYTHING TO BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

SEE, IF I WAS REALLY RORSCHACH, I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN CAUGHT, I DON'T THINK.
I WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER AT THE WHOLE THING, AND I WASN'T THAT GOOD AT IT. I WISH I WAS BETTER.
I THINK THAT'S WHY SHE RAN AWAY. SHE FELT MAYBE SHE'D MADE A MISTAKE WITH ME, WHICH IS POSSIBLE, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

BUT IF YOU THINK DR. MANHATTAN LET RORSCHACH DIE THEN I COULD SELL YOU A BRIDGE.
THE TRUTH IS, RORSCHACH IS ALIVE AND HE'S OUT THERE AND HE'S FIGHTING FOR YOU AND ME AND AGAINST THE SQUIDS.
THAT'S JUST FACTS.

AND I KNOW THE KID AND SHE'S GOING TO FIND HIM, LIKE SHE FOUND ME. SHE'S GOING TO DO GOOD LIKE THAT.
SHE'S GOING TO LOOK WHEREVER SHE CAN LOOK AND DO TESTS LIKE SHE DID WITH ME. MAYBE I WAS A TEST. MAYBE SHE HAS TO DO MORE TESTS.
BUT SHE'S GOING TO FIND THE RIGHT ONE. NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES. SHE'LL FIND HIM.

SHE'S GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD.

THE KID'S NAME IS LAURA CUMMINGS.
SHE'S DEAD. FOUND ANOTHER SUCKER, DRESSED HIM UP, AND DIED WITH HIM.

NO ONE'S SAVED.

WHAT?

HAHA.

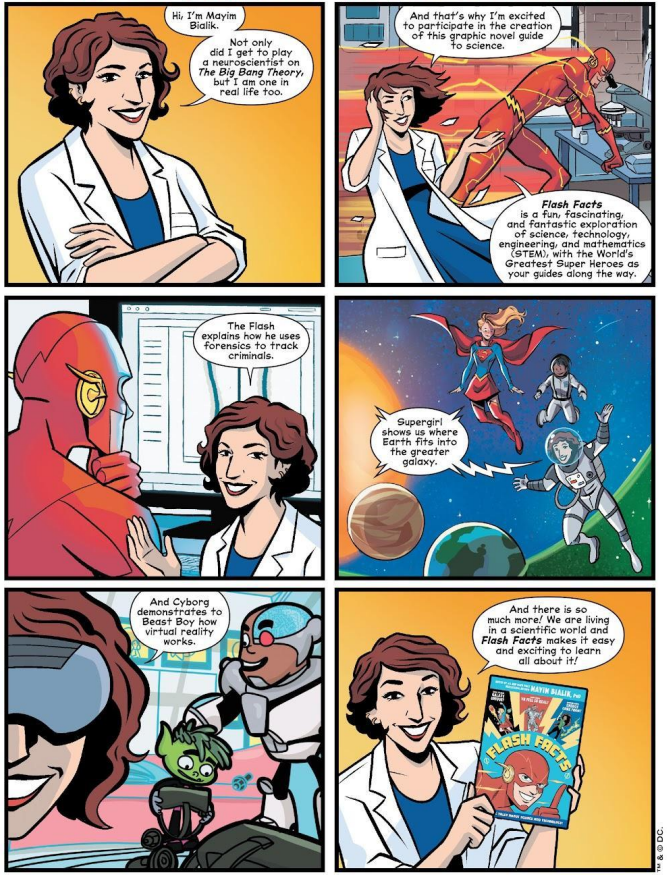
NO, NO, NO, DEATH DIDN'T STOP RORSCHACH, AND IT WON'T STOP THE KID, NO, NO, NO.
YOU'LL SEE, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME, I KNOW IT. SHE'LL BE BACK SOMEHOW, AND SHE'LL FIND HIM.
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, HE JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT YET.

RORSCHACH IS WAITING.

OH, I'M DONE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
TO BE CONTINUED.

GET UP TO SPEED WITH MAYIM BIALIK!



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FLASH FACTS

DC

A new graphic novel for kids on sale now!

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON FUTURE STATE: IMMORTAL WONDER WOMAN #1

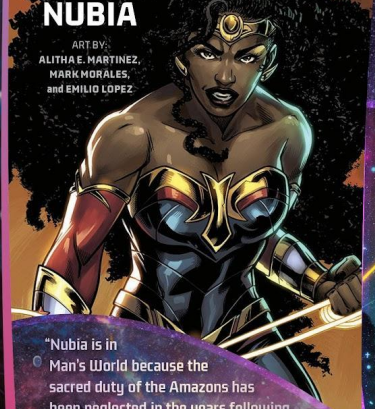
FUTURE STATE

In the vast timeline of DC Future State, while Yara Flor takes the mantle of the Amazon warrior in *Future State: Wonder Woman* and *Future State: Justice League*, *Future State: Immortal Wonder Woman* catches up with Diana of Themyscira all the way at the end of time. The series also features Wonder Woman's twin sister, Nubia, returning to Man's World in the much-nearer future.

"Immortality, while attractive in some respects, means watching everyone you love die," says co-writer Michael W. Conrad. "Diana definitely has to face herself in a way she's never had to before," says co-writer Becky Cloonan. "She has to answer the question: Why does she keep fighting when there is seemingly nothing left to fight for?"

NUBIA

ART BY: ALITHA E. MARTINEZ, MARK MORALES, and EMILIO LOPEZ



"Nubia is in Man's World because the sacred duty of the Amazons has been neglected in the years following the war," says writer L.L. McKinney. "She spent her formative years observing mortals. Having established a connection with this place and its inhabitants, she is keen to help them where and when she can. This is her world, and she will not abandon it."

IMMORTAL WONDER WOMAN

ART BY: JEN BARTEL

FUTURE STATE: IMMORTAL WONDER WOMAN #1
ON SALE IN JANUARY!

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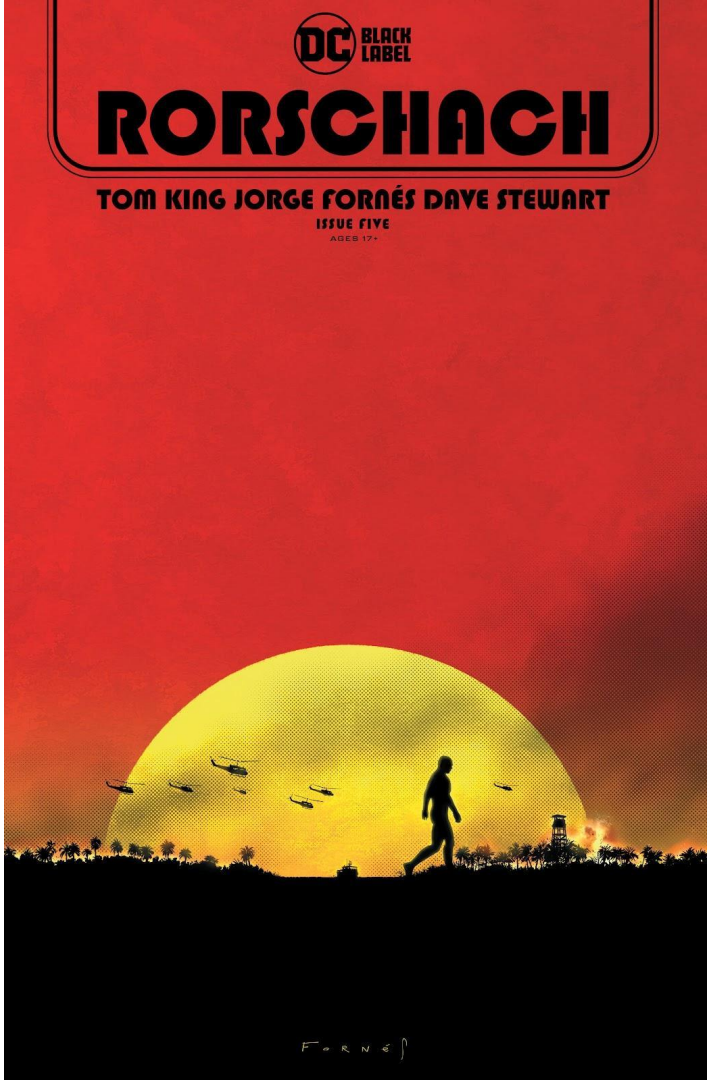
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RORSCHACH

CHAPTER FIVE

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INTERIOR AND COVER ARTIST

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CLAYTON COWLES
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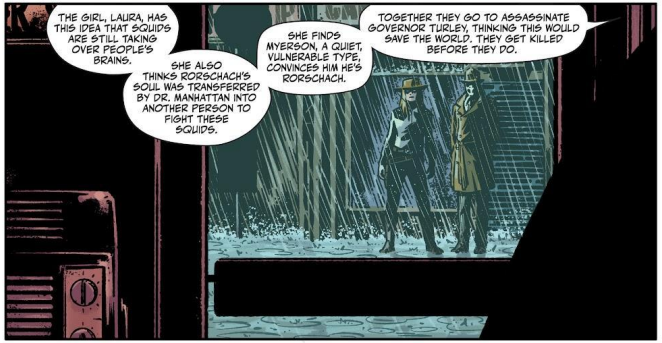
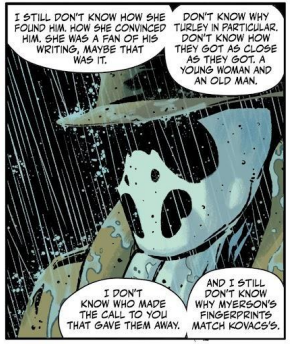
WATCHMEN CO-CREATED BY
DAVE GIBBONS

HOTEL

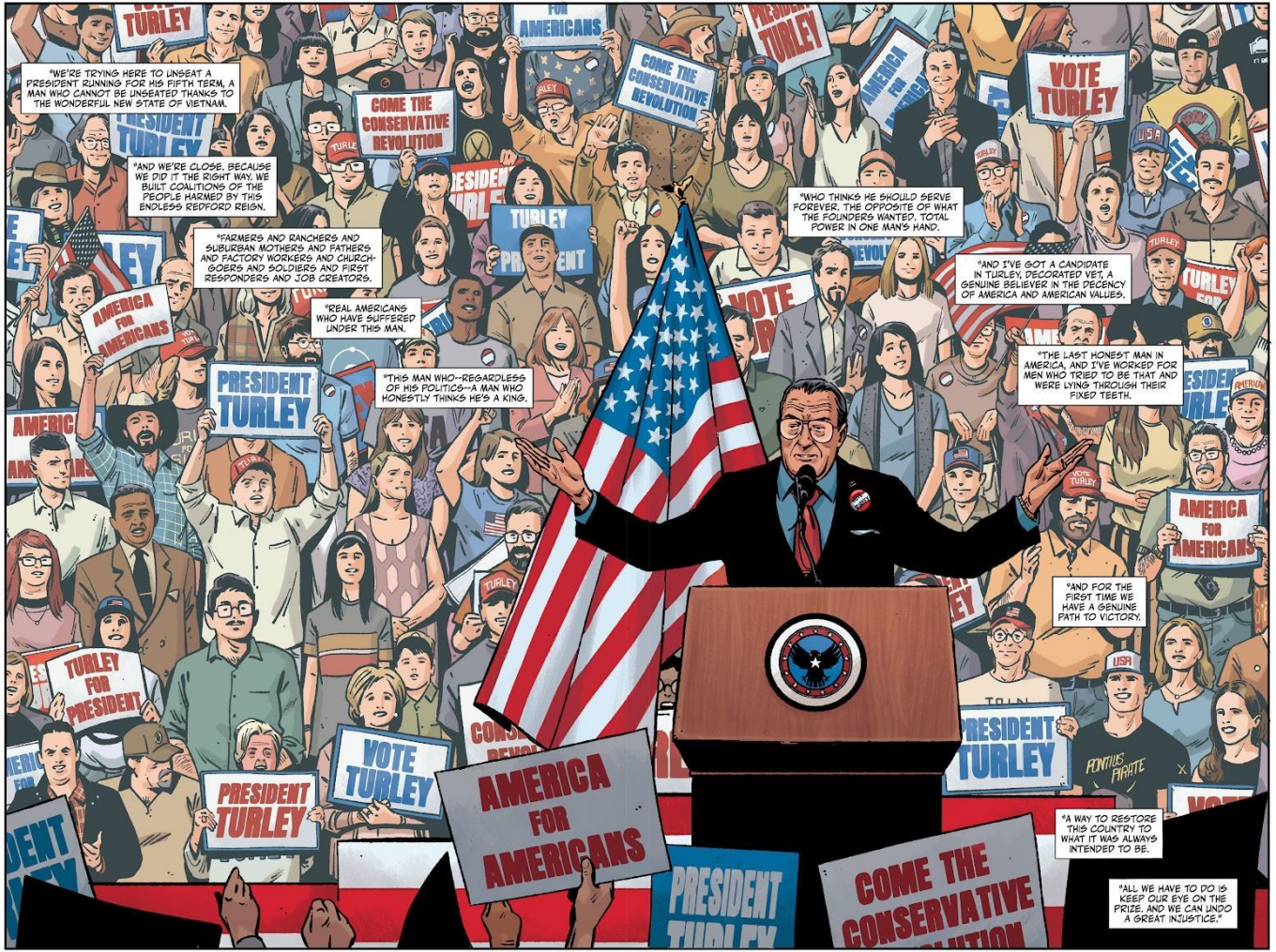
SO.
WHERE ARE YOU?


THE GIRL, LAURA, HAS THIS IDEA THAT SQUIDS ARE STILL TAKING OVER PEOPLE'S BRAINS.
SHE ALSO THINKS RORSCHACH'S SOUL WAS TRANSFERRED BY DR. MANHATTAN INTO ANOTHER PERSON TO FIGHT THESE SQUIDS.
SHE FINDS MYERSON, A QUIET, VULNERABLE TYPE, CONVINCES HIM HE'S RORSCHACH.
TOGETHER THEY GO TO ASSASSINATE GOVERNOR TURLEY, THINKING THIS WOULD SAVE THE WORLD. THEY GET KILLED BEFORE THEY DO.

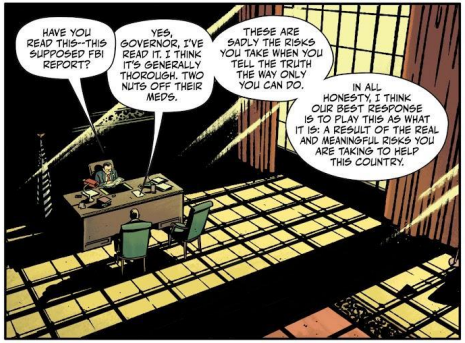
VOTE TURLEY
JESUS.


I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW SHE FOUND HIM. HOW SHE CONVINCED HIM. SHE WAS A FAN OF HIS WRITING, MAYBE THAT WAS IT.
DON'T KNOW WHY TURLEY IN PARTICULAR. DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT AS CLOSE AS THEY GOT. A YOUNG WOMAN AND AN OLD MAN.
I DON'T KNOW WHO MADE THE CALL TO YOU THAT GAVE THEM AWAY.
AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY MYERSON'S FINGERPRINTS MATCH KOVACS'S.

VOTE TURLEY
WELL, THAT'S SOME PROGRESS, AND A WAYS TO GO, HUH?
CAN I TELL YOU WHAT I'M DEALING WITH?


"WE'RE TRYING HERE TO UNSEAT A PRESIDENT RUNNING FOR HIS FIFTH TERM, A MAN WHO CANNOT BE UNSEATED THANKS TO THE WONDERFUL NEW STATE OF VIETNAM.
"AND WE'RE CLOSE, BECAUSE WE DID IT THE RIGHT WAY. WE BUILT COALITIONS OF THE PEOPLE HARMED BY THIS ENDLESS REDFORD REIGN.
"FARMERS AND RANCHERS AND SUBURBAN MOTHERS AND FATHERS AND FACTORY WORKERS AND CHURCH-GOERS AND SOLDIERS AND FIRST RESPONDERS AND JOB CREATORS.
"REAL AMERICANS WHO HAVE SUFFERED UNDER THIS MAN.
"THIS MAN WHO--REGARDLESS OF HIS POLITICS--A MAN WHO HONESTLY THINKS HE'S A KING.
"WHO THINKS HE SHOULD SERVE FOREVER. THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT THE FOUNDERS WANTED. TOTAL POWER IN ONE MAN'S HAND.
"AND I'VE GOT A CANDIDATE IN TURLEY, DECORATED VET, A GENUINE BELIEVER IN THE DECENCY OF AMERICA AND AMERICAN VALUES.
"THE LAST HONEST MAN IN AMERICA, AND I'VE WORKED FOR MEN WHO TRIED TO BE THAT AND WERE LYING THROUGH THEIR FIXED TEETH.
"AND FOR THE FIRST TIME WE HAVE A GENUINE PATH TO VICTORY.
"A WAY TO RESTORE THIS COUNTRY TO WHAT IT WAS ALWAYS INTENDED TO BE.
"ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KEEP OUR EYE ON THE PRIZE. AND WE CAN UNDO A GREAT INJUSTICE."
TURLEY
AMERICANS
COME THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION
VOTE TURLEY
AMERICA FOR AMERICANS
PRESIDENT TURLEY
TURLEY FOR PRESIDENT
VOTE TURLEY
AMERICA FOR AMERICANS
PRESIDENT TURLEY
COME THE CONSERVATIVE

AND I WAS IN HIS OFFICE LAST THURSDAY.


HAVE YOU READ THIS--THIS SUPPOSED FBI REPORT?
YES, GOVERNOR, I'VE READ IT. I THINK IT'S GENEALLY THOROUGH. TWO NUTS OFF THEIR MEDS.
THESE ARE SADLY THE RISKS YOU TAKE WHEN YOU TELL THE TRUTH THE WAY ONLY YOU CAN DO.
IN ALL HONESTY, I THINK OUR BEST RESPONSE IS TO PLAY THIS AS WHAT IT IS: A RESULT OF THE REAL AND MEANINGFUL RISKS YOU ARE TAKING TO HELP THIS COUNTRY.

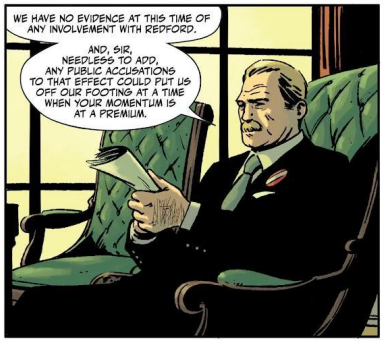
THIS REPORT, ALAN.
IN ALL HONESTY--

--THIS REPORT IS BULLSHIT!

REDFORD TRIED TO KILL ME AND NOW HE'S HAVING HIS LITTLE PERSONAL S.S.-FBI CLEAN IT UP! THESE PEOPLE WORK FOR HIM!
THAT REPORT IS A COVER-UP OF A MISTAKE! THE MISTAKE OF NOT BLOWING MY FUCKING BRAINS OUT OF THE BACK OF MY FUCKING HEAD!

SIR, I REALIZE THIS MIGHT NOT COVER YOUR NEEDS FOR NOW.
AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE CONDUCTING OUR OWN INVESTIGATION INTO THE MATTERS TO VERIFY WHAT WE'RE GETTING FROM THE REDFORD TEAM.

HE'S GOING TO KILL ME. HE MISSED ONCE, BUT HE'S COMING AGAIN. THAT REDFORD IS A DOG OF A SNAKE.
I'LL BE DEAD BEFORE HE GOES DOWN. AND YOU'LL BE HERE TALKING ABOUT SOME FUCKING INVESTIGATION AND VERIFYING AND ALL THAT.


WE HAVE NO EVIDENCE AT THIS TIME OF ANY INVOLVEMENT WITH REDFORD.
AND, SIR, NEEDLESS TO ADD, ANY PUBLIC ACCUSATIONS TO THAT EFFECT COULD PUT US OFF OUR FOOTING AT A TIME WHEN YOUR MOMENTUM IS AT A PREMIUM.

JESUS CHRIST.
GET OUT, ALAN.

SIR, I'LL CALL MY MAN, GET AN UPDATE, AND WE'LL LOOK INTO EVERY ANGLE OF THIS. WE'LL TRY TO SPEED IT UP IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.
I WANT THIS ALL TO BE CLEAR AND EASY FOR YOU AND THE CAMPAIGN.
WE'VE GOT A VITAL MISSION HERE, GOVERNOR, AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB. WE DON'T NEED TO DISTRACT ANYONE FROM LOOKING AT YOU.

GET THE FUCK OUT, ALAN!

IT'S FINE IN PRIVATE, BUT IF HE STARTS GOING OFF ON HIS THEORY IN PUBLIC HE'S GOING TO LOOK LIKE A GODDAMN MADMAN.
WHICH HE'S NOT, WHICH IS WHY PEOPLE LIKE HIM--A LOT OF PEOPLE--WHICH IS WHY I'VE GOT A REQUEST FOR YOU NOW.

I WANT YOU TO TELL THE TRUTH, THIS IS ABOUT THE TRUTH, BUT IF TURLEY TRIES...
LOOK, YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, AND I'M JUST ASKING, DON'T ENCOURAGE HIM. Y'KNOW, UNNECESSARILY.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

IF IT'S NOT THERE, IT'S NOT THERE. EASY AS THAT.
HE DOESN'T NEED HELP. I CAN HELP HIM. IF THAT'S WHAT HE NEEDS, LET ME HELP HIM. THAT'S NOT YOUR ROLE IN THIS.

YOU GOT A DIFFERENT PART TO PLAY.

OKAY, I THINK YOU GET IT. I DON'T NEED TO POUND IT IN. YOU'RE AN ADULT.
I KNOW I CAN COUNT ON YOU.
NOW, C'MON, HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

NOW?

WHY THE HELL DO YOU THINK WE'RE DRINKING?

YOU'RE JACOBS.

TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND TURN AROUND. I GOT TO FRISK YOU. IT'S GOING TO BE VERY UP CLOSE AND VERY PERSONAL.
YOU CAN COMPLAIN BUT I WON'T CARE. YOU CARRYING?

I'VE BEEN THROUGH SIX METAL DETECTORS GETTING HERE.

YOU GOT ANY RECORDING DEVICES ON YOU? LET ME KNOW NOW AND I CAN GET THEM BACK TO YOU WHEN YOU GET OUT.
IT'S ONLY A BIG DEAL IF YOU DON'T TELL ME NOW. SO YOU BETTER TELL ME NOW.

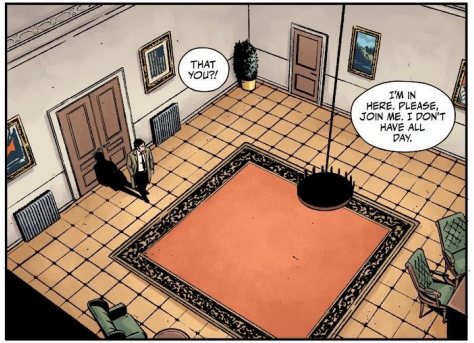
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET AHOLD OF YOU. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE GETTING MY MESSAGES.
YOU WERE LEAD ON THE SECRET SERVICE TEAM THAT TOOK DOWN MYERSON AND CUMMINGS.
BACK IN LOS ANGELES. YOU SAVED TURLEY.

"YEAH, I GOT YOUR MESSAGES."
WE'RE GO.
CLICK
BLAM!
TAKE HER.
BANG
BANG
BLAMM
BANG
BLAMM
BLAMM

NO.
CHUK!
LAURA!
LAURA!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BLAMM

ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN GO IN.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

NO, THANK YOU.

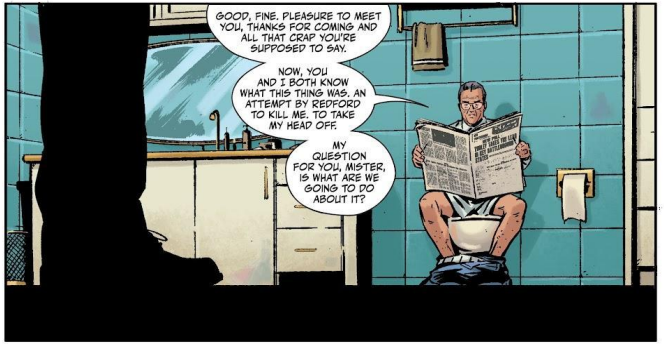

THAT YOU?!
I'M IN HERE. PLEASE, JOIN ME. I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY.

GOVERNOR?

C'MON, MAN, HURRY IT UP.

DON'T BE SHY. COME ON IN. I GOT THE AMBASSADOR TO ESTONIA IN TEN MINUTES. THERE'S SOME WHATEVER AT THE BORDER. I GOT TO DO A WHOLE THING.
AND WE NEED TO TALK, YOU AND I.

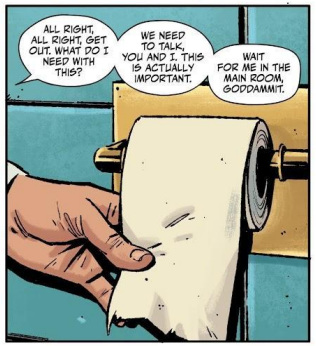
YES, SIR.


GOOD, FINE. PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, THANKS FOR COMING AND ALL THAT CRAP YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY.
NOW, YOU AND I BOTH KNOW WHAT THIS THING WAS. AN ATTEMPT BY REDFORD TO KILL ME. TO TAKE MY HEAD OFF.
MY QUESTION FOR YOU, MISTER, IS WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT, SIR.
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHO'S BEHIND THIS AT THIS POINT. WHEN I HAVE MORE INFORMATION I CAN MAKE THAT DETERMINATION.

BULLSHIT.

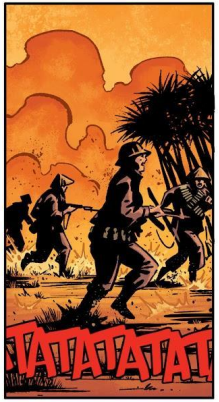
I'M HAPPY TO WALK YOU THROUGH WHAT I'VE DONE SO FAR.
ALSO HAPPY TO GO OVER THE NEXT STEPS.

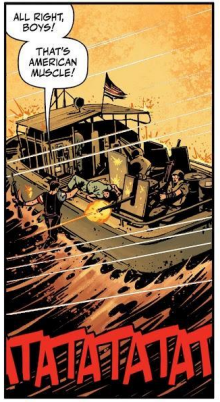

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, GET OUT. WHAT DO I NEED WITH THIS?
WE NEED TO TALK, YOU AND I. THIS IS ACTUALLY IMPORTANT.
WAIT FOR ME IN THE MAIN ROOM, GODDAMMIT.

I RAN INTO HIM TWICE DURING THE WAR.
WE HAD TO TRANSPORT HIM OFF AN EXTRACTION POINT. THEY HAD ABANDONED A POST AFTER TET AND A WOMAN GOT LEFT BEHIND. NURSE, I THINK.
THEY COULD'VE SENT IN A WHOLE UNIT, BUT THEY JUST SENT IN COMEDIAN. AND WE GOT HIM AND THE WOMAN COMING OUT.

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT
"IT WAS JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STICKY DAYS WHERE YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE RAIN."
C'MON, YOU FUCKS! GIVE ME SOME FUCKING COVER!

BRATATAT


TATATATAT

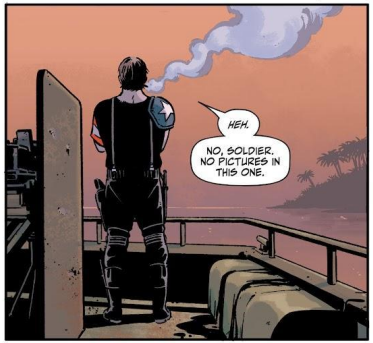

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!
THAT'S AMERICAN MUSCLE!
TATATATAT

"CAN I BORROW A LIGHT THERE, KID?

HELL, YOU SHOT PRETTY GOOD. I'VE SEEN A LOT WORSE. HOW MANY YOU THINK YOU GOT?

PFT, WISH I KNEW.
LESS THAN TEN, MORE THAN ONE.

HA, THAT'S FUNNY. YOU READ BORGES?
WHO THE FUCK IS BORGES? HE DO *PONTIUS PIRATE*? I READ THE SHIT OUT OF THOSE.


HEH.
NO, SOLDIER. NO PICTURES IN THIS ONE.

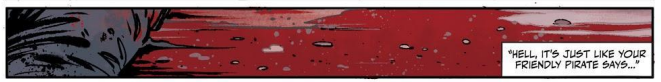
JUST SAYING, I KNOW HOW MANY YOU SHOT.
THE DEFINITE NUMBER.

WELL GOOD, YOU TELL IT TO HQ THEN. GET ME A MEDAL. DADDY SAID HE WANTED ME TO GET ONE. THAT'D BE ALL RIGHT.
I WANT ONE OF THOSE COATS WITH MEDALS ALL OVER THEM. WEAR IT IN THE PARADE.

"I DON'T KNOW, KID. YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY ARE OUT THERE LYING DEAD CAUSE OF YOU?
"NOT COMING HOME TO THEIR FAMILIES, BECAUSE OF YOU. NOT HAVING NO MORE KIDS, BECAUSE OF YOU. BREAKING ALL THEM LITTLE HEARTS, CAUSE OF YOU?
"YOU NEED THAT? THE DEFINITE NUMBER."

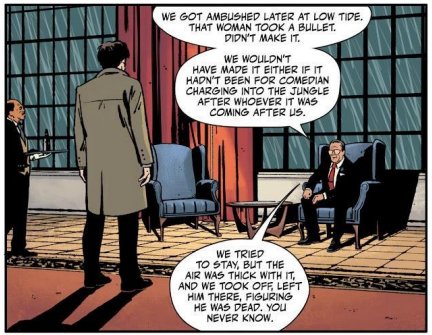
HA.
YES, SIR, I CERTAINLY DO.

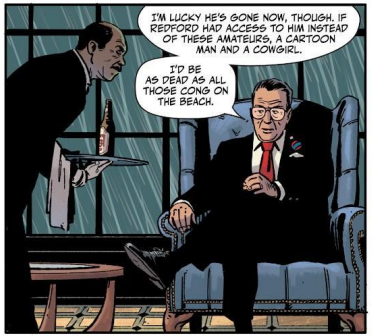
"WELL, THEN I HAVE TO TELL YOU, SOLDIER. IT'S PRETTY EASY TO SEE IN THIS GOOD MAN'S WAR."
"HOW MANY?"


"HELL, IT'S JUST LIKE YOUR FRIENDLY PIRATE SAYS..."

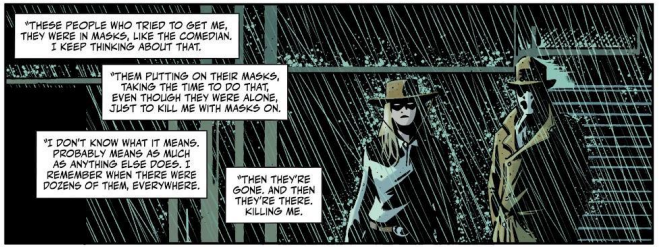
NOT ENOUGH, MY SON.

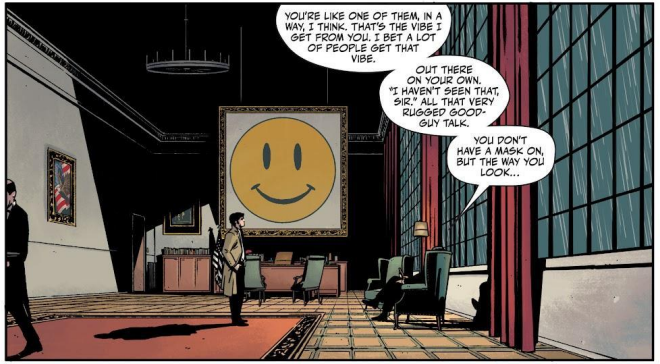
HAHAHAHAHAHA


WE GOT AMBUSHED LATER AT LOW TIDE. THAT WOMAN TOOK A BULLET. DIDN'T MAKE IT.
WE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT EITHER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR COMEDIAN CHARGING INTO THE JUNGLE AFTER WHOEVER IT WAS COMING AFTER US.
WE TRIED TO STAY, BUT THE AIR WAS THICK WITH IT, AND WE TOOK OFF. LEFT HIM THERE, FIGURING HE WAS DEAD. YOU NEVER KNOW.

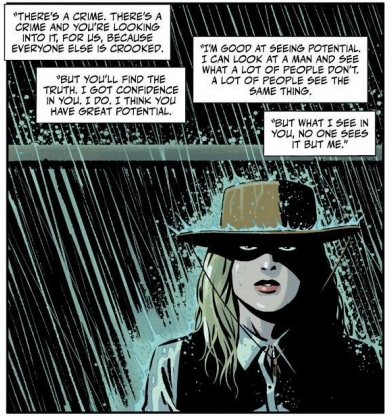

I'M LUCKY HE'S GONE NOW, THOUGH. IF REDFORD HAD ACCESS TO HIM INSTEAD OF THESE AMATEURS, A CARTOON MAN AND A COWGIRL.
I'D BE AS DEAD AS ALL THOSE CONG ON THE BEACH.

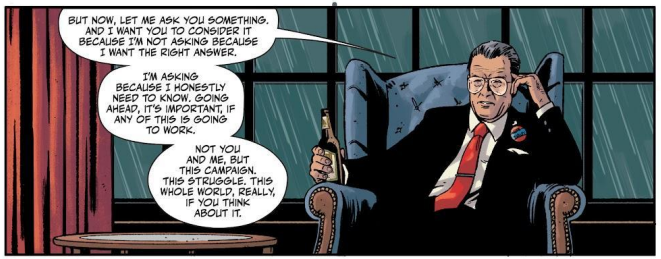
THAT SON OF A BITCH COULD FIRE.


"THESE PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO GET ME, THEY WERE IN MASKS, LIKE THE COMEDIAN. I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THAT.
"THEM PUTTING ON THEIR MASKS, TAKING THE TIME TO DO THAT, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE ALONE, JUST TO KILL ME WITH MASKS ON.
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. PROBABLY MEANS AS MUCH AS ANYTHING ELSE DOES. I REMEMBER WHEN THERE WERE DOZENS OF THEM, EVERYWHERE.
"THEN THEY'RE GONE. AND THEN THEY'RE THERE. KILLING ME.


YOU'RE LIKE ONE OF THEM, IN A WAY, I THINK. THAT'S THE VIBE I GET FROM YOU. I BET A LOT OF PEOPLE GET THAT VIBE.
OUT THERE ON YOUR OWN. "I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT, SIR." ALL THAT VERY RUGGED GOOD-GUY TALK.
YOU DON'T HAVE A MASK ON, BUT THE WAY YOU LOOK...

SOME PEOPLE NEED MASKS, SOME DON'T.


"THERE'S A CRIME. THERE'S A CRIME AND YOU'RE LOOKING INTO IT, FOR US, BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS CROOKED.
"BUT YOU'LL FIND THE TRUTH. I GOT CONFIDENCE IN YOU. I DO. I THINK YOU HAVE GREAT POTENTIAL.
"I'M GOOD AT SEEING POTENTIAL. I CAN LOOK AT A MAN AND SEE WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE DON'T. A LOT OF PEOPLE SEE THE SAME THING.
"BUT WHAT I SEE IN YOU, NO ONE SEES IT BUT ME."


BUT NOW, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. AND I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER IT BECAUSE I'M NOT ASKING BECAUSE I WANT THE RIGHT ANSWER.
I'M ASKING BECAUSE I HONESTLY NEED TO KNOW. GOING AHEAD, IT'S IMPORTANT, IF ANY OF THIS IS GOING TO WORK.
NOT YOU AND ME, BUT THIS CAMPAIGN. THIS STRUGGLE. THIS WHOLE WORLD. REALLY, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

SIR, TRULY.
WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WHEN WAS THE SECOND TIME YOU SAW THE COMEDIAN?

OH, THAT WAS BRIEF.

YOU WANT ONE?

NO THANK YOU.

DON'T TELL THEM I'M STILL DOING THESE THINGS. IT'D BE ON EVERY CHANNEL AND I'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN SHIT.
YOU GOT TO HIDE SOME THINGS WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO BE BETTER THAN YOURSELF.

IT WAS V-V-N NIGHT. NIXON HAD COME HIMSELF TO CONGRATULATE US. GOOD MAN, NIXON. EVERYONE WAS AT THE PARTY. A WHOLE CROWD.
I WAS IN MY SAILOR SUIT, WOMAN ON EACH ARM, GOING TO SEE OLD DICK SPEAK.

*AND THERE HE WAS, OUTSIDE SOME WHOREHOUSE, STANDING WITH DR. MANHATTAN. HADN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE BOAT.
*AND MANHATTAN HAD JUST SAVED ALL OUR ASSES. AND THERE THEY WERE. THE TWO OF THEM.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.

JUST DON'T ASK WHICH IS WHICH.

HAHA HAHAHA HAHA

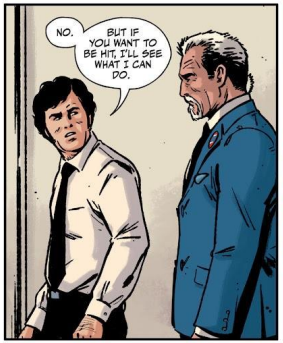
TAKE OFF YOUR COAT. WE GOT TO SEARCH YOU AGAIN. VERY PERSONAL. NOT UNLIKE LAST TIME.
MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T TAKE ANYTHING.

FINE.

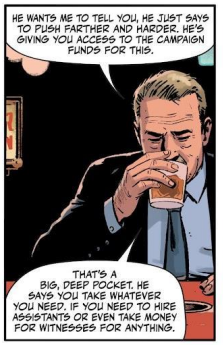
YOU GOT AN ATTITUDE ON YOU. YOU HOLD IT CLOSE TO YOU, WHICH IS POLITE, I THINK, BUT I SEE IT.
THIS ISN'T THE PLACE FOR ATTITUDE.

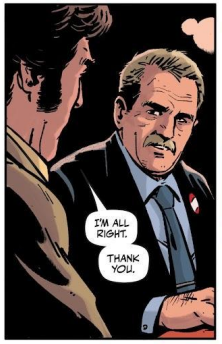
WHAT IS IT A PLACE FOR?

YOU WANT TO HIT ME?


NO.
BUT IF YOU WANT TO BE HIT, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

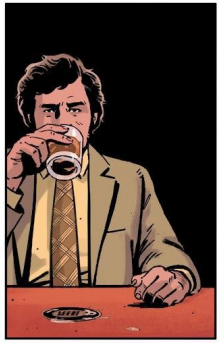
TURLEY SAYS HE LIKES YOU. HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT YOU SAID, BUT HE CERTAINLY SAID YOU SAID IT WELL ENOUGH.
AND I RECOMMENDED YOU, SO WELL DONE. YOU LOOKING GOOD MAKES ME LOOK GOOD.
NOT A SURPRISE, BUT MAYBE A RELIEF. I COULD USE THE RELIEF THESE DAYS.


HE WANTS ME TO TELL YOU, HE JUST SAYS TO PUSH FARTHER AND HARDER. HE'S GIVING YOU ACCESS TO THE CAMPAIGN FUNDS FOR THIS.
THAT'S A BIG, DEEP POCKET. HE SAYS YOU TAKE WHATEVER YOU NEED. IF YOU NEED TO HIRE ASSISTANTS OR EVEN TAKE MONEY FOR WITNESSES FOR ANYTHING.


I'M ALL RIGHT.
THANK YOU.

WELL, IT'S UP TO YOU.
YOU CAN ALWAYS CALL ON ME. LET ME KNOW.
SURE.

SO. DID HE...
DID HE BRING UP REDFORD AT ALL?



NO.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
TO BE CONTINUED.

DC
HEROES WILL RETURN!
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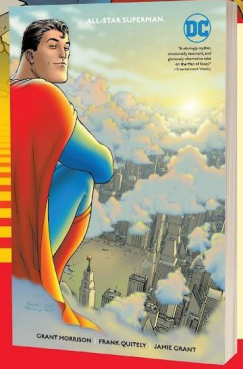
DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON ESSENTIAL GRAPHIC NOVELS

ALL-STAR SUPERMAN



Superstar writer Grant Morrison teams with sensational artist Frank Quitely on this spectacular reimagining of the Superman mythos that takes the Man of Steel back to basics in an emotionally and visually stunning graphic novel, harkening back to the Silver Age of comics but giving it a modern-day spin.

Morrison and Quitely go back to Superman's mythological and science fiction roots to tell the emotionally triumphant story of the Man of Tomorrow's final attempt to make his adopted home world of Earth a better place than he found it...before he dies.

The Man of Steel goes toe-to-toe with his oddball twin Bizarro and the new character Zibarro, also from the Bizarro planet. And Superman faces the final revenge of Lex Luthor—in the form of his own death!

No DC fan should miss out on reading this essential graphic novel that *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY* described as "A stirringly mythic, emotionally resonant, and gloriously alternative take on the Man of Steel."

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SOME PEOPLE NEED MASKS, SOME DON'T.

DC BLACK LABEL

DC BLACK LABEL
RORSCHACH
TOM KING JORGE FORNÉS DAVE STEWART
ISSUE SIX

DC BLACK LABEL
PRESENTS

RORSCHACH

CHAPTER SIX

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WATCHMEN CO-CREATED BY
DAVE GIBBONS

Dear Mr. Myerson,
MOTEL
ROOM

I'm sure you get lots of letters from so many people.
I'm guessing you won't even read this one.

But your work has been very important to me for many years and I wanted to tell you that.

Your work, especially the stuff with the Citizen and the Unthinker, had a large effect on me.

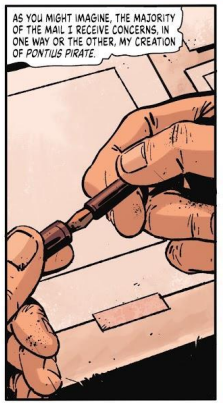
They're in my dreams.

I just wanted to say thank you and I hope you're well.
Yours truly,
Laura

DEAR LAURA,

I RECEIVED YOUR VERY PLEASANT LETTER AND READ IT WITH MUCH ALACRITY.

I ATTEMPT TO READ EVERY LETTER THAT COMES TO ME. I FEEL THAT IF ONE IS WILLING TO EXPRESS ONE'S SENTIMENTS THEY SHOULD AT LEAST BE SUCCESSFULLY COMMUNICATED.

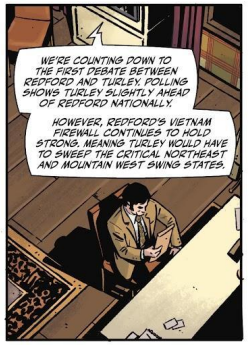

AS YOU MIGHT IMAGINE, THE MAJORITY OF THE MAIL I RECEIVE CONCERNS, IN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, MY CREATION, OF PONTIUS PIRATE.

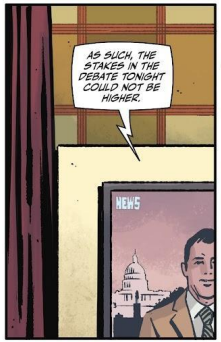
HOW PLEASANT IT WAS THEN TO SEE YOUR APPRECIATION OF MY WORK ON THE CITIZEN AND THE UNTHINKER.
WORK TO WHICH I HAVE DEDICATED, OR PERHAPS BETTER PUT, WASTED THE MAJORITY OF MY LIFE, TRUTH BE TOLD.

YOU ARE TOO KIND.
SINCERELY,
WIL MYERSON

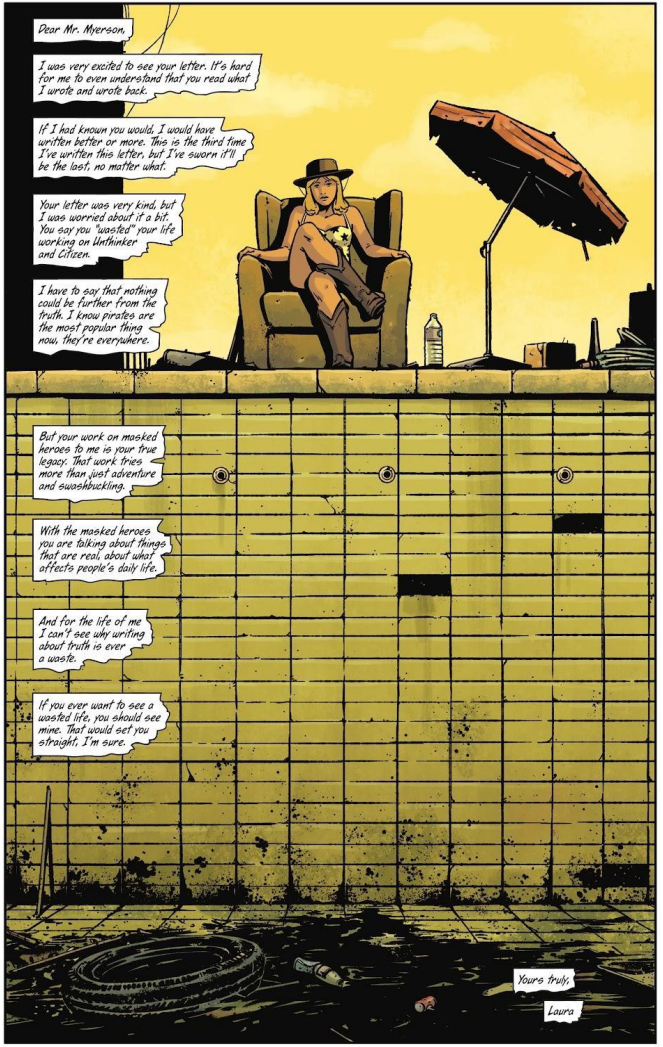
I GOT A MESSAGE THAT A PACKAGE CAME FOR ME.
ROOM 3737.
YES, SIR, ONE MOMENT.

I THINK TONIGHT WILL BE TURLEY'S MOMENT. REDFORD SEEMS SO LOST.
HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE FIRST THING ABOUT WHAT AMERICA IS. OR HE DOESN'T REMEMBER IT ANYMORE.
THIS COULD CHANGE THINGS.


WE'RE COUNTING DOWN TO THE FIRST DEBATE BETWEEN REDFORD AND TURLEY. POLLING SHOWS TURLEY SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF REDFORD NATIONALLY.
HOWEVER, REDFORD'S VIETNAM FIREWALL CONTINUES TO HOLD STRONG, MEANING TURLEY WOULD HAVE TO SWEEP THE CRITICAL NORTHEAST AND MOUNTAIN WEST SWING STATES.


AS SUCH, THE STAKES IN THE DEBATE TONIGHT COULD NOT BE HIGHER.
NEWS

WE'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE TO DISCUSS HOW EACH CAMPAIGN HAS BEEN PREPARING FOR THE BIG NIGHT.


Dear Mr. Myerson,
I was very excited to see your letter. It's hard for me to even understand that you read what I wrote and wrote back.
If I had known you would, I would have written better or more. This is the third time I've written this letter, but I've sworn it'll be the last, no matter what.
Your letter was very kind, but I was worried about it a bit. You say you "wasted" your life working on Unthinker and Citizen.
I have to say that nothing could be further from the truth. I know pirates are the most popular thing now, they're everywhere.
But your work on masked heroes to me is your true legacy. That work tries more than just adventure and swashbuckling.
With the masked heroes you are talking about things that are real, about what affects people's daily life.
And for the life of me I can't see why writing about truth is ever a waste.
If you ever want to see a wasted life, you should see mine. That would set you straight, I'm sure.
Yours truly,
Laura

DEAR LAURA,
YOUR LETTER WAS EXAGGERATED BUT, AT THE RISK OF REPEATING MYSELF, NOT UNAPPRECIATED. I WISH I WERE MORE IMMUNE TO SUCH ANALYSIS. I WAS, IN MY EARLIER DAYS.
BUT NOW, CREEPING TOWARD THE FINALITY OF IT ALL, I FIND MYSELF WEAK, LONGING FOR LEGACY AS IT WERE. OR IF NOT LEGACY, AT LEAST RECOGNITION.
AND HOW PATHETIC IS THAT REALLY? HOW SMALL IN THE FACE OF THE LARGESSE OF ALL THAT HAS COME AND WILL COME AGAIN.
WHAT DO I MATTER? WHAT DOES WHAT I SAY MATTER? OR RATHER, WHAT DOES WHAT I HAVE SAID MATTER.
THE STARS WILL BIRTH AND DIE, AND SO WILL I.
THAT SAID, THE LAST LINE OF YOUR LETTER DID STIR ME. I AM NOT UNBIASED CLEARLY, BUT YOU SEEM TO ME TO HAVE A SHARP MIND AND RARE DEGREE OF COURAGE.
HOW CAN SOMEONE LIKE THAT JUDGE HER OWN LIFE SO POORLY?
I ONLY HOPE THIS WAS A FLEETING MOMENT OF EMPATHIC ANGST THAT YOU ADDED IN ORDER TO CHEER AN OLD MAN.
I DO NOT KNOW YOU. BUT AT LEAST LET ME SAY THAT I HOPE YOU ARE BETTER.
SINCERELY,
WIL MYERSON

Dear Mr. Myerson,
It means so much to me that you wish me well. You have no idea.
I wish I could say it was just me trying to be as nice as you're being, but I don't feel that dishonesty is the way to treat you.
I've gotten into some trouble, which is why I probably wrote you. Well, I've been in some trouble for some time, actually.
I've been in trouble since I was born, I think.
See, what my problem is--and maybe you're the only one who can understand it--
I'm not the Unthinker. I hear my thoughts, all of them, as loud as the wind when it's whipping up good.
I hear them telling me all sorts of things I'd rather not know about myself and about this cruel world.
I'm sorry to burden you with all that, I really am, I wasn't writing you for comfort or writing you for anything.
Just lately I can't seem to get your work out of my mind. It haunts me.
And I thank you for that, that's all. Thank you.
How could I not?
I don't see a choice in the matter.
Yours truly,
Laura

DEAR LAURA,

FIRST AND FOREMOST, YOU MUST CALL ME WIL.

MR. MYERSON ONLY SERVES TO REMIND ME OF MY SCHOOLTEACHERS YAPPING ON ABOUT HOW I SHOULD PAY ATTENTION TO THEIR NONSENSE AND STOP DRAWING.

SECOND AND CERTAINLY MORE URGENTLY, LET ME EXPRESS MY SINCERE CONCERN FOR YOUR CURRENT SITUATION.

AT TIMES, WE HAVE ALL MADE MISTAKES. WE ALL HAVE REGRETS. TO LIVE LIFE OTHERWISE WOULD BE TO ABANDON RISK, WHICH TO ME IS THE EQUIVALENT OF ACCEPTING DEATH.

THIRD, AND PERHAPS MOST USEFUL, THAT YOU ARE A THINKER IS NOT A CURSE BUT A CURE. WE EXIST EACH OF US NOT ALONE.
WE ARE FORMED IN A SOCIETY, AND THAT SOCIETY GIVES US A VOICE BOTH INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.

YOUR VOICE. THE ONE THAT SPEAKS TO YOU, ENSURES YOUR PARTICIPATION IN SOCIETY. YOUR POTENTIONAL TO BETTER THE WORLD.

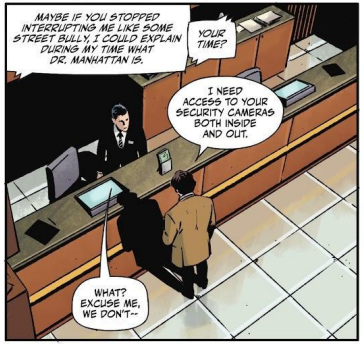
YOU ARE EMBODYING THE PASSION AND PERSEVERANCE OF THE CITIZEN. THAT IS YOUR BURDEN AND YOUR LEGACY.

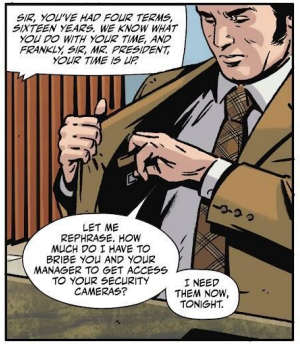
AND YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF BOTH.
SINCERELY,
WIL.

GOVERNOR TURLEY HAS SOME SANTA CLAUS VERSION OF REALITY THAT HE'S--
NO, NO, NO, NOT SANTA CLAUS.
I have more. I will call you at your room tomorrow at 8 a.m.
Answer.
--Carey

WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT IS DR. MANHATTAN.
WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT, MR. PRESIDENT, IS FINDING A RESOURCE YOU HAVE LOST!
EXIT

DR. MANHATTAN IS HIS OWN MAN AND MAKES HIS OWN DECISIONS.
THAT IS ABSURD! DR. MANHATTAN, LIKE MYSELF, WAS A FRIEND OF DICK NIXON. DICK NIXON KNEW HOW TO KEEP HIM HERE.

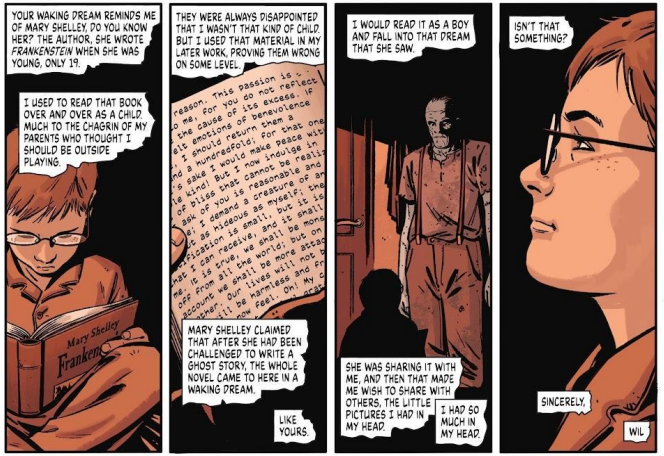

MAYBE IF YOU STOPPED INTERRUPTING ME LIKE SOME STREET BULLY, I COULD EXPLAIN DURING MY TIME WHAT DR. MANHATTAN IS.
YOUR TIME?
I NEED ACCESS TO YOUR SECURITY CAMERAS BOTH INSIDE AND OUT.
WHAT? EXCUSE ME, WE DON'T--


SIR, YOU'VE HAD FOUR TERMS, SIXTEEN YEARS. WE KNOW WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR TIME. AND FRANKLY, SIR, MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR TIME IS UP.
LET ME REPHRASE. HOW MUCH DO I HAVE TO BRIBE YOU AND YOUR MANAGER TO GET ACCESS TO YOUR SECURITY CAMERAS?
I NEED THEM NOW, TONIGHT.

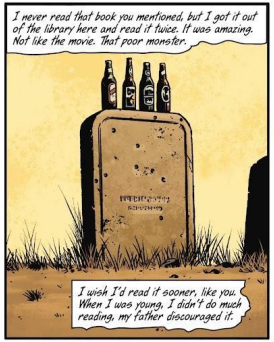
Dear Wil,

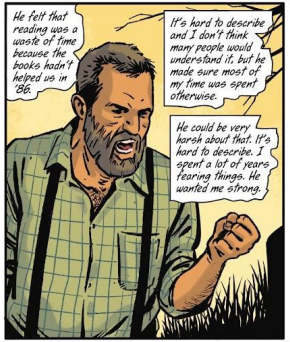
I read your latest letter over and over. And I had a dream, not a sleeping dream, I was awake, just a thing I saw. I never had something like that before.
I was in church, and I never been to church, just seen it on TV.
But there I was praying, asking God to forgive me for all I had done.
When I was done, the Citizen was there, sitting right close to me. I could smell him. He had a leathery smell to him, like my father.
I remember it, and I don't hardly remember dreams.
I asked him what was to come next. It was really important to me to know.
And then there was a Rorschach mask, I can't explain it, on the church bench next to me.
I stared at it for a while, then everything cleared and I was where I'd always been, in my room, waiting.
Something about it made me happy.
Yours truly,
Laura

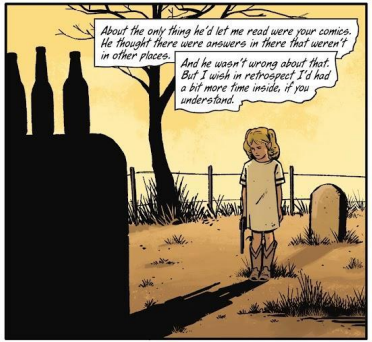
DEAR LAURA,

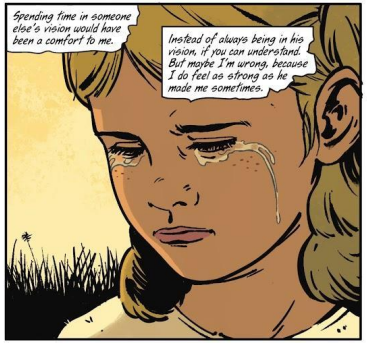

YOUR WAKING DREAM REMINDS ME OF MARY SHELLEY, DO YOU KNOW HER? THE AUTHOR, SHE WROTE FRANKENSTEIN WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG, ONLY 19.
I USED TO READ THAT BOOK OVER AND OVER AS A CHILD, MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF MY PARENTS WHO THOUGHT I SHOULD BE OUTSIDE PLAYING.
Mary Shelley
Frankenstein
THEY WERE ALWAYS DISAPPOINTED THAT I WASN'T THAT KIND OF CHILD, BUT I USED THAT MATERIAL IN MY LATER WORK, PROVING THEM WRONG ON SOME LEVEL.
MARY SHELLEY CLAIMED THAT AFTER SHE HAD BEEN CHALLENGED TO WRITE A GHOST STORY, THE WHOLE NOVEL CAME TO HERE IN A WAKING DREAM.
LIKE YOURS.
I WOULD READ IT AS A BOY AND FALL INTO THAT DREAM THAT SHE SAW.
SHE WAS SHARING IT WITH ME, AND THEN THAT MADE ME WISH TO SHARE WITH OTHERS, THE LITTLE PICTURES I HAD IN MY HEAD.
I HAD SO MUCH IN MY HEAD.
ISN'T THAT SOMETHING?
SINCERELY,
WIL

Dear Wil,


I never read that book you mentioned, but I got it out of the library here and read it twice. It was amazing. Not like the movie. That poor monster.
I wish I'd read it sooner, like you. When I was young, I didn't do much reading, my father discouraged it.

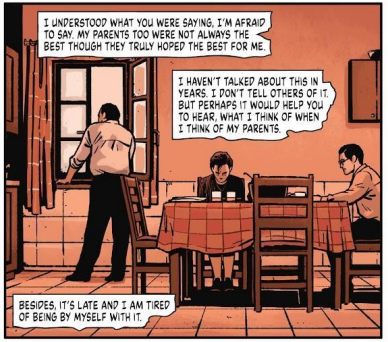

He felt that reading was a waste of time because the books hadn't helped us in '86.
It's hard to describe and I don't think many people would understand it, but he made sure most of my time was spent otherwise.
He could be very harsh about that. It's hard to describe. I spent a lot of years fearing things. He wanted me strong.

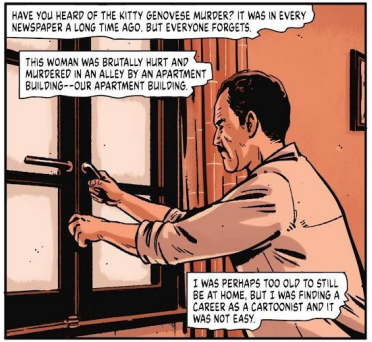

About the only thing he'd let me read were your comics. He thought there were answers in there that weren't in other places.
And he wasn't wrong about that. But I wish in retrospect I'd had a bit more time inside, if you understand.

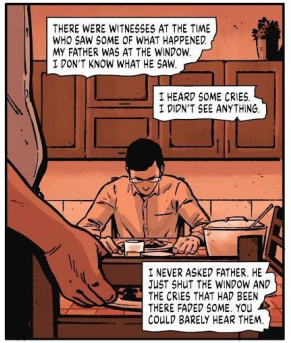

Spending time in someone else's vision would have been a comfort to me.
Instead of always being in his vision, if you can understand. But maybe I'm wrong, because I do feel as strong as he made me sometimes.

You can't always have what you need.
Yours truly,
Laura

DEAR LAURA,


I UNDERSTOOD WHAT YOU WERE SAYING. I'M AFRAID TO SAY. MY PARENTS TOO WERE NOT ALWAYS THE BEST THOUGH THEY TRULY HOPED THE BEST FOR ME.
I HAVEN'T TALKED ABOUT THIS IN YEARS. I DON'T TELL OTHERS OF IT. BUT PERHAPS IT WOULD HELP YOU TO HEAR, WHAT I THINK OF WHEN I THINK OF MY PARENTS.
BESIDES, IT'S LATE AND I AM TIRED OF BEING BY MYSELF WITH IT.


HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE KITTY GENOVESE MURDER? IT WAS IN EVERY NEWSPAPER A LONG TIME AGO. BUT EVERYONE FORGETS.
THIS WOMAN WAS BRUTALLY HURT AND MURDERED IN AN ALLEY BY AN APARTMENT BUILDING--OUR APARTMENT BUILDING.
I WAS PERHAPS TOO OLD TO STILL BE AT HOME, BUT I WAS FINDING A CAREER AS A CARTOONIST AND IT WAS NOT EASY.


THERE WERE WITNESSES AT THE TIME WHO SAW SOME OF WHAT HAPPENED. MY FATHER WAS AT THE WINDOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SAW.
I HEARD SOME CRIES. I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.
I NEVER ASKED FATHER. HE JUST SHUT THE WINDOW AND THE CRIES THAT HAD BEEN THERE FADED SOME. YOU COULD BARELY HEAR THEM.

HE SAID IT WAS NOT OUR BUSINESS. IT WAS A PROBLEM WITH THE CITY, WITH SOCIETY, OR THE WHOLE WORLD.
WE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT OURSELVES. THAT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

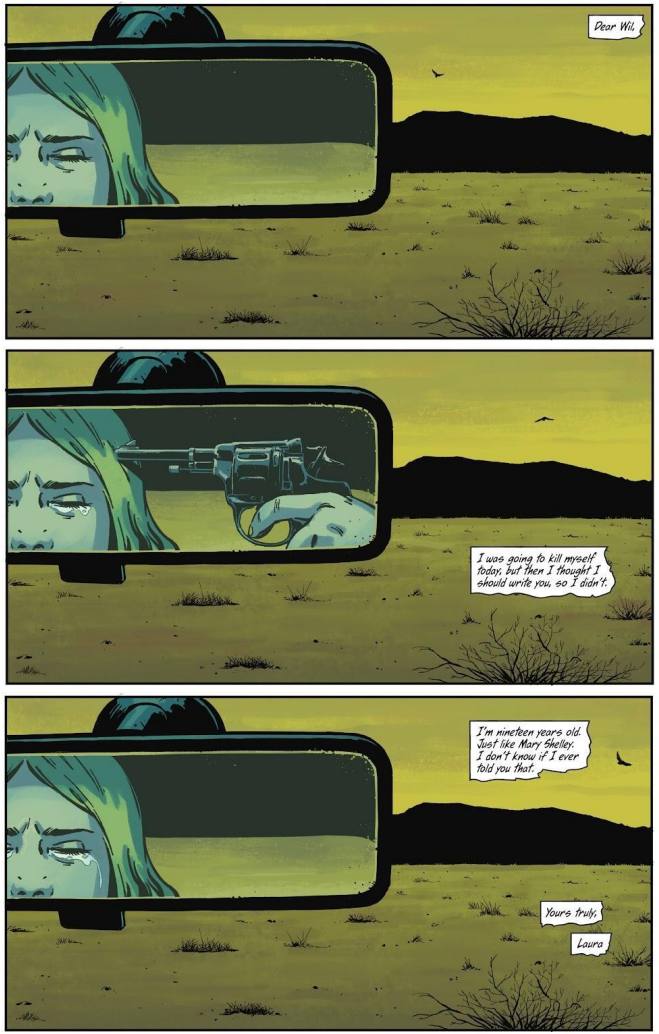
I AM A FAILURE.
SINCERELY,
WIL

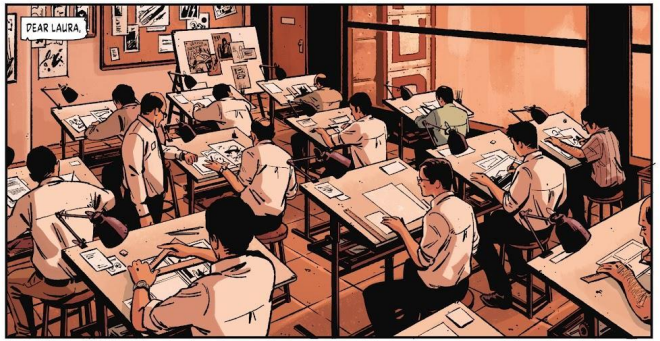
DON'T YOU REQUIRE VALET FOR THIS HOTEL?
IT'S L.A., EVERYONE REQUIRES VALET.
I AM NOT RUNNING FOR ANOTHER TERM BECAUSE I AM A KING, AS GOVERNOR TURLEY DERISIVELY SAYS. THAT IS RIDICULOUS. I AM RUNNING BECAUSE I HAVE A VISION.

I AM RUNNING BECAUSE THERE IS A NEED.
20:37
I NEED THE RECORDS OF WHO PARKED AND LEFT AT ABOUT 8:40 PM.
YOU PUT DOWN THE LICENSES, RIGHT?
IT'S NOT THAT I THINK THE PRESIDENT IGNORES THE ISSUES THAT FACE US, RISING CRIME, RISING CHAOS. IT'S THAT I HONESTLY THINK HE NO LONGER CARES.
WHAT MR. TURLEY IS NOT TELLING YOU IS HIS RECORD OF VOTES AGAINST THE VOTE IN THIS COUNTRY OR HIS ATTEMPT TO DEPRIVE THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA OF THEIR VERY VOICE.
CHRIS, I NEED IT TONIGHT. NAME AND ADDRESS. TOMORROW'S TOO LATE. LET ME GIVE YOU THE NUMBER OF THE HOTEL...
NO, I DON'T CARE. TONIGHT IS TONIGHT.
NO, WHAT IS GOING ON HERE IS THIS MAN, OUR SUPPOSED LEADER, DOESN'T BELIEVE IN OUR COUNTRY.
HE BELIEVES IN OTHER COUNTRIES. HE BELIEVES IN OTHER POWERS. BUT HE DOESN'T FUNDAMENTALLY BELIEVE THAT AMERICA IS GOOD AND AMERICANS ARE THE BEST.
WHAT IS AT STAKE IN THE ELECTION IS NOT TWO DIFFERENT VIEWS OF WHAT CONSTITUTES PATRIOTISM.
WHAT IS AT STAKE IS THE VERY FOUNDATION OF WHAT THIS COUNTRY STANDS ON. DEMOCRACY. DEMOCRACY. DEMOCRACY.
CLACK

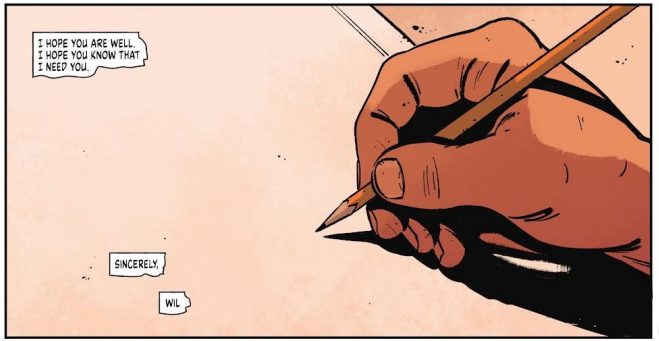
Dear Wil,
These letters mean everything to me. They're honest when a lot of things aren't.
I did something bad today or maybe it was good. Something I shouldn't have done.
But maybe something I had to do. I don't understand everything all the time.
I was walking to my car, going for a drive out into the country, just to get some practice in, to get some frustration out.
And I saw them not so far away.
And I thought about you and that window and both of our fathers.
There's evil in this world. You and I know it, and there's no denying it, even if no one knows and everyone's denying it.
And the question of life really is what you do in the face of that evil.
You can stay silent. You can do what your father did, right? Be part of the system and surrender to the system because that's what it is to be a part of it.
Or you can do the alternative.
You can participate, you can think, you can be a citizen.
And today I wanted to be a citizen.
Yours truly,
Laura

DEAR LAURA,
I DO NOT TALK ABOUT PONTIUS PIRATE BECAUSE I BELIEVE HE AND HIS VALUES MUST BE DETERMINED BY THE RELATION OF THE AUDIENCE TO THE WORK AND NOT THE AUDIENCE TO ME.
BUT ALLOW ME TO MAKE THIS ONE EXCEPTION.
THE ORIGIN OF THE CHARACTER, A MAN RAISED IN A DEN OF EVIL WHO, UNLIKE EVERYONE AROUND HIM, SEES THE GOOD, WAS ENTIRELY MINE.
I HAVE PONDERED FOR YEARS WHY THAT THEME APPEALED TO ME AND WHY IT STILL APPEALS TO ME. I HAVE READ COUNTLESS ARTICLES PSYCHOANALYZING ME FROM AFAR ON THAT THEME.
THE ANSWER I GIVE MYSELF IS THAT IT WAS AN ACT OF BRAVERY EQUAL TO THE BRAVERY PONTIUS PIRATE DISPLAYED IN TAKING UP HIS SWORD AGAINST HIS SOCIETY.
IT WAS MY ATTEMPT TO CONVEY SOMETHING THROUGH PIRATES THAT I HAD YET TO HAVE SEEN CONVEYED. SOMETHING TO PASS TO THE YOUTH OF THIS NATION.
A LESSON I LEARNED FROM WATCHING MY FATHER THAT DAY. TO ACT WHEN YOU CAN ACT.
BUT, THESE MANY YEARS PAST, WITH SO FEW TO GO, I MUST FACE THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.
THE CREATION WAS AN ACT OF COWARDICE, A WAY OF PROJECTING MYSELF INTO FICTION RATHER THAN THROWING MYSELF INTO THE WORLD.
THUS WHEN I SEE PONTIUS PIRATE ON EVERY CHILD'S SACK, EVERY SCREEN AVAILABLE, WHAT I VIEW IS MY OWN IMPOTENCE.
WHICH IS TO SAY, I CANNOT CONDEMN YOU, DEAR, FOR YOUR ACTIONS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE.
I CAN ONLY ENVY YOU.
SINCERELY,
WIL


Dear Wil,
I was going to kill myself today, but then I thought I should write you, so I didn't.
I'm nineteen years old. Just like Mary Shelley. I don't know if I ever told you that.
Yours truly,
Laura


DEAR LAURA,

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS NINETEEN. I WORKED IN A SHOP SURROUNDED BY FELLOW ARTISTS.
WE ALL HAD OUR ORDERS. SOME WERE DOING BACKGROUNDS, SOME WERE DOING PENCILLING, SOME WERE DOING INKING.
THE SILLIEST STUFF. COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT. LONG-FORGOTTEN STORIES. ANIMALS AND CASTLES AND SHIPS ON THE SEA.
WE WERE WORKING FOR MONEY. NONE OF US WERE DOING WHAT WE WANTED TO DO. WE WANTED TO CREATE WORLDS.


I HOPE YOU ARE WELL. I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT I NEED YOU.
SINCERELY,
WIL

WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. PRESIDENT, IS THE CLEAR AND PRESENT THREAT OF ANOTHER SQUID INVASION.
WHAT YOU HAVE FAILED TO PREPARE US FOR IS A WAR THAT IS COMING FROM THE SKY AS SURE AS THE RAIN FALLING.

A TURLEY ADMINISTRATION IS AN ADMINISTRATION THAT WON'T IGNORE THE SQUID THREAT BUT THAT WILL UNIFY THIS COUNTRY TO PREPARE FOR THAT--
VVVTTT

WE'RE AT THE HOUSE OF OTTO BINDER IN CHESTERTOWN, NEW YORK. THERE ARE FIVE OF US. THIS IS OTTO BINDER SPEAKING, AND THE OTHERS WILL INTRODUCE THEMSELVES IN TURN.

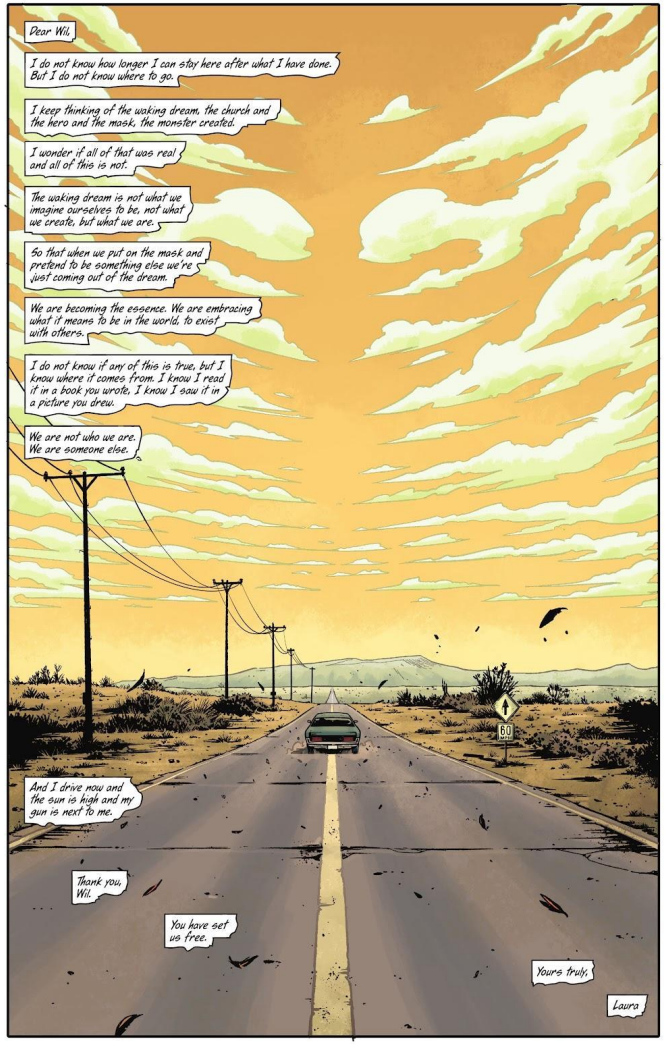
--ME AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF HIS BOOKS.
VZZZZTTTTT

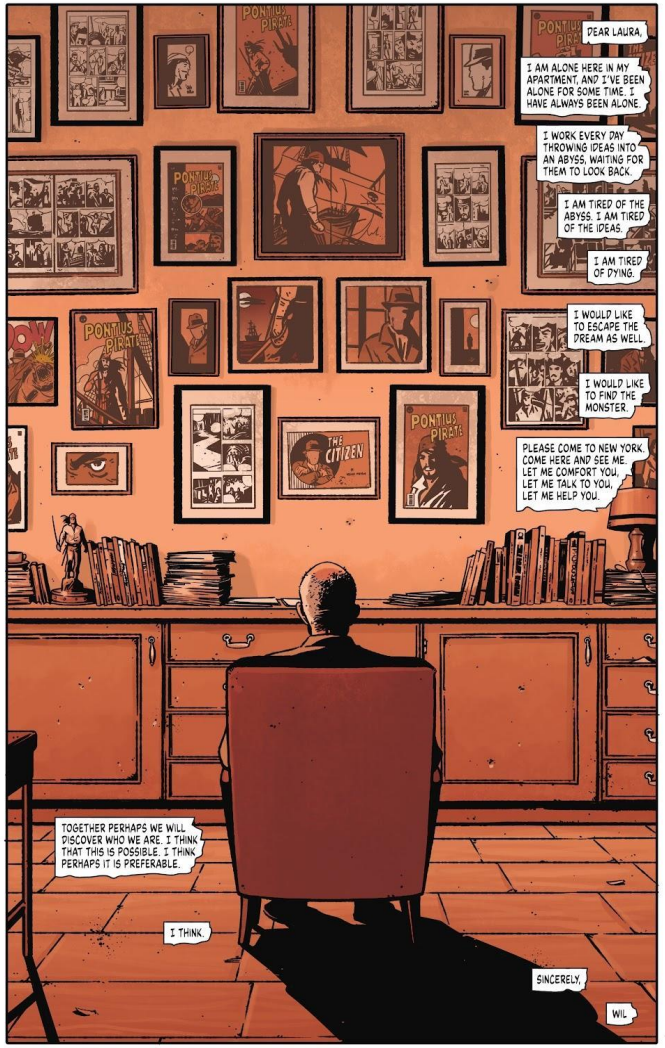
THIS IS FRANK MILLER. I'D LIKE TO CONTACT MY GRANDMOTHER BIGHAM, AND ASK HER TO SAY HER NAME, OR SAY HELLO, OR ANYTHING.
CHK

THIS IS WIL MYERSON. I'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM JACK COLE. JACK. IT'S YOUR BUDDY, WIL.
VZZZZTTTTT

--COPIES OF HIS BOOKS.
CHK

THIS IS FRANK MILLER.


Dear Wil,
I do not know how longer I can stay here after what I have done. But I do not know where to go.
I keep thinking of the waking dream, the church and the hero and the mask, the monster created.
I wonder if all of that was real and all of this is not.
The waking dream is not what we imagine ourselves to be, not what we create, but what we are.
So that when we put on the mask and pretend to be something else we're just coming out of the dream.
We are becoming the essence. We are embracing what it means to be in the world, to exist with others.
I do not know if any of this is true, but I know where it comes from. I know I read it in a book you wrote, I know I saw it in a picture you drew.
We are not who we are. We are someone else.
And I drive now and the sun is high and my gun is next to me.
Thank you, Wil.
You have set us free.
Yours truly,
Laura
60


DEAR LAURA,
I AM ALONE HERE IN MY APARTMENT, AND I'VE BEEN ALONE FOR SOME TIME. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ALONE.
I WORK EVERY DAY THROWING IDEAS INTO AN ABYSS, WAITING FOR THEM TO LOOK BACK.
I AM TIRED OF THE ABYSS. I AM TIRED OF THE IDEAS.
I AM TIRED OF DYING.
I WOULD LIKE TO ESCAPE THE DREAM AS WELL.
I WOULD LIKE TO FIND THE MONSTER.
PLEASE COME TO NEW YORK. COME HERE AND SEE ME. LET ME COMFORT YOU. LET ME TALK TO YOU. LET ME HELP YOU.
TOGETHER PERHAPS WE WILL DISCOVER WHO WE ARE. I THINK THAT THIS IS POSSIBLE. I THINK PERHAPS IT IS PREFERABLE.
I THINK.
SINCERELY,
WIL.
PONTIUS PIRATE
THE CITIZEN

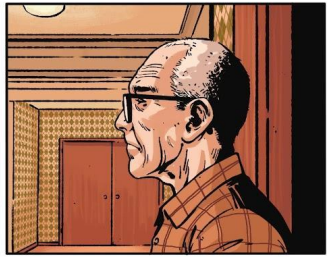
Dear Wil,
15A

YOU WILL HAVE ONE MINUTE FOR YOUR CLOSING REMARKS.
KNOCK KNOCK

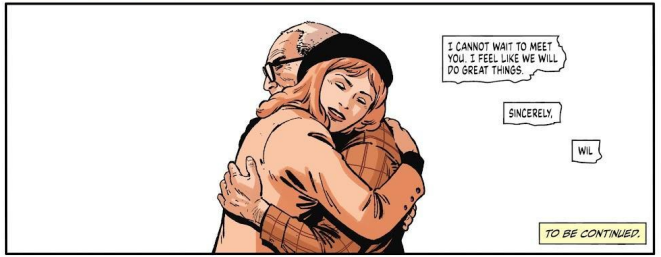
I am on my way to you.
Yours truly,
Laura

KNOCK KNOCK
AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS, IN THE FACE OF CRISIS, IT IS TIME FOR A CHANGE. IT IS TIME FOR AN AMERICA FOR AMERICANS. THIS IS THE COMING OF THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION!

DEAR LAURA,



WILL YOU JOIN ME?
KNOCK KNOCK


I CANNOT WAIT TO MEET YOU. I FEEL LIKE WE WILL DO GREAT THINGS.
SINCERELY,
WIL
TO BE CONTINUED.

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

The Joker #1

INTERVIEW WITH JAMES TYNION IV

Following the status quo-shaking *Infinite Frontier* #0, The Joker is the most wanted man in the world—and he's on the run in *The Joker* #1, from writer James Tynion IV and artist Guillem March.

THIS IS THE FIRST ONGOING SERIES STARRING THE JOKER IN DECADES. WHY IS NOW THE RIGHT TIME?

James Tynion IV: I don't think The Joker has ever loomed larger in the culture. He is one of the greatest villains in all of fiction, and one of the most devilishly fun characters to write in all of DC. I think a Joker book in a lot of ways was inevitable...but that's the challenge. If you separate Joker from Batman, who is he?

When DC first approached me about the idea, I laid out all the reasons a Joker book shouldn't work. But as I was laying them out, I started to see the potential for what this could be. How we could approach it from an angle that would surprise everyone and say some real things about the nature of human evil—and do it not as a superhero book, but as a real horror noir title.

YOU'RE COMING OFF A MAJOR JOKER STORY IN "THE JOKER WAR." WHAT NEW ASPECTS OF THE CHARACTER ARE YOU LOOKING TO EXPLORE?

Tynion: There are long-term threads The Joker has planted that will culminate with him coming back to Gotham to have another row with Batman down the road...but part of the opportunity of this story is to explore where The Joker goes when he falls completely off the map and even Batman can't find him. What shadowy corners of the global criminal underworld does he slip between, and who are his allies in that world? And more importantly, who are his enemies?

JIM GORDON HAS HAD A ROUGH COUPLE OF YEARS. WHERE DO WE FIND HIM HERE?

Tynion: Retired! After the events of last year, he's made the decision not to return to the commissioner's seat. But without that job, he's unsure what to make of his life. He's haunted by how much The Joker has taken from his life, and when Gordon is offered a chance to help track down the Clown Prince of Crime before he can attack Gotham City again...how can the retired commissioner say no to that?

DC INFINITE FRONTIER

THE JOKER #1 ON SALE IN MARCH!

READ THE FULL INTERVIEW AT DCCOMICS.COM!

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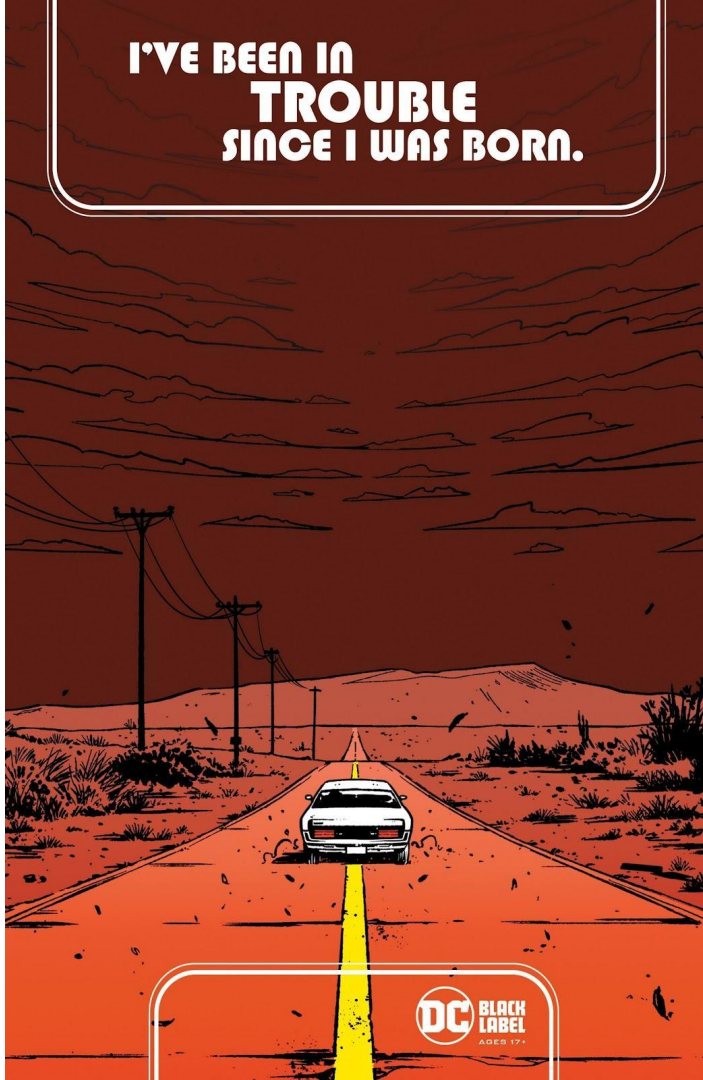

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CHAPTER SEVEN

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OKAY.

MY ASSISTANT IS OUT FOR THE EVENING SO IT'S JUST ME.
I FOUND YOUR LETTERS.

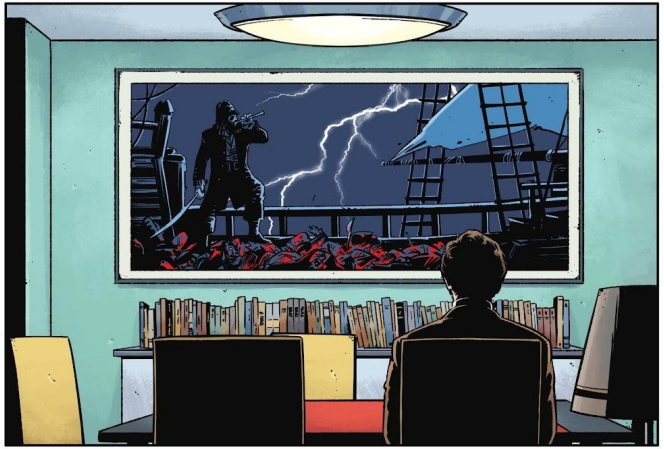
THEY'RE NOT MY LETTERS.

WE CAN SIT HERE.
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN GET YOU? WATER OR A SODA, COFFEE, A BEER?

I'M FINE.

I'M GOING TO GET SOME WATER.
I'M THIRSTY.

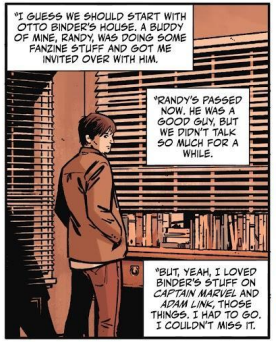
JUST CALL OUT IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND. I THINK I HAVE PLENTY OF EVERYTHING.
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME PRETZELS.



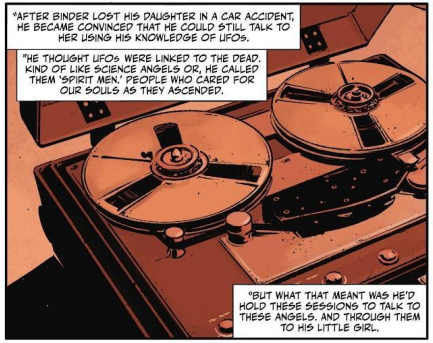
YOU PROBABLY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT WIL MYERSON AND THE GIRL. I DON'T KNOW HER NAME. I'D TELL YOU IF I DID.
HE JUST CALLED HER "THE KID," THE GIRL WITH THE GUNS. I DIDN'T READ THE LETTERS.

HER NAME WAS LAURA CUMMINGS OUT OF HANNA, WYOMING.

YEAH, SHE LOOKED LIKE A LAURA, THAT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE.
POOR THING. TOO YOUNG TO DIE.
BUT, IN THE END OF IT, AREN'T WE ALL?

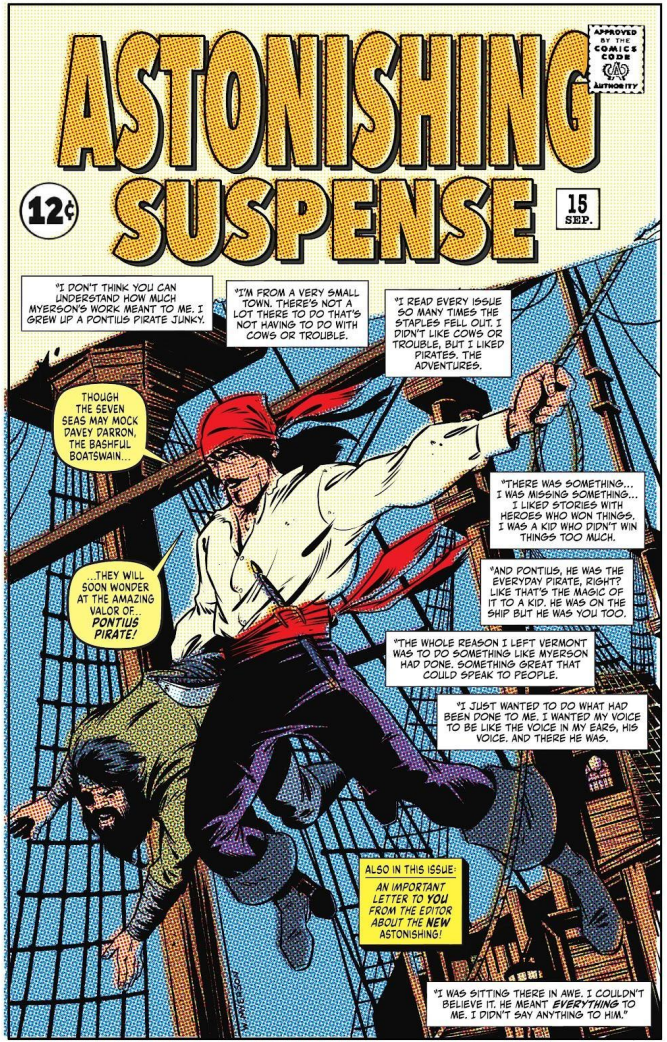

"I GUESS WE SHOULD START WITH OTTO BINDER'S HOUSE. A BUDDY OF MINE, RANDY, WAS DOING SOME FANZINE STUFF AND GOT ME INVITED OVER WITH HIM.
"RANDY'S PASSED NOW. HE WAS A GOOD GUY, BUT WE DIDN'T TALK SO MUCH FOR A WHILE.
"BUT, YEAH, I LOVED BINDER'S STUFF ON *CAPTAIN MARVEL* AND *ADAM LINK*, THOSE THINGS. I HAD TO GO. I COULDN'T MISS IT.

"BINDER HADN'T WRITTEN FOR COMICS FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS BY THE TIME WE MET HIM. HE'D SPENT HIS TIME BECOMING A WORLD EXPERT ON UFOS. ALIENS OF ALL KINDS.
"HE EVEN CONSULTED FOR NASA ABOUT THEM, HAD HIS OWN MAGAZINE, MY BROTHER HAD A SUBSCRIPTION TO IT. HE KNEW ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW, ONE OF THOSE TYPES.


"AFTER BINDER LOST HIS DAUGHTER IN A CAR ACCIDENT, HE BECAME CONVINCED THAT HE COULD STILL TALK TO HER USING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF UFOS.
"HE THOUGHT UFOS WERE LINKED TO THE DEAD. KIND OF LIKE SCIENCE ANGELS OR, HE CALLED THEM 'SPIRIT MEN.' PEOPLE WHO CARED FOR OUR SOULS AS THEY ASCENDED.
"BUT WHAT THAT MEANT WAS HE'D HOLD THESE SESSIONS TO TALK TO THESE ANGELS. AND THROUGH THEM TO HIS LITTLE GIRL.

"I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ANY OF THAT THEN. THIS WAS BEFORE NEW YORK. I WAS JUST THERE BECAUSE I LIKED SOME BOOKS HE HAD WRITTEN WHEN I WAS A KID.
"NOW I KNOW IT'S ALL TRUE.

"ANYWAY, THAT'S WHERE I MET WIL MYERSON FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE KNEW BINDER FROM THE GOLDEN DAYS AND WAS THERE FOR THE SAME THING I WAS.
"TO TALK TO THE STARS."


ASTONISHING SUSPENSE
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15 SEP.
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
"I DON'T THINK YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH MYERSON'S WORK MEANT TO ME. I GREW UP A PONTIUS PIRATE JUNKY.
"I'M FROM A VERY SMALL TOWN. THERE'S NOT A LOT THERE TO DO THAT'S NOT HAVING TO DO WITH COWS OR TROUBLE.
"I READ EVERY ISSUE SO MANY TIMES THE STAPLES FELL OUT. I DIDN'T LIKE COWS OR TROUBLE, BUT I LIKED PIRATES. THE ADVENTURES.
THOUGH THE SEVEN SEAS MAY MOCK DAVEY DARRON, THE BASHFUL BOATSWAIN...
...THEY WILL SOON WONDER AT THE AMAZING VALOR OF... PONTIUS PIRATE!
"THERE WAS SOMETHING... I WAS MISSING SOMETHING... I LIKED STORIES WITH HEROES WHO WON THINGS. I WAS A KID WHO DIDN'T WIN THINGS TOO MUCH.
"AND PONTIUS, HE WAS THE EVERYDAY PIRATE, RIGHT? LIKE THAT'S THE MAGIC OF IT TO A KID. HE WAS ON THE SHIP BUT HE WAS YOU TOO.
"THE WHOLE REASON I LEFT VERMONT WAS TO DO SOMETHING LIKE MYERSON HAD DONE. SOMETHING GREAT THAT COULD SPEAK TO PEOPLE.
"I JUST WANTED TO DO WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO ME. I WANTED MY VOICE TO BE LIKE THE VOICE IN MY EARS, HIS VOICE. AND THERE HE WAS.
ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
AN IMPORTANT LETTER TO YOU FROM THE EDITOR ABOUT THE NEW ASTONISHING!
"I WAS SITTING THERE IN AWE. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. HE MEANT EVERYTHING TO ME. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM."

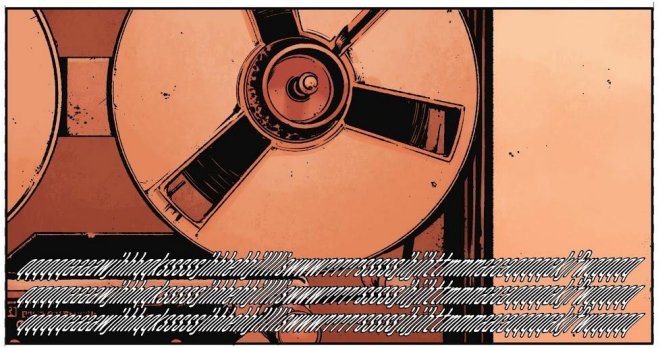
"AFTER A WHILE, BINDER GAVE A SPEECH. ON THE POSSIBILITY OF THINGS. I DON'T REMEMBER IT ALL OR EXACTLY. HE SAID 'POSSIBILITIES' A BUNCH OF TIMES.
"THEN WE TALKED, EACH OF US IN TURN TO THE RECORDER. WE ASKED TO TALK TO OUR DEAD.
"THEN WE WAITED. AS THEY SPOKE OR DID WHAT IT WAS THEY DO.

"SEE THE THEORY BINDER HAD WAS THAT A SPIRIT MAN CAN'T TALK LIKE WE CAN, CAN'T SPEAK THROUGH THE VACUUM OF SPACE.
"IT CAN, HOWEVER, AFFECT ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGIES.
"THESE ENERGIES COULD THEN BE PICKED UP BY SIMPLE RECORDING TAPE, IT'S CALLED ELECTRONIC VOICE PHENOMENON.
"I'M NOT A SCIENTIST. I MAKE COMICS.
"BUT THE IDEA IS YOU ASK A QUESTION INTO A RECORDER AND YOU LEAVE IT GOING AND THEN YOU LISTEN BACK TO THE SILENCE. WHAT YOU HEAR, THE SCRATCHES AND NOISE ON THE TAPE FROM WHEN YOU STOPPED TALKING...
"...THAT'S THE SPIRIT MAN'S ANSWER."

THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.

SVVVVVVVVV
CLICK

CLKKK



YOU HEAR IT?! SHE'S THERE!
"THE HILL IS THE TASK." THAT'S MY DAUGHTER! SHE'S BURIED ON A HILL. YOU HEAR?
MARY! SHE WANTS ME TO SEE HER.
MY GOD, IT'S THE BEST ONE YET!

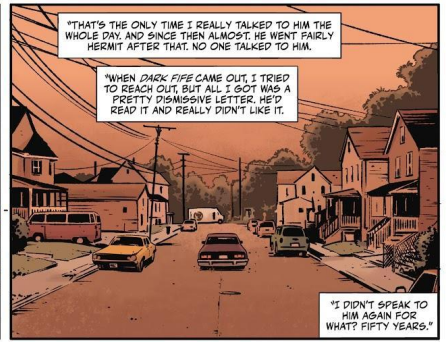
"AFTER IT WAS DONE I ENDED UP WALKING OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH MYERSON."
WELL.
THAT WAS SOMETHING.
YES.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK IT'S HARD TO LOSE A CHILD. I DON'T HAVE KIDS.

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN IT?
YOU HEAR WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR. IT PROBABLY SAYS MORE ABOUT YOU THAN THE GHOSTS.

THAT SOUNDS RIGHT.
I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT ME?

PROBABLY JUST MEANS YOU'RE SANE.


"THAT'S THE ONLY TIME I REALLY TALKED TO HIM THE WHOLE DAY. AND SINCE THEN ALMOST. HE WENT FAIRLY HERMIT AFTER THAT. NO ONE TALKED TO HIM.
"WHEN *DARK FIFE* CAME OUT, I TRIED TO REACH OUT, BUT ALL I GOT WAS A PRETTY DISMISSIVE LETTER. HE'D READ IT AND REALLY DIDN'T LIKE IT.
"I DIDN'T SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN FOR WHAT? FIFTY YEARS."

JESUS CHRIST.

FRANK.
GOOD TO SEE YOU. BEEN SOME TIME.

HELLO, MR. MILLER. IT IS SUCH AN HONOR TO MEET YOU.
I READ *DARK FIFE* OVER AND OVER AGAIN, AND I JUST THINK IT'S A MASTERPIECE. IT TOTALLY CHANGED EVERYTHING.
I KNOW YOU PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO BE CALLED A LEGEND 'CAUSE I THINK THAT IMPLIES YOU'RE DONE, BUT, I'M SORRY, YOU, SIR, ARE A LEGEND.

ARE... ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?

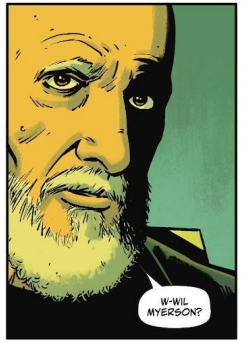
AH, HELL NO.
BUT WE WOULDN'T MIND SOME COFFEE.
THEN WE GOT TO TALK TO GOD.

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO L.A. BEFORE.

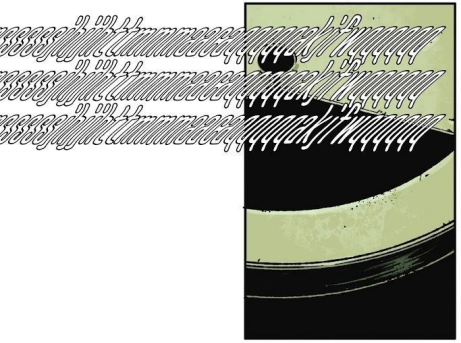
I'D LOVE TO SEE A MOVIE STAR WHILE I'M HERE. I KNOW I WON'T, BUT IT'D BE SOMETHING IF I DID.
Y'KNOW, QUITE A FEW MOVIE STARS LIVE NOT FAR FROM MY GRANDMA. THEY GOT BIG CABINS UP THERE, BUT I NEVER SAW ONE.

WE BROUGHT A TAPE RECORDER.
OTTO AND RANDY, DEAD. YOU, ME, ONLY ONES LEFT.
WORKED BEFORE. COULD WORK AGAIN.

MY GRANDMA SAW A MOVIE STAR ONCE. SHE CALLED US THAT DAY AND SHE WASN'T ONE TO GET EXCITED.
BUT SHE WAS ON THE PHONE JUST PANTING. SHE'D SEEN LINDA TURNER AT THE POST OFFICE AND SHE SAID SHE FOLLOWED HER.
MY GRANDMA, THE STALKER, SHE WAS SOMETHING.


W-WIL MYERSON?

LISTEN.
CLICKK



THERE.
CLICK

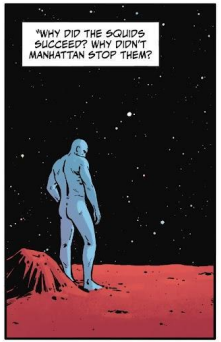
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT WAS...IS THIS ABOUT...WHAT? THAT'S THE TAPE FROM WHEN WE WERE IN NEW YORK? BINDER?
WHAT'S GOING ON? I'M SORRY...

OH, MR. MILLER, I'M SORRY. WE SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU, THIS IS ABOUT THE SQUIDS.
THE SQUIDS ARE COMING. THE SQUIDS ARE HERE. TO KILL US.
BUT WE'RE READY. WE LISTEN AND KNOW.

"THE WIL IS THE MASK."

"THEY EXPLAINED.

"WE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE POWER OF THE SQUID."


"WHY DID THE SQUIDS SUCCEED? WHY DIDN'T MANHATTAN STOP THEM?

"THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE. HE COULDN'T.
"THEY WERE MORE POWERFUL THAN EVEN HE WAS. CAN YOU IMAGINE?

"REMEMBER THAT HE WAS ACCUSED OF CAUSING THAT CANCER. WHAT WAS THAT? THAT WAS THE SQUIDS, A WARNING.
"SO HE MADE HIS PLAN WITH THE OTHER HEROES AND FLED THE EARTH, LEADING THE SQUIDS TO THINK HIM DEFEATED.

"BUT IT WAS A RUSE. A CLEVER RUSE.

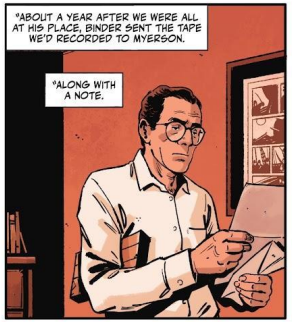
"WHILE THE SQUIDS FOCUSED ON DR. MANHATTAN, HE LEFT BEHIND A WEAPON TO DESTROY THEM.

"HE SENT IT THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

"A MESSAGE OF HOW TO WIN.

"HOW TO SURVIVE."

SPIRIT MAN...


"ABOUT A YEAR AFTER WE WERE ALL AT HIS PLACE, BINDER SENT THE TAPE WE'D RECORDED TO MYERSON.
"ALONG WITH A NOTE.

"BINDER DIED BEFORE MYERSON COULD RESPOND.

"MYERSON LISTENED TO THE TAPE.

"HE KNEW IT MEANT NOTHING, AND HE LISTENED ANYWAY.

"OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OVER.

"UNTIL HE FINALLY HEARD IT."

THE WIL IS THE MASK.

THIS IS MY FACE.

HURM.

CLICK

WE ARE AT THE HOUSE OF FRANK MILLER IN CHEVIOT HILLS, CALIFORNIA. THIS IS FRANK MILLER. WITH ME ARE THE KID AND RORSCHACH.

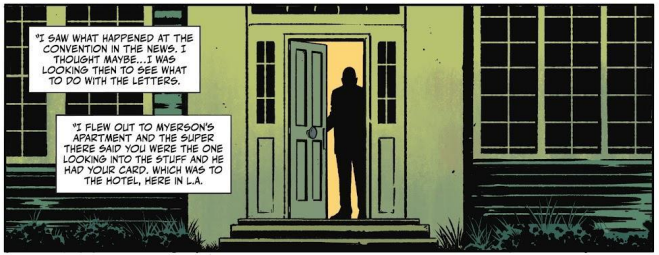
WE WOULD LIKE TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT MAN...THE SPIRIT MAN WHO SOME PEOPLE CALL DR. MANHATTAN.

WE HAVE HEARD YOUR MESSAGE FROM YEARS AGO, BUT WE NEED MORE GUIDANCE. WE NEED YOU TO TELL US WHAT... WHAT TO DO.
WE KNOW THE SQUIDS ARE STILL HERE, BUT HOW DO WE FIGHT THEM? PLEASE TELL US, SPIRIT MAN. WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO?

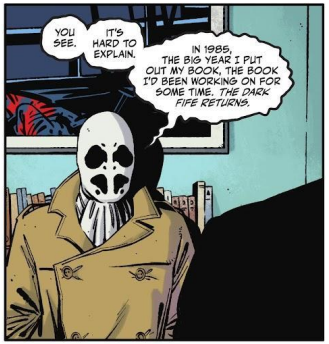
"THEY LEFT ME THEIR LETTERS.
"THEY SAID AFTER THEY DID WHAT THEY HAD TO, THEY'D BE DEAD AND MAYBE SOMEDAY PEOPLE WOULD WANT TO KNOW THEM.

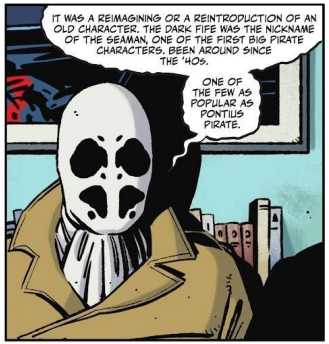
"UNDERSTAND THEM.

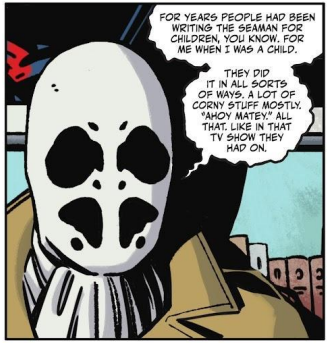
"AFTER THEY LEFT, I'D HEAR FROM THEM FROM TIME TO TIME, WHEN THEY NEEDED SOMETHING.
"MOSTLY WHEN THEY NEEDED MONEY, I SENT IT TO THEM.
"I HADN'T HEARD FROM THEM IN A WHILE.


"I SAW WHAT HAPPENED AT THE CONVENTION IN THE NEWS. I THOUGHT MAYBE...I WAS LOOKING THEN TO SEE WHAT TO DO WITH THE LETTERS.
"I FLEW OUT TO MYERSON'S APARTMENT AND THE SUPER THERE SAID YOU WERE THE ONE LOOKING INTO THE STUFF AND HE HAD YOUR CARD. WHICH WAS TO THE HOTEL, HERE IN L.A.

"I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU. TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
"THE LETTERS WERE MY WAY IN. JUST EVERYTHING HAPPENED A LITTLE FASTER THAN I THOUGHT.
"I NEEDED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING."


YOU SEE.
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.
IN 1985, THE BIG YEAR I PUT OUT MY BOOK, THE BOOK I'D BEEN WORKING ON FOR SOME TIME. *THE DARK FIFE RETURNS.*


IT WAS A REIMAGINING OR A REINTRODUCTION OF AN OLD CHARACTER. THE DARK FIFE WAS THE NICKNAME OF THE SEAMAN, ONE OF THE FIRST BIG PIRATE CHARACTERS. BEEN AROUND SINCE THE '40S.
ONE OF THE FEW AS POPULAR AS PONTIUS PIRATE.


FOR YEARS PEOPLE HAD BEEN WRITING THE SEAMAN FOR CHILDREN, YOU KNOW. FOR ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD.
THEY DID IT IN ALL SORTS OF WAYS. A LOT OF CORNY STUFF MOSTLY. "AHOY MATEY." ALL THAT. LIKE IN THAT TV SHOW THEY HAD'N.

I SAW IT AS SOMETHING ELSE. I SAW IT AS WHAT IT COULD BE, WHAT IT COULD REPRESENT. I WANTED TO USE A PIRATE TO TALK ABOUT *FEAR.*

THE REAL FEAR OF JUST LIVING, JUST EVERY DAY KNOWING ANYONE CAN TAKE EVERYTHING FROM YOU.

I PUT MY WHOLE SELF INTO IT. EVERY PANEL, EVERYTHING, AND PEOPLE LOVED IT.
I WAS HAPPY, AS HAPPY AS I COULD BE BACK THEN. I TURNED SOMETHING JUST CHILDISH INTO SOMETHING WORTHWHILE.

"THEN I TURN ON MY TV ONE DAY, JUST A FEW MONTHS AFTER IT HAD COME OUT, AND I SEE STREETS COVERED IN BLOOD. A MONSTER ATTACKED US AND KILLED US.

"SEE, HERE I WAS WITH A COMIC BOOK, A FUNNY BOOK, THINKING I HAD SAID SOMETHING ABOUT LIFE WITH A PIRATE ON A SHIP BLOWING A FLUTE.

"AND THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE GROUND EVERYWHERE.

"AND I KNEW I WAS NOTHING, WHAT I DID WAS NOTHING, WHAT I WROTE WAS JUST TRASH. YOU COULD PUT IT IN A CAGE FOR A CANARY TO SHIT ON.

"THERE WAS NO TRUTH IN IT. IT WAS JUST A WAY TO GET SUCKERS TO PAY THE PRICE TAG SO I COULD MAKE MORE AND GET MORE SUCKERS.

"I TRIED TO MAKE SOMETHING LIGHT INTO SOMETHING DARK, TO SHOW WHAT THE DARKNESS WAS.

"BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT LIGHT, CAN YOU? SO WHAT'S THE POINT OF LOOKING? FOR ALL YOU KNOW, ALL THAT'S THERE IS YOU.

"NO, THE TRUTH IS: REAL ART IS WHAT THE SEAMAN FIRST DID.

"IT'S GETTING A KID TO SEE SOMETHING FUN JUST FOR A SECOND.

"A SECOND OF THAT FUN, AT LEAST THAT'S HONEST. A KID LOOKING AT A PIRATE THINKING IT'S COOL, THAT'S TRUTH, THAT'S GOOD.

"THAT'S A LIGHT IN THE DARK."

I DIDN'T DO MUCH WORK AFTER THAT. I WAS JUST FALLING.

I LIVED OFF *THE DARK FIFE* EVEN KNOWING...

FOR 35 YEARS, I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. THEN I ANSWER THE DOOR. A MAN IN A MASK AND A GIRL WITH A HAT.

AND WE MAKE A TAPE. AND WE LISTEN.

AND I HEARD SOMETHING.

WHAT MYERSON DID A LONG TIME AGO, MAKING SOMETHING PURE, THAT'S ALL. YOU CAN DO ABOUT THE BLOOD ON THE GROUND.

OR AT LEAST ALL YOU CAN DO WITH A PIRATE.

CLICK

DC INFINITE FRONTIER
WONDER GIRL #1
THIS IS WHERE THE LEGEND OF YARA FLOR REALLY BEGINS!
Written and illustrated by JOËLLE JONES
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#DCInfiniteFrontier
INFINITE HEROISM COMING IN MAY!

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

BATMAN/FORTNITE: ZERO POINT

Two pop culture forces collide in *Batman/Fortnite: Zero Point*, a six-issue limited-edition series written by Christos Gage and illustrated by Reilly Brown, with concept and story consultation from the chief creative officer of Epic Games, Donald Mustard. But while you know Batman (if you're reading this, we're presuming that's a safe bet) you may not yet know *Fortnite*. We've got you covered.

FORTNITE IS A PRETTY BIG DEAL

Fortnite is a completely free cross-platform game where players fight to be the last one standing in Battle Royale, join forces to make their own Creative games, or catch a live show with their friends at Party Royale. With more than 350 million accounts globally and an enthusiastic fan base, players can jump into the action on PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Android, PC, and Mac.

BUT WHAT'S BATMAN DOING HERE?

He's trying to figure that out himself. As *Batman/Fortnite: Zero Point* #1 starts, a mysterious crack appears in the Gotham City sky, threatening reality itself. Batman—along with other familiar DC faces—is pulled into it, with the Dark Knight waking up in the unfamiliar world of *Fortnite* with no memory and no choice other than to fight his way out.

WHO'S THE FISH GUY?

That's Fishstick, one of the many visually distinctive and fan-favorite *Fortnite* characters to appear in *Batman/Fortnite: Zero Point*.

THIS ISN'T THE FIRST DC/*FORTNITE* COLLABORATION

While *Batman/Fortnite: Zero Point* is the first comic book collaboration between DC and *Fortnite*, there's a history here, as the game has previously offered players in-game outfits of DC characters including Batman, Aquaman, Catwoman, Harley Quinn, Poison Ivy, The Joker, and more.

Each print issue of *Batman/Fortnite: Zero Point* will include a redeemable code for bonus DC-themed *Fortnite* digital items, inspired by the events in the comic, starting with the new Rebirth Harley Quinn Outfit! (U.S. only) will also include these bonus digital codes. As a bonus item, fans who redeem all six codes will unlock a new Armored Batman Zero Outfit.

DON'T MISS BATMAN/FORTNITE: ZERO POINT #1, ON SALE ON APRIL 20!

DC EPIC GAMES

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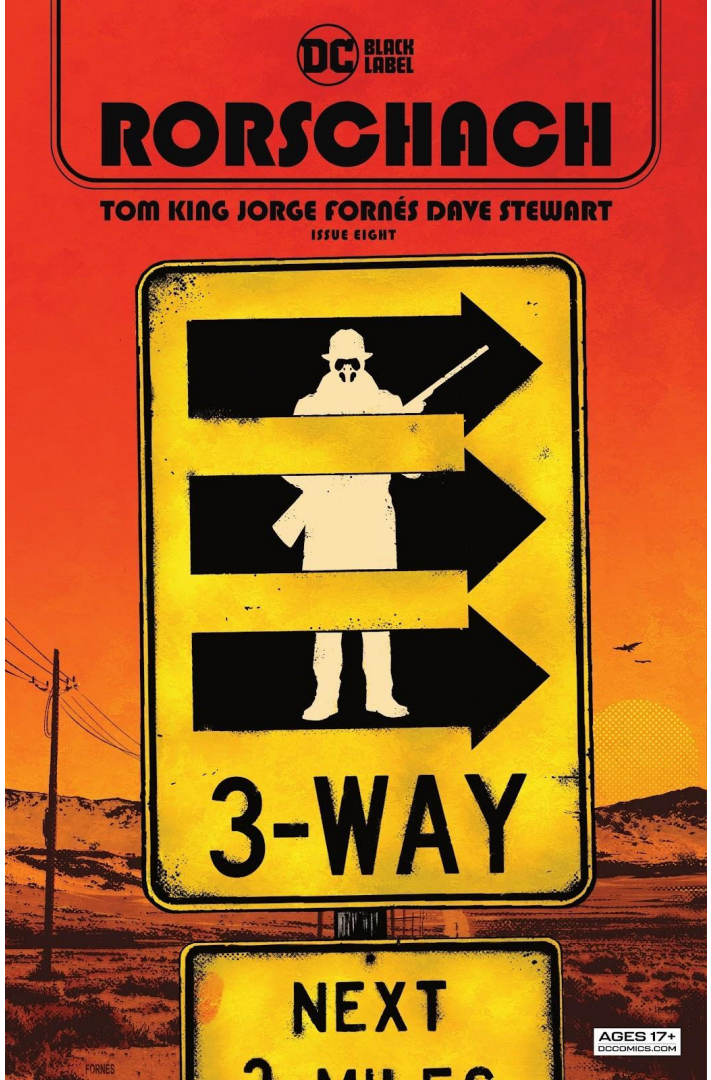
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PRESENTS

RORSCHACH

CHAPTER EIGHT

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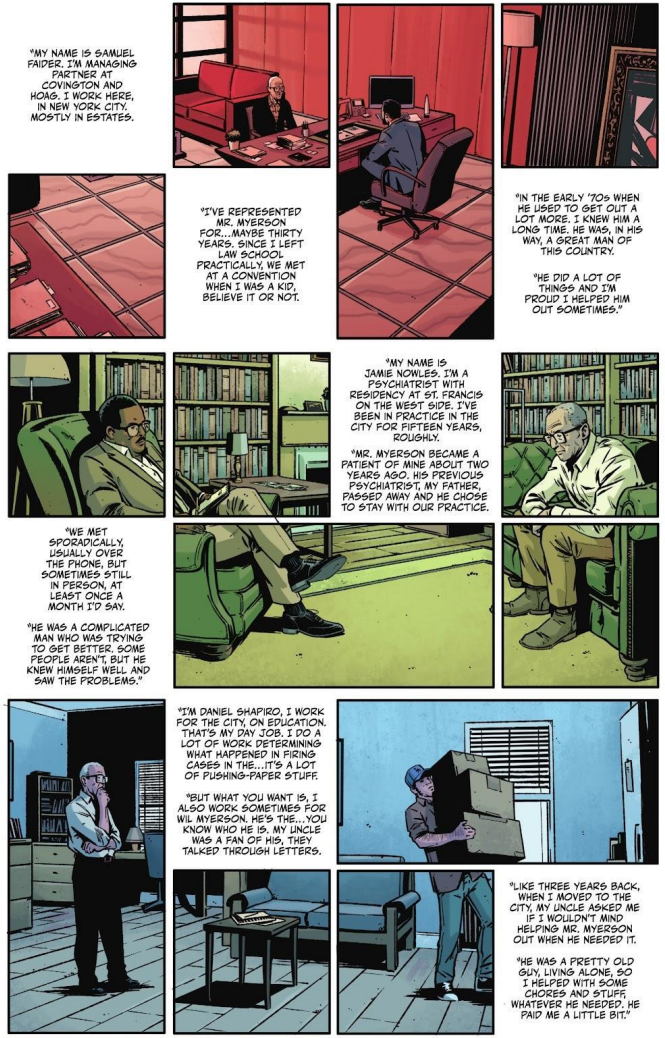
AND I'M NOT UNDERSTANDING, WHAT? I'M SORRY.
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M HERE TO TAKE YOUR STATEMENT.
YOU TELL THE TRUTH AND YOU GET OUT FASTER. YOU STOP HURTING FASTER.
THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO I AM.
YEAH, SURE, MAN, Y'KNOW, OKAY, WHATEVER, DON'T GET ALL...
I JUST WANT TO GO HOME. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE DOING.
HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THEY'D TRY KILLING PEOPLE?


"MY NAME IS SAMUEL FAIDER. I'M MANAGING PARTNER AT COVINGTON AND HOAG. I WORK HERE, IN NEW YORK CITY. MOSTLY IN ESTATES.
"I'VE REPRESENTED MR. MYERSON FOR...MAYBE THIRTY YEARS. SINCE I LEFT LAW SCHOOL PRACTICALLY, WE MET AT A CONVENTION WHEN I WAS A KID, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.
"IN THE EARLY '70S WHEN HE USED TO GET OUT A LOT MORE. I KNEW HIM A LONG TIME. HE WAS, IN HIS WAY, A GREAT MAN OF THIS COUNTRY.
"HE DID A LOT OF THINGS AND I'M PROUD I HELPED HIM OUT SOMETIMES."
"MY NAME IS JAMIE NOWLES. I'M A PSYCHIATRIST WITH RESIDENCY AT ST. FRANCIS ON THE WEST SIDE. I'VE BEEN IN PRACTICE IN THE CITY FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, ROUGHLY.
"MR. MYERSON BECAME A PATIENT OF MINE ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO. HIS PREVIOUS PSYCHIATRIST, MY FATHER, PASSED AWAY AND HE CHOSE TO STAY WITH OUR PRACTICE.
"WE MET SPORADICALLY, USUALLY OVER THE PHONE, BUT SOMETIMES STILL IN PERSON, AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH I'D SAY.
"HE WAS A COMPLICATED MAN WHO WAS TRYING TO GET BETTER. SOME PEOPLE AREN'T, BUT HE KNEW HIMSELF WELL AND SAW THE PROBLEMS."
"I'M DANIEL SHAPIRO, I WORK FOR THE CITY, ON EDUCATION. THAT'S MY DAY JOB. I DO A LOT OF WORK DETERMINING WHAT HAPPENED IN FIRING CASES IN THE...IT'S A LOT OF PUSHING-PAPER STUFF.
"BUT WHAT YOU WANT IS, I ALSO WORK SOMETIMES FOR WIL MYERSON. HE'S THE...YOU KNOW WHO HE IS. MY UNCLE WAS A FAN OF HIS, THEY TALKED THROUGH LETTERS.
"LIKE THREE YEARS BACK, WHEN I MOVED TO THE CITY, MY UNCLE ASKED ME IF I WOULDN'T MIND HELPING MR. MYERSON OUT WHEN HE NEEDED IT.
"HE WAS A PRETTY OLD GUY, LIVING ALONE, SO I HELPED WITH SOME CHORES AND STUFF, WHATEVER HE NEEDED. HE PAID ME A LITTLE BIT."

"THE MONEY SENT TO ME BY MR. MILLER WAS USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH MY SERVICES FOR MR. MYERSON IN RENTING CLARK'S FARM NEAR SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

"MR. MYERSON HAD IDENTIFIED THE PROPERTY TO ME ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS ON THE PHONE. AND I ARRANGED FOR THE WIRE TRANSFER OF THE ASSETS.

"I HANDLED FEES AND BASIC PAPERWORK, INSURANCE AND WHAT HAVE YOU, TO ENSURE THE TRANSACTION WAS COMPLETED IN A TIMELY MATTER."

"THE MONEY MILLER SENT ME WAS USED FOR A TRIP I TOOK AT MR. MYERSON'S INSISTENCE. A VERY UNUSUAL TRIP. BUT I THOUGHT PROBABLY WARRANTED.

"HE WISHED ME TO COME OUT TO SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, OR OUTSIDE IT, A WAYS OUTSIDE IT, AND SEE HIM FOR SOME SESSIONS. AT THIS CLARK'S FARM.

"HE OFFERED TO COMPENSATE ME FOR THE LOST WAGES IN SPENDING A WEEK OUT OF THE OFFICE. I ACCEPTED AS I THOUGHT...WELL, PUT SIMPLY, HE SEEMED TO NEED HELP.

"I WAS TRYING TO HELP."

"I GOT PAID TO LEAVE NEW YORK, I TOOK SICK DAYS AND OTHER VACATION. TO GO OUT TO CLARK'S FOR A WHILE, WITH HIM AND THE KID.

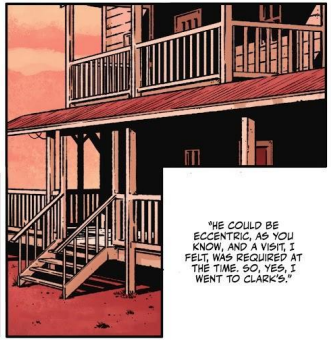
"HE NEEDED SOME HELP WITH SOME CHORES AND STUFF. HE WAS BUILDING THE THING AND HE NEEDED HELP WITH IT.

"HE PAID ME CASH. I WAS GOING TO REPORT IT. I KEPT TRACK. I GOT RECEIPTS.

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT CAME FROM. I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS FRANK MILLER EVEN IS. JUST LIKE A NAME ON SOME ENVELOPES AND STUFF."

"YES. THAT'S NOT A SECRET.

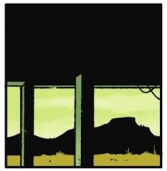
"AFTER THE RENTAL WAS SECURED, I DID VISIT THERE TO FINISH SOME PAPERWORK, AND SOME OTHER THINGS MR. MYERSON WANTED. HAVING TO DO WITH HIS WILL AND HIS POSSIBLE PASSING.



"HE COULD BE ECCENTRIC, AS YOU KNOW, AND A VISIT, I FELT, WAS REQUIRED AT THE TIME. SO, YES, I WENT TO CLARK'S."

"IT WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, NOTHING AROUND EXCEPT A FEW HORSES. I GREW UP IN MANHATTAN, I'M A CHILD OF THE CITY. QUITE A CHANGE.

"BESIDES THAT, I DON'T KNOW, IT WAS NORMAL FOR AN UNUSUAL SITUATION. IT WAS A FARMHOUSE WHERE HE WAS. YOU COULD HEAR THE BIRDS. YOU DON'T HEAR THE BIRDS HERE.



"I DON'T KNOW IF THAT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION."

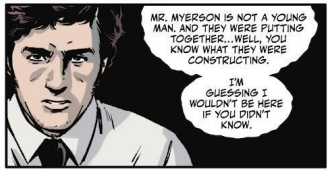
"WELL, THEY DIDN'T PICK ME UP AT THE AIRPORT OR ANYTHING. I JUST GOT A CAB OUT THERE. WAS AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF RIDE. HAD TO PAY THE GUY EXTRA.

"NO, I DIDN'T SEE THEM UNTIL I GOT THERE. SO YES, THEN YEAH, THEY WERE THERE.

"IT WAS PRETTY HOT, I REMEMBER THAT. I WAS SWEATING."

"DANIEL WAS THERE WHEN I ARRIVED. DANIEL SHAPIRO. HE'S A HANDY-MAN OF SORTS WHO HELPED OUT MR. MYERSON ON OCCASION.
"I HAD MET HIM BACK IN NEW YORK. HE'D SOMETIMES RUN LETTERS OVER FROM MYERSON TO MY OFFICE, WHEN MR. MYERSON WASN'T FEELING CONFIDENT IN THE MAIL.
PALE HORSE

"I NEVER KNEW HIM VERY WELL--YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM WHAT HE KNEW. I WOULD GUESS YOU'RE ALREADY DOING THAT.
"I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE HIM THERE, BUT IN RETROSPECT IT SEEMS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS.


MR. MYERSON IS NOT A YOUNG MAN. AND THEY WERE PUTTING TOGETHER...WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WERE CONSTRUCTING.
I'M GUESSING I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

"I'M SURE YOU MUST KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT HER BY THIS POINT. SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY IMPORTANT TO WHAT THEY WERE DOING.

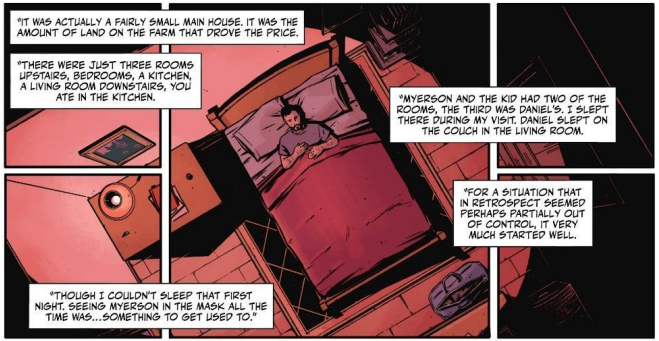
"I WAS GREETED ON MY FIRST DAY BY THE WOMAN WHOSE NAME I NEVER DID CATCH. NOT THAT I TRIED. THEY DIDN'T SEEM SENSITIVE ABOUT IT, BUT I THOUGHT THEY COULD BE.
"WE CALLED HER 'THE KID' OR JUST 'KID.' SMALL WOMAN, NINETEEN OR TWENTY. SORT OF A WESTERN ACCENT.
"I DIDN'T EVER HAVE A PROBLEM WITH HER. THAT I RECALL. VERY INTERESTING WOMAN, IN FACT."

SHE WAS ALWAYS NICE TO ME. FOR THE MOST PART.

"A LOT OF STUFF SEEMS MORE UNGLUED WHEN YOU LOOK BACK AT IT."

"MYERSON WAS THERE WHEN I ARRIVED. I THINK THE KID HAD GONE OUT FOR SOME SUPPLIES, GROCERIES OR WHATEVER.
"I DID THE SUPPLY RUNS AFTER THAT. THEY DIDN'T LIKE LEAVING THE FARM. WHICH, IN RETROSPECT, SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE LOOKED INTO OR Y'KNOW, THOUGHT ABOUT MORE.

BUT YEAH, HE WAS WEARING THE MASK WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR.
I HADN'T SEEN THAT BEFORE.


"IT WAS ACTUALLY A FAIRLY SMALL MAIN HOUSE. IT WAS THE AMOUNT OF LAND ON THE FARM THAT DROVE THE PRICE.
"THERE WERE JUST THREE ROOMS UPSTAIRS, BEDROOMS, A KITCHEN. A LIVING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS, YOU ATE IN THE KITCHEN.
"MYERSON AND THE KID HAD TWO OF THE ROOMS, THE THIRD WAS DANIEL'S. I SLEPT THERE DURING MY VISIT. DANIEL SLEPT ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM.
"FOR A SITUATION THAT IN RETROSPECT SEEMED PERHAPS PARTIALLY OUT OF CONTROL, IT VERY MUCH STARTED WELL.
"THOUGH I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT FIRST NIGHT. SEEING MYERSON IN THE MASK ALL THE TIME WAS...SOMETHING TO GET USED TO."

"THE FIRST NIGHT I WAS MAKING PREPARATIONS REALLY, THERE WERE A LOT OF CONSIDERATIONS.
"WE HAD JUST TALKED BRIEFLY, I'D SEEN THE MASK, AND THE VOICE AND ALL HE WAS DOING, I KNEW HE HAD GONE DOWN A PATH.
"I WAS DEBATING...SORT OF...MY PLAN FOR TAKING HIM AWAY FROM THIS PATH. THAT WAS WHAT I THOUGHT HE HAD BROUGHT ME THERE TO DO.
"ON THE SURFACE, THERE IS VERY LITTLE THAT IS HEALTHY ABOUT BEING ON A FARM IN THE DESERT WITH A YOUNG WOMAN WHILE WEARING A RORSCHACH MASK.
"I HAD TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO HELP HIM AS BEST I COULD."

"LOOK, WIL WASN'T *NORMAL* LIKE YOU AND I ARE NORMAL. BUT IS THAT SO BAD? LIKE, DID YOU AND I DO *PONTIUS PIRATE*?
"HAVE YOU SEEN HOW MUCH MONEY THOSE MOVIES MAKE? PEOPLE IN LIKE TAIWAN SEE THOSE MOVIES.
"HE WAS THERE. HE HAD A MASK ON. HE'S A PERSON WHO IS WEIRD. SO WHAT? THERE'S COPS WHO WEAR MASKS IN LIKE MIDDLE AMERICA NOW.
"AT THE TIME I WAS FINE WITH WEIRD. I STILL AM, GENERALLY SPEAKING. IF YOU DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST ME OR ANYTHING."

"I STARTED WORK IMMEDIATELY ON HIS REQUEST TO CHANGE HIS WILL. I HAD NO REASON TO LINGER THERE.

"I OUTLINED MR. MYERSON'S ASSETS, MOST OF WHICH WERE TIED UP IN A NUMBER OF HIS ART PIECES, WHICH ARE WORTH A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT.

"ALTHOUGH HE DIDN'T KEEP THEM ALL.

"AND THIS DOES PALE IN COMPARISON WITH WHAT I THINK IS HIS TRUE WORTH, WHICH IS AS A PLAINTIFF IN A LAWSUIT AGAINST THE MANY CORPORATE ENTITIES THAT EARNED BILLIONS OFF OF *PONTIUS PIRATE*.

"HE HAD NEVER WANTED TO SUE, BUT HE HAD THE RIGHT, IN MY OPINION."

"OUR SESSIONS STARTED THE NEXT DAY. WE WORKED A FEW HOURS EACH DAY FOR ABOUT A WEEK. FOR AS LONG AS I WAS THERE.

"HE WAS ADAMANT ABOUT THESE. HE HAD BEEN IN THERAPY HIS...BASICALLY. HIS WHOLE ADULT LIFE AND FELT IT BENEFITED HIM.

"I REMEMBER SPECIFICALLY HIM SAYING AT THE TIME THAT HE HAD HIS DOUBTS ABOUT ALL THAT HE WAS GOING THROUGH. 'DOUBTS' HE CALLED THEM.

"HE SAID HE WANTED TO TEST THESE, WHICH ISN'T AN APPROACH I HAD HEARD FROM HIM BEFORE THAT TIME.

"HE WANTED, IN A WAY, TO BE SURE HE WAS THIS ***RORSCHACH***."

"THE FIRST THING WE DID, WE GOT ON IT RIGHT AWAY, WAS THE BIG PROJECT, WHICH WAS BUILDING THE STAGE AND THE PLATFORM.

"I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT IT WAS AT FIRST, THEY WERE A LITTLE COY ABOUT IT, YOU KNOW--NO, NOT COY, THAT'S A JOKE, WIL FREAKING MYERSON WASN'T COY.

"THEY JUST DIDN'T SAY WHAT IT WAS WHEN I WAS STARTING. JUST LIKE, DIG HERE AND DIG HERE AND LET'S SET THIS THING UP HERE.

"I DIDN'T SEE ANY GUNS FOR THE FIRST WEEK EVEN."

OKAY.

GIVE ME THE LARGE BRUSHSTROKES AND THEN WE'LL GET INTO PENCILING IN THE DETAILS.

"HE SAID, AT HIS DEATH, ALL ART ASSETS WERE TO BE SOLD, EVERYTHING WAS TO BE LIQUIDATED.

"INCLUDING ANY RIGHTS TO *PONTIUS* HE RETAINED."

ALL MONEY TO GO TO THE REBUILD AND UPKEEP OF THE MINERS' GRAVEYARD IN HANNA, WYOMING.

THIS IS MY FACE NOW.

IS IT?

WHY IS THAT?

"I ASKED HIM."

DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH WHY. JUST WHAT IS.

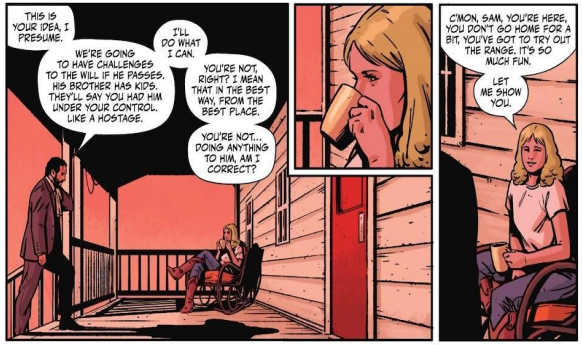
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I'VE LOOKED AT A LOT OF STAGES FROM YEARS PAST.

"SHE SAID SHE NOTICED IT CHANGES EVERY YEAR, BUT SHE HAD LOOKED AT THE LAYOUT OF THE CONVENTION CENTER IN L.A."

PROBABLY TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET IF WE'RE LUCKY. PLUS THE LIGHTS...

WHAT?
HEY, SIR, THAT'S WHAT IT IS, THAT'S THE TRUTH. WE'VE DONE ENOUGH OF THAT, RIGHT?
PLEASE. I'M DONE WITH IT.
POW
NO...NO, NO, I'M TALKING, YOU SAID TO TALK, WHAT DO YOU WANT...
"JUST WHAT IS." THAT'S WHAT HE SAID. WORD FOR WORD. I CAN'T DO BETTER THAN THAT.
GOD... WHAT...
C'MON, MAN, I'M DOING WHAT YOU ASKED... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO...NOT REALLY...
I'M SORRY, OKAY? IS THAT WHAT YOU NEED ME TO SAY?
DUDE, LISTEN, FROM THE HEART, Y'KNOW. I'M SO SORRY.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR CANDOR SO FAR.
PLEASE. CONTINUE.
LA


THIS IS YOUR IDEA, I PRESUME.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE CHALLENGES TO THE WILL IF HE PASSES. HIS BROTHER HAS KIDS. THEY'LL SAY YOU HAD HIM UNDER YOUR CONTROL. LIKE A HOSTAGE.
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.
YOU'RE NOT, RIGHT? I MEAN THAT IN THE BEST WAY, FROM THE BEST PLACE.
YOU'RE NOT... DOING ANYTHING TO HIM, AM I CORRECT?

C'MON, SAM, YOU'RE HERE, YOU DON'T GO HOME FOR A BIT, YOU'VE GOT TO TRY OUT THE RANGE. IT'S SO MUCH FUN.
LET ME SHOW YOU.

THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.
I WASN'T RAISED WITH THE THINGS. YOU DON'T GET GUNS IN NEW YORK.
IT'S NOT REALLY HOW I WOULD EVER DEFINE FUN.

I UNDERSTAND THAT, SIR, I DO. MY DADDY GOT ME TWO GUNS THE DAY I WAS BORN.
RIFLE AND A PISTOL. COULDN'T CUDDLE WITH THEM, BUT I WAS READY TO.

THAT'S... THAT'S UNIQUE. MUST HAVE HAD AN IMPACT ON YOU.
IT WOULD'VE ON ME.

YOU BUILT THE DAMN THING, YOU GET TO TEST HER OUT.
OKAY.

MAN, IT LOOKS SO SMALL FROM HERE.
I CAN BARELY SEE IT. WHO'S HITTING THAT?

IT AIN'T THAT FAR.

BANG

BANG

BANG

"I DID NOT KNOW WHAT THE RANGE WAS FOR. THERE ARE THINGS...THE TRIP WAS IN MY VIEW ENTIRELY UNDER THE PURVIEW OF ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGE.

"I HAVE NO OBLIGATION TO REPORT ANYTHING WITH A CLIENT UNLESS I BELIEVE IT COULD LEAD TO HARM OR DIRECTLY TO A CRIME.

"AT THAT TIME, I FELT THAT THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER ECCENTRICITY OF AN ECCENTRIC CLIENT. OF COURSE IN RETROSPECT, MISTAKES WERE CLEARLY MADE."

"I HAVE A DUTY TO REPORT IF A PATIENT IS A DANGER TO THEMSELVES OR OTHERS. AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE MYERSON QUALIFIED.

"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, MYERSON HAD REAL PROBLEMS FOR A LONG TIME. BESIDES TRIPS TO THE GROCERS, HE HADN'T LEFT THE LITTLE WORLD OF HIS APARTMENT IN DECADES.

"A MASK, A RANGE. AFTER A FEW SESSIONS, IN ALL HONESTY I SAW THEM AS LEGITIMATE IMPROVEMENTS.

"NOW WERE THEY? OBVIOUSLY NOT, BUT SCIENCE ISN'T ALWAYS AN EXACT SCIENCE, IF YOU UNDERSTAND.

"SO, YES.

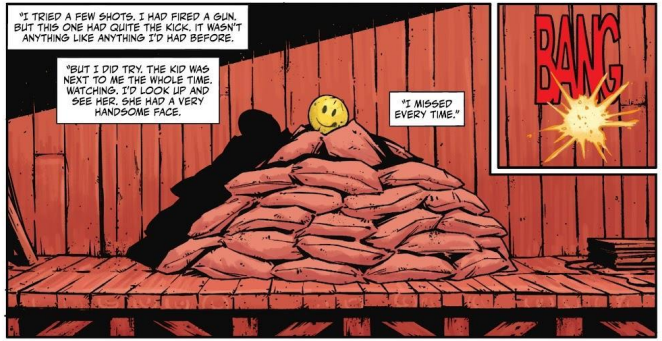
"I SAW THE RANGE. I FIRED ON THE RANGE."

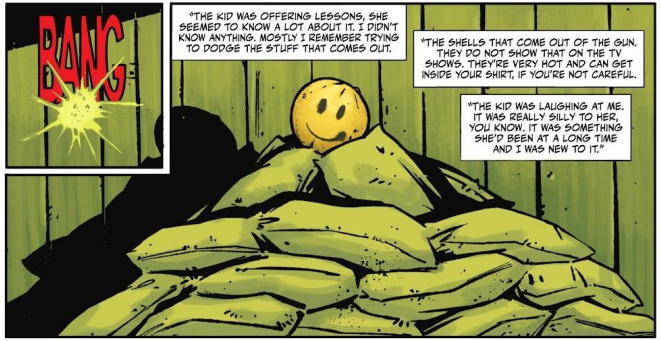
"IF SOMEONE ASKED ME, I WOULD'VE TOLD. NO ONE ASKED ME. I MEAN, DUH.

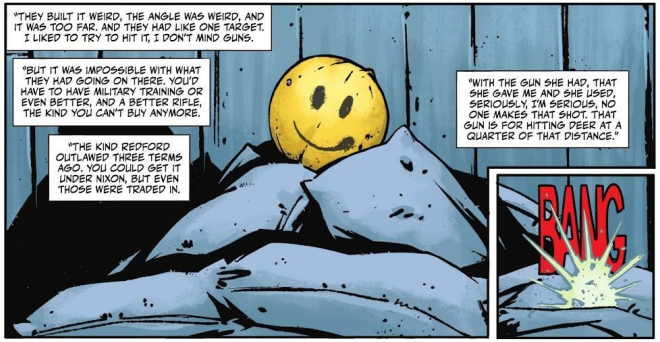
"NO ONE TOLD ME WHAT IT WAS FOR ANYWAY. YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE OUT THERE DOING WHAT THEY DID?

"RIGHT NOW?

"IT WAS JUST SOMETHING TO DO. LIFE IS LIFE. YOU GOT TO DO SOMETHING."







"WHEN I WAS DONE, I GAVE HER THE GUN.

"I DON'T BELIEVE SHE ASKED FOR IT, OR I DON'T SPECIFICALLY REMEMBER HER ASKING FOR IT. BUT IT SEEMED NATURAL.

BANG

"I REMEMBER SHE SAID 'THANK YOU,' HER SLIGHT LILT. SHE WAS VERY POLITE. EVEN THEN, AFTER I HAD MADE A BIT OF A FOOL OF MYSELF IN ALL HONESTY.

"SHE AIMED, QUICKLY, AND FIRED."

"I REMEMBER AFTER SHE TOOK ONE SHOT, JUST THE ONE, SHE HELD HER GUN AND LOOKED AT ME.

"IT REMINDED ME OF HOW A MOTHER MIGHT TAKE A CHILD. THAT WAS THE IMPRESSION I IMMEDIATELY GOT.

"I SAY TO PEOPLE SOMETIMES WHEN I'M TREATING THEM THAT THERE'S NO REPLACEMENT FOR THE JOY OF A MOTHER HOLDING HER CHILD.

"PEOPLE SPEND THEIR LIVES REACTING TO THAT OR SEARCHING FOR IT. AND THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING: HERE IS THAT MOMENT."

"SHE PRACTICED ALL THE TIME. OVER AND OVER, UNTIL FINALLY SHE GOT IT DEAD ON. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HARD THAT WAS.

"ALL I CAN TELL YOU.

"FOR THE KID, IT GOT EASY."

THEY EVER MENTION GOVERNOR TURLEY?

NO, NOT ONCE. THERE WAS NO POLITICS. IT WAS JUST A PLACE WHERE THEY WERE LIVING AND BEING THEMSELVES. THERE WAS NO ANGER.

THAT SOUNDS UNINTELLIGIBLE BECAUSE OF THE MASK. BUT IT'S HONEST. HE'S...I'VE TRIED TO TELL YOU, HE WAS NOT IN HIS RIGHT MIND.

FROM THE MOMENT I MET HIM, YEARS BACK, HE WASN'T RIGHT. HERE HE JUST WASN'T RIGHT BUT WITH A MASK.

ANY RANTS, ANYTHING SAID ABOUT ANYONE IN PARTICULAR?

NO. NEVER HEARD HIM SAY A BAD WORD WHILE I WAS DOWN THERE. IN ANY OF OUR SESSIONS, AND HE WAS A MAN WHO HAD A LOT OF HATE.

HIS PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE HIS PROFESSION. THEY WERE VERY MUCH ANONYMOUS PEOPLE IN HIS LIFE, THEY DIDN'T LIKE HIM. I THINK THAT'S FAIR.

HONESTLY, THIS WAS, AS UNEXPECTED AS IT IS, IN MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION, THIS WAS THE HAPPIEST I EVER SAW HIM.

THEY NEVER TALKED ABOUT HURTING ANYONE OR TARGETING ANYONE? PRACTICING?

NO, NO, NO, NEVER. I SWEAR TO GOD. NOT ONE TIME DID I HEAR THEM TALK ABOUT HARMING ANYONE WITH ANYTHING.

THESE WERE GOOD PEOPLE, IN MY OPINION. Y'KNOW, KIND PEOPLE WHO HELPED ME AND HELPED EACH OTHER.

MAYBE THEY WERE DIFFERENT, BUT EVERYONE IS DIFFERENT. WHAT DO I CARE IF TWO PEOPLE WANT TO WEAR MASKS AND LIVE ON A FARM.

WHY DOES ANYONE--WHO CARES?

"I STAYED TWO DAYS, GOT THE PAPERWORK DONE. THEY WERE VERY HELPFUL WITH EVERYTHING.

"IT WAS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'D SEEN BEFORE, BUT MOST THINGS WITH MYERSON WERE THAT WAY. SO I WASN'T PARTICULARLY ALARMED.

"UNTIL OF COURSE, YESTERDAY. WHEN I MET THE MEN WHO BROUGHT ME HERE. AND I MET YOU. NOW I THINK I'LL REMEMBER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."

"I TRAVELED BACK TO NEW YORK, GOT THE WILL CHANGED, WITHOUT INCIDENT. AND MOSTLY I FORGOT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED.

"WE DID THREE SESSIONS. ONE A DAY FOR THREE DAYS. THEY WERE ALL PRETTY MUCH THE SAME. I NEVER GOT AT WHY HE WAS WEARING THE MASK, TO BE HONEST.

"THEY WERE QUIET SESSIONS IF ANYTHING. WHEN I CHALLENGED HIM ON SOMETHING, HE WOULD ASSERT HIMSELF IN A WAY THAT WAS ALMOST ALIEN TO WHAT HE HAD DONE BEFORE.

"AFTER A BIT, I FELT WE WEREN'T MOVING FORWARD IN ANY REAL WAY AND I THOUGHT HE FELT THE SAME. I HAD OTHER PATIENTS TO GET TO.

"FRANKLY, HE WAS HEALTHY ENOUGH, AND THAT WAS ENOUGH, AND I LEFT WHEN IT WAS MY TIME TO DO SO."

"AFTER THE RANGE WAS BUILT THEY SAID THEY WERE FINE, DIDN'T REALLY NEED ME. I DID SOME OTHER CHORES, UPKEEP, THEN LEFT. I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN.

"WHICH IS SAD 'CAUSE I LIKED MR. MYERSON, AND THE KID WAS PRETTY COOL TOO. I LIKED WORKING FOR THEM.

"MY JOB IS KIND OF SMALL, IT'S PUSHING CRAP AROUND, BUT WITH MYERSON HE WAS SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.

"WHEN I WAS WITH THEM, I FELT I WAS CONTRIBUTING TO THAT, WHICH WAS IMPORTANT TO ME, AND SO IT WAS SAD TO GO, REALLY."

"FRANK MILLER CONFESSED TO AIDING IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR TURLEY.

"THIS CONFESSION WAS REPORTED TO THE AUTHORITIES.

"AS SUCH, HE WAS SUBSEQUENTLY ARRESTED."

HURM.

"IN CUSTODY HE GAVE THE NAME OF THE THREE MEN TO WHOM HE SENT MONEY AFTER BEING VISITED BY MYERSON AND CUMMINGS.

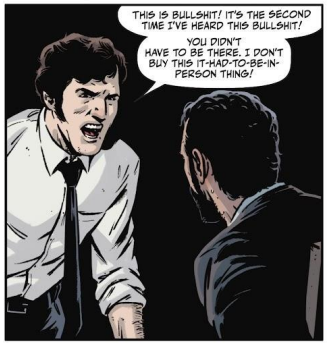
"HE CONFESSED MYERSON HAD SPECIFICALLY DIRECTED HIM TO SEND MONEY TO YOU AND TWO OTHERS.

"YOU WERE ALL ARRESTED. YOU TRIED TO HOLD SOME STUFF TO YOURSELF. WE GOT AROUND THAT.

"AND NOW WE HAVE A PICTURE. OF WHAT HAPPENED. OF THE FARM."

NO! MY FACE! GIVE IT BACK!

BUT IT'S NOT A PICTURE I LIKE.


THIS IS BULLSHIT! IT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE HEARD THIS BULLSHIT!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE THERE. I DON'T BUY THIS IT-HAD-TO-BE-IN-PERSON THING!

THERE WERE OTHER PEOPLE WHO COULD'VE DONE WHAT YOU DID, OR YOU COULD'VE DONE IT OVER THE FUCKING PHONE!

DOING THESE VISITS IN PERSON, IT'S *RIDICULOUS*. ACCEPTING THE MASK IS RIDICULOUS!
YOU WENT THERE FOR A *REASON*. YOU'RE TELLING THIS STORY NOW FOR A REASON!
HE KNEW YOU'D HAVE ENOUGH OF AN EXCUSE NOT TO TELL RIGHT AWAY, BUT NOT ENOUGH OF ONE TO HOLD IT BACK FOREVER!
WHY DID MILLER GIVE UP JUST YOU THREE?!

SPAKK!

WHY DO YOUR STORIES MATCH SO WELL?!

SPAKK!
WHY THE EMPHASIS ON HOW HAPPY THEY WERE, WHY THE STAGE, THE RANGE? ON HER BEING A GOOD SHOT? ALL OF IT MATCHING?!

YOU'RE LEADING THIS CONVERSATION. HE COULD'VE GOTTEN HELP OUT THERE. THERE ARE MEN OUT THERE!

GODDAMN ANSWER ME!
YOU HEAR ME?!
SPAKK!

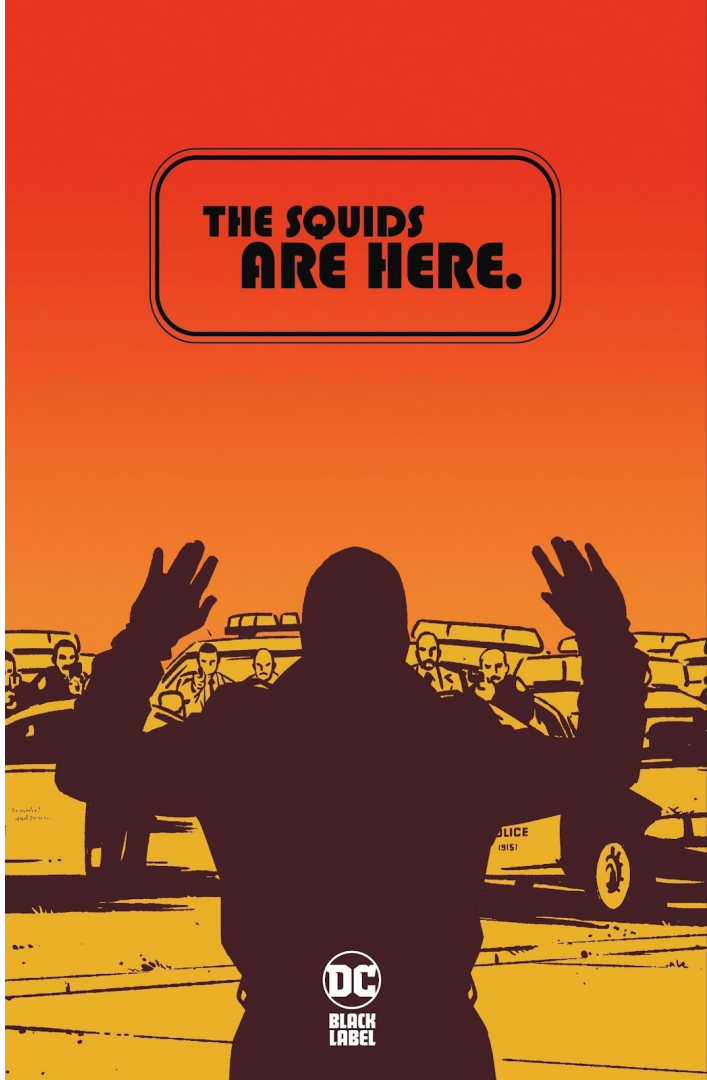
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!

OH.

IT IS YOU.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

SO.
HOW'D THAT GO?
SAME STORY?
SAME STORY.
DIFFERENT DAY.
HE DOESN'T TALK, YOU GO TOUGH, HE TALKS, YOU GO TOUGH AGAIN, CALL OUT ALL THE CRAP.
HE SMILES. HE HAS A MESSAGE, A MESSAGE FOR SOMEONE WHO CALLED OUT THE CRAP, SO HE SAYS HIS MESSAGE.
THEN HE DOESN'T TALK, DOESN'T MATTER HOW TOUGH YOU GO.
THIS WAS THE PLAN. IT'S COORDINATED--THEY'RE PLANTS. ALL THREE OF THEM WERE WAITING TO BE FOUND, FOR SOMEONE TO ASK THE QUESTION I ASKED.
LIKE A CULT. THAT'S WHAT MYERSON TOLD THEM TO DO, AND SOMEHOW THEY ALL AGREED.
"IF I ASKED THE RIGHT QUESTION...
"I'D GET THE RIGHT ANSWER.
"THE SQUIDS ARE HERE."
I DON'T KNOW. CALL THE NEXT ONE IN. THE LAWYER.
HOPEFULLY HE'S GOT SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO SAY.
TO BE CONTINUED.


THE SQUIDS ARE HERE.
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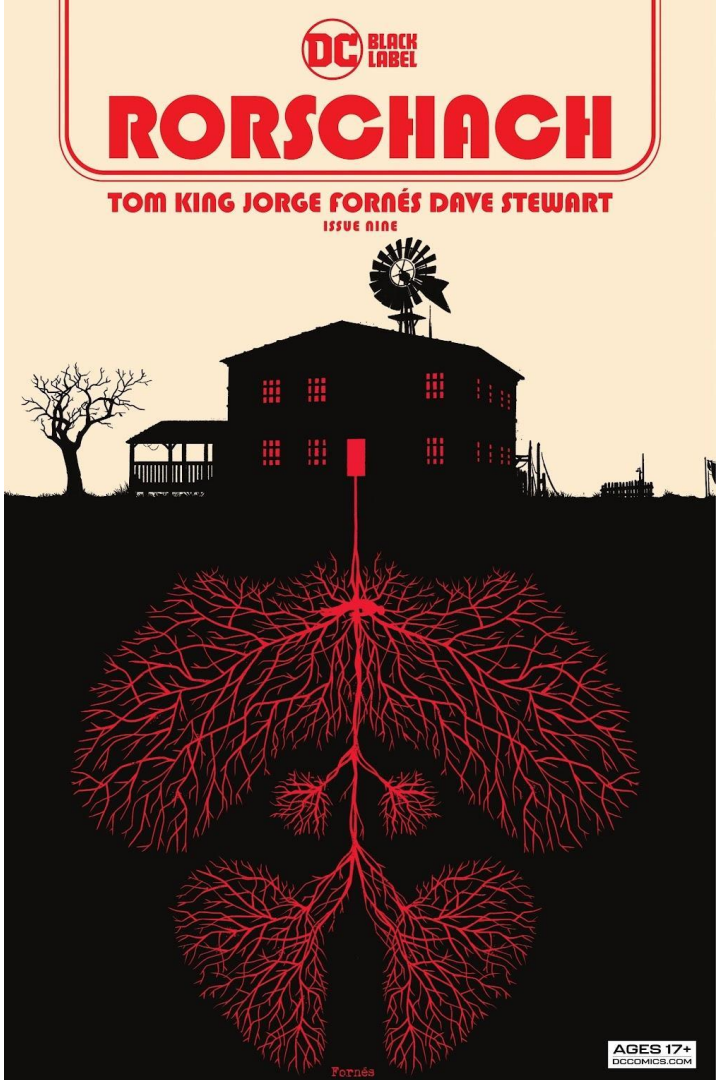
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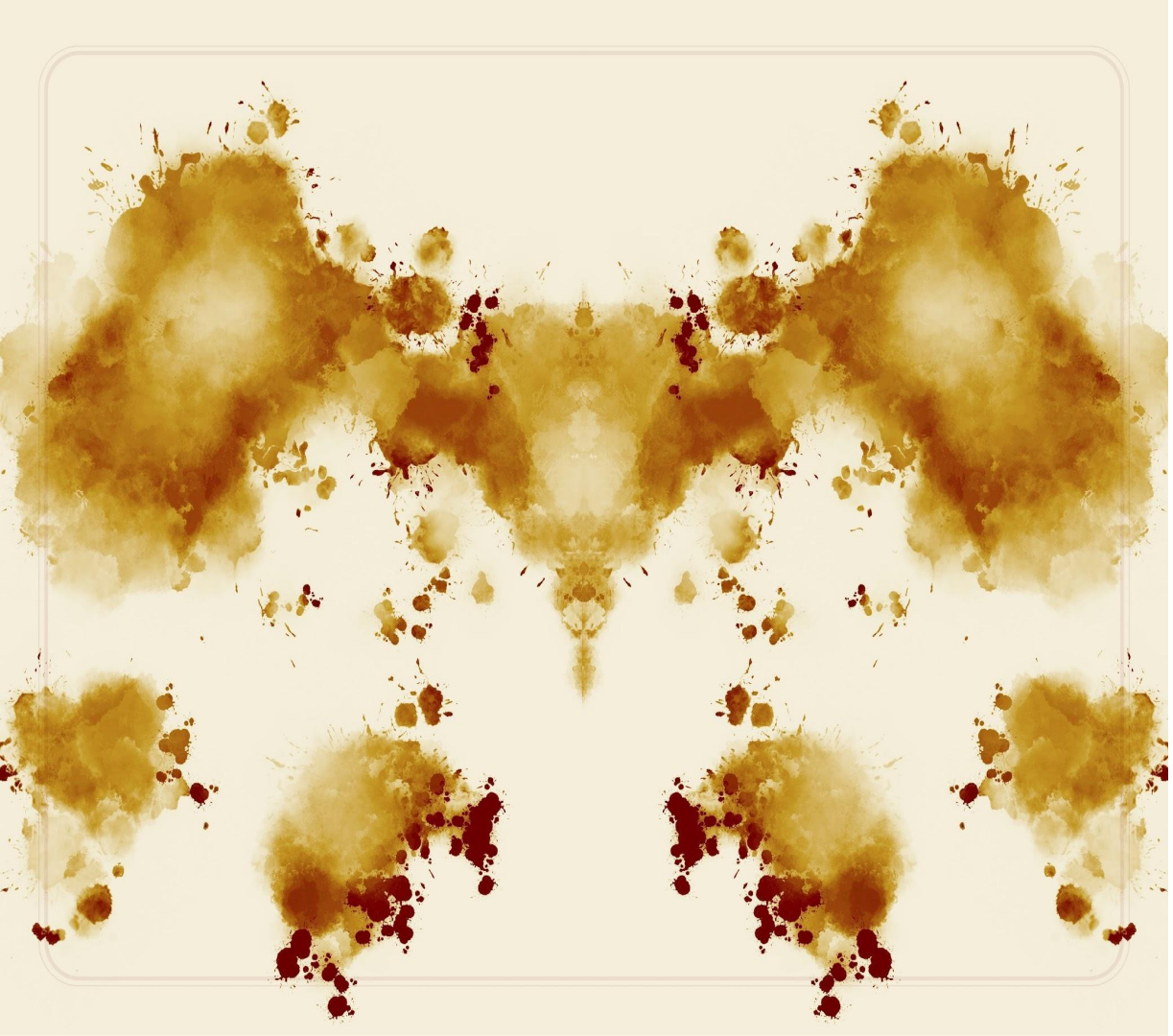


HM.

YOU SEE? I'M GETTING IT EVERY TIME.
EASY AS APPLE PIE.

HURM.

WON'T BE AS SIMPLE AT THE CONVENTION. HE'LL BE MOVING. THEY COULD SET UP DIFFERENTLY. LOT OF FACTORS.
NEED MORE PRACTICE.
A GOOD SHOT, BUT HAVE TO BE BETTER.

I BEEN SHOOTING PREY SINCE I WAS SMALLER THAN THE SQUIRRELS I KILLED.
LET HIM MOVE WHICHEVER WAY HE FEELS BEST.
JUST ANOTHER PLACE TO DIE AT. IS ALL IT IS.

HARD TO REPLICATE THE MOVEMENT. WORTH DOING.
YOU GO BACK. I HOLD THE TARGET. MOVE AROUND, YOU SHOOT FROM THERE.

YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IMPOSSIBLE SHOTS AT YOU WHILE YOU'RE MOVING IN HOPES OF HITTING A TARGET INCHES FROM YOUR BODY?
THAT YOUR PLAN, MR. MYERSON?
YOU THINK I'M THAT GOOD?

I DO.

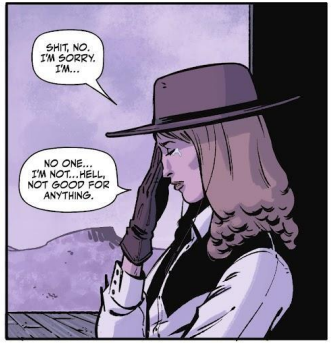
HA HA HA HA

HA

HAHAHA... GOD...

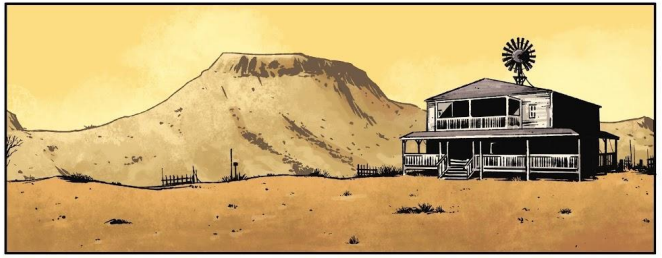
GODDAMN.

IT'S...


SHIT, NO. I'M SORRY. I'M...
NO ONE... I'M NOT...HELL, NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING.

SHIT.

MR. MYERSON... I'M...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?



HM.

Y'KNOW, MY DADDY HATED REDFORD WITH EVERY FIBER OF HIS WHOLE BEING. HE THOUGHT HE WAS JUST THERE TO TAKE THINGS FROM US.
SOME FANCY ACTOR WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW BETTER, WHO LOOKED DOWN HIS NOSE AT REAL PEOPLE WHO HAD TO LIVE REAL LIVES.
AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT THE ONE MAN WHO COULD CHALLENGE REDFORD? DADDY WOULD'VE BEEN IN FLAMES WITH ANGER.

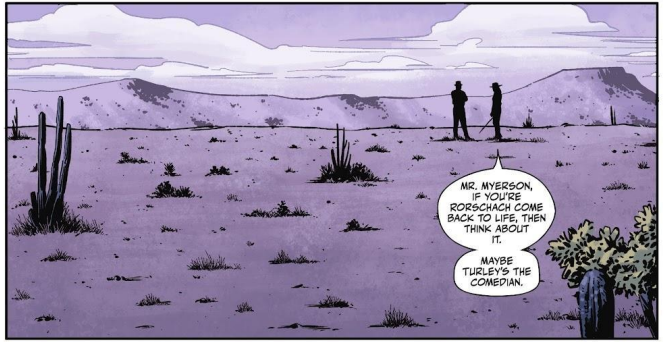
HURM.

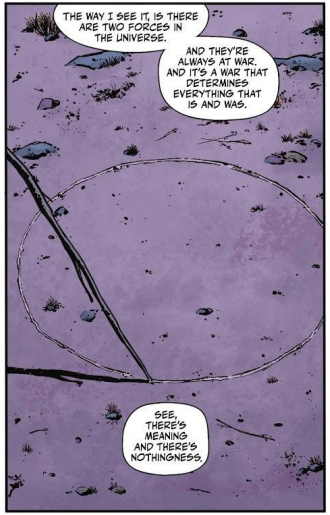
DID YOU KNOW, I READ THAT TURLEY HAS A HUGE COMEDIAN HAPPY FACE THING POSTER, LIKE THAT SYMBOL OF THE COMEDIAN, JUST THE YELLOW FACE.
I READ HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE UP IN HIS HOME. I HEARD HE EVEN MET THE COMEDIAN DURING THE WAR. AND HE DOES THAT TO HONOR THE MAN.

NOW, I'M ASKING SERIOUS. WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT TURLEY?
I THINK IF YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, YOU SEE HE'S A LOT WORSE THAN REDFORD.

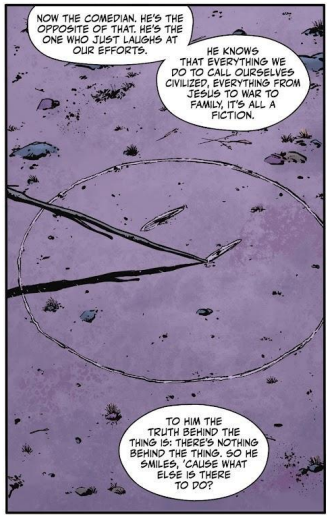
IT'S DECORATION.
IT SAYS WHATEVER YOU WANT IT TO SAY.

OF COURSE YOU'D SAY THAT. NO, MR. MYERSON, IT'S NOT DECORATION, I DON'T THINK.
NO, IT'S DEFINITION. IT'S A CLUE, LIKE YOU'D SEE A DETECTIVE FOLLOW IN A MOVIE.


MR. MYERSON, IF YOU'RE RORSCHACH COME BACK TO LIFE, THEN THINK ABOUT IT.
MAYBE TURLEY'S THE COMEDIAN.


THE WAY I SEE IT, IS THERE ARE TWO FORCES IN THE UNIVERSE.
AND THEY'RE ALWAYS AT WAR. AND IT'S A WAR THAT DETERMINES EVERYTHING THAT IS AND WAS.
SEE, THERE'S MEANING AND THERE'S NOTHINGNESS.

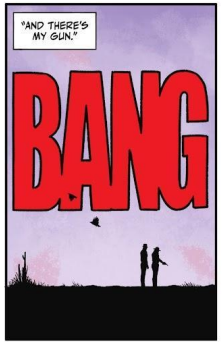
AND YOU, RORSCHACH, THAT'S YOU, THAT'S MEANING. PEOPLE LOOK AT YOUR FACE AND THEY SEE SOMETHING ABOUT THEMSELVES.
SOMETHING TRUE AND LASTING.
THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, YOU'RE THE FORCE IN US THAT SEES THE CHAOS OF ALL THE WORLD, AND GIVES IT STRUCTURE, GIVES OURSELVES A PLACE IN THAT STRUCTURE.

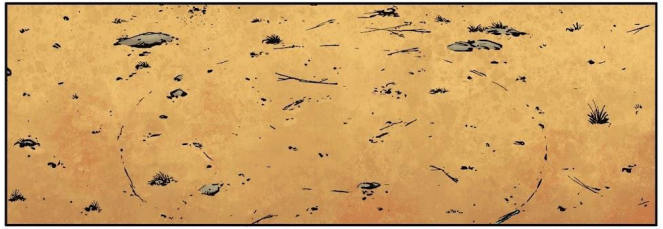

NOW THE COMEDIAN. HE'S THE OPPOSITE OF THAT. HE'S THE ONE WHO JUST LAUGHS AT OUR EFFORTS.
HE KNOWS THAT EVERYTHING WE DO TO CALL OURSELVES CIVILIZED, EVERYTHING FROM JESUS TO WAR TO FAMILY, IT'S ALL A FICTION.
TO HIM THE TRUTH BEHIND THE THING IS: THERE'S NOTHING BEHIND THE THING. SO HE SMILES, 'CAUSE WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

THAT'S WHAT THE SQUIDS ARE. THE INEVITABLE ABSURDITY OF THE ABYSS.
LIKE DIRT ON THE GROUND. IT'S JUST WHAT'S BENEATH YOUR FEET AND OVER YOUR COFFIN.
AND YOU AND ME AND ALL MANKIND IS THE PEOPLE WHO LOOK INTO THAT DIRT, AND SAY, HELL, THAT'S WORTH SOMETHING. THAT'S ALL WE GOT.

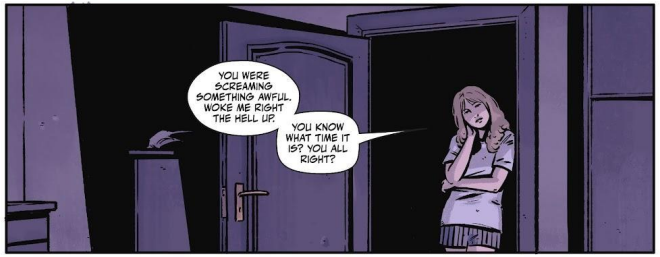
SO IT'S US AND THEM, MR. MYERSON.
AS IT'S ALWAYS BEEN FROM THE BEGINNING OF THINGS AND WILL BE UNTIL THE END OF THEM.
FROM GOD LOOKING AT THE DARK AND SEEING THERE WAS LIGHT, TO THE DEVIL PULLING THE STARS OUT OF THE SKY.

THERE'S A WORLD WHERE NOTHING MATTERS.


"AND THERE'S MY GUN."
BANG



HM.

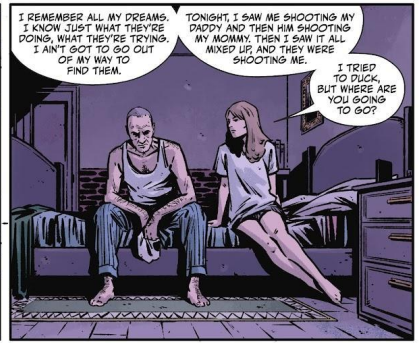

YOU WERE SCREAMING SOMETHING AWFUL. WOKE ME RIGHT THE HELL UP.
YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? YOU ALL RIGHT?

HURM.

BAD DREAM. I THINK. DON'T REMEMBER MY DREAMS. NEVER HAVE.
ALREADY FADING TO JUST IMPRESSIONS. SOMETHING...RED. BLOOD RED. NOTHING TO WORRY YOU.
I'M FINE.

YOU WANT ME TO SIT WITH YOU?

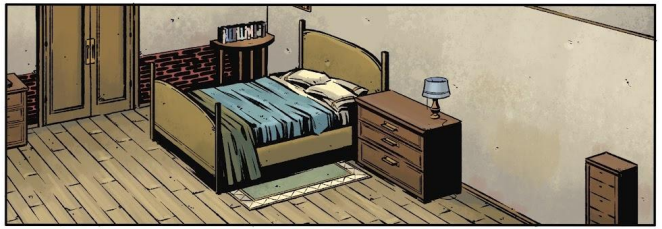
I'M NOT A CHILD.

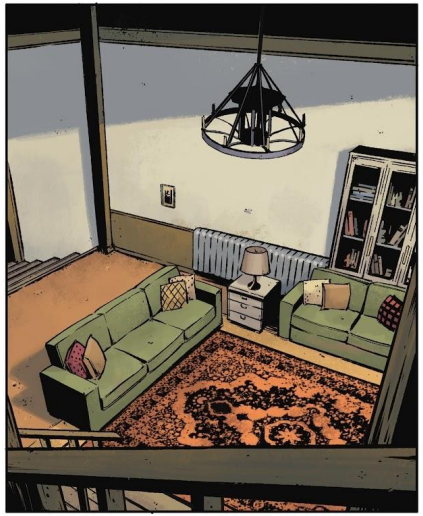

I REMEMBER ALL MY DREAMS. I KNOW JUST WHAT THEY'RE DOING, WHAT THEY'RE TRYING. I AIN'T GOT TO GO OUT OF MY WAY TO FIND THEM.
TONIGHT, I SAW ME SHOOTING MY DADDY AND THEN HIM SHOOTING MY MOMMY. THEN I SAW IT ALL MIXED UP, AND THEY WERE SHOOTING ME.
I TRIED TO DUCK, BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GO?

MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE THE ONE SCREAMING.

OH, IT WASN'T BAD. IT WAS NICE TO SEE EVERYONE AGAIN.

AFTER WE KILL TURLEY, I'LL PROBABLY BE DREAMING OF HIM.
WON'T THAT BE SOMETHING?





HM.

THE WAITING'S THE HARDEST PART, AIN'T IT?
I BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR THIS, I SHOULD JUST BE USED TO IT BY NOW, BUT GETTING AS CLOSE AS WE ARE...
MAYBE I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE ANY OF IT WORKING, EVEN THOUGH IT'S ALL I CAN IMAGINE. I DON'T KNOW, NOTHING MAKES SENSE ANYMORE.

HURM.

I'M SORRY, MR. MYERSON, I'M GETTING ALL FIDGETY FOR NO REASON, AND I'M TALKING TOO MUCH.
FATE'S COMING, WE JUST GOT TO WAIT OUR TURN.

WAIT.

WHAT?

A WEEK.
NOT TOO--

THIS HOUSE, IT'S ALL VERY WELL DONE, PUT TOGETHER WITH CARE.
BUT THE CARPET IN THIS ROOM, IT'S NOT CUT RIGHT. IT'S NOT PROFESSIONAL LIKE THE REST OF THE HOUSE. DO YOU SEE THAT?

BETWEEN THE WALL AND THE CARPET.
THERE ARE GAPS.

OH, YEAH, WELL, WE JUST PUT THAT IN OURSELVES, DIDN'T WE?
WE TRIED TO DO THE BEST WE COULD, BUT WE COULDN'T EXACTLY BRING IN AN EXPERT. I'M BETTER WITH, Y'KNOW, REGULAR GUNS THAN THEM NAIL GUNS.

WHY COULDN'T YOU BRING IN AN EXPERT?
A CARPET GUY?

I MEAN, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THERE ARE THINGS MR. MYERSON AND I COULD SEE THAT MAYBE WE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO SEE, OBVIOUSLY.
IT'S NOT A MYSTERY OR NOTHING.
RRRRRPPPPP

WHAT DIDN'T YOU WANT ANYONE TO SEE?
RRRRRRPPPPP

RRRRRPPPPP

RRRRRPPPPP
I...I DON'T REALLY GET WHAT BUSINESS THAT IS OF YOURS, SIR.

WE'RE NOT NOSY PEOPLE, LIKE YOU.
WE'RE PRIVATE PEOPLE.
RRRRRPPPPP

"IS THAT A CRIME?"

OH, THAT. THAT'S PROBABLY FROM ME GETTING SHOT IN THE ARM. YOU ALREADY KNEW ABOUT THAT FROM THE AUTOPSY.
NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT.

NO. STAIN'S TOO BIG. THIS ISN'T AN ARM WOUND.
SOMEONE DIED HERE. MAYBE THAT'S HOW YOU GOT THE WOUND? GUNFIGHT.
WOULD'VE BEEN ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE YOU DIED. YOU'D BE LIVING HERE. ON THE FARM.

WELL, THE WOUND SHOWED THAT THE BULLET WENT CLEAR THROUGH, RIGHT, SO IF THAT WAS TRUE, THERE'D BE SOME EVIDENCE.
LIKE A BULLET HOLE IN THE WALL.
WALLS LOOK CLEAN TO ME.

DO THEY?

THAT PAINTING'S A LITTLE LOW. SO MUCH BLOOD. WHOEVER GOT HIT, IT WASN'T A HEAD SHOT LIKE YOU LIKE TO DO. YOU WERE THROWN OFF.
OH, THAT.
HE DID THAT FOR ME. HE DOESN'T DO A LOT OF SKETCHES. AMAZING THAT WE LEFT IT BEHIND, IT'S PROBABLY WORTH SOMETHING.

HE SHOT YOU FIRST, THREW OFF YOUR AIM, SO YOU GOT THE GUT SHOT IN.
PROBABLY GOT YOU WHILE YOU WERE STANDING. IN THE ARM.

YOU'RE NOT SO TALL. THAT'S WHY THE PAINTING'S LOW.

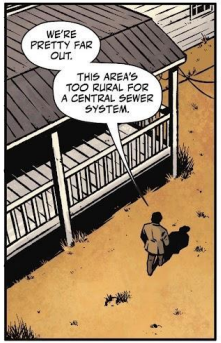
WHERE'S THE BODY?

YEAH.
LIKE I'M TELLING.

YOU'RE WOUNDED, HE'S OLD, YOU'RE NOT DIGGING IN THE HARD DIRT OF THIS GROUND.
YOU'RE NOT CHOPPING IT UP. BURNING WOULD STILL REQUIRE CARRYING AND BURYING.
SOMETHING QUICKER...

SOMEWHERE CLOSE, YOU CAN DRAG IT TO.
BUT THERE'S NO SMELL. I'D SMELL IT BY NOW.
SOMETHING TO DISGUISE THE SMELL, THEN...

WELL, NO ONE LIKES THAT SMELL.


WE'RE PRETTY FAR OUT.
THIS AREA'S TOO RURAL FOR A CENTRAL SEWER SYSTEM.

YOU'D NEED A SEPTIC TANK.

THE DIRT'S LOOSE. SOMEONE JUST DUG UP THIS OPENING.
WELL.
SHIT.

YOU GO THROUGH THE POCKETS?
YEAH.

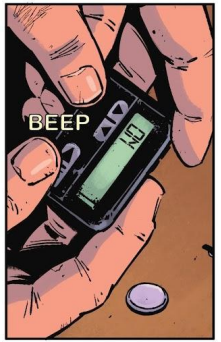
DOESN'T MATTER.
WE WENT THROUGH THE POCKETS, BURNED HIS WALLET AND ALL HIS CARDS AND EVERYTHING.

YOU WENT THROUGH HIS PANTS.
THERE WAS A COAT POCKET.

WELL, OKAY. WE WERE IN A HURRY.
NO ONE'S PERFECT.

THAT'S VERY CLEVER.
YOU GOT A PHONE?

YEAH, IT'S OVER ON THE WALL THERE.


BEEP

THANK YOU.

IS THAT THE SMARTEST MOVE?

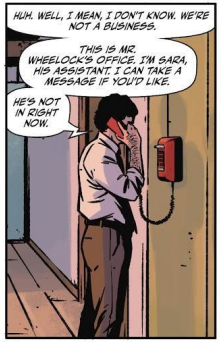
SHHHH.
IT'S RINGING.

HELLO, RON WHEELOCK'S OFFICE, MAY I HELP YOU?

I'M SORRY, I GOT A PAGE FROM THIS NUMBER.

OH, OF COURSE. LET ME LOOK HERE.
WELL, DO YOU HAVE A NAME? I CAN CHECK IF MR. WHEELOCK CALLED YOU.

FIRST TIME I'VE GOTTEN THIS NUMBER. I DON'T KNOW.
CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS A BUSINESS OR A PERSONAL NUMBER?


HUH. WELL, I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE NOT A BUSINESS.
THIS IS MR. WHEELOCK'S OFFICE. I'M SARA, HIS ASSISTANT. I CAN TAKE A MESSAGE IF YOU'D LIKE.
HE'S NOT IN RIGHT NOW.

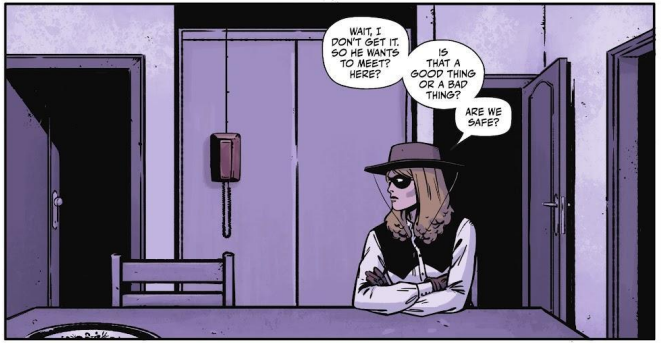
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
NOT A BUSINESS?

SIR, IF I COULD GET YOUR NAME?

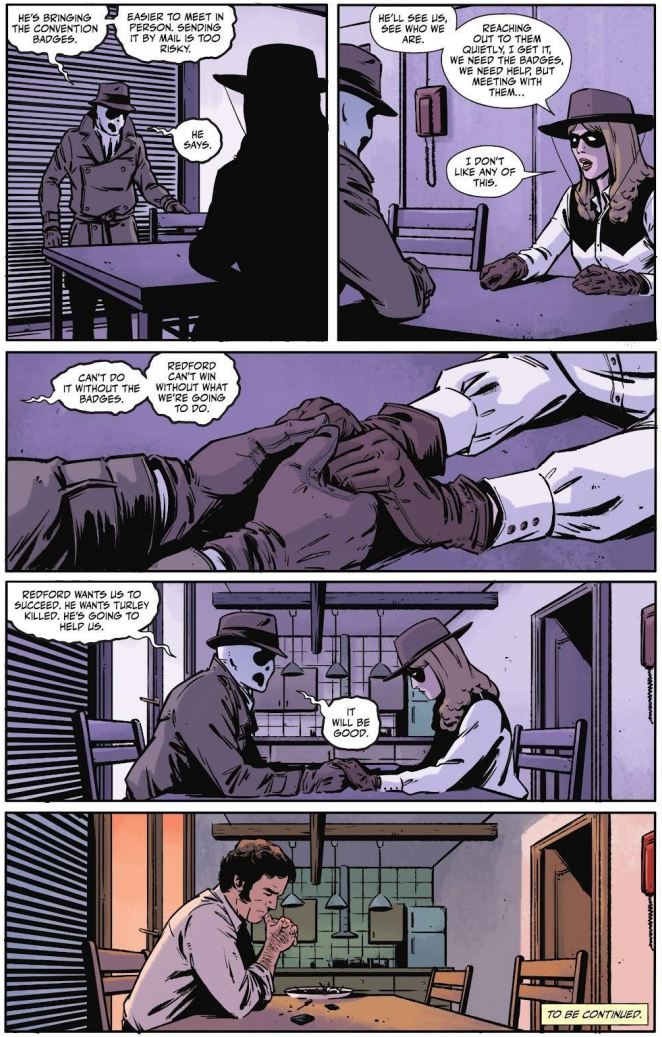
WHAT KIND OF OFFICE IS THIS?

WELL, IT'S...SIR, THIS IS MR. WHEELOCK'S OFFICE. HE'S THE DEPUTY CAMPAIGN MANAGER.
FOR THE REELECTION OF PRESIDENT ROBERT REDFORD.

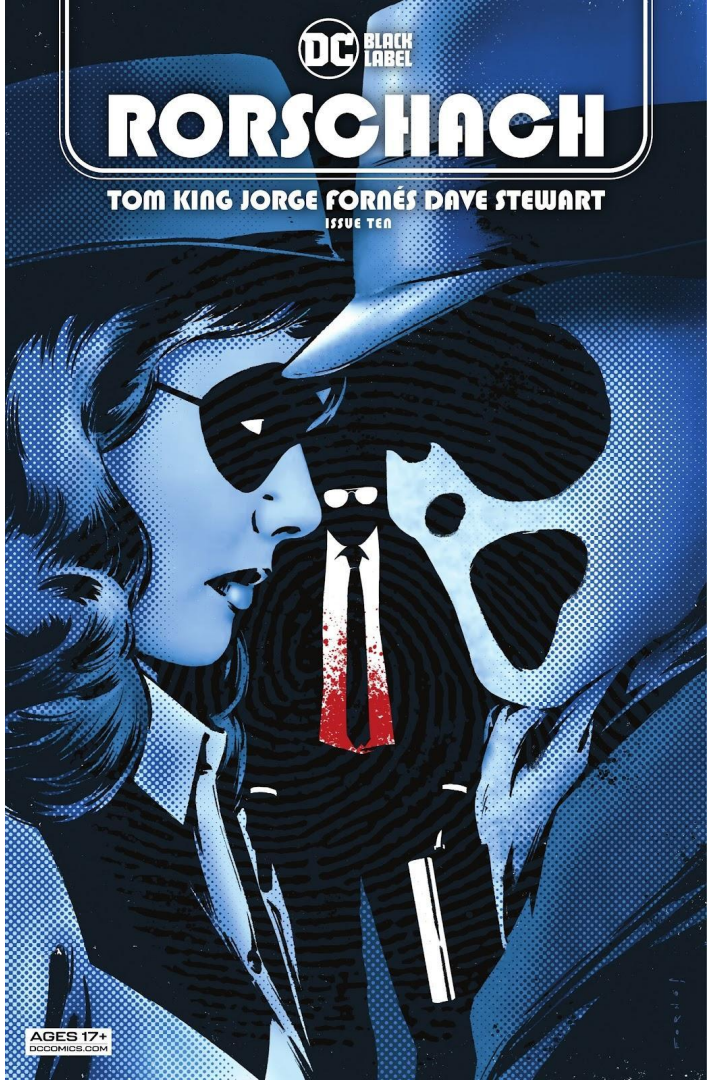
HM.
CLICK


WAIT, I DON'T GET IT. SO HE WANTS TO MEET? HERE?
IS THAT A GOOD THING OR A BAD THING?
ARE WE SAFE?

HUIRM.
CLICK


HE'S BRINGING THE CONVENTION BADGES.
EASIER TO MEET IN PERSON. SENDING IT BY MAIL IS TOO RISKY.
HE SAYS.
HE'LL SEE US, SEE WHO WE ARE.
REACHING OUT TO THEM QUIETLY, I GET IT. WE NEED THE BADGES, WE NEED HELP, BUT MEETING WITH THEM...
I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS.
CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT THE BADGES.
REDFORD CAN'T WIN WITHOUT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO.
REDFORD WANTS US TO SUCCEED. HE WANTS TURLEY KILLED. HE'S GOING TO HELP US.
IT WILL BE GOOD.
TO BE CONTINUED.

FATE'S COMING.
WE JUST GOT TO WAIT OUR TURN.
RORSCHA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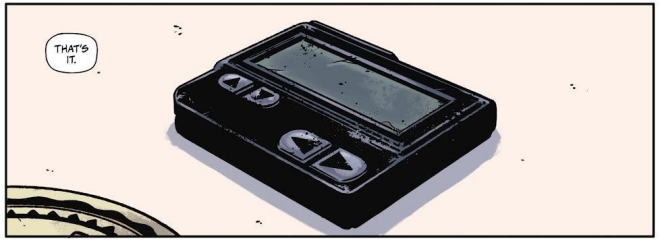
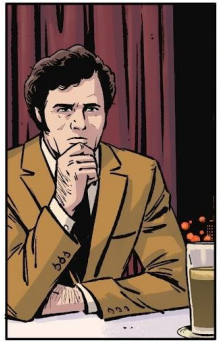

THAT'S IT.

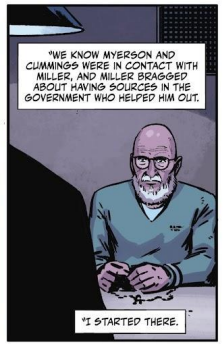
IT'S THE START OF IT.

WHAT DOES THE FBI HAVE?

I TURNED OVER THE BODY. THEY'RE LOOKING AT HIS BACKGROUND--I DOUBT THEY'LL REPORT A CONNECTION TO THE CAMPAIGN.
THIS GOES TO REDFORD; THEY WORK FOR REDFORD.
EVEN IF THEY STUMBLE ON SOMETHING, LIKELY IT'LL BE BURIED.

HOW...I CAN'T...
I MEAN, YOU CAN'T JUST WALK UP TO A REDFORD STAFFER AND SAY, HEY, I'M KILLING YOUR OPPONENT.
IS THIS KIND OF THING EVEN POSSIBLE? IS THIS *REAL?*




"WE KNOW MYERSON AND CUMMINGS WERE IN CONTACT WITH MILLER, AND MILLER BRAGGED ABOUT HAVING SOURCES IN THE GOVERNMENT WHO HELPED HIM OUT.
"I STARTED THERE.

"SURE ENOUGH, FRANK SAID HE'D REACHED OUT TO HIS COP FRIENDS ON MYERSON'S BEHALF.
"THEY USED THE EXCUSE OF A STORY, OF ALL THINGS.

"FRANK TOLD HIS CONTACTS HE WAS WORKING ON THIS EXPERIMENTAL THING WHERE A PIRATE GETS TIME-WARPED OR SOMETHING TO THE PRESENT DAY.
"AND THE PIRATE HATES ALL THE PROGRESS, ALL THE LAWS, AND HE WANTS TO LIVE IN THE OLD WAYS, BY THE SEA, AND HE GOES CRAZY--
"--AND HE THINKS TO KILL A PRESIDENT DURING A CAMPAIGN.
"AND FRANK WANTED TO TALK WITH SOMEONE WHO HAD EXPERIENCE IN THAT KIND OF THING, SOMEONE WITH CONNECTIONS TO A CAMPAIGN.
"FOR RESEARCH. TO MAKE IT SEEM AS CLOSE TO LIFE AS IT COULD BE."

"FRANK SAYS HE CALLED MYERSON AND CUMMINGS, GAVE THEM A LIST OF NAMES AND NUMBERS OF PEOPLE THEY MIGHT TALK TO.

"AND HE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING AFTER THAT. HE DIDN'T REMEMBER THE NAMES.

"I TRACKED DOWN THE GUY FRANK CALLED, NICE GUY, SECRET SERVICE GUY OUT OF THEIR WEST COAST OFFICE.

"HE SAID HE REMEMBERS, HE THOUGHT IT WAS REALLY COOL THAT HE COULD CONTRIBUTE TO A GENUINE FRANK MILLER STORY.

"I ASKED HIM WHAT NAMES HE'D GIVEN.

"HE REMEMBERED WELL ENOUGH. GUYS HE KNEW HELPED OUT WITH CAMPAIGN SECURITY.

"GUYS WHO'D HAVE TIME AND WHO COULD TALK. HE SAID IF YOU'RE ACTIVELY WORKING FOR THE FEDS, YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT STUFF LIKE THAT.

"SO IT HAD TO BE SOMEONE WHO WAS IN PRIVATE SECURITY.

"HE GAVE ME THE SAME LIST HE'D GIVEN MILLER.

- ALEX SPELLMAN
- JONATHAN OATES
- DYLAN LANG
- ERIC YELLIN

"ALEX SPELLMAN, JONATHAN OATES, DYLAN LANG, ERIC YELLIN.

"FOUR NAMES. FOUR PEOPLE WHO KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT HOW TO KILL A CANDIDATE.

- Alex Spellman.
- Jonathan Oates.
- Dylan Lang.
- Eric Yellin.

"I LOOKED EACH OF THEM UP."

"*ALEX SPELLMAN*, RETIRED SOME TIME AGO FROM THE SECRET SERVICE.

"HE DOES A LOT OF FISHING OUT IN MINNESOTA NOW.

"HE REMEMBERS THE CALL FROM MYERSON, SAYS HE TURNED IT DOWN. HE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT HIS WORK ANYMORE.

"*ERIC YELLIN*, PROFESSIONAL PERSONAL SECURITY TYPE. NEVER WORKED FOR THE GOVERNMENT. STILL WORKS ON SOME ELECTIONS HERE AND THERE, WHOEVER WILL HIRE HIM.

"MOSTLY, THOUGH, HE RUNS THE DOOR AT AN UPSCALE CLUB IN MANHATTAN. SAYS IT PAYS MORE. HE GETS A CUT OF THE PROFITS.

"HE TALKED TO MYERSON TOO, WAS WILLING TO WORK WITH HIM, BUT MYERSON COULDN'T PAY HIM A FEE THAT WAS WORTH IT.

"*DYLAN LANG* WAS A COP WHO HAD WORKED A LOT ON COORDINATING CAMPAIGN EVENTS.

"HE HAD ACTUALLY GONE BACK TO WORK FOR THE WASHINGTON, D.C., P.D. HE'S A CONTRACTOR THERE WHO CONSULTS WITH THEM.

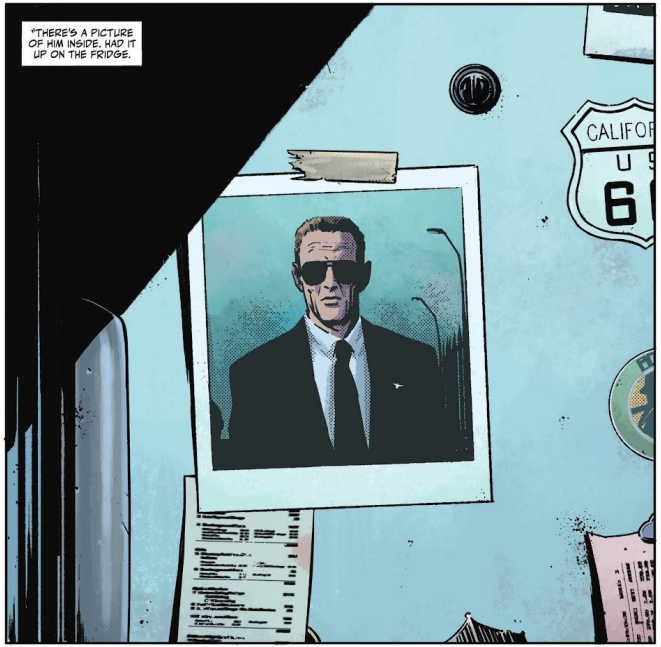
"HE REMEMBERS THE CALL FROM MYERSON. TURNED IT DOWN BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT CONFLICTED WITH HIS PROFESSIONAL COMMITMENTS.

"WHICH BRINGS US TO *JONATHAN OATES*. FORMER MILITARY, OVERSEAS CONTRACTOR, WORKED SECURITY FOR CAMPAIGNS IN THE STATES.

"LIVES NOW IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. ON THE WATER. DOING SECURITY WORK FOR HIRE.

"COULDN'T GET HIM ON THE PHONE. TALKED TO THE NEIGHBORS, THEY DON'T REMEMBER SEEING HIM IN A WHILE.

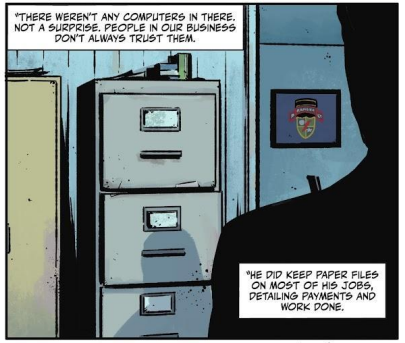
"AFTER KNOCKING ON HIS DOOR FOR SOME TIME, I FOUND MY WAY INTO HIS HOUSE."


"THERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM INSIDE. HAD IT UP ON THE FRIDGE.

"MATCHED THE BODY I'D SEEN AT CLARK'S FARM."

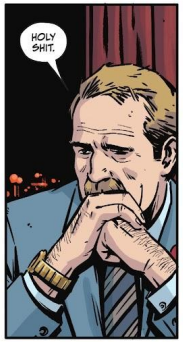
"I WENT THROUGH THE REST OF HIS PLACE, SEARCHING FOR ANYTHING. IT WAS A MESS. I WASN'T THE FIRST TO GO THROUGH IT.
"DIDN'T FIND MUCH.

"BUT FOUND SOME.


"THERE WEREN'T ANY COMPUTERS IN THERE. NOT A SURPRISE. PEOPLE IN OUR BUSINESS DON'T ALWAYS TRUST THEM.
"HE DID KEEP PAPER FILES ON MOST OF HIS JOBS, DETAILING PAYMENTS AND WORK DONE.

"HE HAD DOZENS OF CLIENTS. SOME CASES WERE CLOSED, OTHERS WERE OPEN.
"AFTER SOME DIGGING, I FOUND THE FILE ON HIS RECENT WORK WITH THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN.

"WORK THAT WAS CLEARLY ONGOING. FOR EXAMPLE, HE'D GOTTEN A CHECK FROM THEM LESS THAN A MONTH AGO.
"FOR ABOUT THIRTY GRAND."


HOLY SHIT.

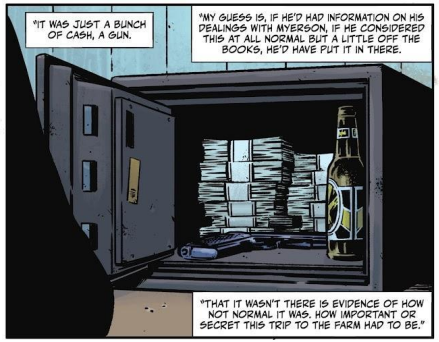
UNFORTUNATELY, I DIDN'T FIND ANYTHING IN THE FILES RELATING DIRECTLY TO MYERSON OR CUMMINGS OR RORSCHACH OR ANY OF THAT.
AND HE WAS PRETTY THOROUGH IN KEEPING TRACK OF WHAT HE'D DONE.
IT SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE.

"FIGURED BECAUSE IT WASN'T, IT MEANT HE WAS HIDING IT. SO I WENT LOOKING FOR WHERE HE MIGHT HIDE SOMETHING.
"AFTER A WHILE, I SAW SOME SCRATCHES UNDER THE BED, IN THE WOOD.

"HE HAD A LOOSE FLOOR-BOARD UNDER THERE.
"HE'D PUT A SMALL SAFE, THE KIND YOU'D BUY ANYWHERE, STUFFED DOWN IN THERE.

"IT WASN'T ANYTHING TOO COMPLICATED.

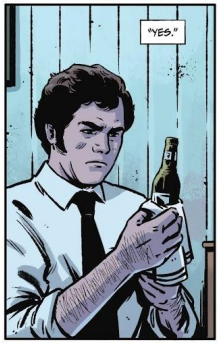
"I GOT IT OPEN PRETTY QUICK.
CLICK


"IT WAS JUST A BUNCH OF CASH, A GUN.
"MY GUESS IS, IF HE'D HAD INFORMATION ON HIS DEALINGS WITH MYERSON, IF HE CONSIDERED THIS AT ALL NORMAL BUT A LITTLE OFF THE BOOKS, HE'D HAVE PUT IT IN THERE.
"THAT IT WASN'T THERE IS EVIDENCE OF HOW NOT NORMAL IT WAS. HOW IMPORTANT OR SECRET THIS TRIP TO THE FARM HAD TO BE."

"WAIT, THIS IS SERIOUS. JUST TO BE CLEAR: THIS GUY WORKS FOR THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN, IS CURRENTLY GETTING PAID BY THEM.
"AND HE GOES TO THIS FARM, WHERE THESE CRAZY PEOPLE ARE TRAINING TO KILL TURLEY.

"HE WAS IN CONTACT WITH THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN AT THAT TIME? GOT PAGED BY THEM?"
"YES."

"AND YOU'RE SAYING EVIDENCE IS HE ACTIVELY HID THIS TRIP.
"HE WASN'T GOING THERE AS PART OF AN INVESTIGATION OR SOMETHING."


"YES."

"THIS... WHAT IS HIS NAME? THIS GUY WHOSE BODY YOU FOUND."

"JONATHAN OATES."

"JONATHAN OATES. WOW. YEAH, OKAY. HE'S THE CONNECTION THAT TURLEY'S BEEN LOOKING FOR.
"THIS IS HIS FANTASY PREDICTION HE'S BEEN PUSHING.
"DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS IS? TURLEY'S GOING TO GO NUTS.

"SHIT.
"OKAY, SHIT, I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE WE'RE PUTTING THE CART AHEAD OF THE HORSE. MAYBE THERE'S AN EXPLANATION.
"THIS COULD... IT'S SO BIG, I CAN'T EVEN KEEP IT ALL IN MY HEAD."

THERE'S MORE.

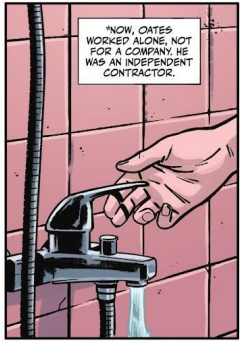
"FROM HIS FILES, OATES SERVED IN THE MILITARY, STARTING IN THE REGULAR NAVY AND GOING TO THE SEALS IN THE LATE '90s.
"BY ALL ACCOUNTS HE SERVED HONORABLY.

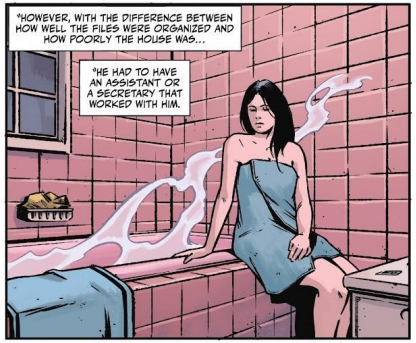
"IN EARLY 2001 HE WAS PRESENT AT THE CAPTURE OF OSAMA BIN LADEN.

"I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER, REDFORD WENT PRETTY BIG WITH THE PUBLICITY OF THAT CAPTURE, SAYING IT STOPPED SOME ATTACK.
"AS PART OF THAT PR. HE AWARDED THE MEN INVOLVED SPECIAL MEDALS OF HONOR.
"I FOUND FILM OF PRESIDENT REDFORD GIVING ONE OF THE MEDALS TO OATES. THE TWO OF THEM TOGETHER.

"SUBSEQUENTLY, OATES RETIRED, BUT WORKED AS A CONTRACTOR, DOING SECURITY WORK FOR THE STATE DEPARTMENT.
"HE SERVED OVERSEAS IN THE JOINT U.N. MISSION TO REBUILD IRAQ AFTER SADDAM'S SUICIDE IN 2006. WAS THERE FOR A FEW YEARS.
"THROUGH THIS WORK HE DEVELOPED QUITE A FEW CONTACTS WITH THE REDFORD GOVERNMENT.

"USING THOSE CONTACTS, HE STARTED DOING WORK STATESIDE. SECRET SERVICE COVERS SOME OF THE COST FOR SECURITY FOR REDFORD.
"BUT HIS CAMPAIGN DOESN'T GET THAT, AND THEY WERE GETTING SOME THREATS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
"REDFORD DIDN'T WANT TO USE TAXPAYER DOLLARS TO PAY FOR THESE GUYS, BUT HE FELT THEY NEEDED SOMEONE.
"SO THEY HIRED PRIVATE. INCLUDING OUR MR. OATES, WHO HELPED OUT IN THE 2016 ELECTION AND WAS HELPING OUT AGAIN HERE IN 2020."

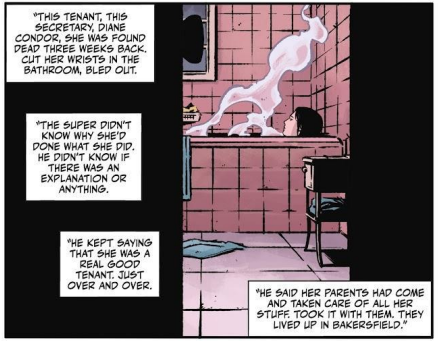

"NOW, OATES WORKED ALONE, NOT FOR A COMPANY. HE WAS AN INDEPENDENT CONTRACTOR.


"HOWEVER, WITH THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HOW WELL THE FILES WERE ORGANIZED AND HOW POORLY THE HOUSE WAS...
"HE HAD TO HAVE AN ASSISTANT OR A SECRETARY THAT WORKED WITH HIM.

"I FINALLY FOUND HER SIGNATURE ON A FEW THINGS, A *DIANE CONDOR.*
"THERE WAS NO NUMBER FOR HER BUT GOING THROUGH SOME OF HIS PHONE RECORDS I NOTICED A PATTERN OF CALLS.

"CALLS ONLY AFTER WORK HOURS AND WEEKENDS, SO PROBABLY SOMEONE WHOM HE COULD TALK TO IN PERSON DURING THE DAY.
"TRACED THAT BACK TO AN ADDRESS, AN APARTMENT IN NORTH HOLLYWOOD.

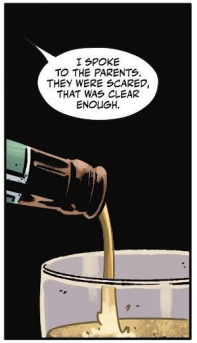
"TALKED TO THE SUPER THERE. HE RECOGNIZED THE PHOTO OF OATES, SAID HE'D SEEN HIM WITH ONE OF HIS TENANTS A FEW TIMES.
"UNFORTUNATELY...


"THIS TENANT, THIS SECRETARY, DIANE CONDOR, SHE WAS FOUND DEAD THREE WEEKS BACK. CUT HER WRISTS IN THE BATHROOM, BLED OUT.
"THE SUPER DIDN'T KNOW WHY SHE'D DONE WHAT SHE DID. HE DIDN'T KNOW IF THERE WAS AN EXPLANATION OR ANYTHING.
"HE KEPT SAYING THAT SHE WAS A REAL GOOD TENANT. JUST OVER AND OVER.
"HE SAID HER PARENTS HAD COME AND TAKEN CARE OF ALL HER STUFF. TOOK IT WITH THEM. THEY LIVED UP IN BAKERSFIELD."

ANOTHER BODY?

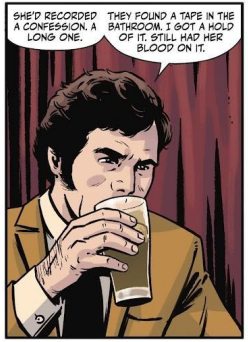
ANOTHER BODY.

WENT UP TO BAKERSFIELD. GOT THE PARENTS' ADDRESS OUT OF THE PHONE BOOK.


I SPOKE TO THE PARENTS. THEY WERE SCARED, THAT WAS CLEAR ENOUGH.

I DON'T...
WHY WERE THEY SCARED?

TOOK SOME TIME, SOME THREATS, BUT THEY CAME OUT WITH IT.
THEY CLAIMED THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE RAMBLINGS OF A SICK WOMAN.
THEY FIGURED HER PARANOIA WAS ONE OF THE REASONS SHE KILLED HERSELF--SHE WAS IMAGINING GHOSTS.


SHE'D RECORDED A CONFESSION. A LONG ONE.
THEY FOUND A TAPE IN THE BATHROOM. I GOT A HOLD OF IT. STILL HAD HER BLOOD ON IT.

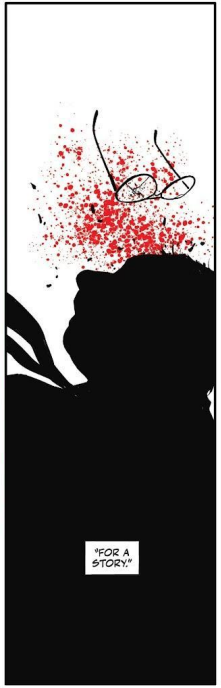
JESUS.
DID SHE KNOW WHAT... DID IT SAY...DID THIS GIRL KNOW ABOUT...WHAT'S THE GUY... OATES?
PUTTING HIM WITH THESE TWO? WITH THE ASSASSINS.

IT'S BIGGER THAN THAT.

"ACCORDING TO THE--WHAT THE PARENTS PROVIDED, MYERSON DID REACH OUT TO OATES, WHO WAS INTERESTED IN THE PROJECT.
"TURNS OUT OATES WAS A *PONTIUS PIRATE* FAN--HAD EVEN HEARD OF MYERSON.
"SO THEY START TALKING.

"THEY'RE GOING OVER SCENARIOS, HOW TO KILL A GENERIC CANDIDATE AT FIRST, THEN IT GETS MORE SPECIFIC.
"THIS IS OVER A FEW CONVERSATIONS. THEY START TALKING ABOUT TURLEY, ABOUT HOW IT COULD BE POSSIBLE TO TAKE HIM OUT.
"IT GETS MORE AND MORE SPECIFIC AS THEY TALK. SHE SAYS IT WAS LIKE A KID'S GAME. THEY WERE PLAYING 'WHAT IF'
VOTE

"SHE SAYS OATES BROUGHT UP THE CONVENTION. SO MANY PEOPLE THERE, THE SECURITY WOULD BE OVERLOADED.
"HE'D WORKED TWO CONVENTIONS IN THE PAST FOR REDFORD. HE KNEW HOW IT WORKED. IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT BADGE, THEY DON'T EVEN SEARCH YOU.
"IT'D BE GREAT.
VOTE


"FOR A STORY."

"THEY STARTED TO GO OVER THE DETAILS OF THE THING. HOW TO GET INTO THE CONVENTION.

"WHAT ENTRANCE WOULD BE THE MOST OVERWHELMED. HOW TO ACT AT THAT ENTRANCE.

"THE TRICK OF THE WHOLE THING WAS TO GET IN WITH THE GUNS.

"OATES INSISTED, WITH A V.I.P. BADGE AND JUST THE RIGHT ATTITUDE, YOU COULD DO IT IN THE EXPEDITED LINE.

"THERE THEY JUST DO A QUICK LOOK AND THEN WAVE YOU THROUGH. THE BADGE ASSUMES A BACKGROUND CHECK, SO EVERYTHING GOES FASTER.

"IT ASSUMES YOU'RE OKAY.

"IF YOU'RE CALM BUT INSISTENT, IF YOU SEEM LIKE YOU COULD GET THEM IN TROUBLE, BUT YOU'RE KIND ABOUT THAT FACT...

"THEY WON'T LOOK AT YOU TWICE. THEY'LL BARELY LOOK AT YOU THE ONCE.

"IT'S NOT HARD.

"IF YOU KNOW THE *RIGHT* WAY TO DO IT."

"ONCE INSIDE, OATES PLANNED, THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE PLACE TO GO. A CATWALK ON THE UPPER FLOOR, THAT'S ACTUALLY THERE FOR SECURITY.

"AN OVERLOOK ORIGINALLY BUILT FOR SNIPERS.

"BUT THE THING WAS, SNIPERS DIDN'T USE IT.

"IT WAS TOO FAR UP, AND THEY HAD FOUND BETTER PERCHES ON SOME OF THE HALF-FLOORS ON THE SIDE OF THE CONVENTION HALL.

"BEST PART OF IT WAS, THERE WAS ONLY ONE ENTRANCE, TO THE RIGHT OF THE SHOOTER. ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS GUARD THAT ONE SPOT.

"THEY DISCUSSED BRINGING IN A PARTNER TO ACT AS A WATCH OUT AT THAT DOOR.

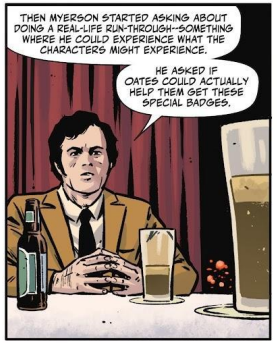
"OATES THOUGHT THAT WAS THE SMARTEST MOVE.

"OF COURSE THE PROBLEM WAS THE SHOT. THERE'S A REASON THE SNIPERS DIDN'T LIKE THAT CATWALK. THE ANGLES WERE WRONG, IT WAS TOO FAR UP.

"COULDN'T COVER THREATS ON THE STAGE.

"NO ONE COULD ACTUALLY MAKE THE SHOT FROM THERE. THAT'S WHY IT WAS FICTION.

"THAT'S WHY ALL THAT TALK WAS SAFE."


THEN MYERSON STARTED ASKING ABOUT DOING A REAL-LIFE RUN-THROUGH--SOMETHING WHERE HE COULD EXPERIENCE WHAT THE CHARACTERS MIGHT EXPERIENCE.
HE ASKED IF OATES COULD ACTUALLY HELP THEM GET THESE SPECIAL BADGES.

"THE SECRETARY OBJECTED, SAID IT WAS GOING TOO FAR. BUT OATES WAS ADAMANT, DIDN'T LISTEN TO HER.
"SHE THINKS HE HAD SOME LOYALTY TO REDFORD, DEEP LOYALTY, BECAUSE OF THE BIN LADEN RAID.
"SECRETARY THINKS AT THIS POINT HE MIGHT HAVE SWITCHED TO WANTING TURLEY DEAD. MAYBE HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE HAD, SHE SAYS.

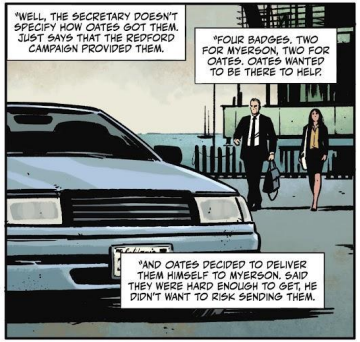
"OF COURSE, OATES DIDN'T HAVE ACCESS TO THOSE BADGES. HE WORKED FOR PRESIDENT REDFORD, THIS WAS CANDIDATE TURLEY'S CONVENTION.
"BUT HE THOUGHT HE COULD GET THEM THROUGH TURLEY. THE OTHER CAMPAIGN APPARENTLY GETS A LIMITED AMOUNT.
"SO OATES REACHED OUT TO THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN, ASKED THEM IF THEY COULD GET HIM SOME EXTRA V.I.P. BADGES FROM TURLEY."

HOLY SHIT.

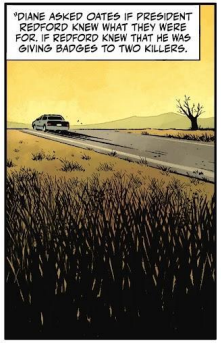
WHAT?

IT'S MY OFFICE. MY OFFICE WOULD GIVE THEM THOSE. PROVIDE THEM. THE V.I.P.S.
IF REDFORD REQUESTED THEM, I MEAN, HE'S THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. IF HIS CAMPAIGN WANTS SOME, HE CAN HAVE SOME BADGES.

HM.


"WELL, THE SECRETARY DOESN'T SPECIFY HOW OATES GOT THEM. JUST SAYS THAT THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN PROVIDED THEM.
"FOUR BADGES. TWO FOR MYERSON, TWO FOR OATES. OATES WANTED TO BE THERE TO HELP.
"AND OATES DECIDED TO DELIVER THEM HIMSELF TO MYERSON. SAID THEY WERE HARD ENOUGH TO GET, HE DIDN'T WANT TO RISK SENDING THEM.

"OATES DROVE TO NEW MEXICO, JUST TO BE SAFE. AND, APPARENTLY, SO HE COULD CARRY A GUN WITH HIM.
"DIANE SAW HIM OFF, RIGHT AS HE WAS LEAVING...


"DIANE ASKED OATES IF PRESIDENT REDFORD KNEW WHAT THEY WERE FOR. IF REDFORD KNEW THAT HE WAS GIVING BADGES TO TWO KILLERS.

"OATES TOLD HER, SHE QUOTES THIS EXACTLY, BUT TAKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH.
"OATES SAID:

"'I TALKED TO BOB.
"'THIS IS THE STORY HE ALWAYS WANTED TO READ.'

"SHE NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN."

"WHEN OATES DIDN'T RETURN FROM THE TRIP, THE SECRETARY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

"SHE WAS IN A PANIC. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE COPS, FEARING SHE'D GET ARRESTED.

"SHE JUST WAITED AND WAITED. WATCHING THE NEWS AS THE CONVENTION GOT NEARER.

"WHEN THE CONVENTION CAME, SHE GOT THE EXTRA BADGES OATES HAD. SHE GOT THEM FROM OATES' HOUSE.

"I GUESS SHE WAS THE ONE WHO MADE THE MESS.

"SHE THOUGHT MAYBE OATES WOULD BE AT THE CONVENTION, MAYBE HE WOULD TELL HER WHAT TO DO. MAYBE HE HAD TO STAY QUIET FOR SOME REASON.

"SO SHE ENDED UP ON THE FLOOR THERE, LOOKING FOR HIM.

"THEN SHE HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT TURLEY WOULD BE COMING ON SOON.

"AND SHE PANICKED. IT WAS A FUN STORY, OR IT WASN'T A STORY OR SHE WASN'T INVOLVED OR SHE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.

"SHE NEEDED TO DO SOMETHING, ALL OF A SUDDEN, JUST IN CASE, SHE SAID.

"IT WAS PROBABLY NOTHING, BUT JUST IN CASE.

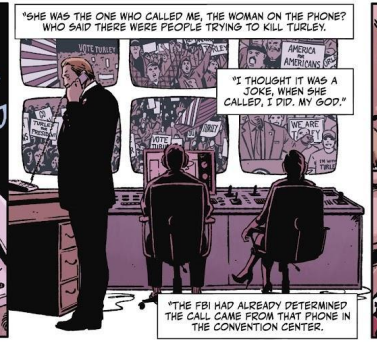
"SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHO TO TALK TO, WHO WOULD HELP, WHO WOULD BELIEVE, IF THEY SHOULD EVEN BELIEVE HER.

"SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS REAL.

"THEN SHE LOOKED AT HER BADGE AND SAW A NUMBER FOR V.I.P.S TO CALL.

"IN CASE THEY NEEDED ANYTHING."

"SHE WAS THE ONE WHO CALLED ME, THE WOMAN ON THE PHONE? WHO SAID THERE WERE PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL TURLEY.



"I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE, WHEN SHE CALLED, I DID. MY GOD."

"THE FBI HAD ALREADY DETERMINED THE CALL CAME FROM THAT PHONE IN THE CONVENTION CENTER.

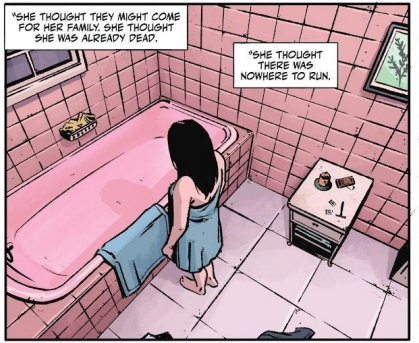
"THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO. NOW WE DO. IT WAS THIS SECRETARY."

"WHEN THE NEWS STARTED BREAKING OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, SHE KNEW WHAT SHE HAD DONE, WHAT SHE HADN'T DONE.

"SHE WAS SCARED OF THE COPS. SHE WAS MORE SCARED OF THE GOVERNMENT. SHE THOUGHT SHE MIGHT BE THE ONLY ONE ALIVE NOW.

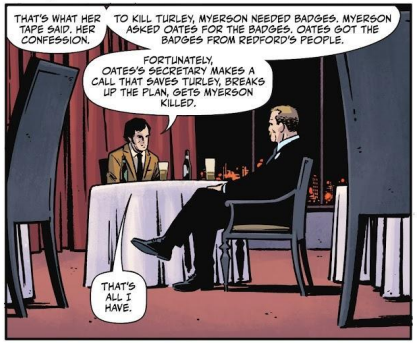
"ONLY ONE WHO KNEW REDFORD WAS CONNECTED TO THIS.

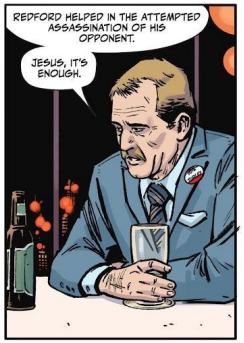
"SHE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT COME FOR HER FAMILY. SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD.



"SHE THOUGHT THERE WAS NOWHERE TO RUN.

"SO SHE DIDN'T RUN."


THAT'S WHAT HER TAPE SAID. HER CONFESSION.
TO KILL TURLEY, MYERSON NEEDED BADGES. MYERSON ASKED OATES FOR THE BADGES. OATES GOT THE BADGES FROM REDFORD'S PEOPLE.
FORTUNATELY, OATES'S SECRETARY MAKES A CALL THAT SAVES TURLEY, BREAKS UP THE PLAN, GETS MYERSON KILLED.
THAT'S ALL I HAVE.


REDFORD HELPED IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF HIS OPPONENT.
JESUS, IT'S ENOUGH.

"NO, I'M STILL MISSING A PIECE. WHY DID OATES GET SHOT? HE WAS THERE TO HELP HE BROUGHT THE BADGES.
"NO REASON FOR HIM TO SHOOT THE KID, NO REASON FOR THE KID TO KILL HIM."

"I DON'T GET IT."

"THESE ARE CRAZY PEOPLE.

"NOT EVERYTHING THEY DO IS GOING TO FIT TOGETHER.
"YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN IT ALL."

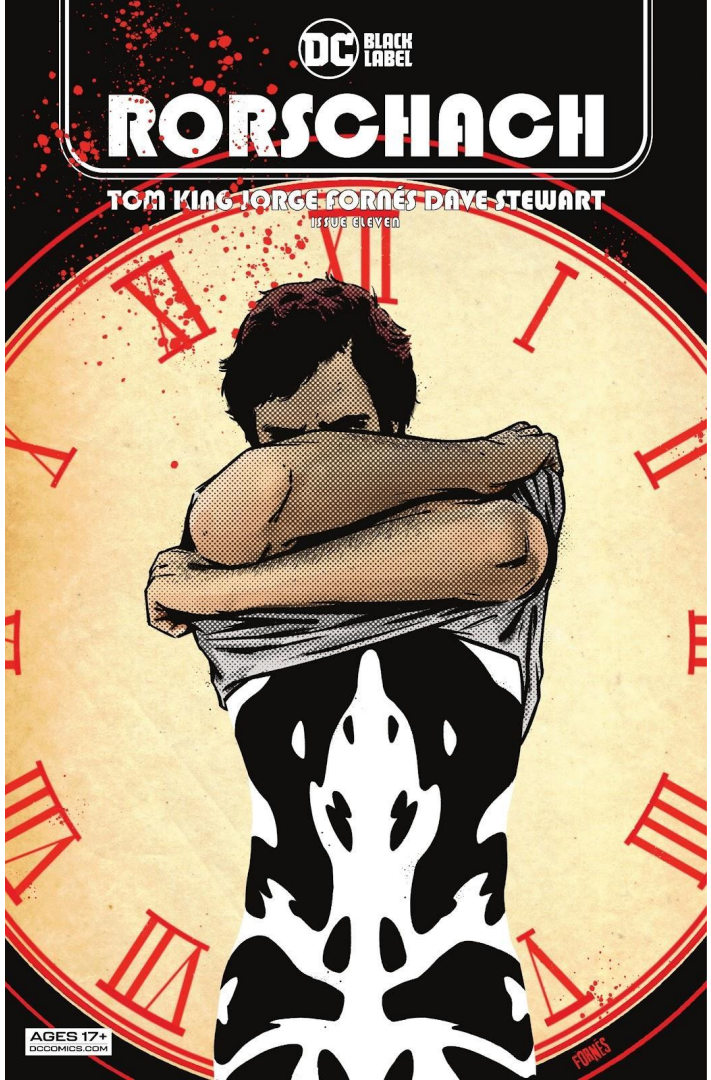
"IT'S MY JOB TO EXPLAIN IT."

"ISN'T THAT WHY I'M HERE?"

LISTEN, YOU'VE GONE FAR AND BEYOND WHAT WE EXPECTED.
I MEAN, I NEVER EXPECTED THIS--FOR REDFORD TO...YOU HAVE ALL THIS, YOU HAVE ALL YOU'VE COLLECTED? HER CONFESSION AND EVERYTHING.
EVERYTHING IN YOUR INVESTIGATION?
YES.
LISTEN, THIS IS...IT CAN'T STAY WITH ME, I NEED TO TALK TO SOME PEOPLE, AGAR BUT I WANT YOU TO BE QUIET ABOUT IT FOR NOW.
THIS IS SOMETHING THAT COULD REALLY HAVE AN IMPACT ON SO MANY THINGS.
I'M GOING TO GO, MAKE SOME CALLS.
I THINK... I THINK THE BEST THING TO DO IS GET YOU AND TURLEY TOGETHER AGAIN. HE'S NOT GOING TO WANT TO HEAR THIS FROM ME.
HE'S GOING TO NEED YOU.
I THINK IF WE CAN GET YOU TO TELL HIM WHAT YOU TOLD ME WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE COLLECTED...
I...I THINK THAT'S BEST. YES. I THINK. LET ME MAKE SOME CALLS. WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT, JUST DON'T TALK ABOUT IT...
...UNTIL I CALL YOU.
BUT...BUT THE MAIN THING SHOULD BE...FOR NOW, I MEAN, THE MAIN THING IS THAT I AM VERY GRATEFUL FOR WHAT...
FOR ALL THE WORK AND... AND YOU UNDERSTAND... IT'S REALLY A VERY GOOD JOB YOU DID.
THANK YOU.
YES.
I'LL CALL YOU.
VERY SOON. THANK YOU.
TO BE CONTINUED.

-MULTIVERSAL MONITORS-
DEPARTMENT OF
EQ
-EARTHS IN JEOPARDY-

IS THIS KIND OF THING
EVEN POSSIBLE?
IS THIS REAL?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RORSCHACH

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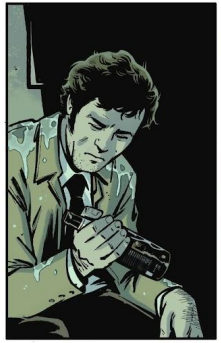
DAVE GIBBONS

YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME.

WHAT MORE DO WE NEED TO KNOW?



SHIT.

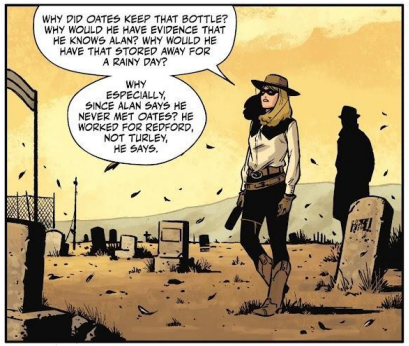
FUCK YOU!

THE PRINTS MATCHED, DIDN'T THEY?

THE PRINT ON THE BOTTLE OATES KEPT IN A SAFE AND THE PRINT ON THE BOTTLE YOU COLLECTED FROM ALAN.
THE MAN WHOSE BODY YOU FOUND ON OUR COMPOUND WAS HOLDING ON TO A PRINT OF THE MAN WHO HIRED YOU TO FIND US.
THE MAN WHO WORKS FOR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE TURLEY...

WHO WE TRIED TO KILL.

I SEE WHAT YOU DID, THE WHOLE WAY.
PUSHING ME.


WHY DID OATES KEEP THAT BOTTLE? WHY WOULD HE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT HE KNOWS ALAN? WHY WOULD HE HAVE THAT STORED AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY?
WHY ESPECIALLY, SINCE ALAN SAYS HE NEVER MET OATES? HE WORKED FOR REDFORD, NOT TURLEY, HE SAYS.

LEAVING ME THE DIARY SO I'D LEARN ABOUT THE *SQUIDS*, ABOUT YOUR CONSPIRACY THEORY.
SO I'D FOLLOW THAT TRAIL.

HOW ABOUT...
...BECAUSE ALAN'S BEEN LYING TO YOU THIS WHOLE TIME?

SO I'D FIND YOUR VICTIMS, FIND OUT THAT YOU THOUGHT RORSCHACH COULD BE REBORN.
THAT MYERSON WAS RORSCHACH.

ALAN KNEW THE WHOLE TIME. HE WAS OATES'S CONTACT. AFTER WE REACHED OUT TO OATES HE DIDN'T REACH OUT TO REDFORD...NO.
HE REACHED OUT TO TURLEY'S PEOPLE, SAYING TWO CRAZY PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO KILL THE GOVERNOR, WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, YOU'RE PUSHING ME.

TURLEY GETS AN IDEA. THEY CAN'T WIN. NOT WITH VIETNAM'S VOTES ALWAYS GOING TO REDFORD.
UNLESS THEY DO SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW BAD REDFORD IS--CONFIRM ALL THEIR TALK ABOUT HIM AS A DESPOT.
AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON TURLEY THAT TRACES BACK TO REDFORD.

THEN THE LETTERS.
SO I'D SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU--FALL FOR ALL YOUR CRAP. YOU LEFT THEM WITH MILLER.
FOR ME TO FIND.

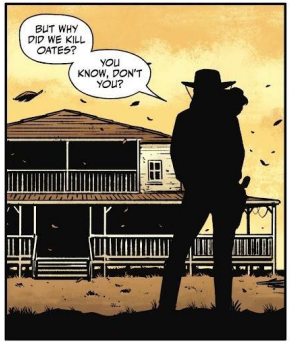
SO A LOW-LEVEL SECURITY GUY COMES TO THEM WITH A GIRL AND AN OLD MAN WHO ARE PLANNING AN ATTACK.
WITH NO CHANCE OF SUCCEEDING.
TWO DESPERATE, STUPID PEOPLE WHO CAN BE MANIPULATED AND SACRIFICED.

AND THEN MILLER WITH HIS LITTLE TAPE. LET ME GUESS--YOU ALL MADE THAT JUST FOR THIS. JUST FOR ME.
ALL THAT BINDER SHIT, JUST SO I'D HEAR. SO I'D THINK THAT I HEARD WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO HEAR. "KILL TURLEY."

BANG
WE'LL LET THEM GET CLOSE, REAL CLOSE, THEN WE'LL KILL THEM, AND LEAVE A LITTLE TRAIL THAT LEADS FROM THEM TO REDFORD.

THAT LITTLE PIECE OF TAPE. THAT WASN'T WHAT MOTIVATED YOU. YOU CREATED THAT TO MOTIVATE ME.

KKRASSH


BUT WHY DID WE KILL OATES?
YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU?

AND THOSE THREE MEN.
THREE MEN YOU TALKED INTO YOUR FANTASY. ALL OF THEM TELLING ME ABOUT YOUR PLAN.
HOW CLOSE YOU GOT. PUSHING ME.

"HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW GOOD WE WERE. HE DIDN'T THINK I COULD MAKE THAT SHOT.
"FROM THE STAGE, THEY WERE ALL COUNTING ON THAT. THERE WAS NO REAL DANGER.
"SO OATES COMES TO THE FARM TO GIVE US THE BADGES, FROM THE TURLEY CAMPAIGN. HE SEES ME ON THE RANGE, HE SEES ME MAKE THE SHOT."

EVEN THE BODY. LEAVING THE BODY INTACT, LEAVING THE PAGER WHERE IT WAS, PUTTING ME ON THE TRACK.
SHOWING ME RIGHT TO THIS MOMENT.

"HE PANICS IN THE MOMENT. HE'S NOT LOYAL TO REDFORD, HE'S LOYAL TO TURLEY.
"AND NOW HE'S PART OF A PLOT THAT COULD ACTUALLY KILL TURLEY. HE HAS TO STOP IT.
"HE'S SCARED OUT OF HIS MIND. WE GET BACK TO THE CABIN..."

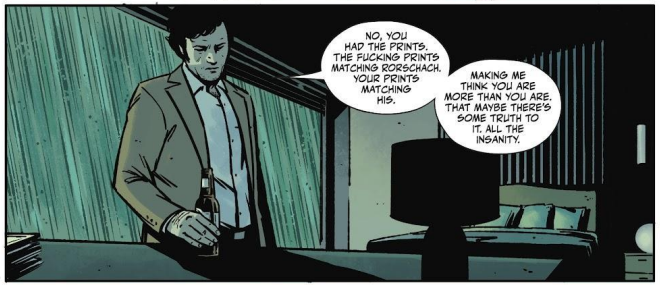
BUT THAT'S NOT YOUR MASTER STROKE.
NOT BY A MILE.

BLAM
"...AND HE SHOOTS ME."

BLAM
"AND I SHOOT HIM.

"WHEN OATES DOESN'T REPORT BACK TO THE TURLEY CAMPAIGN THEY PAGE HIM, BUT NOT WITH THEIR NUMBER.

"WITH A CODE NUMBER, A NUMBER FROM THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN, MEANT TO TRIGGER OATES TO CALL THEM."


NO, YOU HAD THE PRINTS. THE FUCKING PRINTS MATCHING RORSCHACH. YOUR PRINTS MATCHING HIS.
MAKING ME THINK YOU ARE MORE THAN YOU ARE. THAT MAYBE THERE'S SOME TRUTH TO IT. ALL THE INSANITY.

OATES IS COMPETENT. HE HID ALL HIS CONNECTIONS. WHY WOULD HE LET HIMSELF GET PAGED FROM SUCH AN OBVIOUS NUMBER?
HE WOULDN'T.

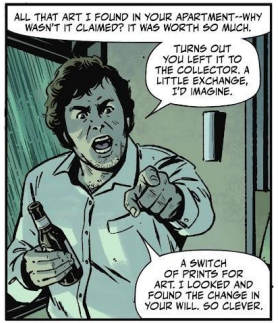
BUT AFTER IT ALL, I SEE IT NOW, AND I CAN CHECK IT NOW.
DID SOME RESEARCH ON MY COLLECTOR, THE GUY WHO HAD KOVACS'S PRINTS, WHO SENT ME THE MATCHING PAIR.

"OATES DOESN'T RETURN THE CALL. HE GOES MISSING. ALAN AND THE CAMPAIGN DON'T HAVE ANY WAY TO TRACK US. THEY DON'T KNOW IF WE BACKED OUT OR...
"IF THEY EVEN WANT US TO BACK OUT...
"SO THEY COMPROMISE. THEY KNOW THE PLAN, THEY PUT A GUY THEY TRUST ON LOOKOUT. A GUY ALREADY AWARE OF THE PLAN."

GUESS WHAT? HE'S HERO OBSESSED, AND HE'S OBSESSED WITH *YOUR* HEROES.
HE'S THE NUMBER ONE OWNER OF YOUR ART. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO DREW HEROES AND NOT PIRATES.
HE OWNS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OF YOUR DAMN *CITIZEN* ART.

"I BET THEY USED JACOBS, THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD.

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
"FIRST ONE ON THE SCENE. SECRET SERVICE, BUT INTENSELY LOYAL TO TURLEY."


ALL THAT ART I FOUND IN YOUR APARTMENT--WHY WASN'T IT CLAIMED? IT WAS WORTH SO MUCH.
TURNS OUT YOU LEFT IT TO THE COLLECTOR. A LITTLE EXCHANGE, I'D IMAGINE.
A SWITCH OF PRINTS FOR ART. I LOOKED AND FOUND THE CHANGE IN YOUR WILL. SO CLEVER.

"YEAH, JACOBS.
"I MEAN, WHY NOT?"

"HE SEES AN OLD MAN AND A WOMAN, THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT WE LOOK LIKE EXACTLY.
"BUT HE SEES OUR BADGES, VIP. IT ALL FITS."

YOU WERE SETTING ME UP FOR WHEN IT FAILED.
THE WHOLE THING WAS A SETUP.

"HE MAKES A CALL, FROM THE CONVENTION.

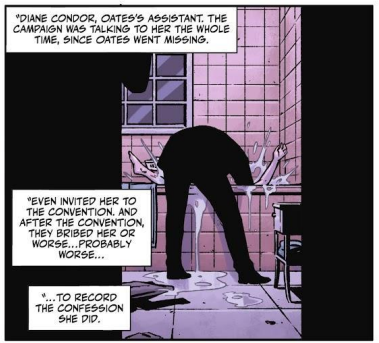
"IT WASN'T OATES'S SECRETARY. THAT'S ALL MADE UP.
"THAT WAS JACOBS LETTING ALAN KNOW."
TURLEY
AMERICA

RINNG
RINNG

THEY'RE HERE.
AMERICA
AMERICANS
WE ARE

AND THEN THERE'S THE GIRL.

PUSHING ME.


"DIANE CONDOR, OATES'S ASSISTANT. THE CAMPAIGN WAS TALKING TO HER THE WHOLE TIME, SINCE OATES WENT MISSING.
"EVEN INVITED HER TO THE CONVENTION. AND AFTER THE CONVENTION, THEY BRIBED HER OR WORSE...PROBABLY WORSE...
"...TO RECORD THE CONFESSION SHE DID.

"THEN THEY CUT HER WRISTS, LEFT A CLUE FOR ANYONE TO FIND. BUT HER PARENTS HID IT. ALL THAT PLANNING AND THEY COULDN'T GET THE TAPE OUT.
"THEY COULDN'T ASK ABOUT IT, THEY COULDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE IT. SO THEY NEEDED SOMEONE TO FIND IT."

REDFORD MIGHT NOT REPORT IT. CAN'T TRUST THE COPS OR FBI. THEY NEEDED THEIR OWN MAN.
THEIR OWN DETECTIVE.

OH, HEY. CAN I GET A SIP?

JESUS.

YEAH.
YOU CAN FINISH IT.

THANKS.

I SEE YOU.

GOOD.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SEE US.

I'M...
I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT.

SURE YOU WILL.

NO.

DO YOU THINK WE DID IT BECAUSE WE THOUGHT YOU WERE STUPID? BECAUSE WE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT?
THE POINT IS, BY FIGURING IT OUT, ALL OF IT, YOU SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE. YOU UNDERSTAND US, YOU UNDERSTAND THEM.
THEN YOU CAN JUDGE EACH BY EACH, AND DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

NO, NO.

EVERYONE LIES, EVERYONE PUSHES. WE DID IT TO UNCOVER AN EVIL. THEY DID IT TO COVER THE GOOD. WHO CARES?
AT THE END OF THE DAY, YOU PICK UP YOUR GUN AND YOU FIGURE OUT WHERE TO PUT IT.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

PLEASE, NO.
DON'T.

YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM.

SHIT.
IT IS THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN TO SERVE THE POLITY. WITHOUT THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN, THE POLITY REVERTS TO TOTALITARIANISM.
THE DISINTEGRATION OF PARTICIPATION, THE NEGATION OF RESPONSIBILITY AND THINKING, ARE THE SEEDS FROM WHICH EVIL GROWS.
THE END OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CITIZEN AND HIS GOVERNMENT IS EQUIVALENT TO THE END OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MAN AND HIMSELF.
NO.
NO, NO, NO.
YOU'RE INSANE.
TURLEY'S PART OF A SQUID PLOT. AS SURE AS ANYTHING. HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY FORCES BEYOND HIS CONTROL.
A DANGER GALAXIES AWAY THAT ONCE KILLED MILLIONS OF US AND NOW AIMS TO TAKE US OVER TOO-- TO SUBDUE US SO IT CAN KILL BILLIONS MORE.
THIS IS THE SECOND WAVE. THE SECOND ATTACK. AND YOU CAN STOP IT.
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE FUCKING INSANE TOO.

YOU KNOW WHO YOU REMIND ME OF, SITTING THERE.
EICHMANN. EICHMANN LITERALLY PREPARED THE TRAINS FOR THE CAMPS. HE ARRANGED FOR THE JEWS TO GET ON AND GET OFF.
A HUGE UNDERTAKING, MOVING MILLIONS FROM ACROSS EUROPE TO THEIR EXTERMINATION.
AND THEY ASKED HIM, AT HIS TRIAL, IF HE FELT GUILTY ABOUT IT.

HE SAID HE DIDN'T REALLY THINK ABOUT IT THAT MUCH. HE WAS DOING WHAT HE WAS PAID TO DO.
IT WAS A ROUGH TIME IN GERMANY AND HE WAS TRYING TO DO WHAT WAS BEST FOR HIS FAMILY.
AND, HEY, IF HE DIDN'T DO THIS JOB, SOMEONE ELSE WOULD'VE DONE IT. MAYBE SOMEONE LESS COMPETENT.

AND THINK ABOUT THAT, HE SAID. WHAT IF THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE WHO HAD PROVIDED FEWER SUPPLIES TO THE JEWS--LESS HUMANITY THAN EICHMANN HAD.
SURELY THOSE PEOPLE WERE OUT THERE. EICHMANN WAS VERY GOOD AT HIS JOB, AFTER ALL, AND THE TRAINS RAN WELL..
IF SOMEONE ELSE DID IT, UNDOUBTEDLY MORE PEOPLE WOULD'VE DIED. MORE HORRORS WOULD'VE OCCURRED.

SO MAYBE-- HE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT AT THE TIME, HE WAS JUST TRYING TO GET ALONG, AS EVERYONE WOULD DO.
AS ANYONE WOULD DO. HE WAS DOING THE BEST JOB HE COULD.
BUT NOW, LOOKING BACK ON WHAT HE DID, ON THE LIVES HIS WORK SAVED-- WELL, COME TO THINK OF IT, HE SAID-- MAYBE...

...HE'S THE HERO.

BUT THAT'S BULLSHIT. WE KNOW THAT.
BECAUSE WE KNOW ABOUT *REAL* HEROES.

WE WATCHED THEM WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.
THEY RAN THE STREETS OF THE STATES, FIGHTING CRIME AND BUSTING EVIL.
THEY WORE MASKS AND COLORFUL COSTUMES AND ONE OF THEM HAD THE POWER TO CHANGE WORLDS.

THEN THEY WERE GONE. ALL OF THEM. GOD AND MEN ALIKE. THEY DISAPPEARED.
JUST AT OUR WORST MOMENT, WHEN AN ALIEN INVASION DESTROYED US: *POOF* GONE.
AND WE WERE CONFRONTED WITH TWO POSSIBILITIES.

ONE. THEY ABANDONED US.
THE BAD OF THE WORLD WAS JUST TOO MIGHTY FOR THE GOOD THEY REPRESENTED.
THEY LOST AND THEY RAN AND THEY HID AND THEY DIED AND HOPE IS NOTHING NEXT TO POWER.

TWO. THEY PLANNED.
THEY PASSED ON THEIR LEGACY TO US. WE ARE THE SUPERHEROES.
THERE IS A CHANCE. A CHANCE FOR THE GOOD TO OVERCOME. FOR THE RIGHTEOUS TO TRIUMPH.
THEY DIDN'T RETREAT. THEY SACRIFICED TO GIVE US THIS CHANCE.

PERSONALLY.
I PREFER OPTION TWO.

SHIT.
CLINK!

"YOU'RE SCARED?"

I'M NOT ANYTHING.

HE'S SCARED.
DOESN'T MATTER THAT I'M DEAD, THAT YOU'RE DEAD. THAT THE PEOPLE WHO KILLED US ARE DOING JUST FINE.
HELL, THEY GET TO RUN THE WORLD AND HE GETS TO BE SCARED.

I'M NOT YOU.

"THE SAD TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS THAT MOST EVIL IS DONE BY PEOPLE WHO NEVER MADE UP THEIR MINDS TO BE OR DO EITHER GOOD OR EVIL."

WHAT IS THAT?
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN SOMETHING?

IT MEANS WHAT YOU THINK IT MEANS.
IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

JESUS CHRIST.
IT'S ALL JUST NONSENSE, ISN'T IT?

EXISTENCE IS THE GATHERING OF NONSENSE.

OH, JESUS CHRIST.
DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF?

YOU WAKE AND YOU FOOL YOURSELF INTO BELIEVING THERE ARE PATTERNS IN THE CHAOS, AND YOU LABEL THESE PATTERNS "WORDS" OR "GODS."
YOU SPEND YOUR TIME FITTING THESE WORDS OR GODS INTO OTHER PATTERNS AND YOU TRY TO FORGET THAT IT WAS YOU WHO FIT THEM TOGETHER.
AND THIS: YOU LABEL THIS PATTERN "LIFE."

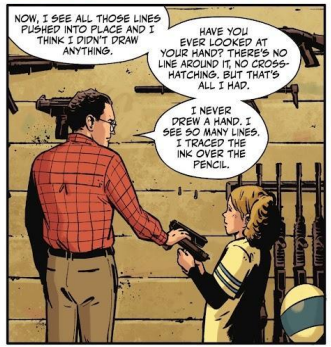
FUCK YOU.

YOU THINK YOU HAVE A CHOICE IN THIS. YOU DON'T.
ALL YOU CAN DO IS ALL YOU EVER DO. YOU FOLLOW THE CLUES.
YOU TELL THE STORY.

YOU'RE A GUY WHO DRAWS PIRATES.
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

YES, I DREW PIRATES. I PUT THE WORLD IN ITS PLACE.
PANEL BY PANEL BY PANEL.
THOUSANDS OF THEM.

PIRATES. THAT'S FOR KIDS.


NOW, I SEE ALL THOSE LINES PUSHED INTO PLACE AND I THINK I DIDN'T DRAW ANYTHING.
HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED AT YOUR HAND? THERE'S NO LINE AROUND IT, NO CROSS-HATCHING. BUT THAT'S ALL I HAD.
I NEVER DREW A HAND. I SEE SO MANY LINES. I TRACED THE INK OVER THE PENCIL.

WHEN I WAS A KID...
...I USED TO READ PIRATES.

ALL THE PATTERNS, I PUT THEM THERE. I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.
I DREW THE LINES, AND LOOKING BACK...

I SEE ONLY MYSELF.

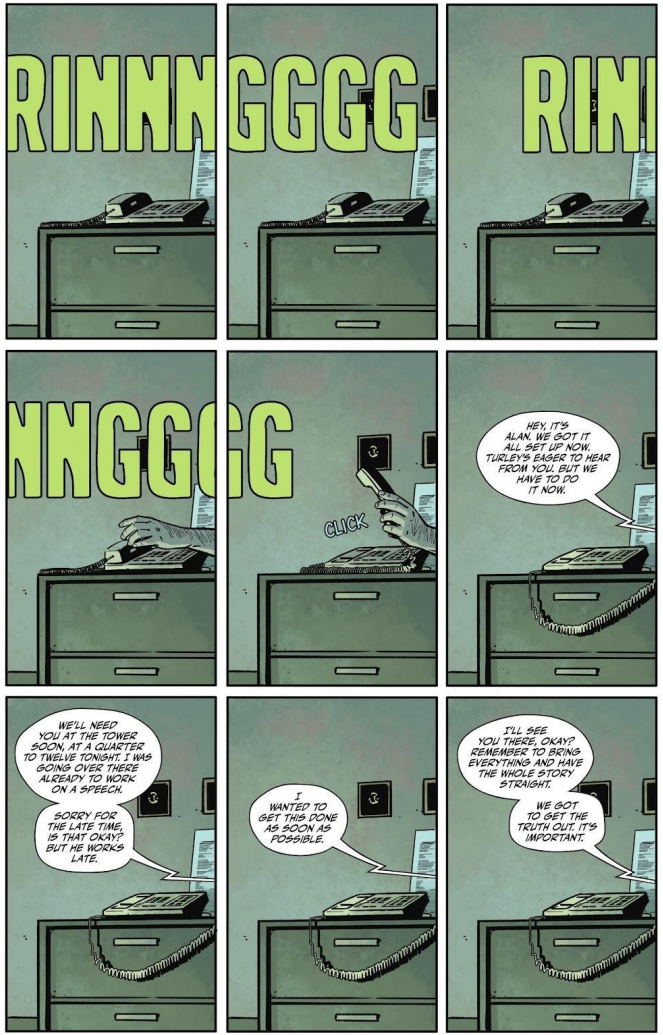
I CAN'T...

YOU WILL.
BLAM

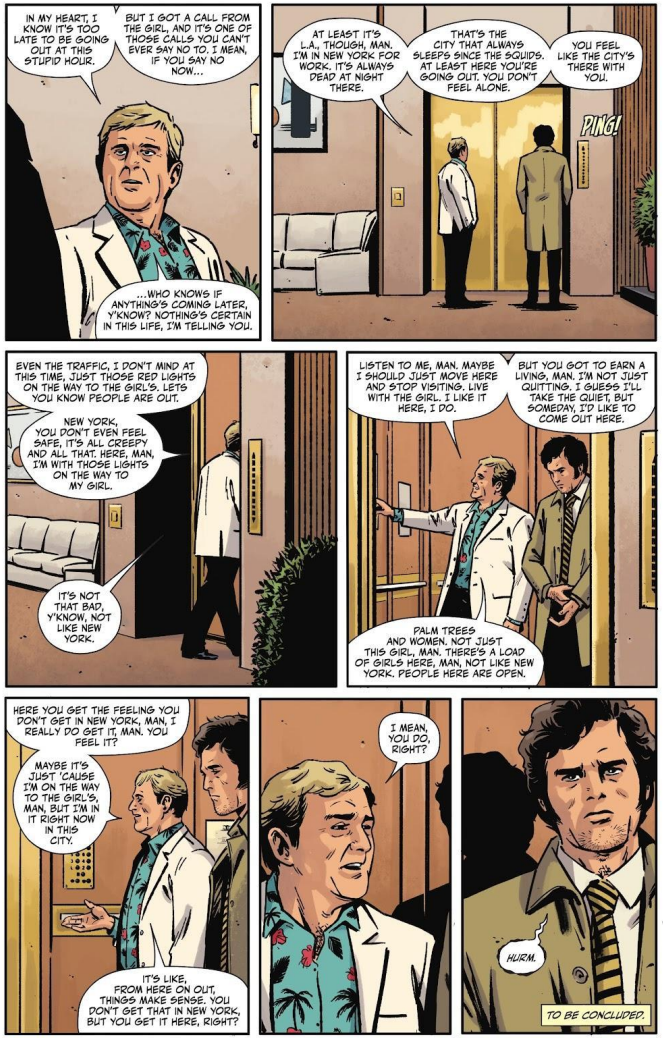
"YAY, PONTIUS PIRATE SAILED O'ER THE SEVEN SEAS.

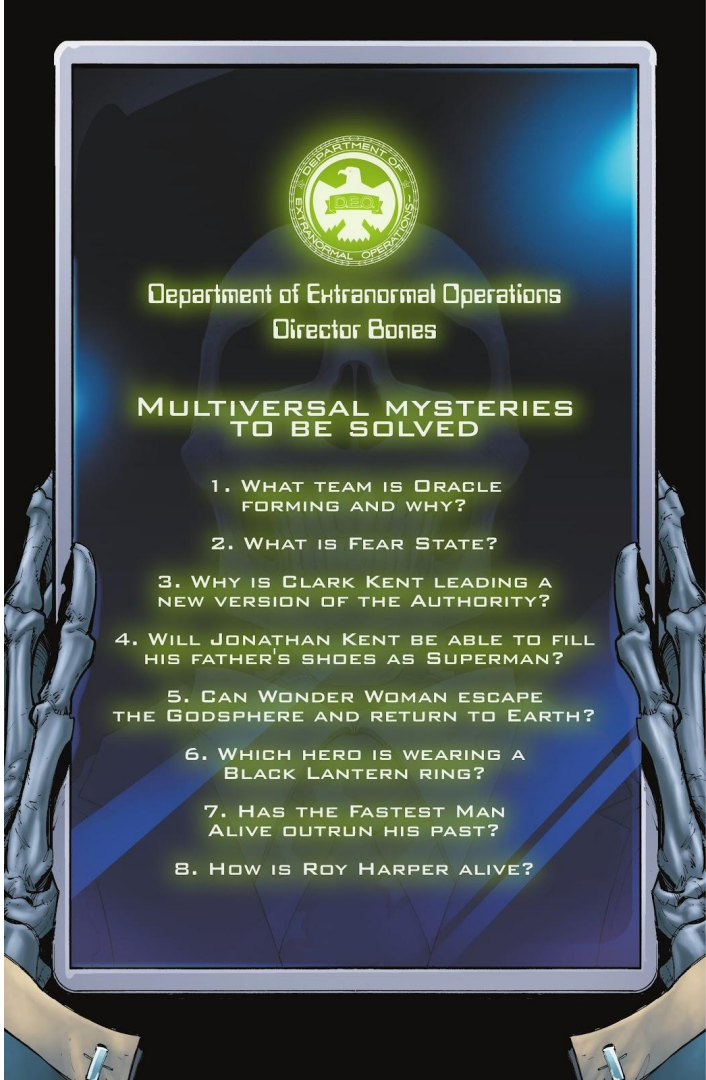
"AND WHEN HE WAS DONE HE GOT DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

"HE PRAYED, HE PRAYED: OH LORD, WHAT HAST I DONE?
"NOT ENOUGH, GOD ANSWERED, NOT ENOUGH, MY SON."


RINNNGGGG
RIN
NNGGGG
CLICK
HEY, IT'S ALAN. WE GOT IT ALL SET UP NOW. TURLEY'S EAGER TO HEAR FROM YOU. BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT NOW.
WE'LL NEED YOU AT THE TOWER SOON, AT A QUARTER TO TWELVE TONIGHT. I WAS GOING OVER THERE ALREADY TO WORK ON A SPEECH.
SORRY FOR THE LATE TIME, IS THAT OKAY? BUT HE WORKS LATE.
I WANTED TO GET THIS DONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
I'LL SEE YOU THERE, OKAY? REMEMBER TO BRING EVERYTHING AND HAVE THE WHOLE STORY STRAIGHT.
WE GOT TO GET THE TRUTH OUT. IT'S IMPORTANT.

PSSSSSSSSS
PBSHHHHHA


IN MY HEART, I KNOW IT'S TOO LATE TO BE GOING OUT AT THIS STUPID HOUR.
BUT I GOT A CALL FROM THE GIRL, AND IT'S ONE OF THOSE CALLS YOU CAN'T EVER SAY NO TO. I MEAN, IF YOU SAY NO NOW...
...WHO KNOWS IF ANYTHING'S COMING LATER, Y'KNOW? NOTHING'S CERTAIN IN THIS LIFE, I'M TELLING YOU.
AT LEAST IT'S L.A., THOUGH, MAN. I'M IN NEW YORK FOR WORK. IT'S ALWAYS DEAD AT NIGHT THERE.
THAT'S THE CITY THAT ALWAYS SLEEPS SINCE THE SQUIDS. AT LEAST HERE YOU'RE GOING OUT. YOU DON'T FEEL ALONE.
YOU FEEL LIKE THE CITY'S THERE WITH YOU.
PING!
EVEN THE TRAFFIC, I DON'T MIND AT THIS TIME, JUST THOSE RED LIGHTS ON THE WAY TO THE GIRL'S. LETS YOU KNOW PEOPLE ARE OUT.
NEW YORK, YOU DON'T EVEN FEEL SAFE, IT'S ALL CREEPY AND ALL THAT HERE, MAN, I'M WITH THOSE LIGHTS ON THE WAY TO MY GIRL.
IT'S NOT THAT BAD, Y'KNOW, NOT LIKE NEW YORK.
LISTEN TO ME, MAN. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST MOVE HERE AND STOP VISITING. LIVE WITH THE GIRL. I LIKE IT HERE, I DO.
BUT YOU GOT TO EARN A LIVING, MAN. I'M NOT JUST QUITTING. I GUESS I'LL TAKE THE QUIET, BUT SOMEDAY, I'D LIKE TO COME OUT HERE.
PALM TREES AND WOMEN. NOT JUST THIS GIRL, MAN. THERE'S A LOAD OF GIRLS HERE, MAN, NOT LIKE NEW YORK. PEOPLE HERE ARE OPEN.
HERE YOU GET THE FEELING YOU DON'T GET IN NEW YORK, MAN, I REALLY DO GET IT, MAN. YOU FEEL IT?
MAYBE IT'S JUST 'CAUSE I'M ON THE WAY TO THE GIRL'S, MAN, BUT I'M IN IT RIGHT NOW IN THIS CITY.
IT'S LIKE, FROM HERE ON OUT, THINGS MAKE SENSE. YOU DON'T GET THAT IN NEW YORK, BUT YOU GET IT HERE, RIGHT?
I MEAN, YOU DO, RIGHT?
HURM.
TO BE CONCLUDED.


DEPARTMENT OF EXTRANORMAL OPERATIONS
DEO
Department of Extranormal Operations
Director Bones
MULTIVERSAL MYSTERIES TO BE SOLVED
1. WHAT TEAM IS ORACLE FORMING AND WHY?
2. WHAT IS FEAR STATE?
3. WHY IS CLARK KENT LEADING A NEW VERSION OF THE AUTHORITY?
4. WILL JONATHAN KENT BE ABLE TO FILL HIS FATHER'S SHOES AS SUPERMAN?
5. CAN WONDER WOMAN ESCAPE THE GODSPHERE AND RETURN TO EARTH?
6. WHICH HERO IS WEARING A BLACK LANTERN RING?
7. HAS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE OUTRUN HIS PAST?
8. HOW IS ROY HARPER ALIVE?

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

BATMAN '89

It's the sequel you thought you'd never see—and this summer blockbuster is coming exclusively to comic books.

Batman '89, from the team of *Batman* and *Batman Returns* screenwriter Sam Hamm and artist Joe Quinones, picks up where Tim Burton's films left off with the return of Catwoman, plus the debut of Two-Face and an all-new Robin!

We opened up Quinones's sketchbook for a look inside the inspired, cinematic designs for the series.

DON'T MISS *BATMAN '89* #1 ON SALE IN AUGUST!

FOR MORE SKETCHES GO TO DCCOMICS.COM

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WE ARE THE SUPERHEROES.

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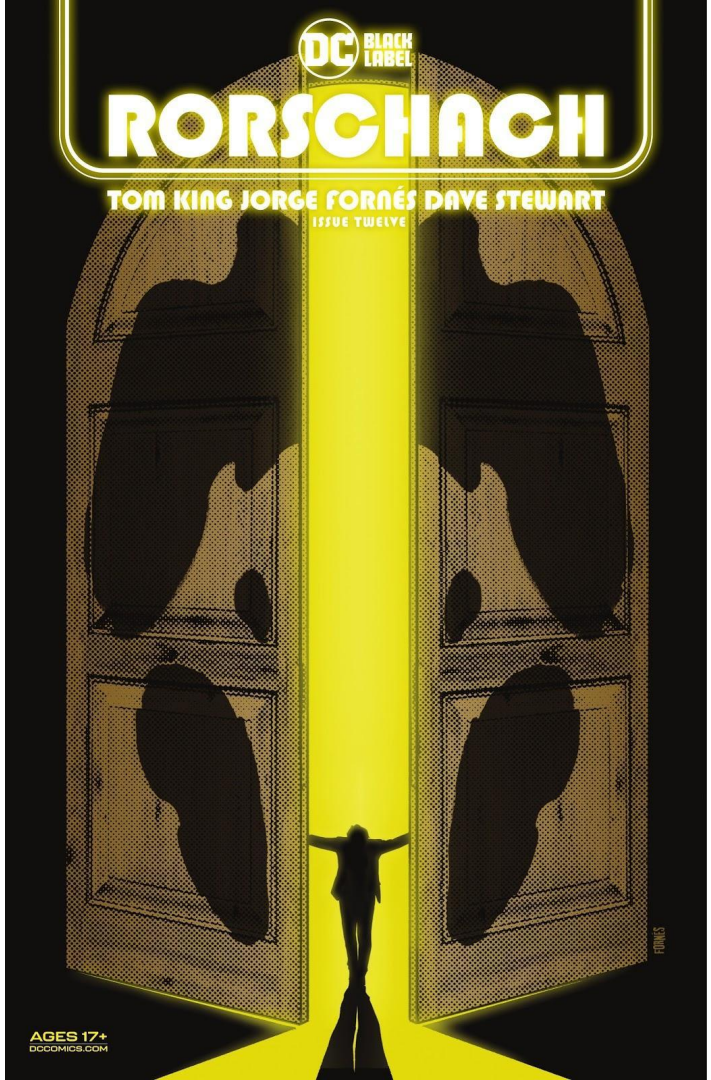
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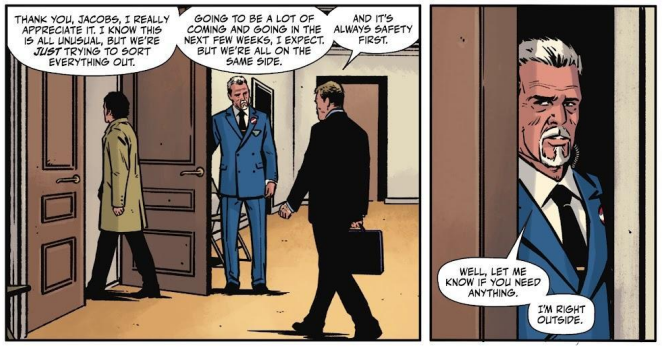
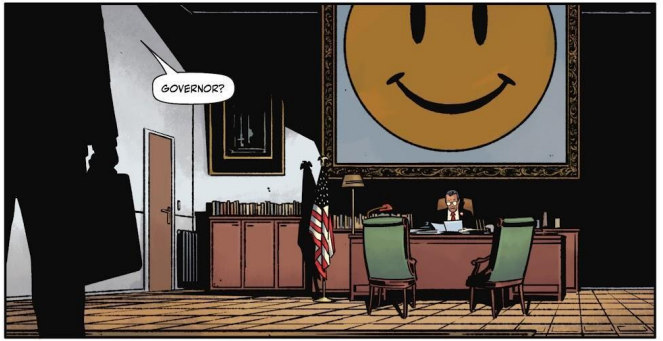
DAVE GIBBONS

WHAT'S THIS?
A TAPE RECORDER.
AND A TAPE.
THIS FUCKING GUY...
JACOBS, THE RECORDER IS AT MY INSISTENCE. I'M SORRY, IT'S COMING FROM THE GOVERNOR. IT'S PART OF WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE TODAY.
WE ALREADY EXPLAINED TWICE TO SECURITY.
THE GOVERNOR REQUESTED IT PERSONALLY. IT'S FOR HIM TO LISTEN TO. I CAN CALL HIM IF YOU WANT.
NOT SUPPOSED TO LET RECORDING DEVICES IN. THAT'S FROM THE GOVERNOR.
I DON'T REMEMBER HEARING EXCEPTIONS.
WE'RE LATE AS IT IS. THE GOVERNOR AND I NEED TO WORK ON HIS SPEECH FOR TOMORROW. THIS IS VERY ESSENTIAL.
I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER HIM UNNECESSARILY, BUT I WILL GO IN AND MAKE HIM COME OUT IF I HAVE TO.
THE TAPE CONTAINS EVIDENCE OF A VAST CONSPIRACY BY THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN TO ASSASSINATE GOVERNOR TURLEY.
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY IT FOR HIM. THEN WE'RE GOING TO PLAY IT FOR EVERYONE.

WELL, WELL.
LOOK AT YOU.
YOU FIGURED IT ALL OUT.

ARE WE GOOD HERE?
OH YEAH.
YOU'RE FANTASTIC.


THANK YOU, JACOBS, I REALLY APPRECIATE IT. I KNOW THIS IS ALL UNUSUAL, BUT WE'RE *JUST* TRYING TO SORT EVERYTHING OUT.
GOING TO BE A LOT OF COMING AND GOING IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, I EXPECT. BUT WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE.
AND IT'S ALWAYS SAFETY FIRST.
WELL, LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.
I'M RIGHT OUTSIDE.


GOVERNOR?

YEAH, YEAH, COME IN, GUYS. PLEASE, HAVE A SEAT. I JUST GOT...
THERE'S TOO MUCH HERE. I JUST GOT THIS IN. EVERYTHING COMES IN LATE.
JUST GIVE ME A SECOND.

OF COURSE, SIR, TAKE YOUR TIME.

JUST SOME BULLSHIT.

WHENEVER YOU'RE READY.

THERE SOMETHING TO DRINK?

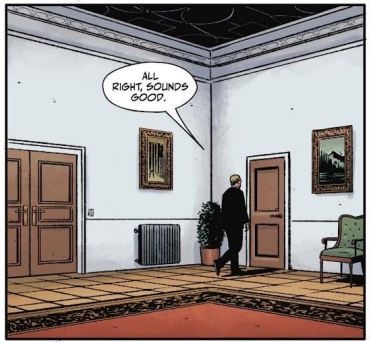
THE NIGHT SHIFT BOY DIDN'T COME IN TODAY.
IF YOU NEED SOMETHING, THERE'S STUFF IN THE FRIDGE, IN THE KITCHEN.
THIS'LL JUST BE A SEC.

THOSE ARE THE SHERMAN NUMBERS, RIGHT? READ THEM AT DINNER. I THINK SOME OF IT IS SOFT. THEY'RE NOT GETTING TO OUR PEOPLE.
I GOT TIM LOOKING INTO A DEEP DIVE. I'LL HAVE A SUMMARY FOR YOU IN THE MORNING.

I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME WATER.
WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

ARE WE DRINKING?
SEEMS LIKE AN OCCASION FOR IT, SIR.

WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME BEERS OUT, ALAN?
IT'S LATE ENOUGH.


ALL RIGHT, SOUNDS GOOD.

I'M A LITTLE HOT.

YOU MIND IF I TAKE OFF MY COAT, SIR?

NO, THERE'S A HANGER BY THE DOOR.

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BOY?

SOME CAR ACCIDENT ON THE WAY.
THESE PEOPLE...THEY CAN'T DRIVE.

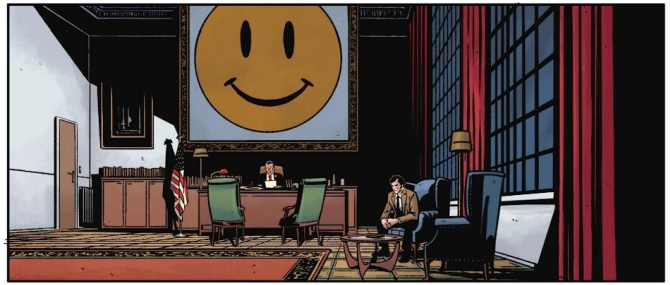
SORRY TO HEAR THAT.

IS HE OKAY?

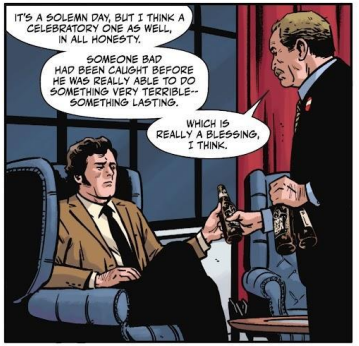
WHAT?

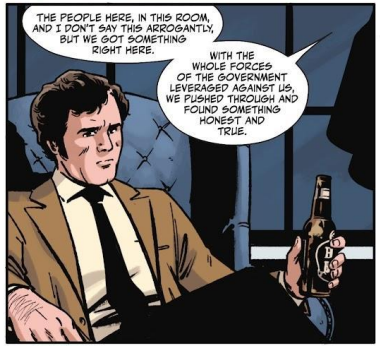
JESUS, MAN.

IF YOU HAD ANY IDEA...



ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN.
HOPE THIS HELPS.


IT'S A SOLEMN DAY, BUT I THINK A CELEBRATORY ONE AS WELL, IN ALL HONESTY.
SOMEONE BAD HAD BEEN CAUGHT BEFORE HE WAS REALLY ABLE TO DO SOMETHING VERY TERRIBLE-- SOMETHING LASTING.
WHICH IS REALLY A BLESSING, I THINK.


THE PEOPLE HERE, IN THIS ROOM, AND I DON'T SAY THIS ARROGANTLY, BUT WE GOT SOMETHING RIGHT HERE.
WITH THE WHOLE FORCES OF THE GOVERNMENT LEVERAGED AGAINST US, WE PUSHED THROUGH AND FOUND SOMETHING HONEST AND TRUE.

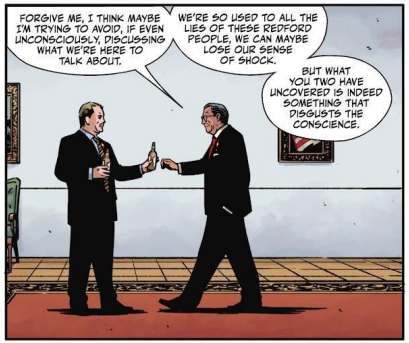
SIR?

A TIME FOR CELEBRATION.

HM.

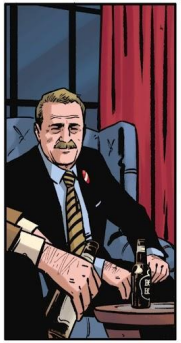
NO, NO, YOU'RE RIGHT, ALAN.
I'M OUT IN THE JUNGLE AGAIN, NOT SEEING THE FOREST FOR THE TREES.
THANK YOU.

THIS IS JUST...
THIS CAN WAIT, OF COURSE.


FORGIVE ME, I THINK MAYBE I'M TRYING TO AVOID, IF EVEN UNCONSCIOUSLY, DISCUSSING WHAT WE'RE HERE TO TALK ABOUT.
WE'RE SO USED TO ALL THE LIES OF THESE REDFORD PEOPLE, WE CAN MAYBE LOSE OUR SENSE OF SHOCK.
BUT WHAT YOU TWO HAVE UNCOVERED IS INDEED SOMETHING THAT DISGUSTS THE CONSCIENCE.

BUT YOU UNCOVERING THIS IS A MOMENT THAT WILL BE REMEMBERED AS SOMETHING THAT RENEWED THAT CONSCIENCE.

NOT JUST FOR ME, BUT FOR THIS COUNTRY.
THAT ALLOWED US TO MOVE FORWARD.



I'M JUST GLAD WE'RE AT THE END.

OH, YOUNG MAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING?
THE HEARINGS, THE PRESS, THE ENDLESS ROAR OF ALL THE STUPID PEOPLE.

I SADLY DON'T THINK WE'RE ANYWHERE NEAR THE END OF THIS THING.

WELL, REGARDLESS, AS THE FIRST STEP IN THE JOURNEY, WE SHOULD PROBABLY GET STARTED HERE.
HOW DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS? IS IT BEST TO GIVE THE GOVERNOR A HISTORY OF WHAT YOU'VE DISCOVERED OR HOW YOU DISCOVERED IT?
HE KNOWS MOST OF IT, BUT DO YOU WANT TO TAKE A STEP BACK, MAYBE GIVE AN OVERVIEW FROM YOUR POV?

WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU, WORKS FOR ME.

THANK YOU, WE SHOULD SAY. I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD THAT ENOUGH. ALL OF THIS, IT'S VERY MUCH APPRECIATED.
ALL OF YOUR WORK-- ALAN AND I HAVE BEEN VERY MUCH IMPRESSED. WE GOT THE RIGHT MAN.

I APPRECIATE THAT, SIR. AND I KNOW YOUR TIME IS PRECIOUS. I'LL TRY TO BE BRIEF BUT THOROUGH.
I'VE SPENT THE LAST TWO MONTHS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF WIL MYERSON AND LAURA CUMMINGS.
WHO WERE KILLED WHILE... WHILE TRYING TO KILL YOU, AS YOU KNOW, SIR.

DON'T WORRY, SON. I'M LIVING FOREVER.
MASKED PEOPLE AREN'T CHANGING THAT.

THEY WERE BOTH DOING IT FOR THEIR OWN REASONS. I DON'T THINK THOSE REASONS ARE THAT IMPORTANT OR FRANKLY MAKE THAT MUCH SENSE.
LET'S JUST SAY THESE WERE BROKEN PEOPLE WITH SAD INTENTIONS. SAD PEOPLE. REALLY. TWO PEOPLE WHO NEEDED HELP.

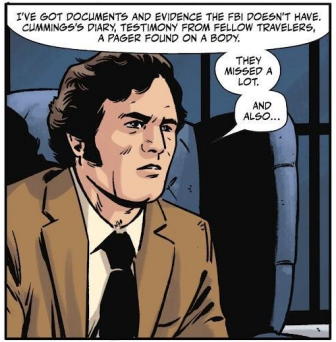
AND THEY WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN ANYWHERE CLOSE TO YOU, THESE PEOPLE, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE HELP.
THEY GOT VERY CLOSE BECAUSE OF WHAT THE REDFORD CAMPAIGN DID.

YEAH.

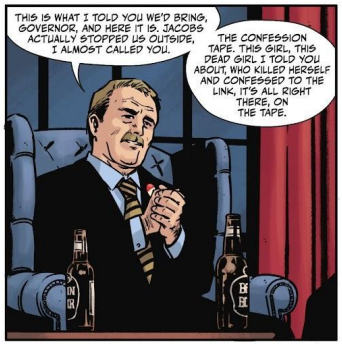
THE REDFORD PEOPLE, OR PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH THAT CAMPAIGN, POSSIBLY TO INCLUDE THE PRESIDENT, FOUND THIS PAIR AND BASICALLY USED THEM LIKE YOU'D USE A GUN.
POINTED THEM RIGHT AT YOU.
DID THEIR BEST TO PULL THE TRIGGER.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
I MEAN, HOLY SHIT.

I KNEW IT, BUT IT REALLY IS DIFFERENT HEARING IT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.
AND YOU CAN PROVE IT? THE FBI DIDN'T TURN THIS UP. PEOPLE WON'T BELIEVE IT JUST COMING FROM YOU OR EVEN ME.


I'VE GOT DOCUMENTS AND EVIDENCE THE FBI DOESN'T HAVE. CUMMINGS'S DIARY, TESTIMONY FROM FELLOW TRAVELERS, A PAGER FOUND ON A BODY.
THEY MISSED A LOT.
AND ALSO...

...I'VE GOT THE TAPE.

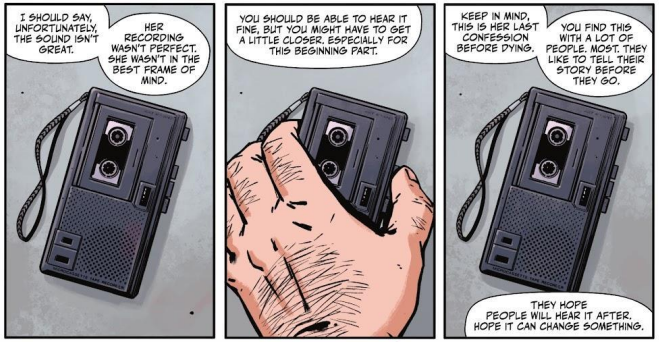

THIS IS WHAT I TOLD YOU WE'D BRING, GOVERNOR, AND HERE IT IS. JACOBS ACTUALLY STOPPED US OUTSIDE, I ALMOST CALLED YOU.
THE CONFESSION TAPE. THIS GIRL, THIS DEAD GIRL I TOLD YOU ABOUT, WHO KILLED HERSELF AND CONFESSED TO THE LINK, IT'S ALL RIGHT THERE, ON THE TAPE.

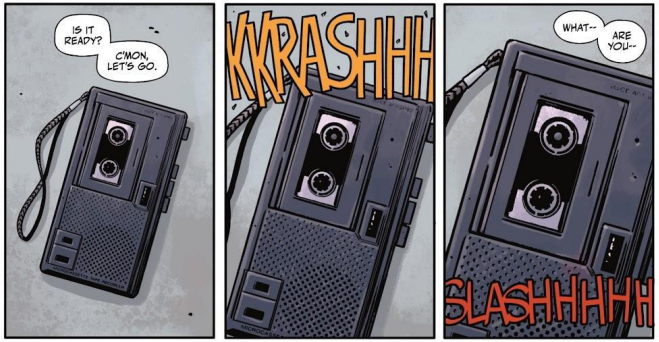
I DON'T KNOW.
ANYONE CAN SAY ANYTHING. HELL, DIFFERENT PEOPLE WILL HEAR DIFFERENT THINGS IN SOMETHING. DEPENDING ON WHO THEY ARE.
WHAT'S ONE TAPE MATTER?

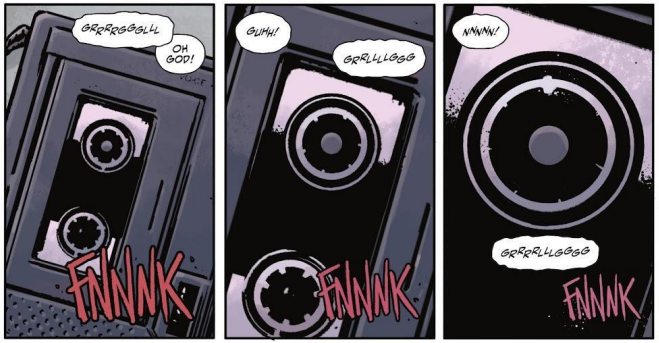
WELL, AS I SAID, SIR, WE HAVE THE DOCUMENT TO BACK IT UP. THE TAPE IS A CLEAR CONFESSION.
MY WORK AROUND THE TAPE SHOWS THAT THE CONFESSION IS ACCURATE.

DOES IT?

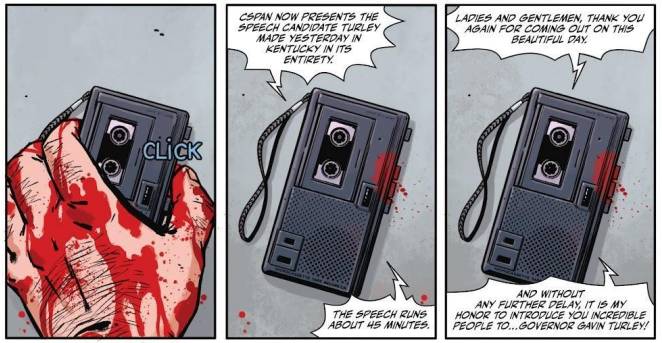
ALL RIGHT THEN.
LET'S LISTEN TO THE FUCKING THING.
SEE WHAT I HEAR.


I SHOULD SAY, UNFORTUNATELY, THE SOUND ISN'T GREAT.
HER RECORDING WASN'T PERFECT. SHE WASN'T IN THE BEST FRAME OF MIND.
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO HEAR IT FINE, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE TO GET A LITTLE CLOSER, ESPECIALLY FOR THIS BEGINNING PART.
KEEP IN MIND, THIS IS HER LAST CONFESSION BEFORE DYING.
YOU FIND THIS WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE. MOST. THEY LIKE TO TELL THEIR STORY BEFORE THEY GO.
THEY HOPE PEOPLE WILL HEAR IT AFTER. HOPE IT CAN CHANGE SOMETHING.


IS IT READY?
C'MON, LET'S GO.
KKRASHHH
WHAT--
ARE YOU--
SLASHHHHH


GRRRGGLL
OH GOD!
FNNNK
GUH!
GRRLLLGGG
FNNNK
NNNN!
GRRRLLGGGG
FNNNK

NNNNN...
RRRLLL...
RLLLLLLL...
LLLL...


CLICK
CSPAN NOW PRESENTS THE SPEECH CANDIDATE TURLEY MADE YESTERDAY IN KENTUCKY IN ITS ENTIRETY.
THE SPEECH RUNS ABOUT 45 MINUTES.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU AGAIN FOR COMING OUT ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY.
AND WITHOUT ANY FURTHER DELAY, IT IS MY HONOR TO INTRODUCE YOU INCREDIBLE PEOPLE TO...GOVERNOR GAVIN TURLEY!

THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU. PLEASE, THAT'S VERY KIND, THANK YOU.

WHAT A WONDERFUL INTRODUCTION FROM SENATOR BAKER. I CAN'T SAY HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE HIS WORK FOR THIS COUNTRY!
AND FOR THE GREAT STATE OF KENTUCKY!

HE'S A REAL FIGHTER!

BUT PLEASE, PLEASE, I WISH WE HAD ALL DAY, I DO, BUT THE SUN IS SETTING FAST AND THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.

AND I'D APPRECIATE YOU GIVING ME A CHANCE TO TELL YOU HOW I CAN GET THAT WORK DONE, HOW I CAN HELP YOU, THE GREAT AMERICAN PEOPLE.
THE TRUE AMERICAN PEOPLE WHO ARE THE HEART OF THIS INCREDIBLE NATION.

FOR DECADES NOW WE HAVE LIVED UNDER ONE-PARTY RULE. A PARTY DEDICATED TO ROBBING THIS COUNTRY OF ITS FUNDAMENTAL LIBERTY.
YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU. THEY TOOK YOUR GUNS, THEY TOOK YOUR RIGHTS, THEY TOOK YOUR DIGNITY.

AND ALL THE WHILE THEY CONSPIRED WITH FOREIGN FORCES TO CONCEDE AMERICA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD AS THE NUMBER ONE NATION.
THEY DEVALUED YOU AND THEY DEVALUED THIS COUNTRY THAT OUR TROOPS FOUGHT FOR AND DIED FOR.
BUT THAT TIME HAS COME TO AN END, MY FRIENDS. IT HAS COME TO AN END. THIS YEAR, THIS DAY, THIS MOMENT.

WE HAVE COME TO A TURNING POINT.
WE HAVE COME TO A REVOLUTION.

PEOPLE ASK ME, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHAT DO THESE WORDS MEAN THAT YOU SEE EVERYWHERE NOW?
THAT I SEE OUT THERE BEING WORN BY SO MANY OF YOU. THAT I WEAR MYSELF.

"COME THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION."

WELL, THAT'S SIMPLE, AND I HONESTLY THINK EVERYONE KNOWS.
WHAT IT MEANS IS THAT CHANGE IS COMING.

NOT THE CHANGE OF THE LAST 25 YEARS--CHANGE AWAY FROM THE IDEALS UPON WHICH THIS COUNTRY WAS BUILT.
BUT A CHANGE FROM THE LAST 25 YEARS.
A RETURN TO THE SIMPLICITY AND DECENCY OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.

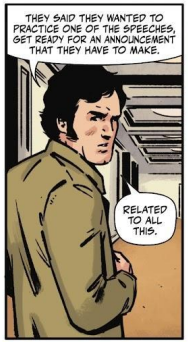
YOU KNOW WHAT THE AMERICAN DREAM ISN'T, DON'T YOU?

LOOK TO YOUR LEFT, LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT, LOOK RIGHT HERE.
RIGHT HERE.
AND YOU WILL SEE, DESPITE ALL THE OBSTACLES PUT IN OUR WAY, THIS, THIS HERE, YOU AND I, WE ARE THE AMERICAN DREAM COME TRUE.

THAT WAS QUICK.

YOU KNOW HIM.
ONCE HE HAS THE ANSWERS, HE DOESN'T NEED MUCH MORE.

YEAH. WAIT ONE SECOND, OKAY?
WHERE'S ALAN?


THEY SAID THEY WANTED TO PRACTICE ONE OF THE SPEECHES, GET READY FOR AN ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THEY HAVE TO MAKE.
RELATED TO ALL THIS.

THAT'S WHY ALAN KICKED ME OUT.
SAID TURLEY'S SENSITIVE ABOUT PEOPLE HEARING HIM PRACTICE.

THE REVOLUTION IS IN YOU, IT'S IN ME, IT'S IN THIS COUNTRY, IT'S IN THIS SOIL.
IT IS THE CALL FOR RENEWAL AND REBIRTH.

YEAH, ALL RIGHT.

AM I DONE?
I DON'T SEE WHAT ELSE YOU'D BE.

HOTEL

THIS'LL JUST BE A SECOND, LET ME CALL IT IN.
THANK YOU.

THESE THINGS TAKE FOREVER.

YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHEN TURLEY'S HOME BECAUSE IT TAKES LONGER.
I THINK THEY GOT SECURITY GUYS IN THE BASEMENT OR SOMETHING. JUST EVERYWHERE.

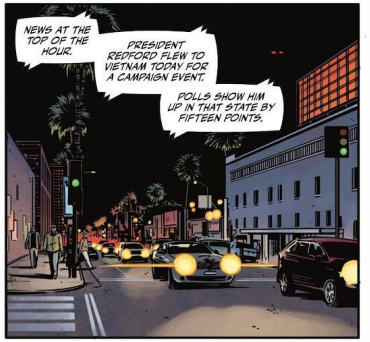
I CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM TO LOSE. GET BACK TO NORMAL.

HERE WE GO.

DUDE, I GOT TO ASK. THAT LOOKS RECENT.
WHAT HAPPENED THERE?

OH, YOU KNOW.
HIT AND RUN.

WE'VE GOT A BACKUP AT THE 10 AND THE HOS, AN OVERTURNED VEHICLE.
STARTS ALMOST ALL THE WAY BACK AT SANTA MONICA. SO STAY CLEAR OF ALL THAT IF YOU CAN.
THE STREETS ARE LOOKING PRETTY GOOD.


NEWS AT THE TOP OF THE HOUR.
PRESIDENT REDFORD FLEW TO VIETNAM TODAY FOR A CAMPAIGN EVENT.
POLLS SHOW HIM UP IN THAT STATE BY FIFTEEN POINTS.

WE TURN TO ELI HARKENS FOR ANALYSES.

PRESIDENT REDFORD'S STRENGTH IN VIETNAM HOLDS STEADY, BUT AS IT IS THE KEY TO WINNING HIM THIS ELECTION I DON'T THINK HE WANTS TO TAKE IT FOR GRANTED.

HE'S STILL BELOVED BY THE PEOPLE THERE AND IN ALL LIKELIHOOD THEY'LL BRING HIM HIS NEXT TERM.
IT'S HARD TO DENY WHAT HE'S DONE TO BRING PEACE AND PROSPERITY TO THAT REGION OF THE WORLD.

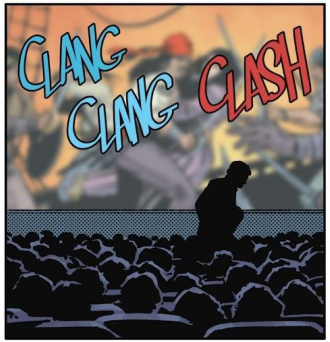
REDFORD IS VERY POPULAR AND FOR ALL THE HOOPLA OF THE TURLEY CAMPAIGN IT'S HARD TO BREAK AWAY FROM THAT POPULARITY.
BUT I HAVE NO DOUBT THEY'LL TRY.
PONTIUS PIRATE
WAR OF THE WEST INDIES
PONTIUS PIRATE WAR OF THE WEST INDIES
PREMIERE
NEW FRONTIERSMAN

ONE FOR THE MIDNIGHT SHOWING OF PONTIUS PIRATE.
PLEASE.

SORRY, IT STARTED 35 MINUTES AGO. YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE.
EVEN THE PREVIEWS ARE OVER. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO WAIT AND SEE IT TOMORROW?
THE BEGINNING'S REALLY GOOD.

NO, I DON'T WANT TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW.

YOU WANT BUTTER?
PLEASE.


CLANG
CLANG
CLASH

AVAST, MATEYS, IT APPEARS THERE MAY BE A TAD MORE OF YOU THAN THERE ARE OF ME.

A HUNDRED TO ONE IS IT, OR DO YE HAVE MORE? IS IT A THOUSAND FLYING SWORDS AGAINST MY SINGLE BLADE?
HAHAHA, WITH THOSE ODDS, IF I FIGHT, I CANNOT WIN--YOU WILL KILL ME!
BY ALL THE WISDOM OF MEN AND GOD, I SHOULD SURELY SURRENDER AND LET YOU WALK ME OFF THE PLANK AND TAKE ME RISKS WITH THE SHARKS!
BUT THE THING YOU LAND-LUBBING BASTARDS HAVE GOT TO UNDERSTAND!
IN ALL ME TRAVELS ACROSS THE SEVEN SEAS...I LEARNED MANY THINGS. I LEARNED TO MASTER THE STARS, AND THE CANNONS, AND THE MAIDENS FAIR!
I LEARNED TO SWIM AND FIGHT, AND I LEARNED JUSTICE, I LEARNED HOW PRECIOUS IT WAS, HOW MUCH OF ME BLOOD I WAS WILLING TO GIVE TO SAVE IT!
BUT IN ALL THEM TRAVELS THROUGH ALL THEM STORMS AND SHINE, I MUST SAY...
I NEVER LEARNED TO CARE FOR THE WISDOM OF GODS AND MEN!
HAVE AT YE THEN! HAVE AT YE, BASTARDS!
COME AND FIGHT! IF I DIE TODAY, I DIE A PIRATE!
THE END.

HE'S WILD FOR HER!
The newest volume in the New York Times bestselling series
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A JAMES GUNN FILM
LOOK
UP
STUDIOS
SUPERMAN
ONLY IN THEATERS
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DON'T WORRY, SON.
I'M LIVING FOREVER.
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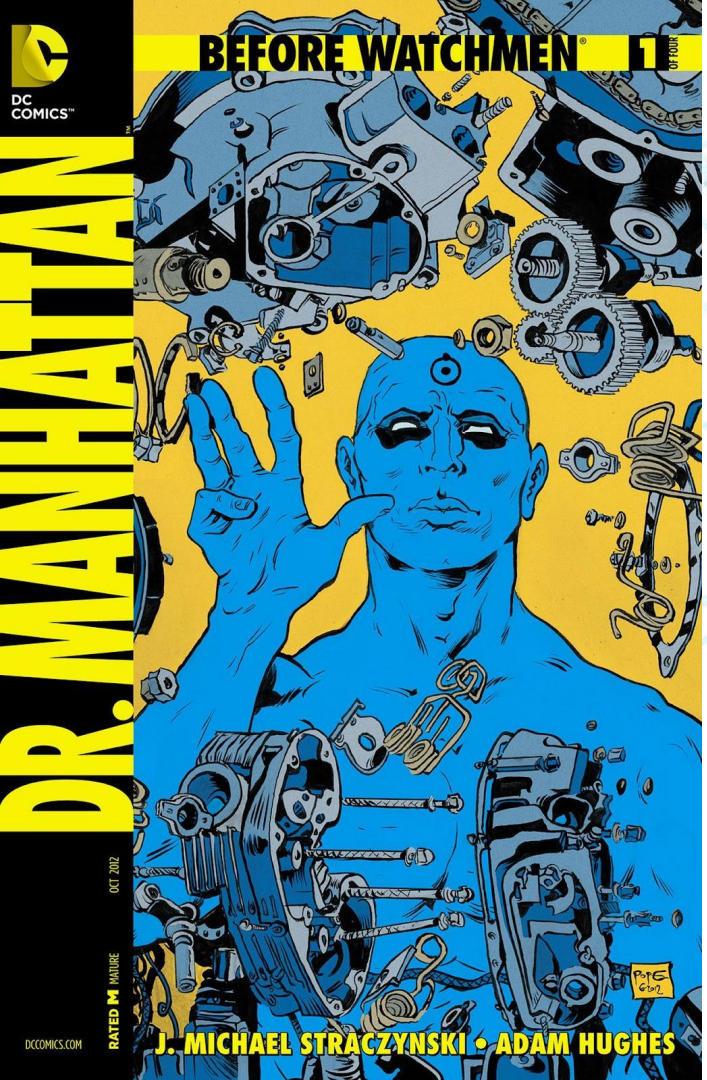
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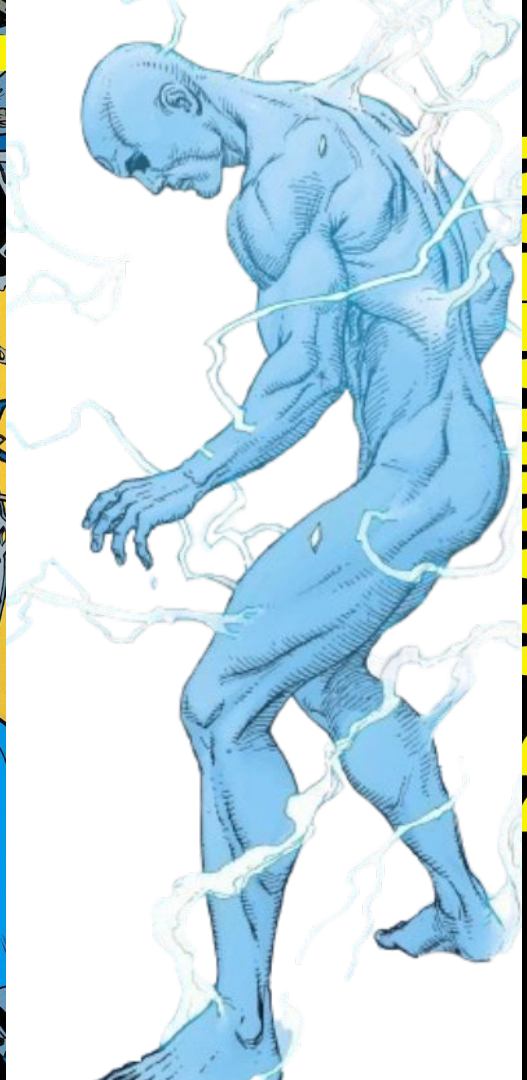

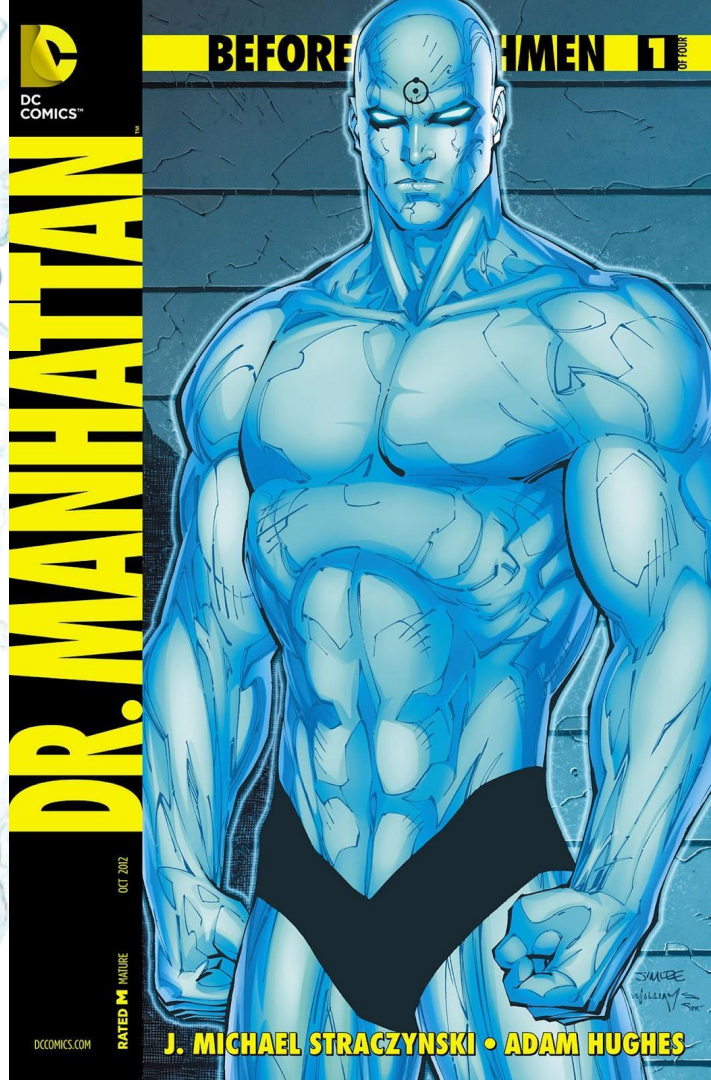
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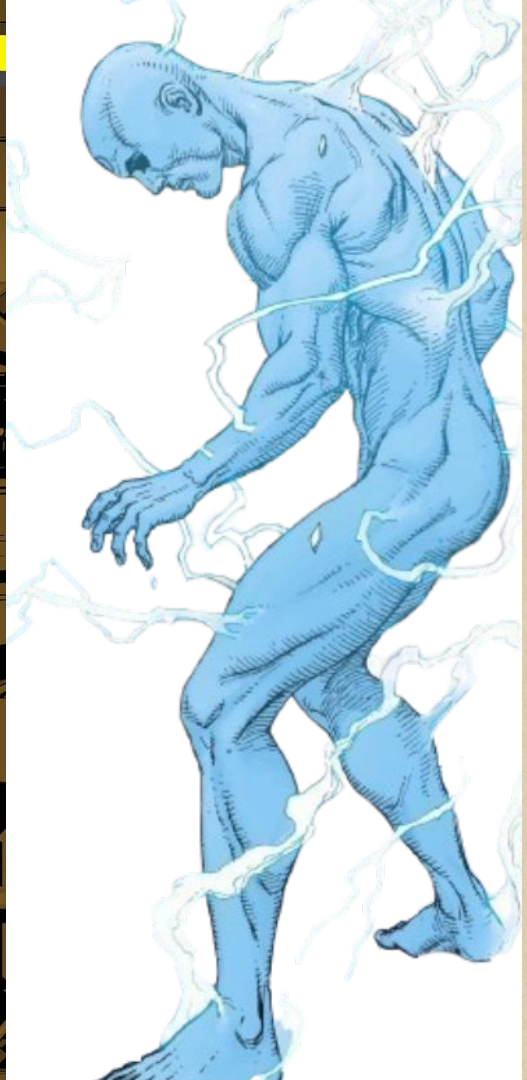
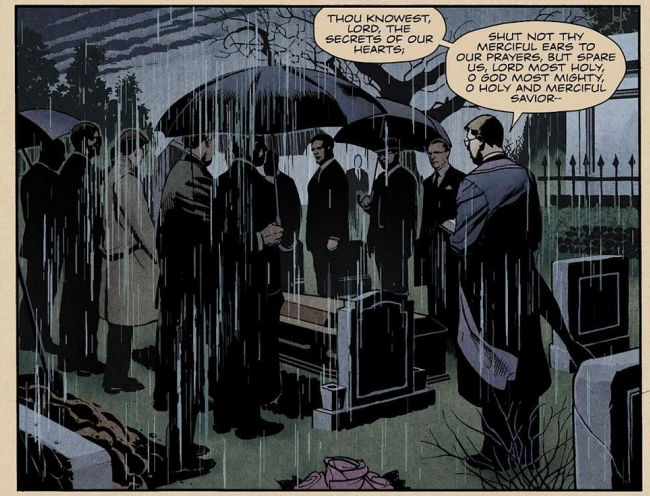


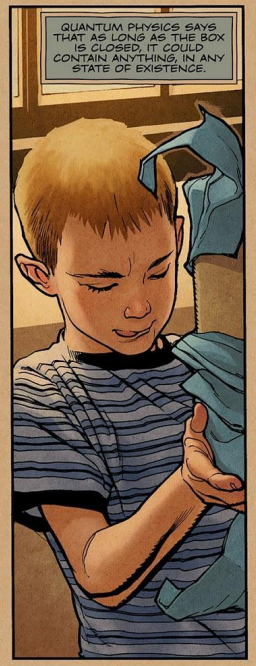

THOU KNOWEST, LORD, THE SECRETS OF OUR HEARTS;
SHUT NOT THY MERCIFUL EARS TO OUR PRAYERS, BUT SPARE US, LORD MOST HOLY, O GOD MOST MIGHTY, O HOLY AND MERCIFUL SAVIOR--

--THOU MOST WORTHY JUDGE ETERNAL, SUFFER US NOT, AT OUR LAST HOUR--

--FOR ANY PAINS OF DEATH, TO FALL FROM THEE.

AMEN.
I WATCH AS A BOX CONTAINING A MYSTERY IS LOWERED INTO THE SOIL. OF THOSE ATTENDING, I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS THAT ALL BOXES ARE MYSTERIES, CONTAINING UNIVERSES.

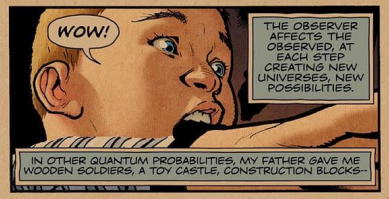
GERMANY, AUGUST 14TH, 1938. I AM NINE YEARS OLD. I AM UNWRAPPING A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM MY FATHER.

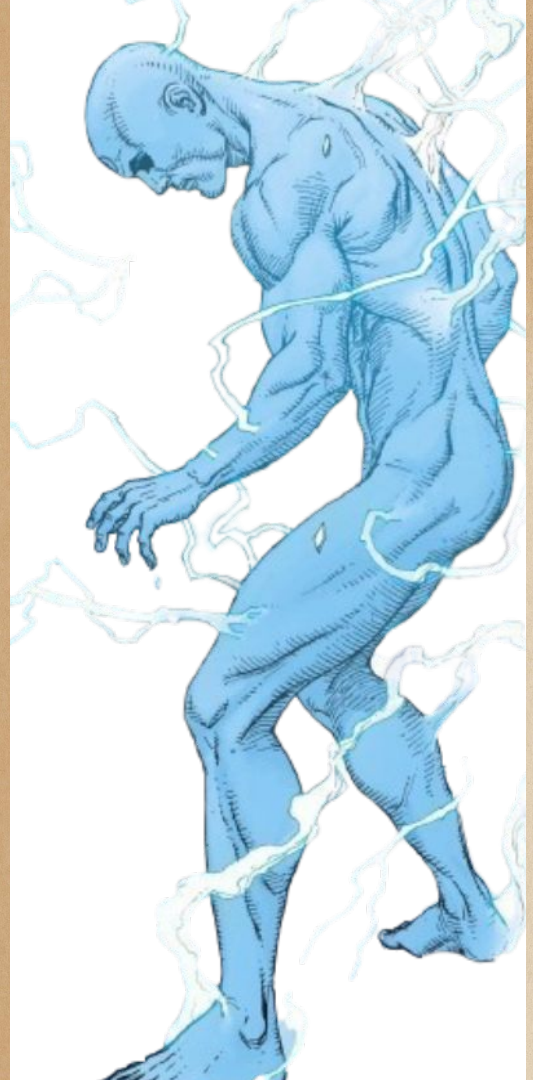

QUANTUM PHYSICS SAYS THAT AS LONG AS THE BOX IS CLOSED, IT COULD CONTAIN ANYTHING, IN ANY STATE OF EXISTENCE.

WOW!

WOW!

WOW!


WOW!
THE OBSERVER AFFECTS THE OBSERVED, AT EACH STEP CREATING NEW UNIVERSES, NEW POSSIBILITIES.
IN OTHER QUANTUM PROBABILITIES, MY FATHER GAVE ME WOODEN SOLDIERS, A TOY CASTLE, CONSTRUCTION BLOCKS--



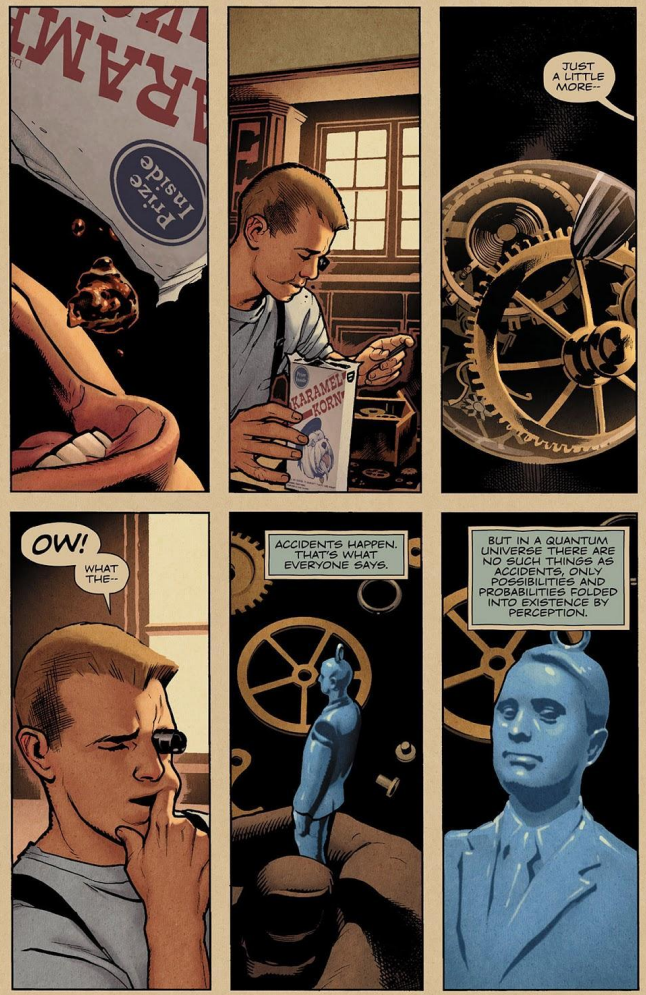
--BUT IN THIS QUANTUM UNIVERSE, THIS WAS INSIDE THE BOX.
A CLOCK...IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
YOUR MOTHER THINKS IT'S A BIT MUCH FOR A NINE-YEAR-OLD...
...BUT I THINK IT WILL HELP YOU UNDERSTAND THAT TIME HAS WEIGHT AND POWER--

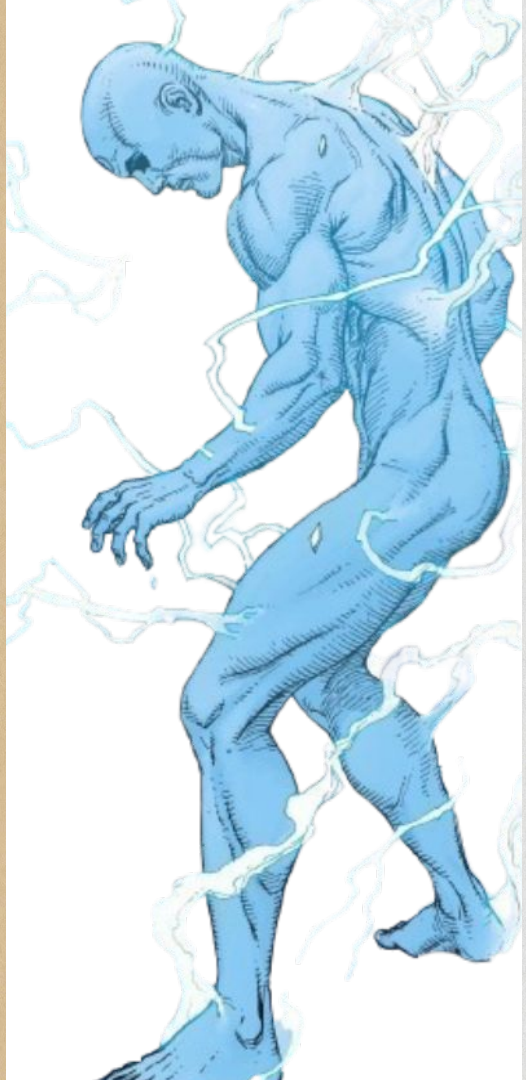
"--THE POWER TO CHANGE LIVES. EVEN A SECOND CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH."
IT'S AUGUST 20TH, 1959. I'M ENTERING THE TEST CHAMBER IN THE INTRINSIC FIELD CENTER. I ASSUME I HAVE TIME TO GET MY COAT.

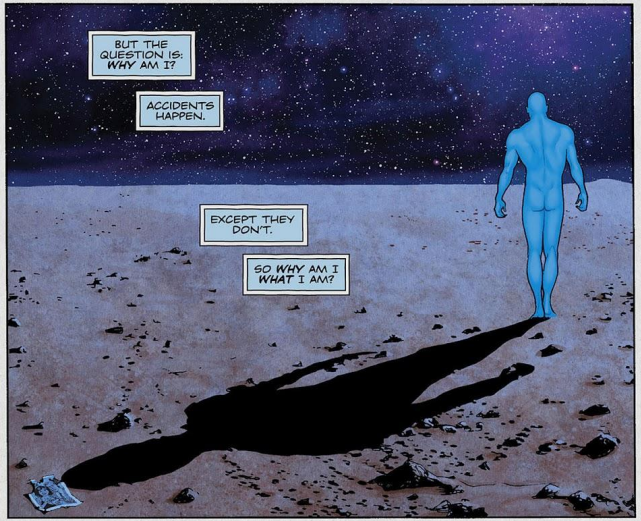
I'M WRONG.

ONE SECOND BECOMES ZERO.
00:04
OPERATING
THE PRESENT IS WRAPPED.

WHAT'S INSIDE THE BOX?







WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI script ADAM HUGHES art
LAURA MARTIN colors STEVE WANDS letters ADAM HUGHES cover
PAUL POPE with LOVERN KINDZIERSKI and JIM LEE with SCOTT WILLIAMS & ALEX SINCLAIR variant covers
CAMILLA ZHANG asst. editor CHRIS CONROY assoc. editor MARK CHIARELLO editor
WATCHMEN created by ALAN MOORE and DAVE GIBBONS

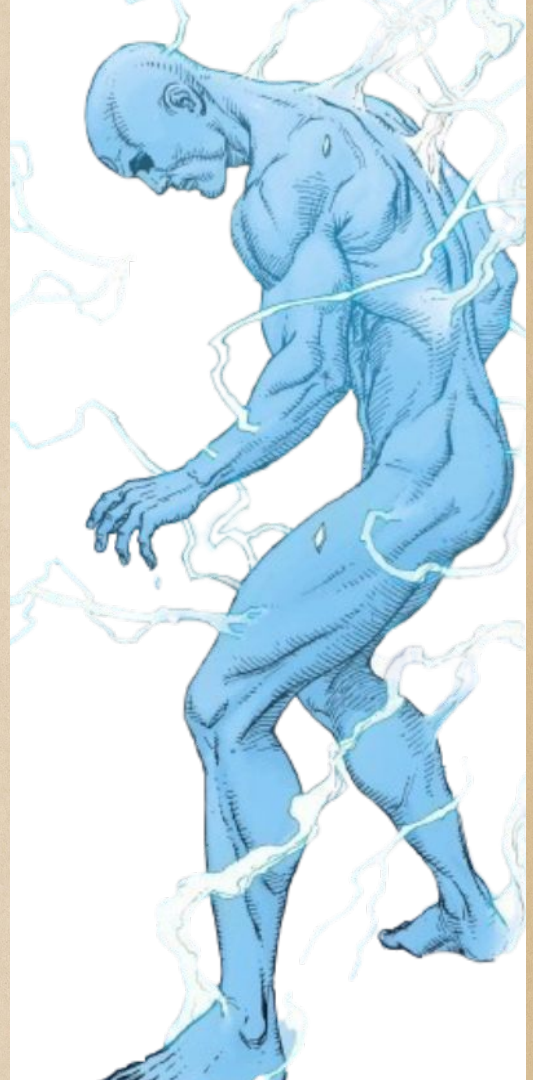
JUNE, 1960. THE GROUP OF HEROES KNOWN AS THE MINUTEMEN ARE HOLDING A FUNDRAISER TO COMBAT FAMINE IN INDIA.
HELP FEED THE HUNGRY IN INDIA
I'D TOLD PRESIDENT RAJENDRA PRASAD THAT I COULD SIMPLY CHANGE THE NITROGEN CONTENT IN THE TOPSOIL TO MAKE THE LAND FERTILE, SO THEY COULD GROW ANYTHING THEY WANTED.

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPT. THE SCALE WAS TOO BIG. IT DIDN'T FIT IN HIS BOX.
YOU DON'T AGE, DO YOU?
THIS IS MY PERCEPTION OF MYSELF. MY PERCEPTION DOES NOT CHANGE, HENCE MY APPEARANCE DOES NOT CHANGE OR AGE.
WELL, THAT MUST BE HANDY.

WISH I COULD DO THAT. I'M TEN YEARS OLDER AND TWENTY POUNDS FATTER THAN I IMAGINE MYSELF. EVERY MORNING I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND THINK HOW THE HELL DID THAT FAT OLD GUY GET IN HERE? THEN I REALIZE IT'S ME.

SOMETIMES...WELL, TONIGHT...I THINK, MAYBE I SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO INSTEAD?
FIX CARS. CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT FIXING THINGS THAT...I DON'T KNOW, MAKES ME FEEL GOOD. MAYBE THAT'S WHY WE GOT INTO ALL THIS...STUFF...IN THE FIRST PLACE. TO FIX THINGS. TO FIX THE WORLD.
BUT I CAN'T.
I WANT TO FORCE CARS TO WORK BECAUSE I CAN'T FORCE THE UNIVERSE TO MAKE SENSE--



"--CAN'T CONTROL EVERYTHING."
ARE YOU EVER GOING TO STOP FIXING THOSE THINGS?

MARCH 3RD, 1949.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY OUTSIDE. SOME OF THE OTHERS WANT TO HIKE DOWN TO THE LAKE. THEY INVITED ME AND THEY EVEN INVITED YOU.

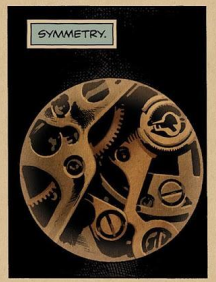
THEY SAID YOU WOULDN'T COME BUT I SAID YOU WOULD IF SOMEONE JUST ASKED YOU.

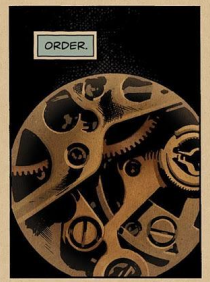
THEY THINK YOU'RE STUFFY, THAT YOU'RE TOO ORGANIZED, TOO NARROW, THAT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN, OR BE SPONTANEOUS.

WELL, I SAY THEY'RE WRONG. YOU JUST NEED TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE, A REASON, AN OPENING SO YOU CAN BE SURPRISED BY LIFE ONCE IN A WHILE.

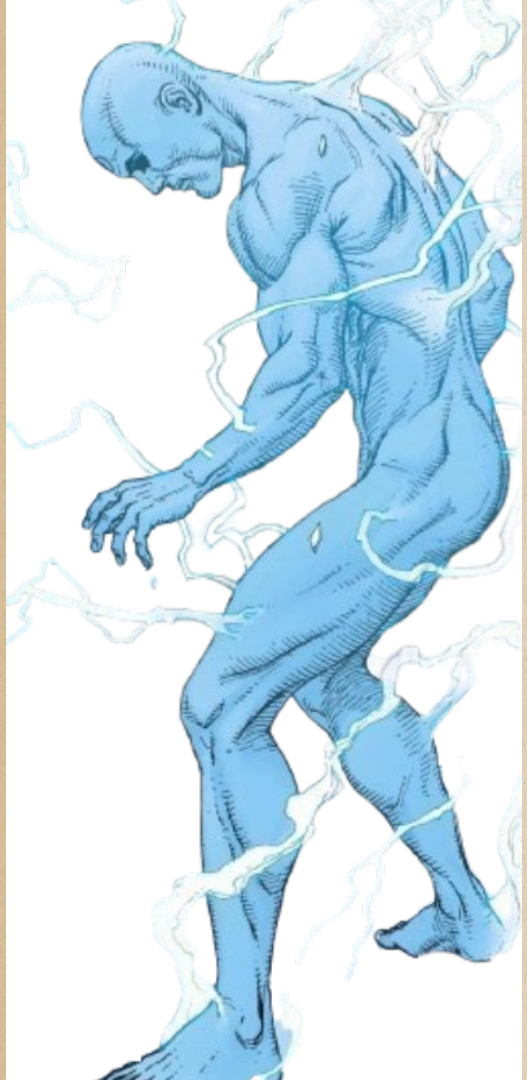
SO? ARE YOU COMING WITH US OR NOT?

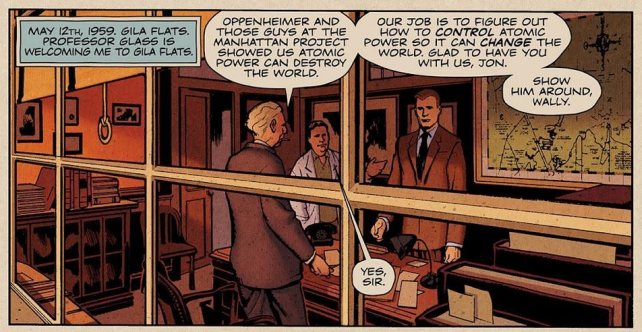
I CAN'T. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS.
FINE. SUIT YOURSELF. I HOPE YOU AND YOUR GEARS WILL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER.


SYMMETRY.


ORDER.

CONTROL.
"IT'S ALL ABOUT CONTROL."




MAY 12TH, 1959. GILA FLATS. PROFESSOR GLASS IS WELCOMING ME TO GILA FLATS.
OPPENHEIMER AND THOSE GUYS AT THE MANHATTAN PROJECT SHOWED US ATOMIC POWER CAN DESTROY THE WORLD.
OUR JOB IS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO CONTROL ATOMIC POWER SO IT CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, JON.
SHOW HIM AROUND, WALLY.
YES, SIR.

THIS IS WHERE THEY'RE DOING INTRINSIC FIELD EXPERIMENTS. IT'S LIKE, WHAT IF THERE'S SOME FIELD HOLDING STUFF TOGETHER APART FROM GRAVITY?

THIS IS OUR TIME-LOCK TEST VAULT, SO THAT WHEN THEY'RE TRYIN' TO SEPARATE OBJECTS FROM THEIR INTRINSIC FIELDS NO RADIATION GETS OUT.
WE GOTTA LOT OF NEW SAFETY FEATURES LIKE THAT HERE.

I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE REAL HEAVY DUTY THINKIN' GETS DONE AROUND HERE. WE CALL IT THE BESTIARY, IT'S OVER IN BUILDING SIX.

AS WALLY STEERS ME INTO THE ROOM, I FEEL A SUDDEN SENSATION OF DÉJÀ VU. I'VE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE--

--EXCEPT THAT IT WAS DESERTED THEN, DERELICT, WITH STARLIGHT SHINING DOWN UPON ITS ROTTED FLOORBOARDS, THROUGH THE COLLAPSED CEILING.

AND IN THAT MOMENT--

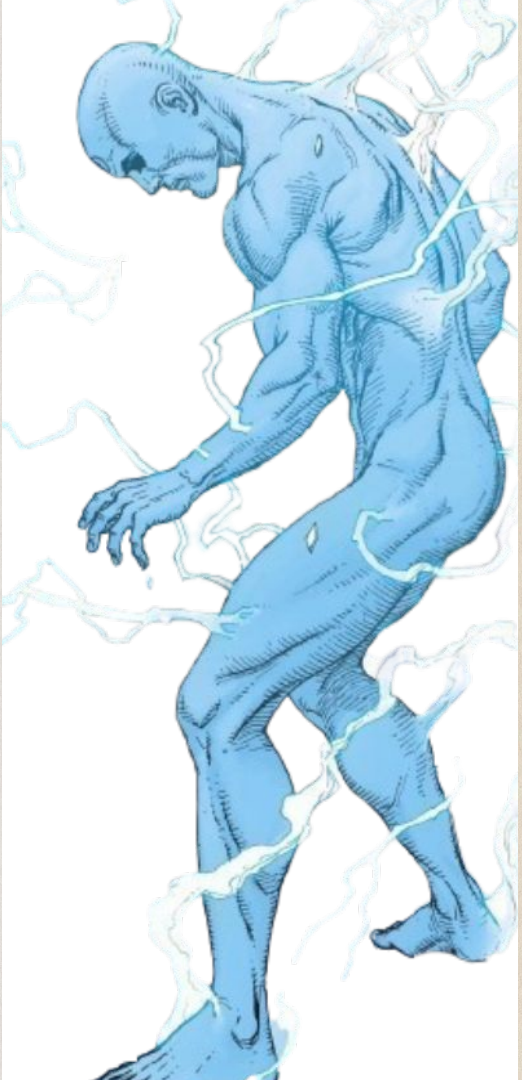
AND IN THAT MOMENT--

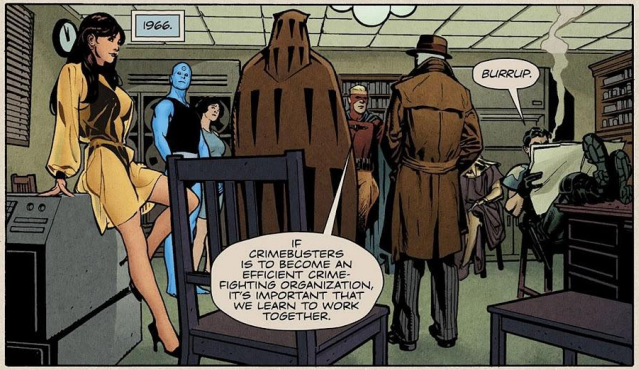
AND IN THIS AND EVERY MOMENT IN BETWEEN, I WONDER...HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

I HAD NOT YET CHANGED INTO WHAT I AM NOW. BUT I COULD STILL SENSE MYSELF IN THE FUTURE.
BECAUSE IT WAS STILL ME, STILL MY CONSCIOUSNESS, SLIDING UP AND DOWN THE TIMESTREAM.
STILL THE SAME QUANTUM OBSERVER.

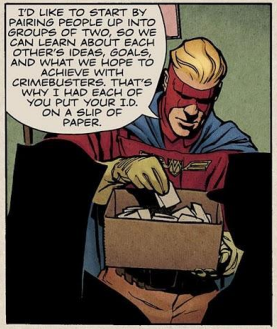
EVEN AS I THINK THESE WORDS FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE ME WHO IS MY FUTURE SELF IS REMEMBERING ME THINKING THESE WORDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THERE IS A LINE THAT CONNECTS US. BUT HOW FAR BACK DOES THAT LINE GO?

AND IS THAT FUTURE ME THE SAME FUTURE ME THAT WOULD HAVE EXISTED HAD I NOT MADE CERTAIN DECISIONS, CERTAIN--
--CHANGES?
"I GUESS I SHOULD WELCOME EVERYBODY TO THE FIRST EVER MEETING OF THE CRIMEBUSTERS."




1966.
BURRUP.
IF CRIMEBUSTERS IS TO BECOME AN EFFICIENT CRIME-FIGHTING ORGANIZATION, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU WERE STARING AT THAT GIRL IS THE MATTER! NOW PAY ATTENTION.

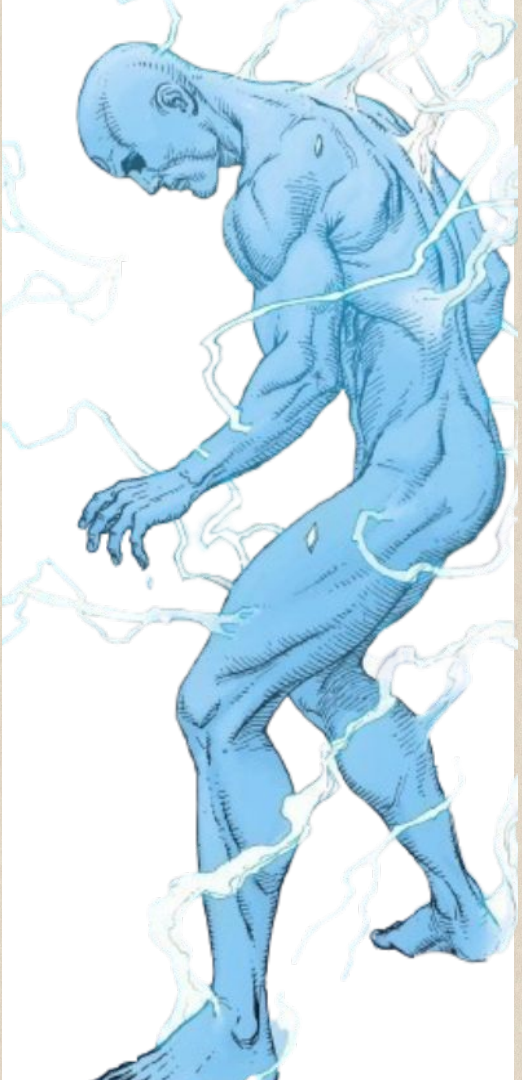

I'D LIKE TO START BY PAIRING PEOPLE UP INTO GROUPS OF TWO, SO WE CAN LEARN ABOUT EACH OTHER'S IDEAS, GOALS, AND WHAT WE HOPE TO ACHIEVE WITH CRIMEBUSTERS. THAT'S WHY I HAD EACH OF YOU PUT YOUR I.D. ON A SLIP OF PAPER.

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
OUR FIRST IS DR. MANHATTAN, WHOSE PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT HONORS ALL OF US--

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE.
--AND THE ONE HE'S PARTNERED WITH TONIGHT IS--

AND PERSPECTIVES CAN BE CHANGED...WITH THE SLIGHTEST NUDGE.
--IS--

--THE SILK SPECTRE.
Silk Spectr
AND A NEW QUANTUM UNIVERSE OF EVENTS AND POTENTIALITIES IS CREATED IN AN INSTANT...
...BORN IN THE SPLIT BETWEEN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND WHAT NOW IS.
IN THAT INSTANT, THE FUTURE ME THAT WOULD HAVE WORKED WITH RORSCHACH CEASED TO EXIST AND BECAME THE ME THAT WORKED WITH LAURIE...THAT LOVED LAURIE....
"JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE."

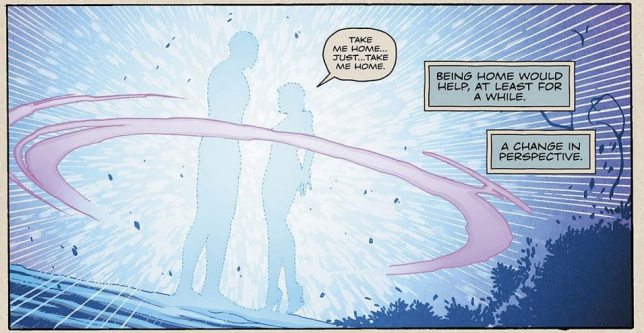


WHAT?
I SAID I WANT TO GO HOME NOW.
PLEASE! DON'T ALL LEAVE--

JANEY--
I SAW THE WAY YOU WERE LOOKING AT HER. CHEAP, TRASHY JAILBAIT!

YOU DID SOMETHING, SO YOU'D BE ASSIGNED TO HER, DIDN'T YOU?
NO. IN THIS QUANTUM REALITY, I WAS ALWAYS PAIRED UP WITH HER TONIGHT.
THE STATEMENT WAS TRUE. IT WAS ALSO UTTERLY BESIDE THE POINT.

IT'S BECAUSE I'M GETTING OLDER, ISN'T IT? YOU WANT SOMEONE YOUNGER, DON'T YOU?
I LOVE YOU, JANEY.
THE STATEMENT WAS TRUE, IT, TOO, WAS UTTERLY BESIDE THE POINT.

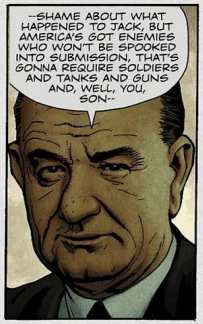

TAKE ME HOME... JUST...TAKE ME HOME.
BEING HOME WOULD HELP, AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
A CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE.

A CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE...
I JUST CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE, DOC; I'M QUITTING. I NEED TO GET MY LIFE IN ORDER, FIGURE OUT WHO I AM BENEATH THE MASK.

--AND THE ARRIVAL OF YOUR POWER ON THE WORLD SCENE ASSURES AMERICA THAT OUR SOLDIERS NEED NOT GET INVOLVED IN SITUATIONS LIKE THAT IN VIETNAM--

I'M LEAVING YOU...

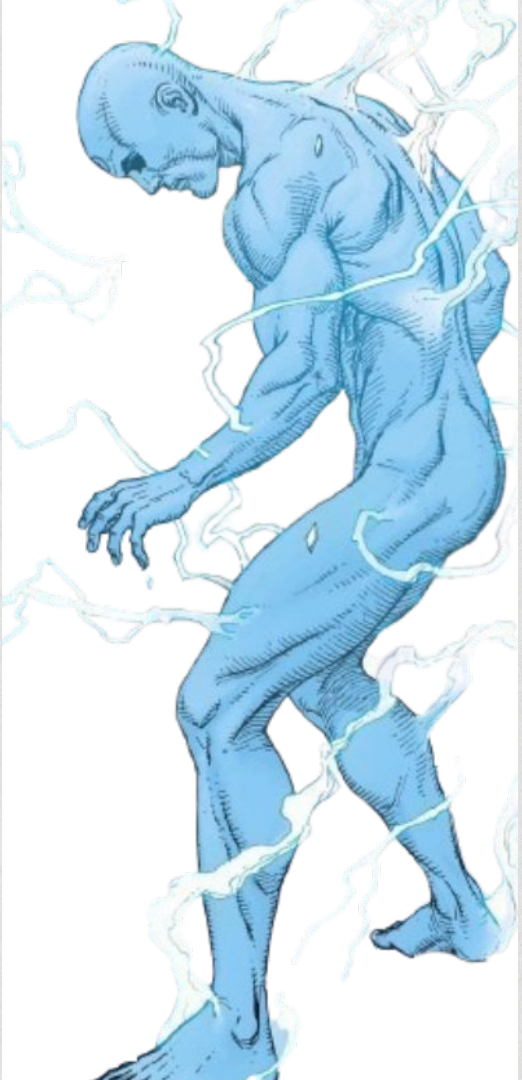
I LOVE YOU...

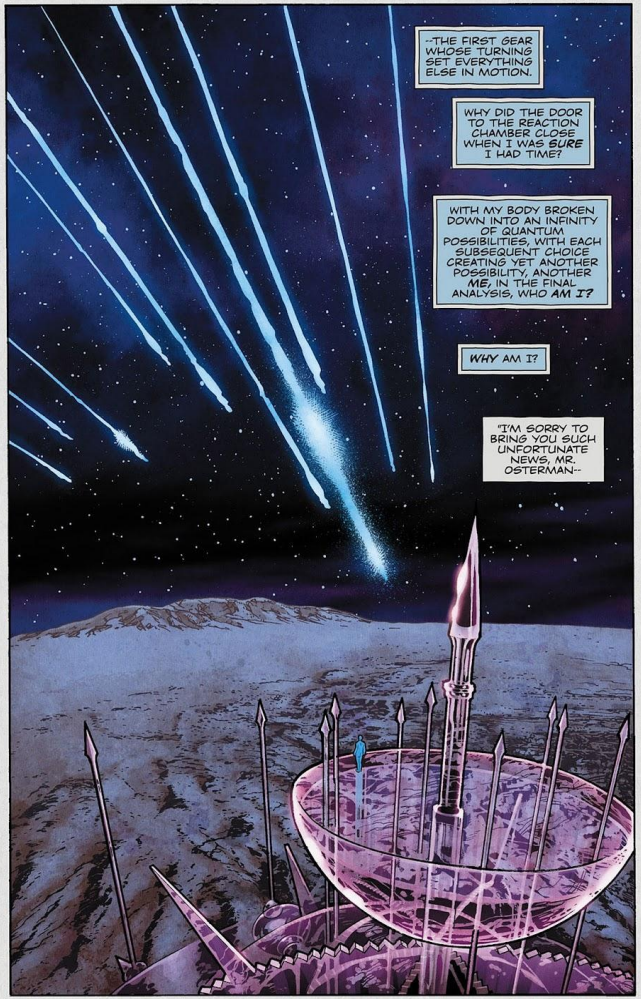

--SHAME ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JACK, BUT AMERICA'S GOT ENEMIES WHO WON'T BE SPOOKED INTO SUBMISSION, THAT'S GONNA REQUIRE SOLDIERS AND TANKS AND GUNS AND, WELL, YOU, SON--

--AND I THINK WE'RE OFF TO A GOOD START, BUT WE CAN DO BETTER, COME UP WITH SOME NEW IDEAS--

HE DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES... BETTER OFF BY MYSELF... SHOULD NEVER HAVE WORKED WITH ME IN THE FIRST PLACE. ALWAYS THOUGHT HE BELONGED WITH SILK SPECTRE--

ONE GEAR TURNS... IT TURNS ANOTHER, WHICH TURNS ANOTHER...BUT IT ALL STARTS WITH ONE TICK OF THE CLOCK, THE UNCOILING OF THE SPRING--




--THE FIRST GEAR WHOSE TURNING SET EVERYTHING ELSE IN MOTION.
WHY DID THE DOOR TO THE REACTION CHAMBER CLOSE WHEN I WAS SURE I HAD TIME?
WITH MY BODY BROKEN DOWN INTO AN INFINITY OF QUANTUM POSSIBILITIES, WITH EACH SUBSEQUENT CHOICE CREATING YET ANOTHER POSSIBILITY, ANOTHER ME, IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, WHO AM I?
WHY AM I?
"I'M SORRY TO BRING YOU SUCH UNFORTUNATE NEWS, MR. OSTERMAN--

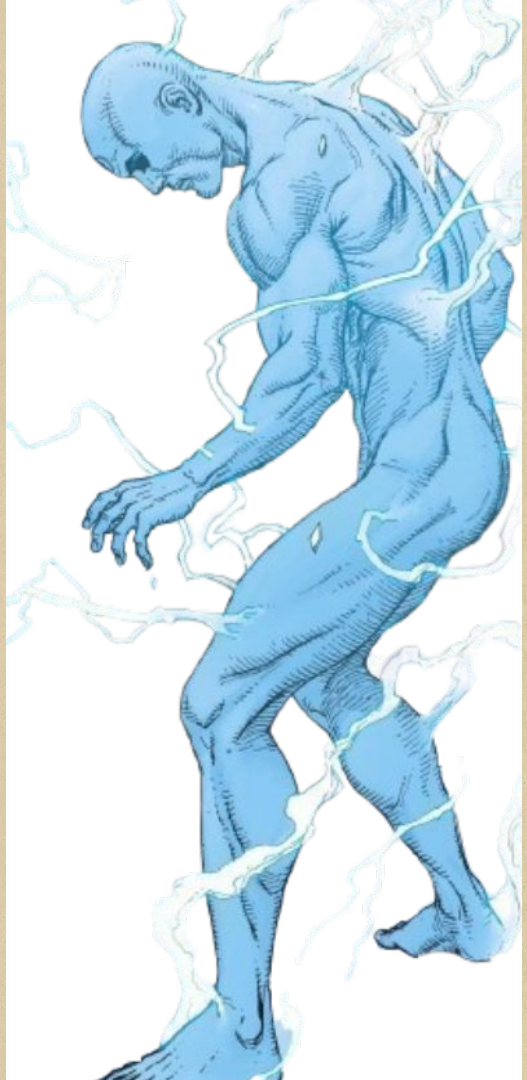
AUGUST, 1959.
--BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.
WE CAN HANDLE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL, EVEN THOUGH THERE'S NOTHING TECHNICALLY LEFT TO BURY--

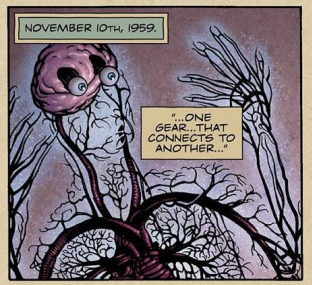
MY SON...IS NOT DEAD.
MR. OSTERMAN--

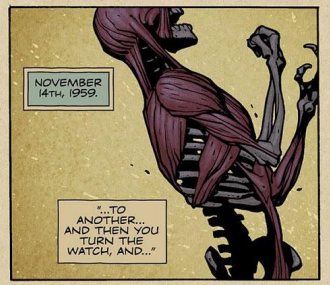
MY SON IS NOT DEAD! IF YOU DID THIS TO HIM THEN YOU CAN FIX IT!
WE TRIED TO REVERSE THE INTRINSIC FIELD GENERATORS IN THE HOPE THAT IT MIGHT SOMEHOW RECREATE HIM, BUT--

NO!

YOU JUST NEED...TO FIND THE PIECES... AND PUT THEM TOGETHER...TO FIX HIM...




NOVEMBER 10TH, 1959.
"...ONE GEAR...THAT CONNECTS TO ANOTHER..."


NOVEMBER 14TH, 1959.
"...TO ANOTHER... AND THEN YOU TURN THE WATCH, AND..."

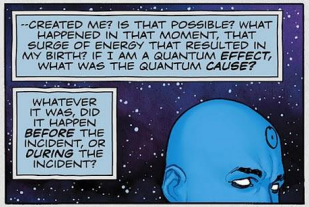
HE'S NOT DEAD...JUST HAVE TO FIX HIM--
FATHER...IT'S ME...I'M RIGHT HERE.

IT'S ME...IT'S JON.

DAD...? WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S--
GOD HELP ME...GOD IN HEAVEN...MY SON IS DEAD...MY SON IS GONE...

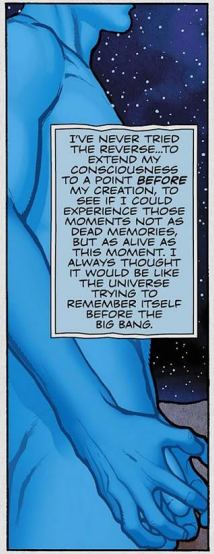
...THEY'VE TAKEN HIM FROM ME.
HE WAS RIGHT. IT TOOK ME YEARS TO SEE THAT, BUT IN THE END, HE WAS RIGHT.

I AM NOT JON, BUT JON BECAME ME. HIS PERSPECTIVE INFORMED ME, HIS PERSPECTIVE--

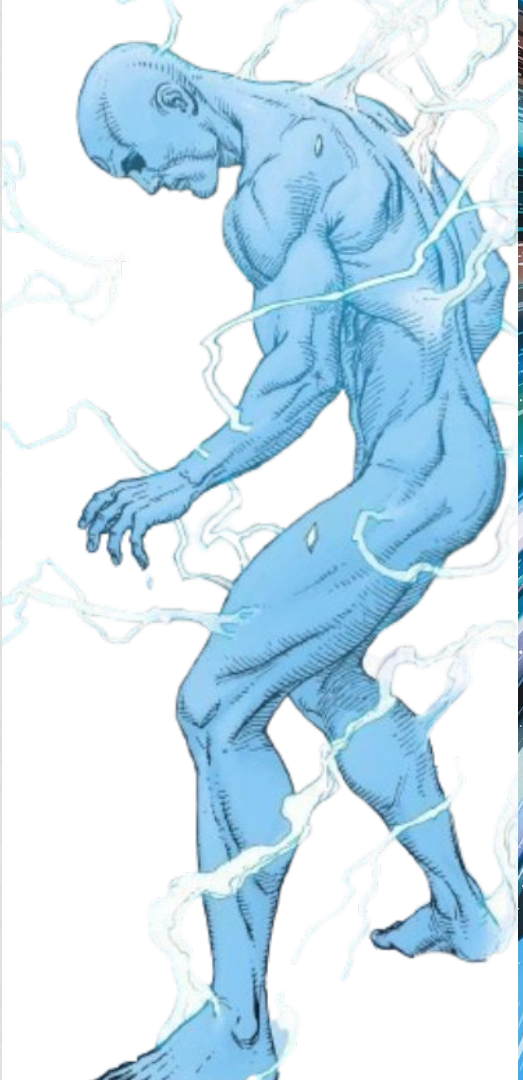

--CREATED ME? IS THAT POSSIBLE? WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT MOMENT, THAT SURGE OF ENERGY THAT RESULTED IN MY BIRTH? IF I AM A QUANTUM EFFECT, WHAT WAS THE QUANTUM CAUSE?
WHATEVER IT WAS, DID IT HAPPEN BEFORE THE INCIDENT, OR DURING THE INCIDENT?

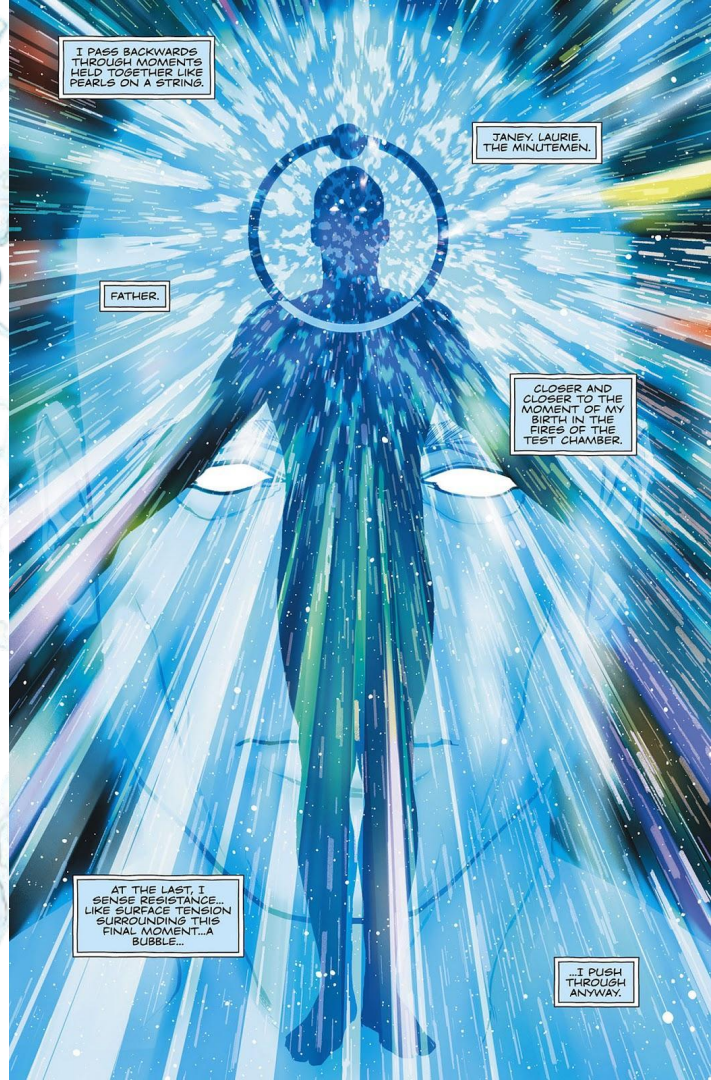
WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

I KNOW THAT I CAN RIDE THE TIMELINE BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE FUTURE AND THE MOMENT OF MY CREATION...
...AND THE MOMENT OF DÉJÀ VU IN SILA FLATS SHOWS THAT EVEN BEFORE THE INCIDENT MY CONSCIOUSNESS WAS ABLE TO RIDE THE TIMELINE FORWARD PAST THE POINT OF MY BODY'S DESTRUCTION.


I'VE NEVER TRIED THE REVERSE...TO EXTEND MY CONSCIOUSNESS TO A POINT BEFORE MY CREATION, TO SEE IF I COULD EXPERIENCE THOSE MOMENTS NOT AS DEAD MEMORIES, BUT AS ALIVE AS THIS MOMENT. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WOULD BE LIKE THE UNIVERSE TRYING TO REMEMBER ITSELF BEFORE THE BIG BANG.

AND PERHAPS...IT IS TIME TO TRY.




I PASS BACKWARDS THROUGH MOMENTS HELD TOGETHER LIKE PEARLS ON A STRING.
JANEY. LAURIE. THE MINUTEMEN.
FATHER.
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE MOMENT OF MY BIRTH IN THE FIRES OF THE TEST CHAMBER.
AT THE LAST, I SENSE RESISTANCE... LIKE SURFACE TENSION SURROUNDING THIS FINAL MOMENT...A BUBBLE...
...I PUSH THROUGH ANYWAY.

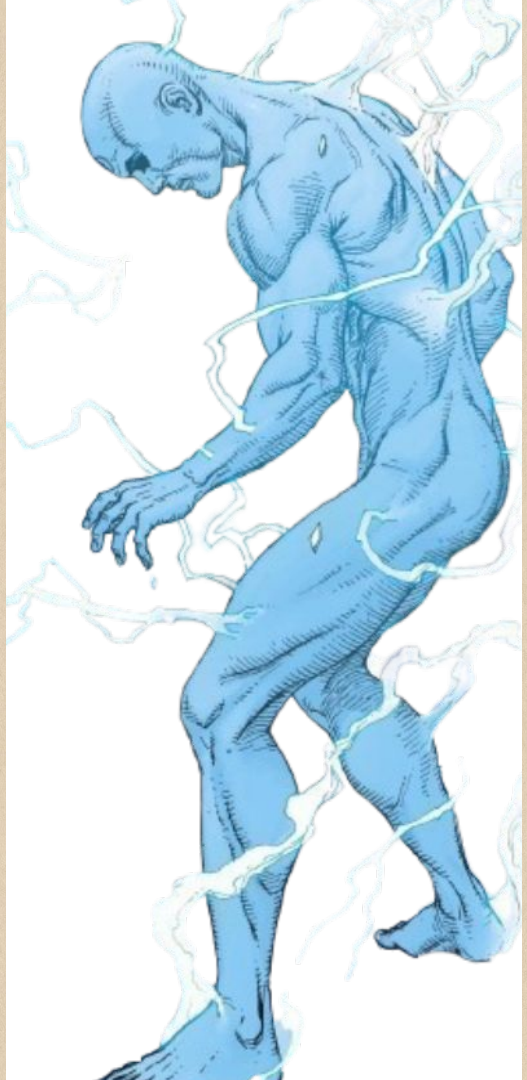
RESTRICTED AREA
NO TRESPASSING
BEYOND THIS POINT
By Permission

RESTRICTED AREA
NO TRESPASSING
BEYOND THIS POINT
By Permission

GILA FLATS.

BACK FROM LUNCH EARLY, DR. OSTERMAN?

YEAH...LEFT JANEY'S WATCH IN MY COAT POCKET. JUST FIXED IT.
GOTTA GIVE IT TO YOU, DOC. SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NOTHING BROKEN SO BAD THAT YOU CAN'T PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.



MOST PEOPLE TRY TO FIX THE PROBLEM WHERE IT IS, NOT WHERE IT STARTED. IT'S LIKE REALIZING YOU'RE FIVE MILES OFF COURSE IN THE DESERT...THE MISTAKE ISN'T WHERE YOU ARE, IT WAS THAT FIRST STEP THAT TOOK YOU OFF COURSE.
WALLY...

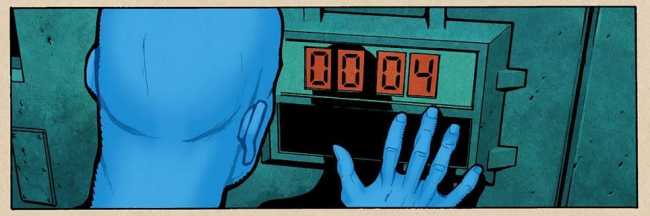
THEY CAN'T SEE ME...I DON'T EXIST IN THIS TIME YET, IT'S JUST MY CONSCIOUSNESS THAT'S PRESENT.
SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE TO ZIP ON OVER TO THE IF CHAMBER. I'M PRETTY SURE I LEFT MY COAT THERE WHILE WE WERE RESETTING THE FIELD CHAMBER FOR TODAY'S TEST.

BETTER HURRY, OR YOUR COAT AND HER WATCH ARE GONNA END UP MOLECULARLY DISASSEMBLED...
...AND I DON'T THINK EVEN YOU CAN FIX THAT.
DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME.

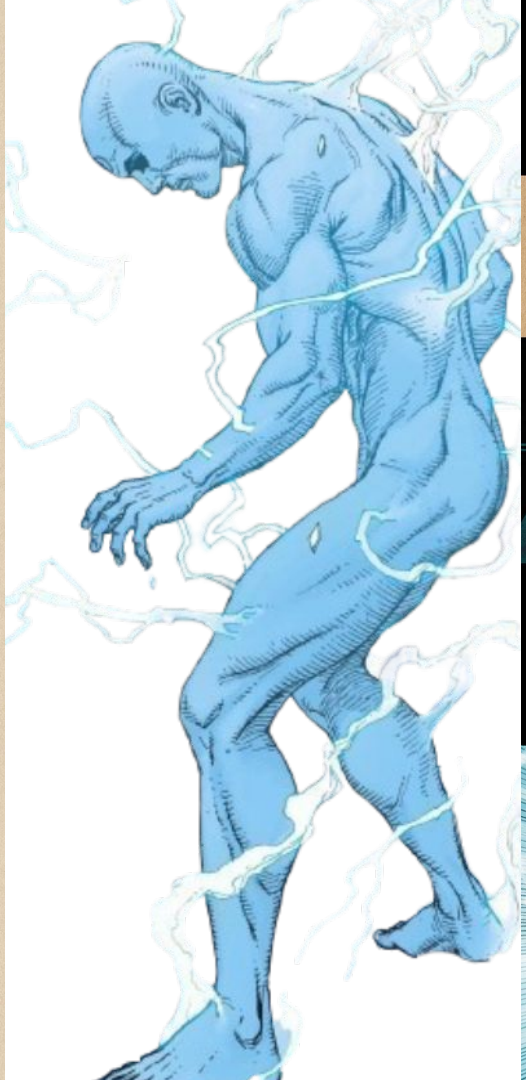
ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

15
THERE YOU ARE.

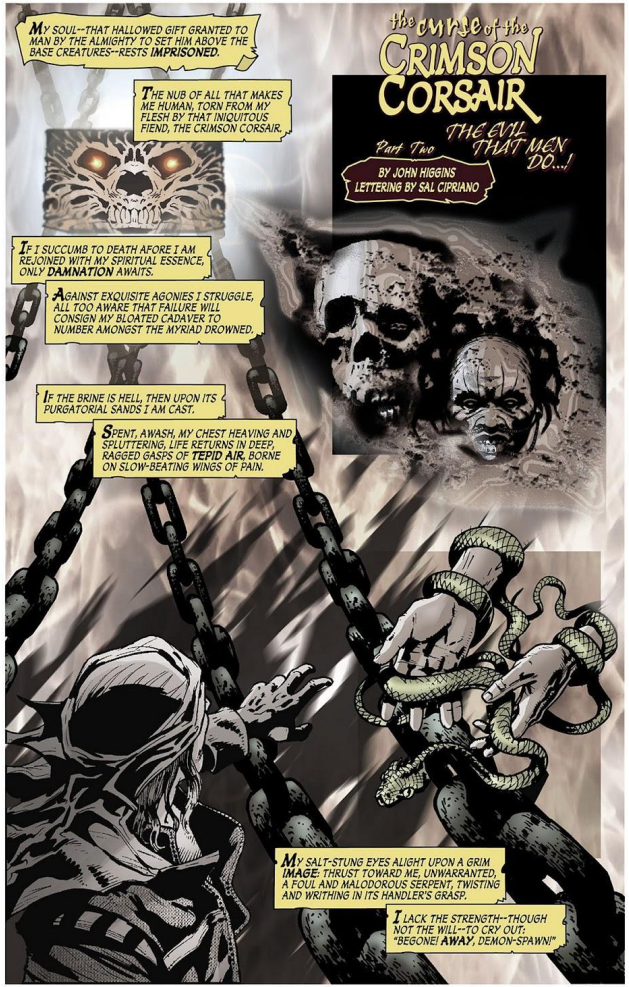
BUT... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE--

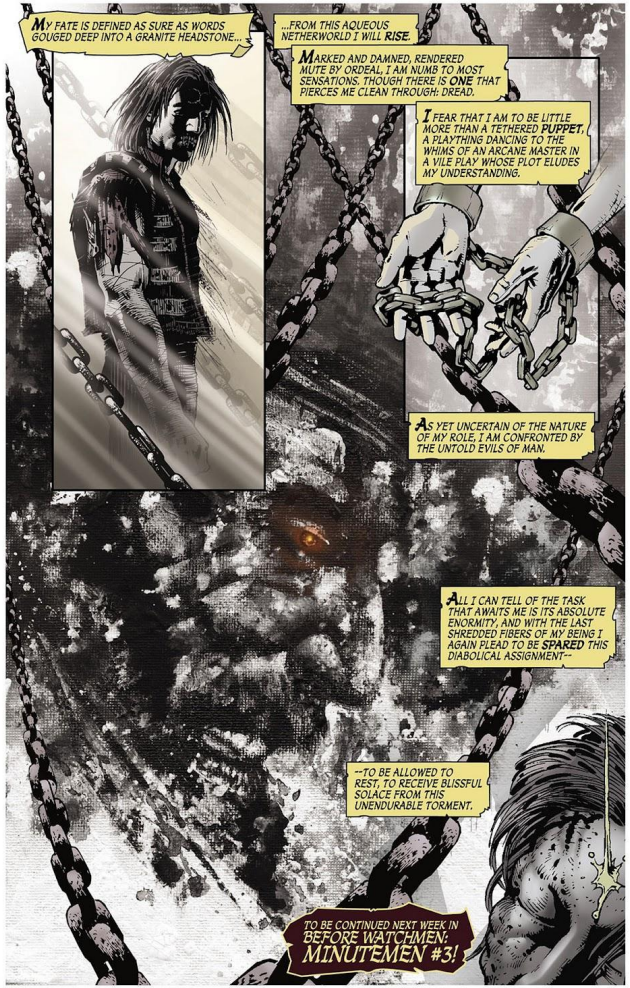


IT'S ONE-FIFTEEN P.M., AUGUST 20TH, 1959. THE MOMENT I WAS BORN. THE MOMENT OF THE ACCIDENT.
BECAUSE ACCIDENTS HAPPEN.
EXCEPT THIS ONE DOESN'T HAPPEN.



BOXES CONTAIN MYSTERIES. BOXES ARE MYSTERIES.
UNTIL WE OPEN THEM, WE CAN NEVER REALLY BE SURE WHAT'S INSIDE.
I SHOULD BE INSIDE THIS BOX, AT THIS MOMENT. BUT I'M NOT.
I'M NOT.
OPERATING
SO WHERE AM I? WHY AM I?
WHAT'S INSIDE THE BOX?


the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
Part Two
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...!
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
MY SOUL--THAT HALLOWED GIFT GRANTED TO MAN BY THE ALMIGHTY TO SET HIM ABOVE THE BASE CREATURES--RESTS IMPRISONED.
THE NUB OF ALL THAT MAKES ME HUMAN, TORN FROM MY FLESH BY THAT INIQUITOUS FIEND, THE CRIMSON CORSAIR.
IF I SUCCUMB TO DEATH AFORE I AM REJOINED WITH MY SPIRITUAL ESSENCE, ONLY DAMNATION AWAITS.
AGAINST EXQUISITE AGONIES I STRUGGLE, ALL TOO AWARE THAT FAILURE WILL CONSIGN MY BLOATED CADAVER TO NUMBER AMONGST THE MYRIAD DROWNED.
IF THE BRINE IS HELL, THEN UPON ITS PURGATORIAL SANDS I AM CAST.
SPENT, AWASH, MY CHEST HEAVING AND SPLUTTERING, LIFE RETURNS IN DEEP, RAGGED GASPS OF TEPID AIR, BORNE ON SLOW-BEATING WINGS OF PAIN.
MY SALT-STUNG EYES ALIGHT UPON A GRIM IMAGE: THRUST TOWARD ME, UNWARRANTED, A FOUL AND MALODOROUS SERPENT, TWISTING AND WRITHING IN ITS HANDLER'S GRASP.
I LACK THE STRENGTH--THOUGH NOT THE WILL--TO CRY OUT: "BEGONE! AWAY, DEMON-SPAWN!"


MY FATE IS DEFINED AS SURE AS WORDS GOUGED DEEP INTO A GRANITE HEADSTONE...
...FROM THIS AQUEOUS NETHERWORLD I WILL RISE.
MARKED AND DAMNED, RENDERED MUTE BY ORDEAL, I AM NUMB TO MOST SENSATIONS. THOUGH THERE IS ONE THAT PIERCES ME CLEAN THROUGH: DREAD.
I FEAR THAT I AM TO BE LITTLE MORE THAN A TETHERED PUPPET, A PLAYTHING DANCING TO THE WHIMS OF AN ARCANE MASTER IN A VILE PLAY WHOSE PLOT ELUDES MY UNDERSTANDING.
AS YET UNCERTAIN OF THE NATURE OF MY ROLE, I AM CONFRONTED BY THE UNTOLD EVILS OF MAN.
ALL I CAN TELL OF THE TASK THAT AWAITS ME IS ITS ABSOLUTE ENORMITY, AND WITH THE LAST SHREDDED FIBERS OF MY BEING I AGAIN PLEAD TO BE SPARED THIS DIABOLICAL ASSIGNMENT--
--TO BE ALLOWED TO REST, TO RECEIVE BLISSFUL SOLACE FROM THIS UNENDURABLE TORMENT.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: MINUTEMEN #3!

"A masterpiece."
– TIME MAGAZINE,
TIME MAGAZINE's 100 best English-language novels from 1923 to the present

ALAN MOORE

"Trailblazing." – ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

"The greatest piece of popular fiction ever produced." – DAMON LINDELOF, co-creator of *LOST*

"Genius." – DAVID GOYER, screenwriter, *BATMAN BEGINS*

"A masterwork of storytelling." – MAXIM

"The most literary sophisticated use of the form." – LA CITY BEAT

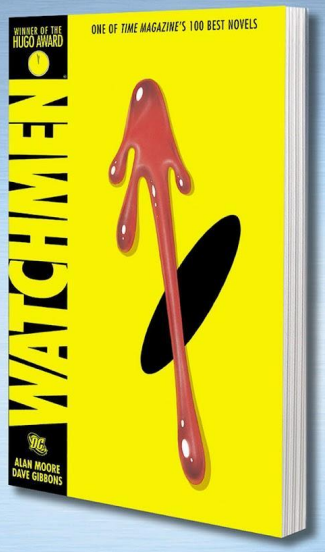
"The best example of graphic storytelling ever." – MIAMI HERALD

"Remarkable…" – THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"Groundbreaking." – USA TODAY

"The Citizen Kane of comics." – KANSAS CITY STAR

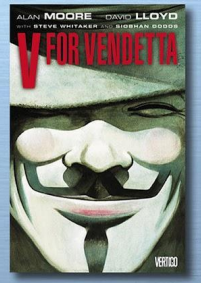
★ *"No collection should be without it."* – LIBRARY JOURNAL, starred



THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 1

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 2

V FOR VENDETTA



Titles Listed Above are Suggested for Mature Readers

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DR. MANHATTAN
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IT CAME FROM
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A THRILLING PUBLICATION
DEC 2012
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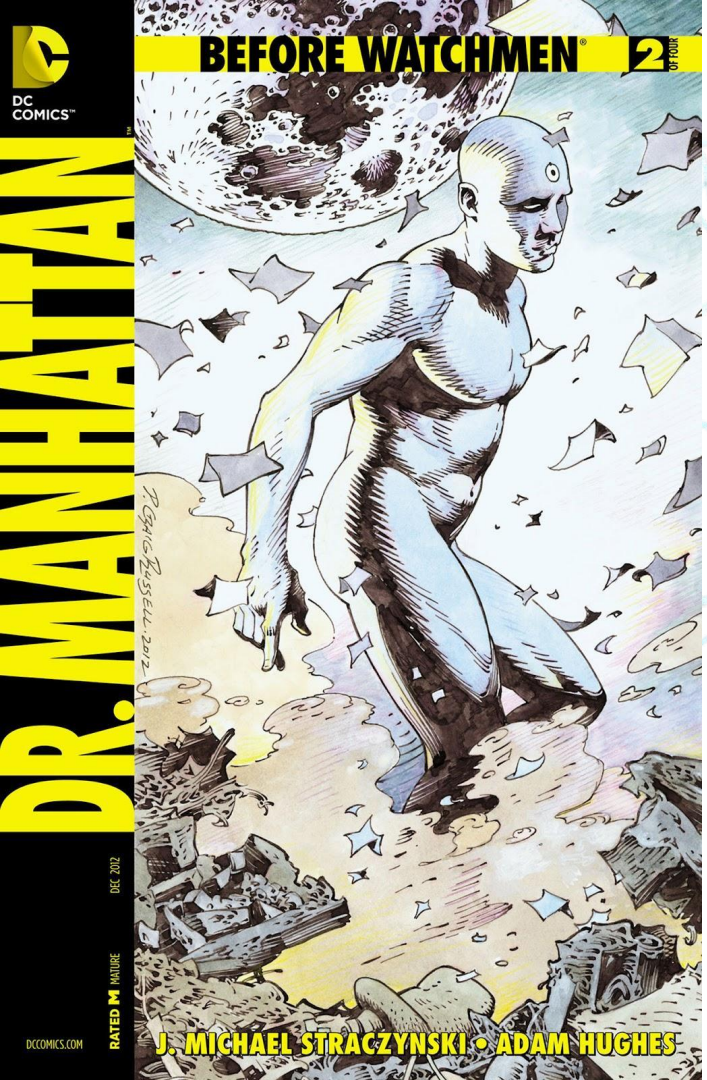
J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI • ADAM HUGHES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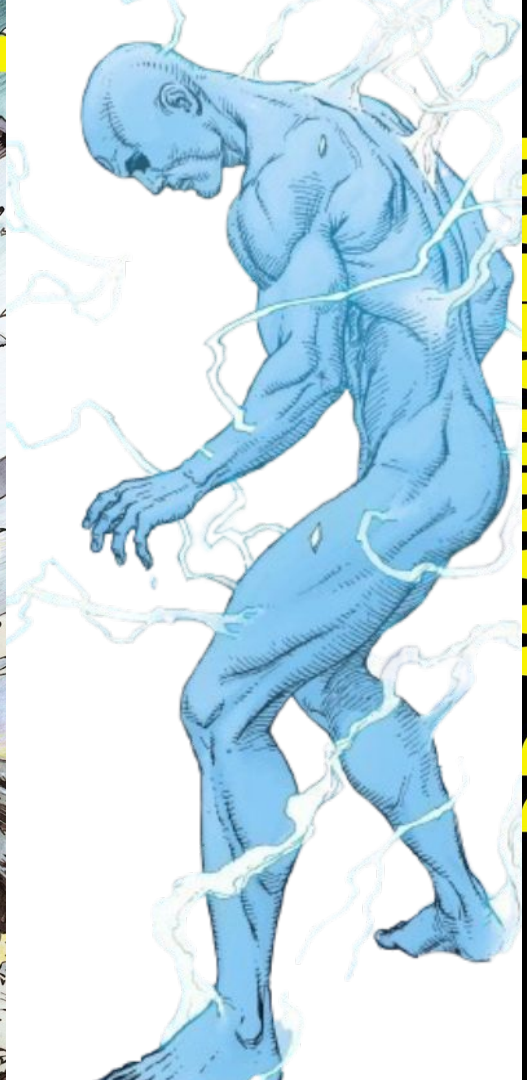

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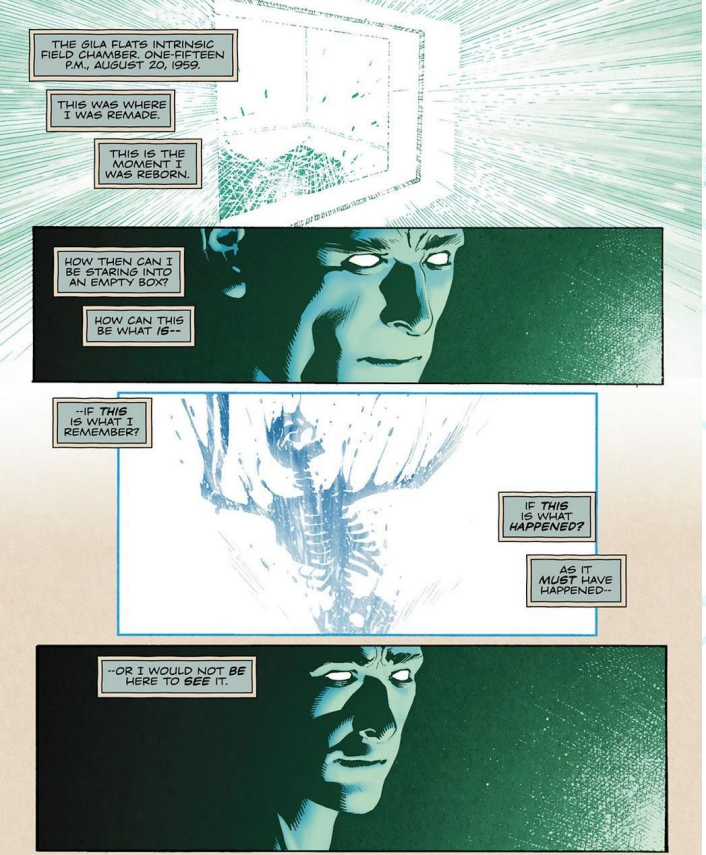
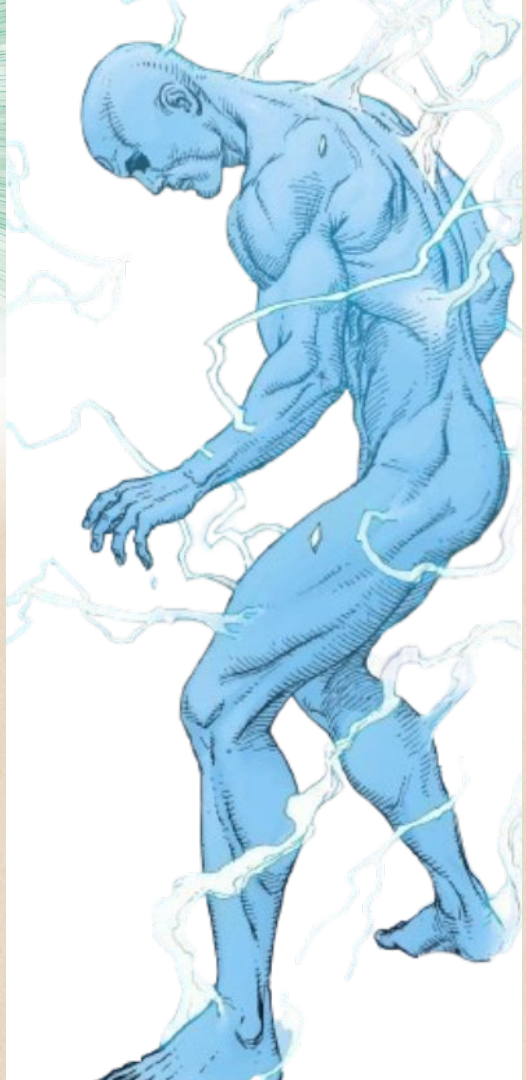
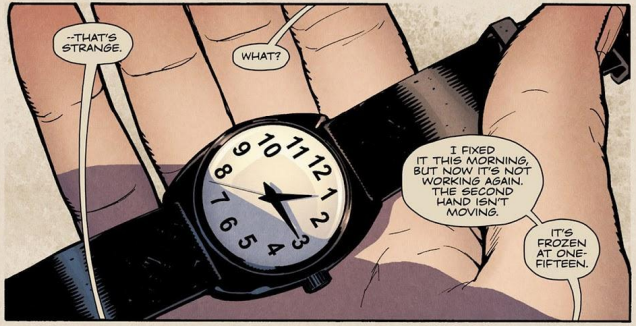
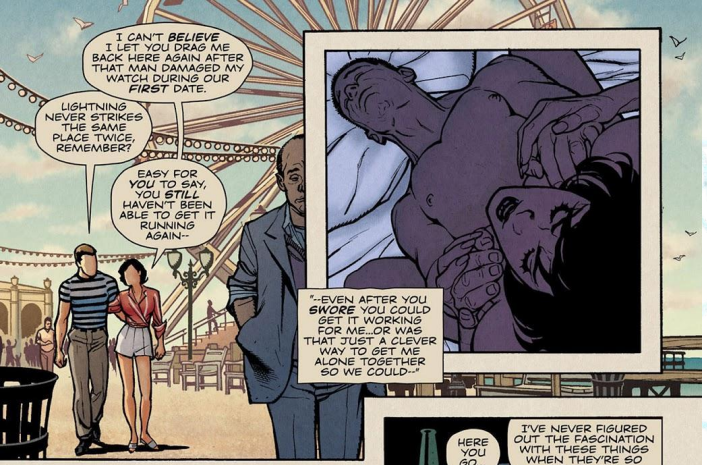


ONE-FIFTEEN P.M.

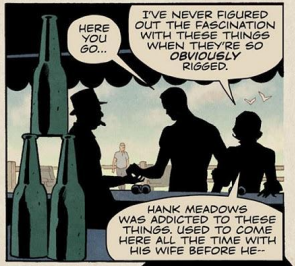
J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI script ADAM HUGHES art
LAURA MARTIN colors STEVE WANDS letters
ADAM HUGHES cover P. CRAIG RUSSELL variant cover
CAMILLA ZHANG asst. editor CHRIS CONROY assoc. editor MARK CHIARELLO editor
WATCHMEN created by ALAN MOORE and DAVE GIBBONS





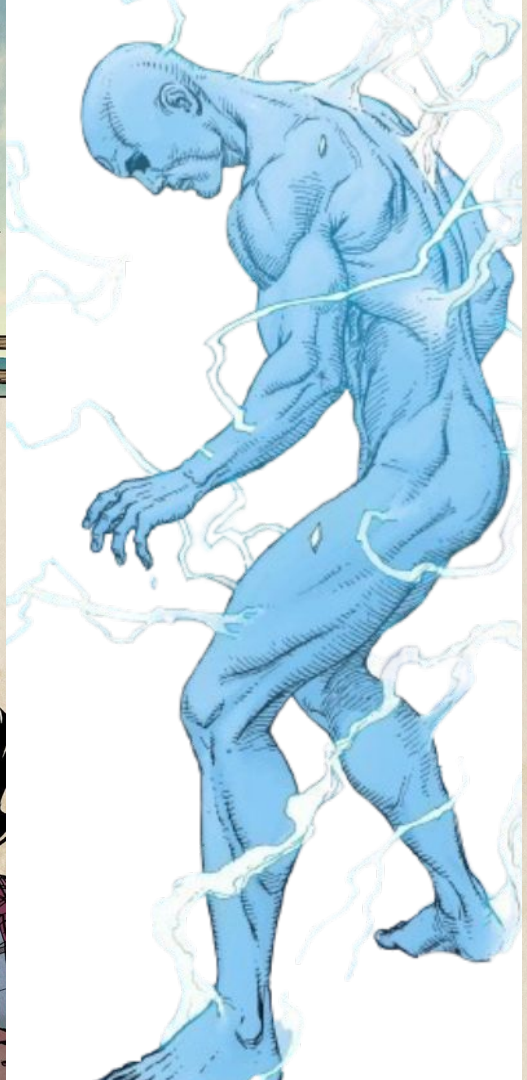

I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU DRAG ME BACK HERE AGAIN AFTER THAT MAN DAMAGED MY WATCH DURING OUR FIRST DATE.
LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES THE SAME PLACE TWICE, REMEMBER?
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, YOU STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET IT RUNNING AGAIN--
"--EVEN AFTER YOU SWORE YOU COULD GET IT WORKING FOR ME...OR WAS THAT JUST A CLEVER WAY TO GET ME ALONE TOGETHER SO WE COULD--"

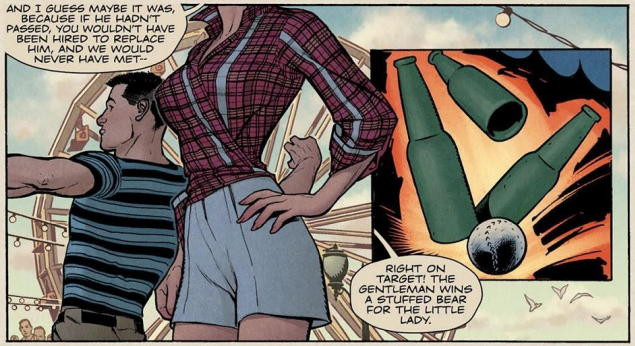
AHEM!
HERE, LET'S TRY THIS ONE.
3 BALLS for 25¢
FINE... RUN AWAY...


HERE YOU GO...
I'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT THE FASCINATION WITH THESE THINGS WHEN THEY'RE SO OBVIOUSLY RIGGED.
HANK MEADOWS WAS ADDICTED TO THESE THINGS. USED TO COME HERE ALL THE TIME WITH HIS WIFE BEFORE HE--

--IT WAS SO STRANGE. HE WAS ALWAYS SO HEALTHY. DIDN'T SMOKE OR DRINK, RARELY GOT NEAR THE HEAVY RADIATION EQUIPMENT. THEN OUT OF NOWHERE, A TUMOR.
STRIKE ONE!

IT WAS SO SAD WHEN HE DIED. EVERYONE KEPT SAYING IT WAS ALL FOR THE BEST. GOD'S WILL.
STRIKE TWO!




AND I GUESS MAYBE IT WAS, BECAUSE IF HE HADN'T PASSED, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIRED TO REPLACE HIM, AND WE WOULD NEVER HAVE MET--
RIGHT ON TARGET! THE GENTLEMAN WINS A STUFFED BEAR FOR THE LITTLE LADY.

HERE YOU GO, MA'AM.
WHY, THANK YOU, I--
JUST A SECOND, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS.

WHAT IS IT?
IT'S TORN BACK HERE. SEE?
OH, WELL, IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.

I DISAGREE. I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

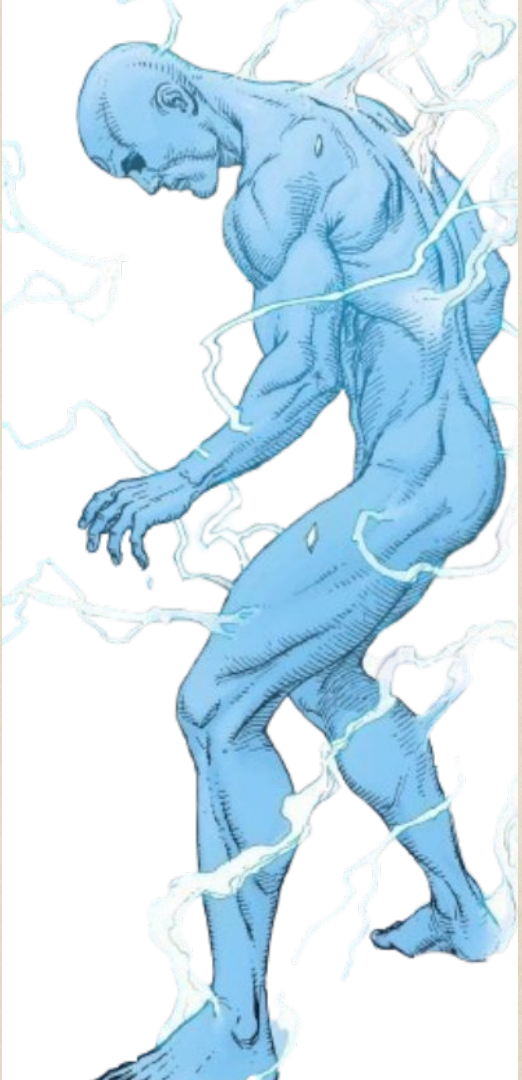
JON--
YES, LOVE?
--WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
COULD BE ANYTHING. WHY DON'T YOU OPEN IT AND LOOK INSIDE?

I FIGURED I'VE GOT A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF HEARING WHAT I HOPE I HEAR, SO...
...YES OR NO?

YES! OH, DARLING, MOST DEFINITELY YES!

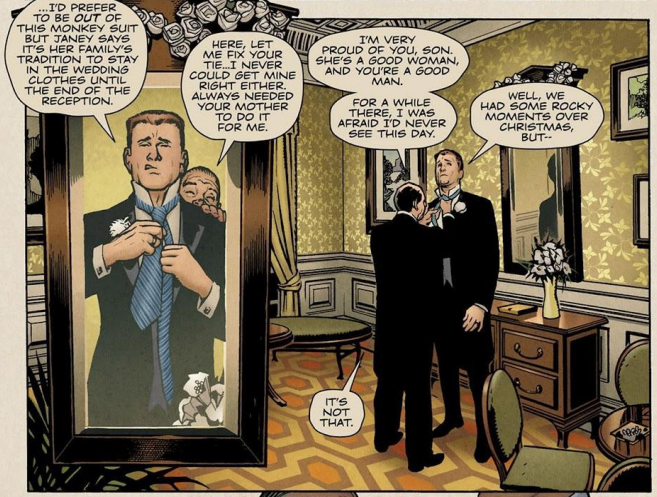
THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR HELP!
MY PLEASURE, PAL... THAT'S MY SPECIALTY...THAT'S WHAT I DO.

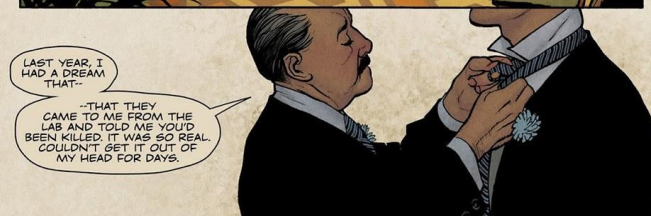
PROVIDING THE ILLUSION OF FREE WILL.

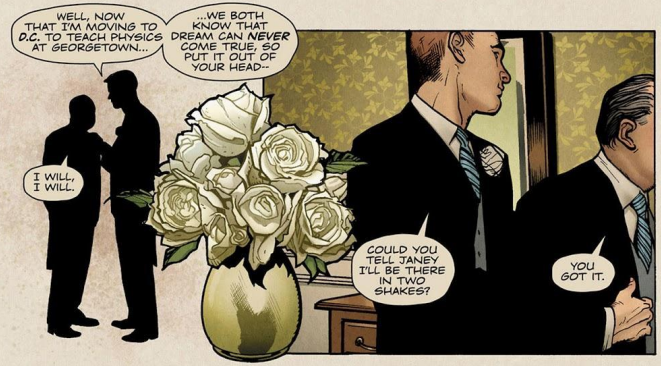


Wedding Reception for Mr & Mrs Coleman
3:00
May 14, 1961
Rose Ballroom

I DON'T KNOW...I DON'T THINK ANYTHING ABOUT THIS LOOKS RIGHT...

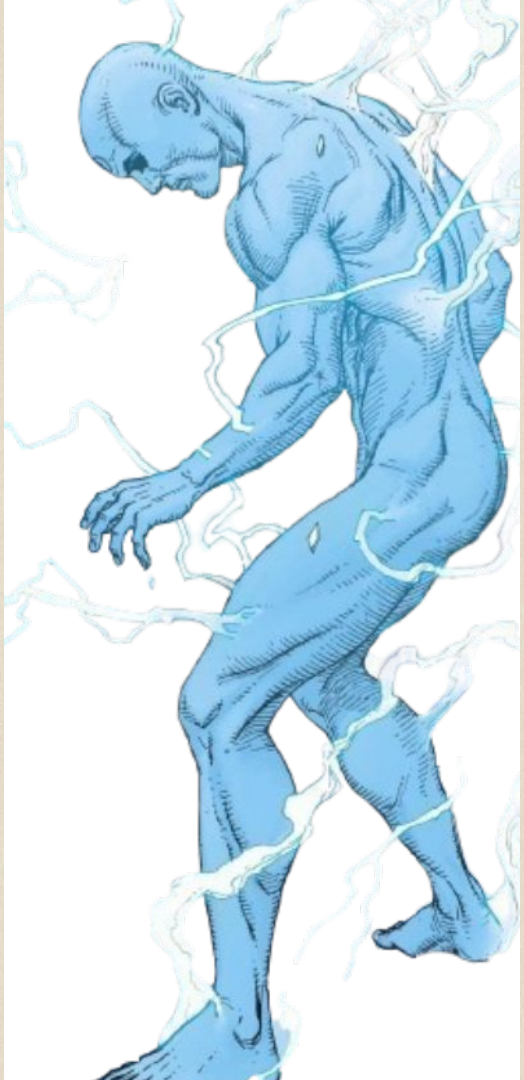

...I'D PREFER TO BE OUT OF THIS MONKEY SUIT BUT JANEY SAYS IT'S HER FAMILY'S TRADITION TO STAY IN THE WEDDING CLOTHES UNTIL THE END OF THE RECEPTION.
HERE, LET ME FIX YOUR TIE...I NEVER COULD GET MINE RIGHT EITHER. ALWAYS NEEDED YOUR MOTHER TO DO IT FOR ME.
I'M VERY PROUD OF YOU, SON. SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN, AND YOU'RE A GOOD MAN.
FOR A WHILE THERE, I WAS AFRAID I'D NEVER SEE THIS DAY.
WELL, WE HAD SOME ROCKY MOMENTS OVER CHRISTMAS, BUT--
IT'S NOT THAT.


LAST YEAR, I HAD A DREAM THAT--
--THAT THEY CAME TO ME FROM THE LAB AND TOLD ME YOU'D BEEN KILLED. IT WAS SO REAL. COULDN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD FOR DAYS.


WELL, NOW THAT I'M MOVING TO D.C. TO TEACH PHYSICS AT GEORGETOWN...
...WE BOTH KNOW THAT DREAM CAN NEVER COME TRUE, SO PUT IT OUT OF YOUR HEAD--
I WILL, I WILL.
COULD YOU TELL JANEY I'LL BE THERE IN TWO SHAKES?
YOU GOT IT.

MR. OSTERMAN...IS IT TRUE YOU'RE A SCIENTIST?
YES IT IS.
IS IT HARD? I MEAN, THE MATH PART?
SOMETIMES. WHY?

WELL, I WANT TO BE A SCIENTIST TOO SOMEDAY, SO I CAN GO TO MARS.
AND WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO TO MARS?
SO I CAN SEE THE BLUE PEOPLE.
WHAT BLUE PEOPLE?



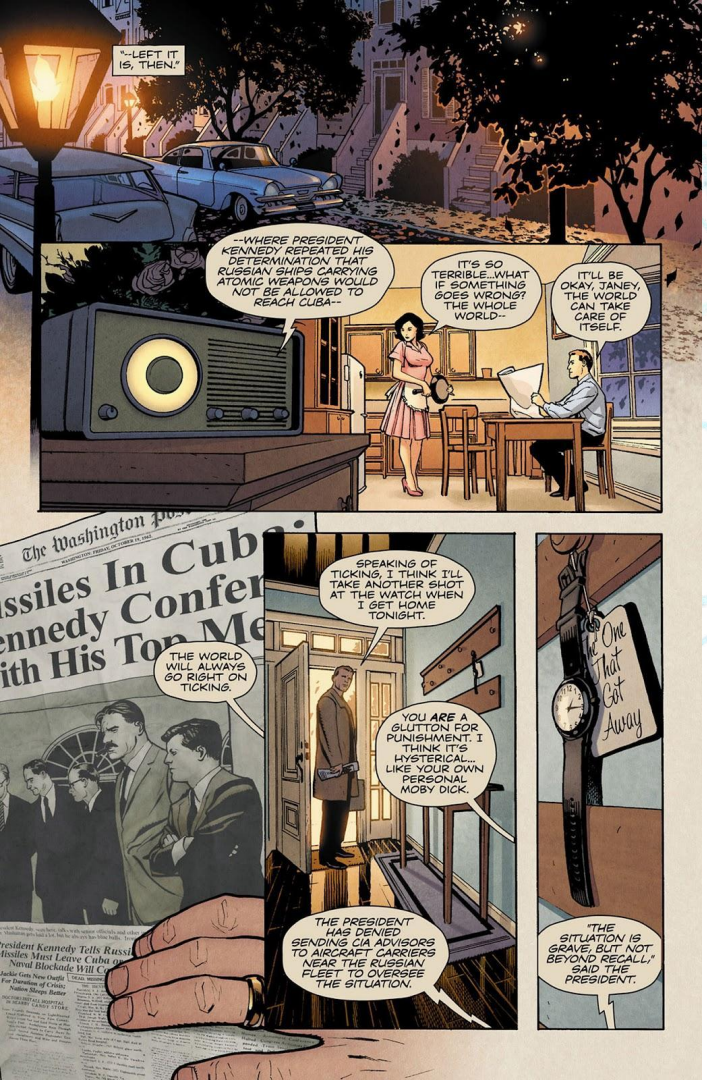
SPACE MYSTERIES
15
MAY
SAY GUNE WHOM DIMENSION X
By MAX SHEA
THIS BLUE MAN. HE AND HIS PEOPLE USED TO LIVE ON MARS BUT THEN THEY ALL DIED AND HE'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT.

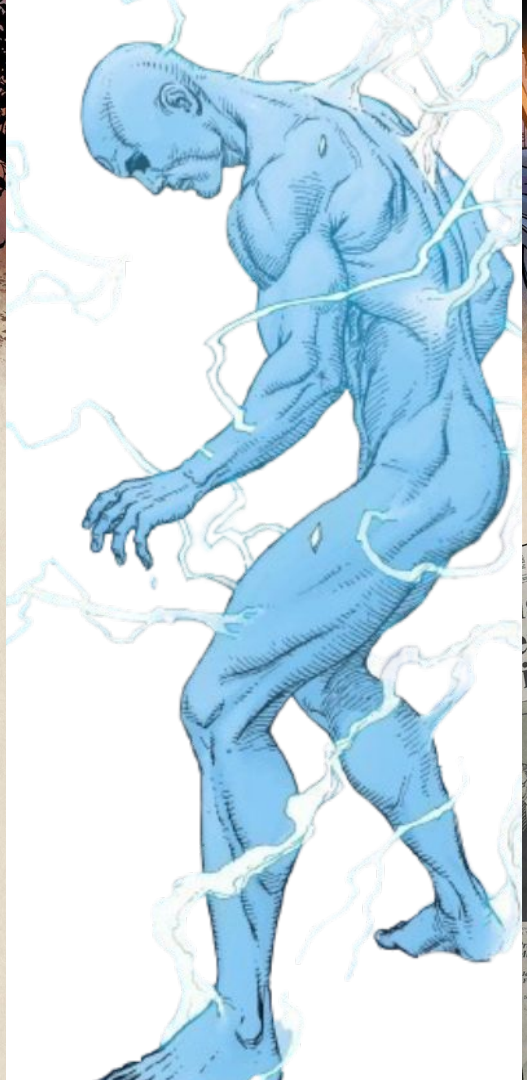
WELL, I DON'T THINK THERE ARE ANY BLUE MEN ON MARS, BUT WHO KNOWS, MAY SOMEDAY WE'LL GO THERE.

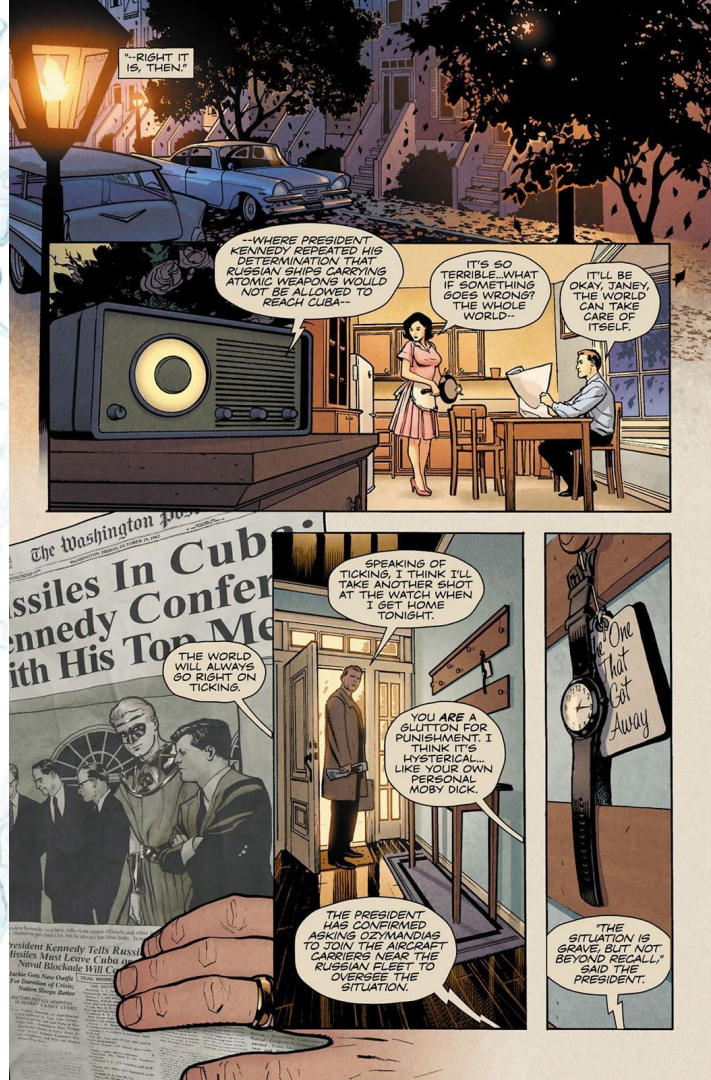
JANEY? WHICH DRESSING ROOM ARE YOU IN?
GUESS!

ALWAYS A SURPRISE WITH YOU. OKAY--

--LEFT IT IS, THEN.
--RIGHT IT IS, THEN.


"--LEFT IT IS, THEN."
--WHERE PRESIDENT KENNEDY REPEATED HIS DETERMINATION THAT RUSSIAN SHIPS CARRYING ATOMIC WEAPONS WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO REACH CUBA--
IT'S SO TERRIBLE...WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG? THE WHOLE WORLD--
IT'LL BE OKAY, JANEY, THE WORLD CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF.
The Washington Post
ssiles In Cub
ennedy Confer
ith His Top Me
SPEAKING OF TICKING, I THINK I'LL TAKE ANOTHER SHOT AT THE WATCH WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT.
THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS GO RIGHT ON TICKING.
YOU ARE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. I THINK IT'S HYSTERICAL... LIKE YOUR OWN PERSONAL MOBY DICK.
THE PRESIDENT HAS DENIED SENDING CIA ADVISORS TO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS NEAR THE RUSSIAN FLEET TO OVERSEE THE SITUATION.
The One That Got Away
"THE SITUATION IS GRAVE, BUT NOT BEYOND RECALL," SAID THE PRESIDENT.




"--RIGHT IT IS, THEN."
--WHERE PRESIDENT KENNEDY REPEATED HIS DETERMINATION THAT RUSSIAN SHIPS CARRYING ATOMIC WEAPONS WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO REACH CUBA--
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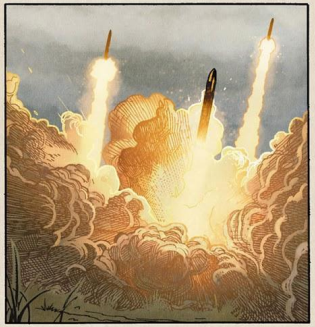
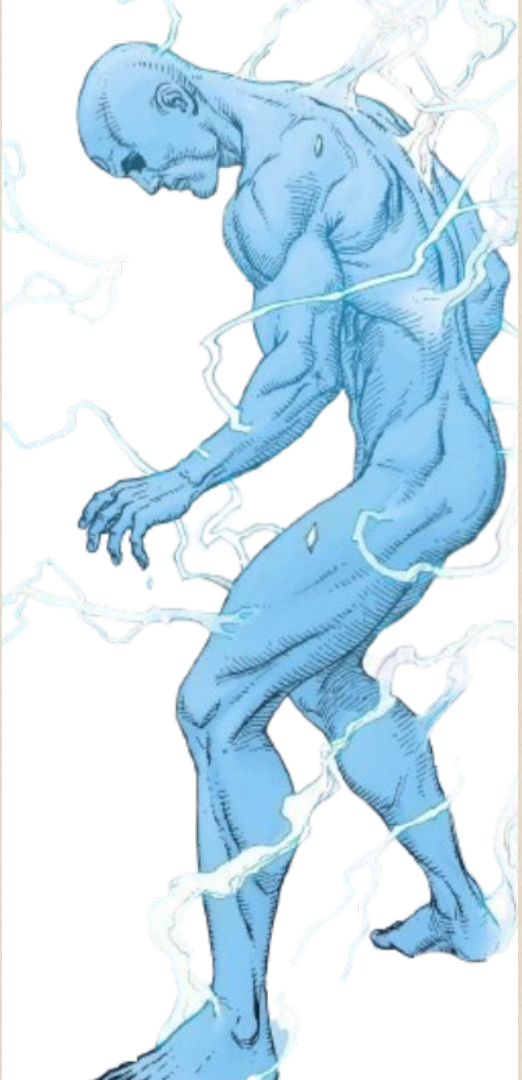
YOU ARE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT. I THINK IT'S HYSTERICAL... LIKE YOUR OWN PERSONAL MOBY DICK.
THE PRESIDENT HAS CONFIRMED ASKING OZYMANDIAS TO JOIN THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS NEAR THE RUSSIAN FLEET TO OVERSEE THE SITUATION.
The One That Got Away
"THE SITUATION IS GRAVE, BUT NOT BEYOND RECALL," SAID THE PRESIDENT.

"LEFT..."
I OBJECT TO THIS IN THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE TERMS. THE PRESIDENT HAS NO RIGHT--
SOME DECISIONS ARE TOO IMPORTANT TO BE LEFT TO THE CONVENTIONAL MILITARY. THIS IS AN INTELLIGENCE ISSUE.

THEY'RE PUSSIES. YOU'RE ALL PUSSIES. SO LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
LET'S GET IT ALL OVER WITH.

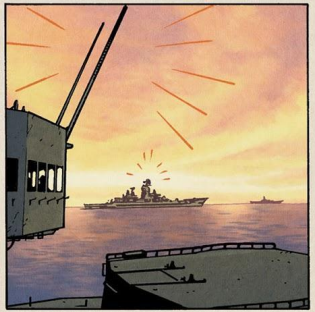


"LEFT..."



"RIGHT..."
I OBJECT TO THIS IN THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE TERMS. THE PRESIDENT HAS NO RIGHT--
SOME DECISIONS ARE TOO IMPORTANT TO BE LEFT TO THE CONVENTIONAL MILITARY. THIS IS AN ISSUE OF INTELLIGENCE.

THEY DON'T WANT WAR ANY MORE THAN WE DO. SO LET'S TALK THIS OVER.
LET'S TALK IT ALL OVER.



(CAPTAIN...A MESSAGE FROM THE AMERICANS. THEY SAY THEY WILL MOVE THEIR JUPITER MISSILES OUT OF TURKEY IF WE REMOVE OUR MISSILES FROM CUBA.)

CRISIS AVERTED
"RIGHT..."

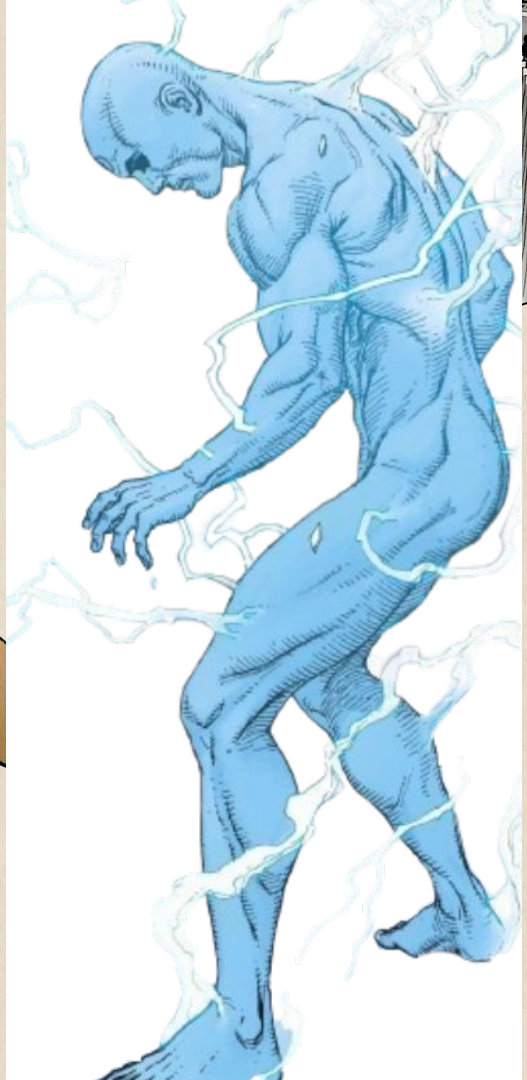
THERE YOU ARE...
LUCKY.
SMART.
MAYBE--

--AND MAYBE I WAS IN BOTH ROOMS, DID YOU STOP TO THINK ABOUT THAT?
NO.
NOW COME ON, EVERYBODY'S WAITING.

MY FATHER WANTS THE FIRST DANCE, BUT TRADITIONALLY THE GROOM HAS THE RIGHT OF FIRST CALL ON THE FIRST DANCE OR THE LAST DANCE OF THE NIGHT.
SO WHICH DO YOU PREFER... THE FIRST DANCE, OR THE LAST DANCE?

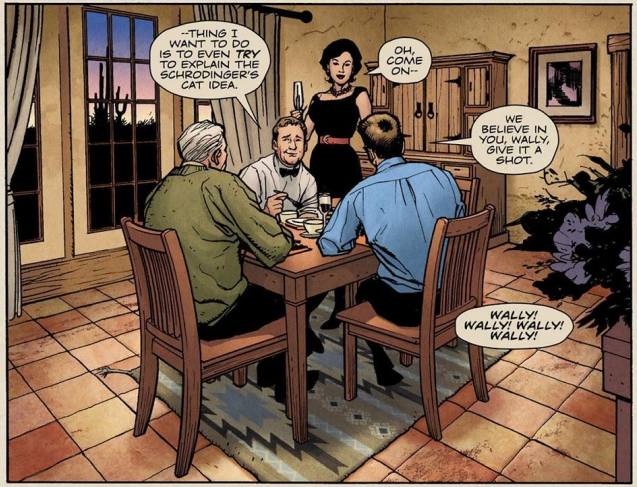
THRILLING
SPACE
MYSTERIES
15

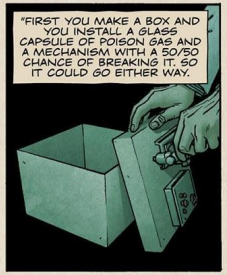
THE FIRST DANCE...
THE LAST DANCE...

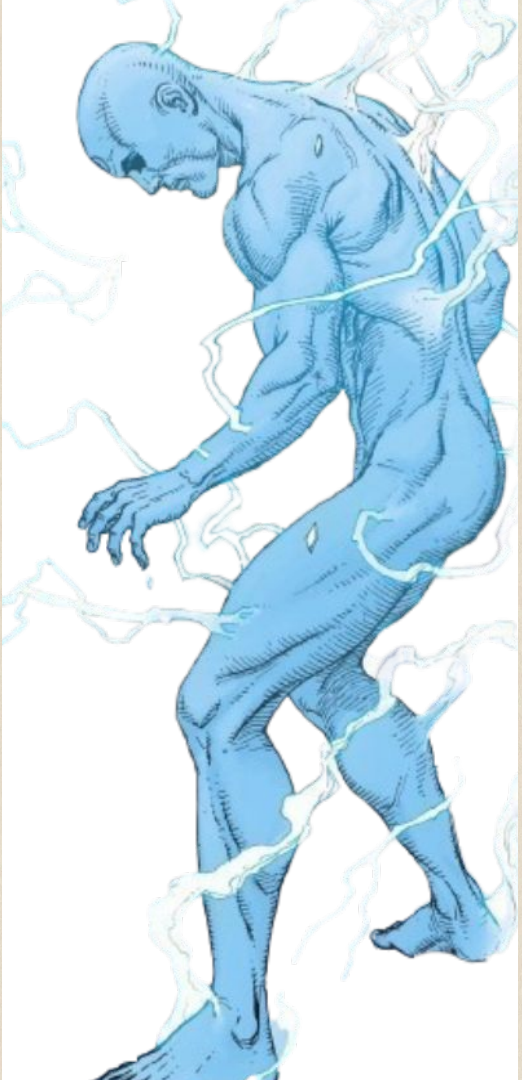


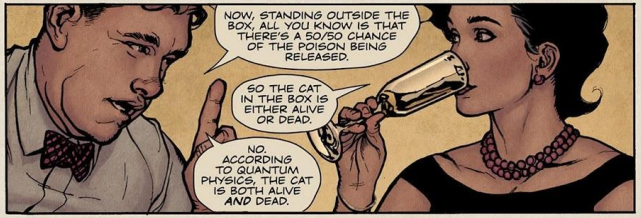
FIRST DANCE--
--WHERE PRESIDENT KENNEDY DIED TODAY IN DALLAS--
LAST DANCE--
--WHERE PRESIDENT KENNEDY ESCAPED WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES IN DALLAS--
FIRST DANCE--
--AS SECOND TERM PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON RESIGNED HIS OFFICE TODAY UNDER THE SCANDAL OF WATERGATE--
LAST DANCE--
--AS PRESIDENT NIXON ACCEPTED HIS PARTY'S NOMINATION TO RUN FOR AN UNPRECEDENTED THIRD TERM--
FIRST DANCE--
MR. GORBACHEV, TEAR DOWN THIS WALL!
LAST DANCE--
I'M NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND LET THIS COUNTRY BE NUKED INTO SUBMISSION BY THE REDS. IF WE HAVE TO RESORT TO A FIRST STRIKE, THEN BY GOSH THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO.

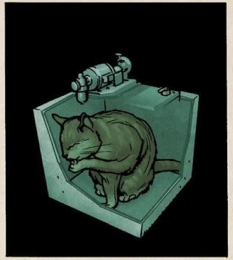
I'LL HAVE THE RED WINE, NOT THE WHITE.
I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK.
TAXI!
ONE TICKET TO NEW YORK, PLEASE.
WHICH MOVIE SHOULD WE SEE?
FIFTH, SORRY, FOURTH FLOOR, PLEASE.
I'LL TAKE THE JOB.
SORRY I'M LATE.
SORRY I'M EARLY.
SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME.
I DON'T KNOW.
THE LAST DANCE--
THE LAST--









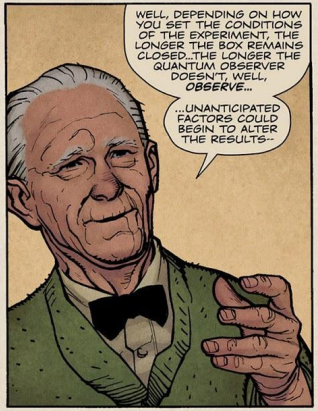


"IN QUANTUM PHYSICS, THE OBSERVER AFFECTS THE OBSERVED, THE WAY A PARTICLE IS A PARTICLE ONLY WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT. LOOK AWAY, IT BECOMES A WAVE. LOOK AT IT AGAIN, IT BECOMES A PARTICLE. SO THE CAT EXISTS IN BOTH STATES UNTIL THE QUANTUM OBSERVER OPENS THE BOX AND LOOKS INSIDE.

"THEN THE TWO QUANTUM POSSIBILITIES COLLAPSE INTO ONE REALITY.

OF COURSE, THAT RAISES A QUESTION.

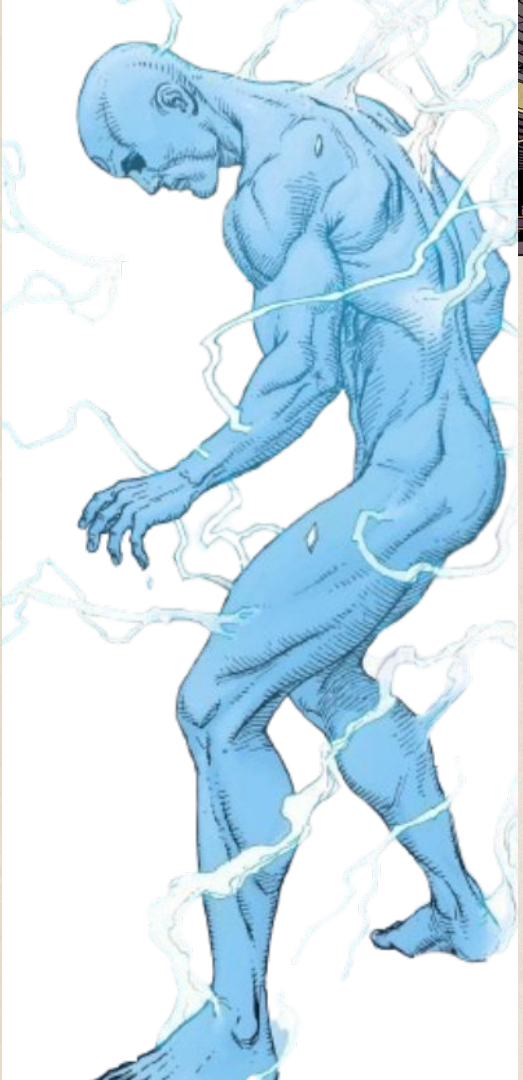
WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU DON'T OPEN THE BOX?


WELL, DEPENDING ON HOW YOU SET THE CONDITIONS OF THE EXPERIMENT, THE LONGER THE BOX REMAINS CLOSED..THE LONGER THE QUANTUM OBSERVER DOESN'T, WELL, **OBSERVE...**
...UNANTICIPATED FACTORS COULD BEGIN TO ALTER THE RESULTS--

"--MULTIPLYING THE EFFECTS, CREATING MORE RANDOM QUANTUM PROBABILITIES AND POCKET UNIVERSES, ALL OF THEM EQUALLY REAL, JOCKEYING WITH ONE ANOTHER FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THE BOX IS OPENED--"

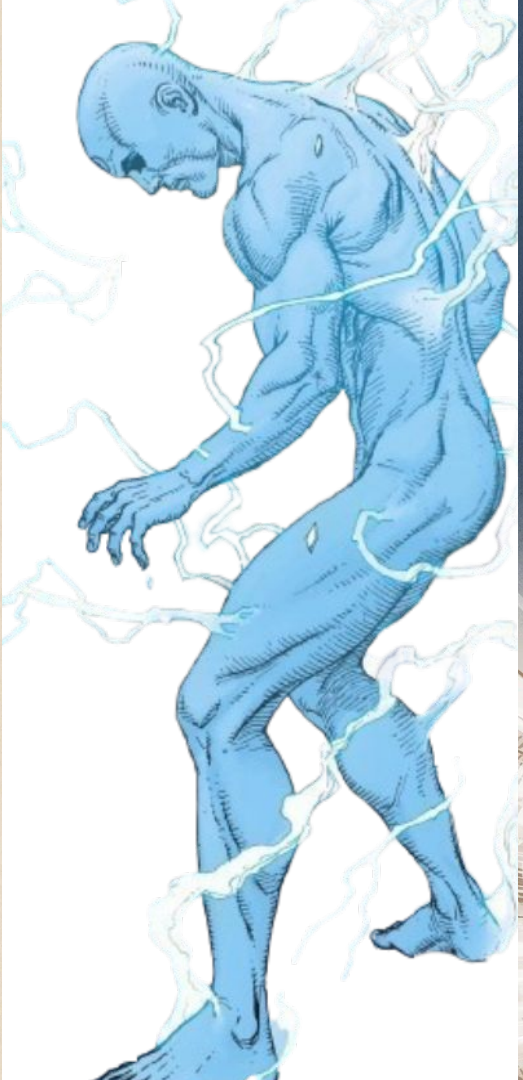
--AND ALL THOSE POSSIBILITIES FINALLY COLLAPSE INTO ONE REALITY.

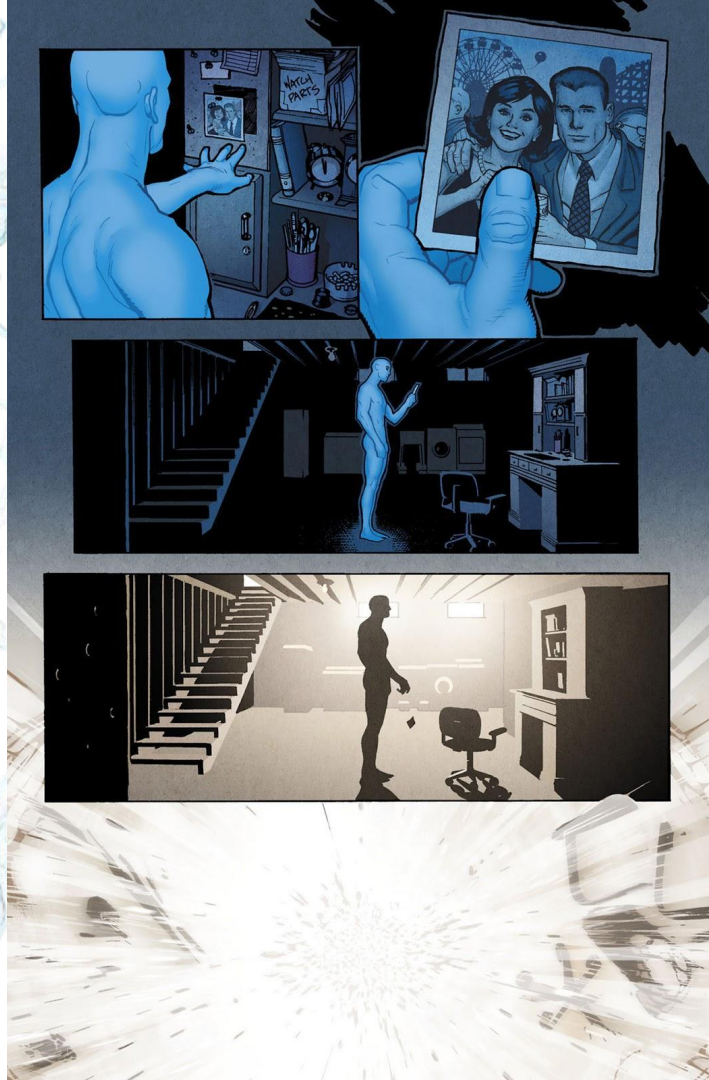
AS PERCEIVED BY THE QUANTUM OBSERVER.

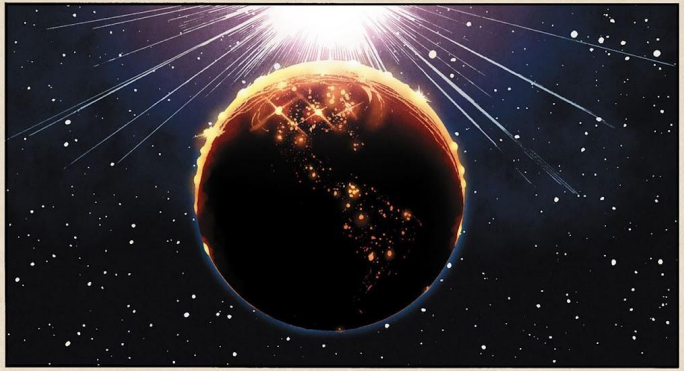


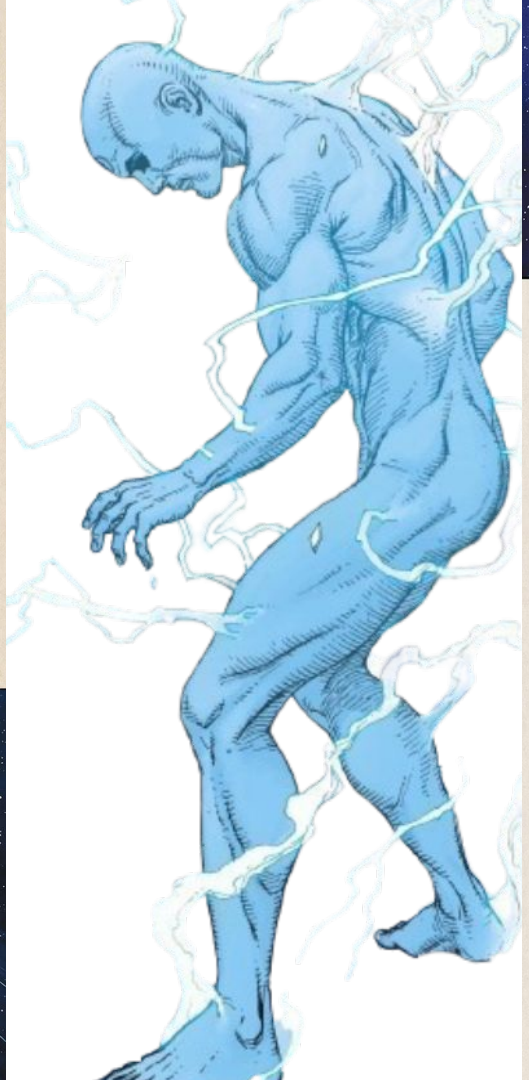
YOU'RE NOT WORKING ON THAT WATCH AGAIN, ARE YOU?
GUILTY AS CHARGED.
I COULD JUST THROW IT OUT AND BUY A NEW ONE--
THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
THINGS WORK THE WAY THEY DO BECAUSE THEY CAN'T **NOT** WORK THE WAY THEY DO.
WATER FLOWS DOWNHILL. PUSH A CHILD'S SWING OUT AND IT COMES BACK TO YOU, IT DOESN'T JUST PARK AT THE FARTHEST POINT OF ITS ARC.
TIGHTEN A MAINSPRING AND IT **HAS** TO UNWIND WHEN YOU START TO RELEASE THE TENSION. EVERYTHING HERE IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, IN THE RIGHT CONFIGURATION, TO DO WHAT IT **HAS** TO DO UNDER PHYSICAL LAW.
BUT THE WATCH DOESN'T WORK. IT **SHOULD** WORK. BY ALL RIGHTS IT **HAS** TO WORK. BUT IT DOESN'T.
MAYBE THE WATCH *ISN'T* BROKEN.
MAYBE *TIME* IS BROKEN.
VERY FUNNY.

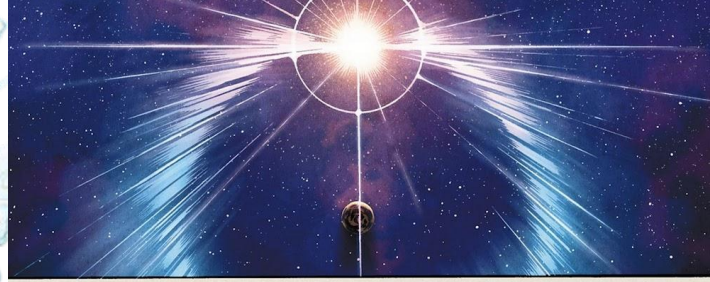
NOW COME TO BED.
ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT....
ANY MORE NEWS ON THE SOVIET THREAT?
NIXON SAYS THEY DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH TO START SOMETHING THEY KNOW THEY CAN'T FINISH.
"MAYBE *TIME* IS BROKEN."

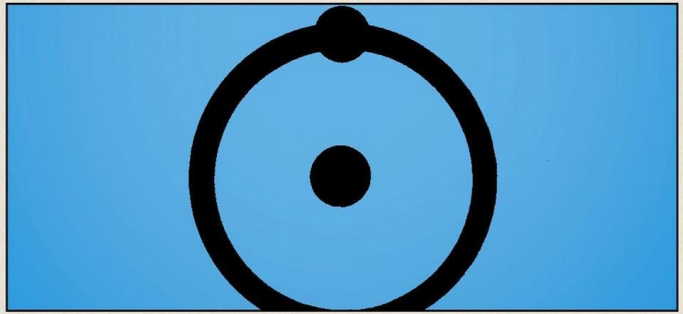



WATCH PARTS





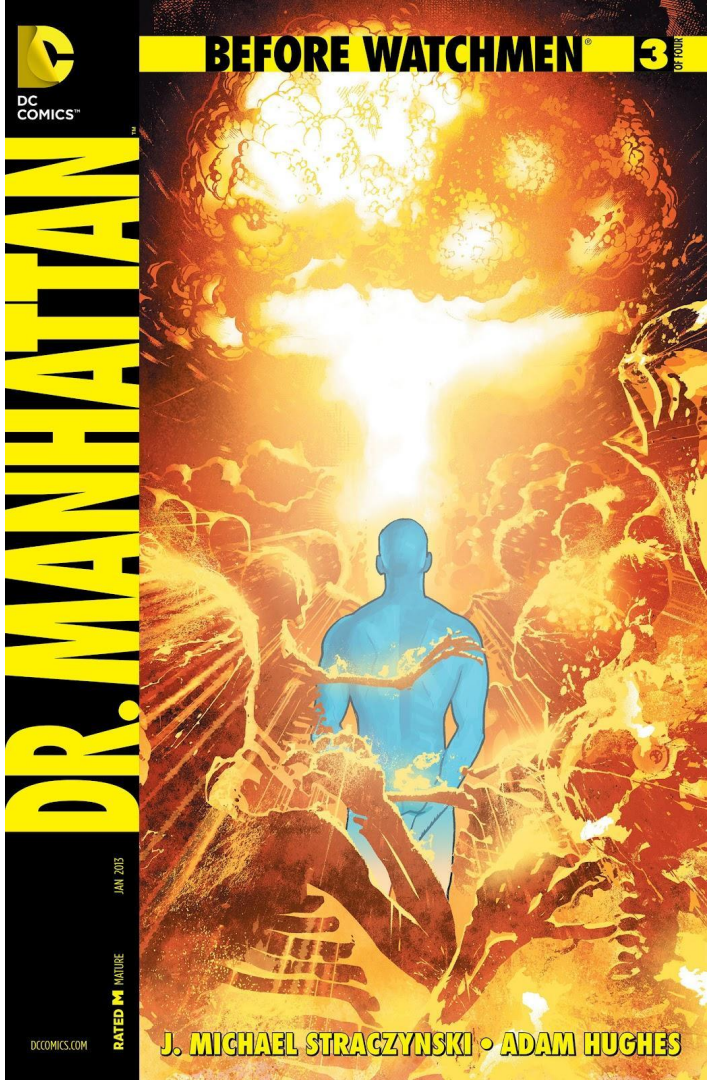




TO BE CONTINUED...

The Wrath of the
CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS
Part One
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
FOR HOW LONG I WAS UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE POISONOUS DART, I KNOW NOT.
FLEETING IMAGES PASSED BEFORE MY EYES OF RAGING RIVERS AND JUNGLE VISTAS, OF BEING DRAGGED ALONG WILD PATHWAYS WITH OTHER CAPTIVES IN A DRUGGED HAZE.
FINALLY WE ARRIVED AT A VALLEY DEEP IN THE ISLAND'S INTERIOR.
A WONDROUS CITY I DID ESPY, FAR AWAY FROM THE ALL-ENCOMPASSING EUROPEAN COLONIZATION OF THE NEW WORLD, HIDDEN BY SECRET WAYS THAT ONLY THOSE WITH NATIVE KNOWLEDGE COULD FIND.
TAKEN INTO THE CLOUD CITY, I WAS FORCED TO MY KNEES, SLOWLY I CAME TO MY SENSES AS THE POISON FINALLY LEFT MY PAIN-RACKED BODY.

A SCREAM PIERCED MY BRAIN, DRIVING THE LAST FOG OF OPIATE FROM MY MIND. I LOOKED UP TO SEE STRANGE SNAKE-HEADED CREATURES SURROUNDING ME.
EITHER I WAS STILL DRUGGED OR I WAS GOING MAD.
A SNAKE MONSTER STOOD OVER A LIVING PRONE MAN, SHOUTING STRANGE WORDS. THEN IT--HORRORS--RIPPED OPEN THE BODY WITH A STONE KNIFE.
WITH THE DEFTNESS AND SPEED OF A BARBER SURGEON, THE CREATURE REACHED IN AND RIPPED THE BEATING HEART FROM ITS VICTIM!
THE BODY, STILL SCREAMING, WAS THROWN DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS, TO THE DEMONS AND DEVILS THAT SHOUTED UP FROM THE FLAMES BELOW.
...AND THEN THE DEVIL POINTED AT ME!
NO CELESTIAL ANGELS PEOPLED THIS ABODE IN THE CLOUDS. JUST THE FALLEN ANGEL--SATAN--AND HIS WORSHIPPERS...
I WAS NEXT.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: MINUTEMEN #4!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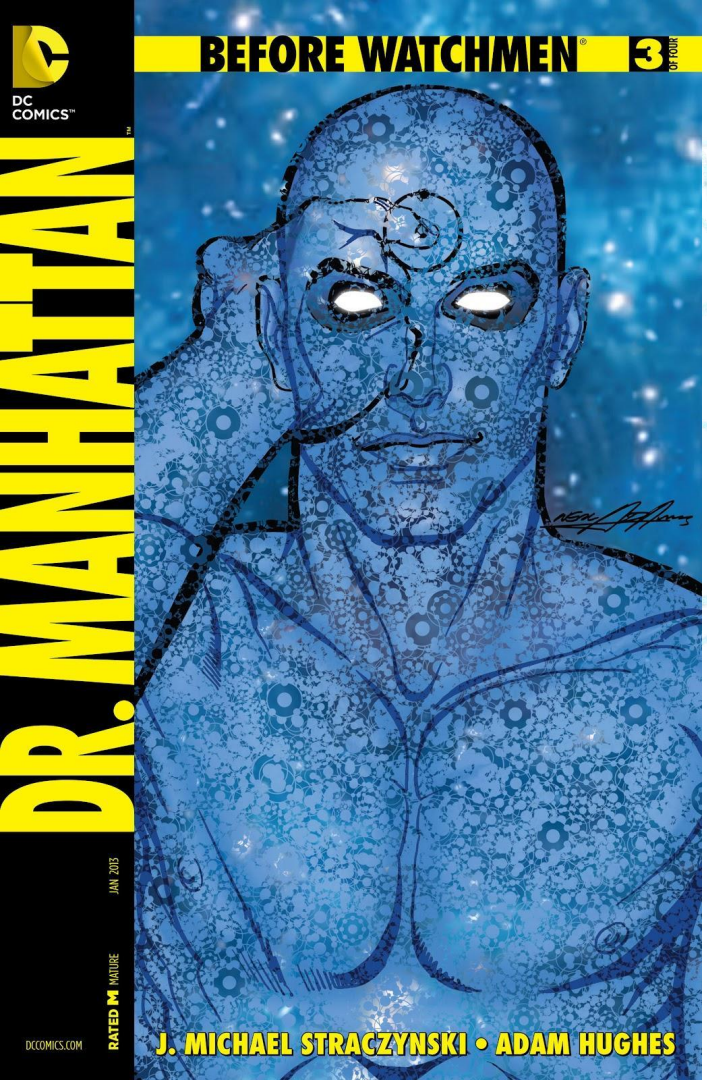
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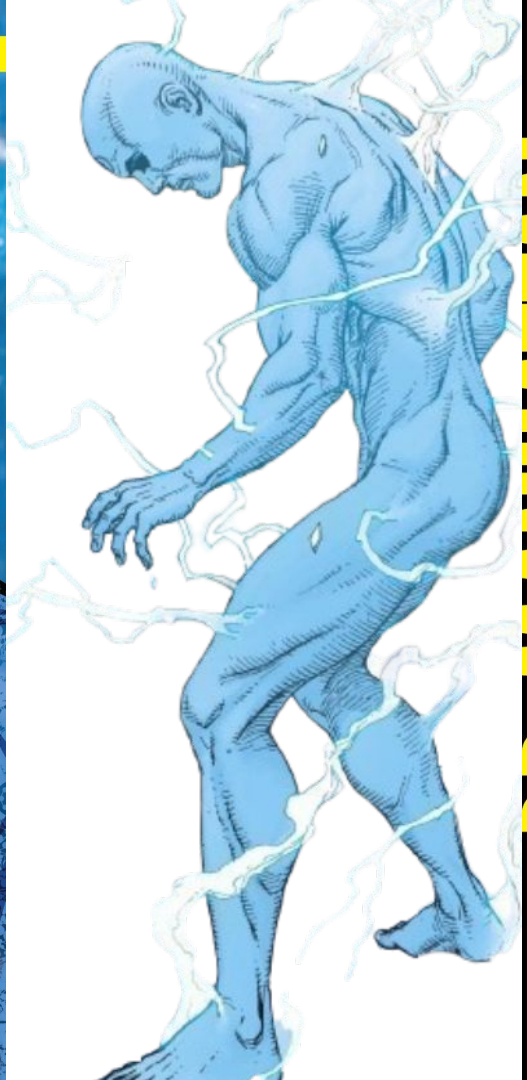

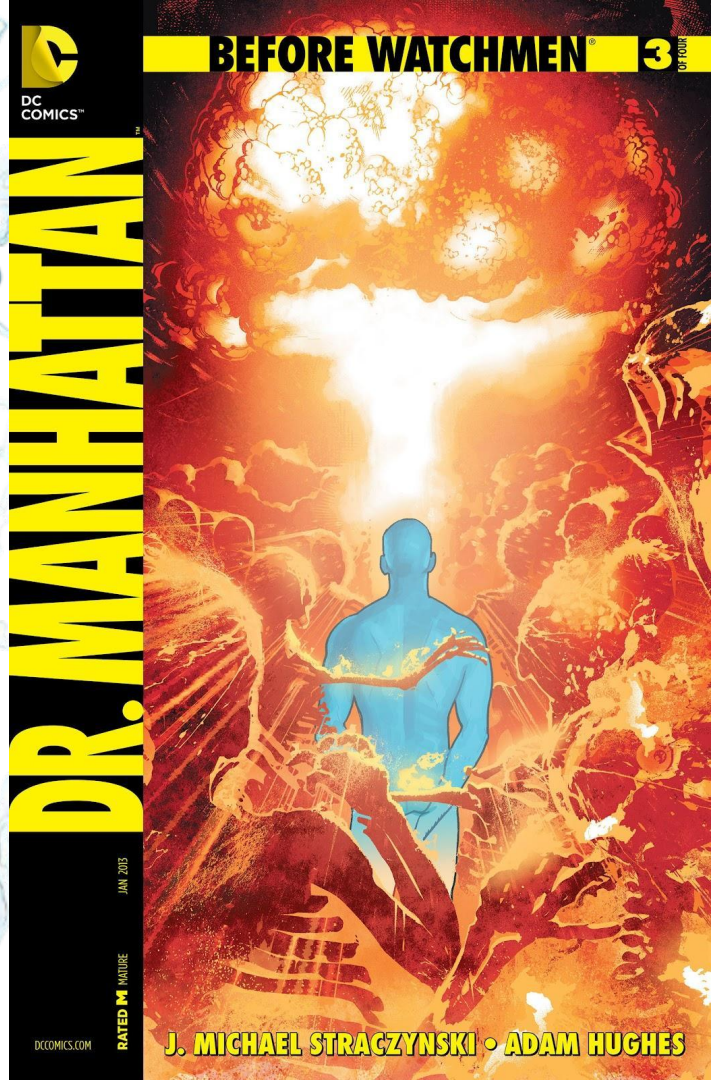
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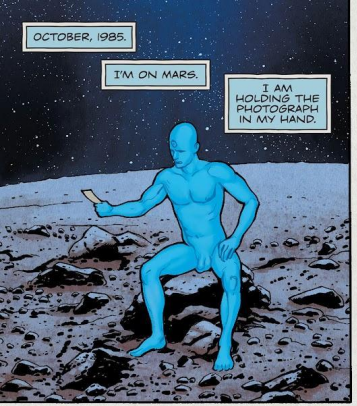
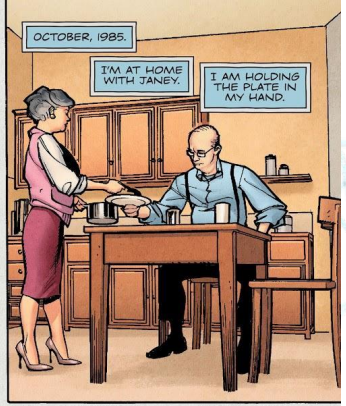
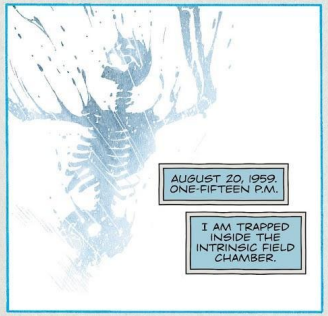
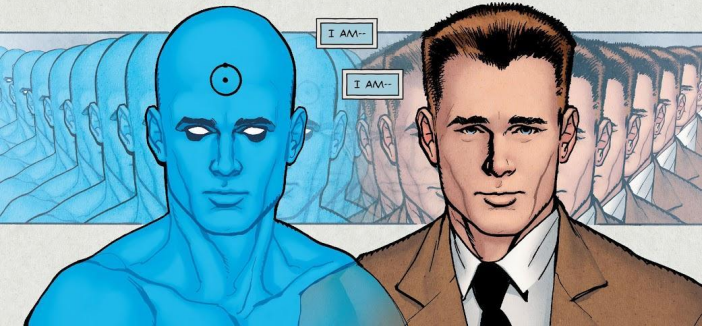
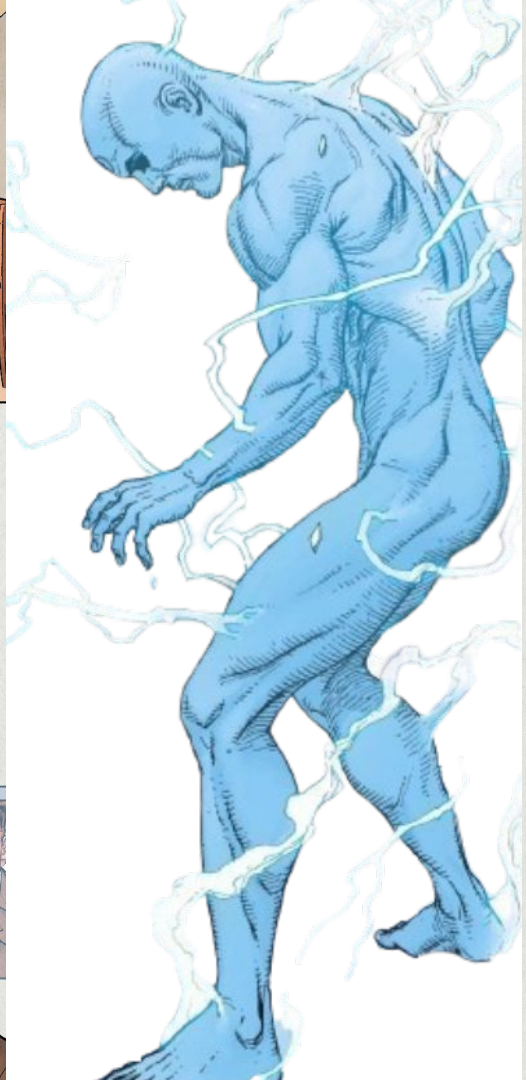
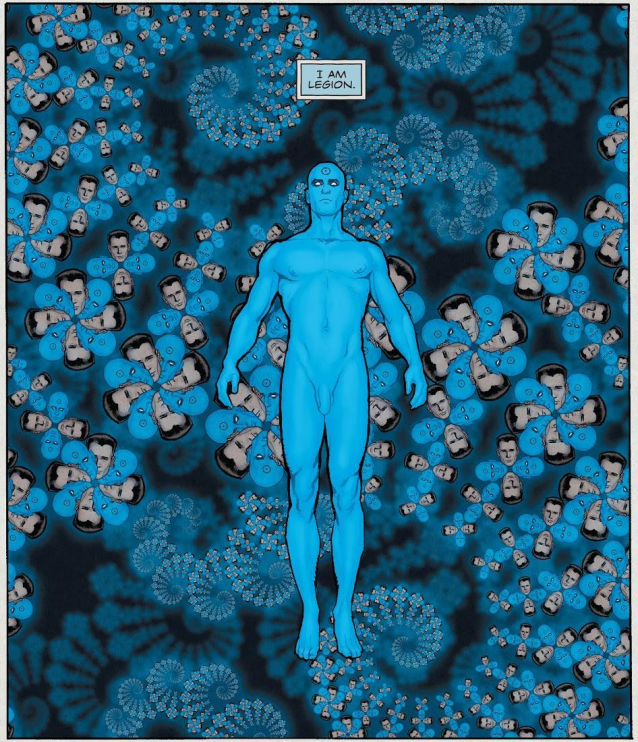






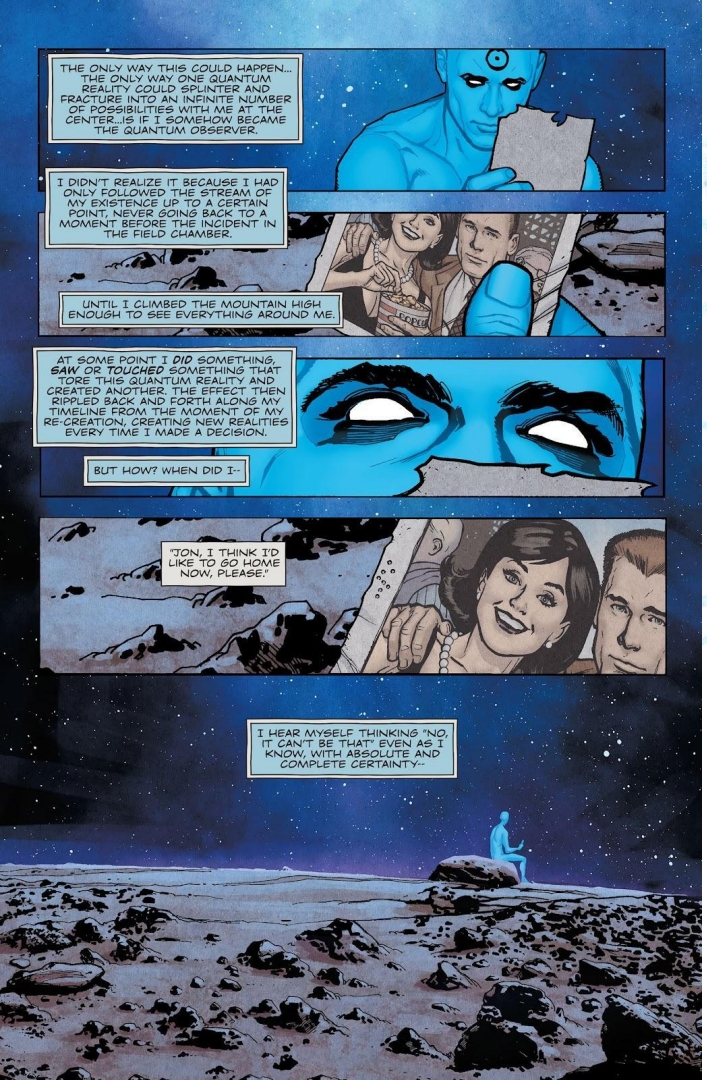


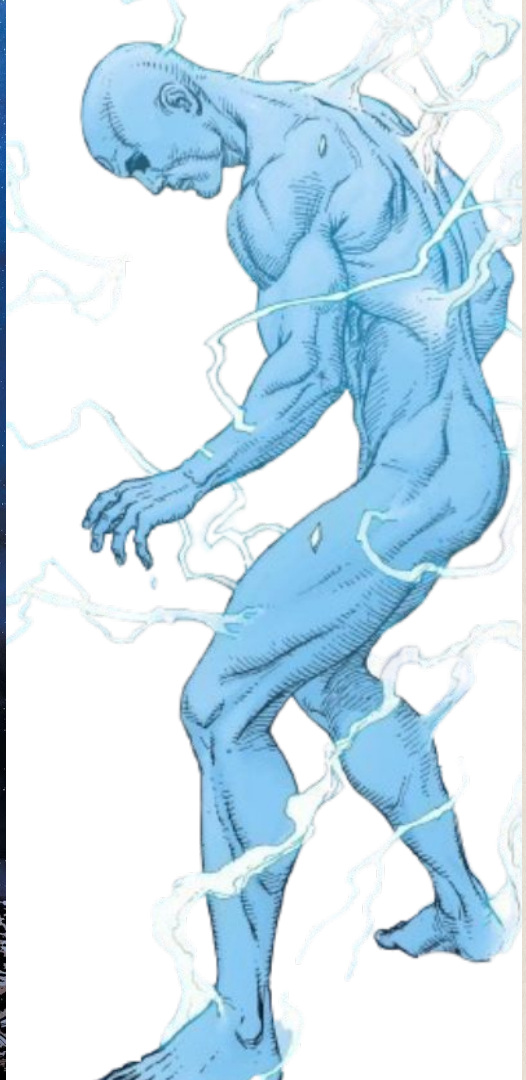




EGO SUM

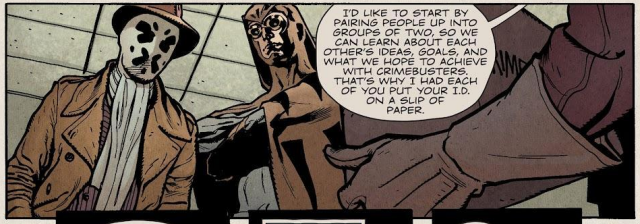
J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI script ADAM HUGHES art
LAURA MARTIN colors STEVE WANDS letters
ADAM HUGHES cover NEAL ADAMS variant cover
CAMILLA ZHANG asst. editor CHRIS CONROY assoc. editor MARK CHIARELLO editor
WATCHMEN created by ALAN MOORE and DAVE GIBBONS


THE ONLY WAY THIS COULD HAPPEN... THE ONLY WAY ONE QUANTUM REALITY COULD SPLINTER AND FRACTURE INTO AN INFINITE NUMBER OF POSSIBILITIES WITH ME AT THE CENTER...IS IF I SOMEHOW BECAME THE QUANTUM OBSERVER.
I DIDN'T REALIZE IT BECAUSE I HAD ONLY FOLLOWED THE STREAM OF MY EXISTENCE UP TO A CERTAIN POINT, NEVER GOING BACK TO A MOMENT BEFORE THE INCIDENT IN THE FIELD CHAMBER.
UNTIL I CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH TO SEE EVERYTHING AROUND ME.
AT SOME POINT I DID SOMETHING, SAW OR TOUCHED SOMETHING THAT TORE THIS QUANTUM REALITY AND CREATED ANOTHER. THE EFFECT THEN RIPPLED BACK AND FORTH ALONG MY TIMELINE FROM THE MOMENT OF MY RE-CREATION, CREATING NEW REALITIES EVERY TIME I MADE A DECISION.
BUT HOW? WHEN DID I--
'JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE.'
I HEAR MYSELF THINKING "NO, IT CAN'T BE THAT" EVEN AS I KNOW, WITH ABSOLUTE AND COMPLETE CERTAINTY--

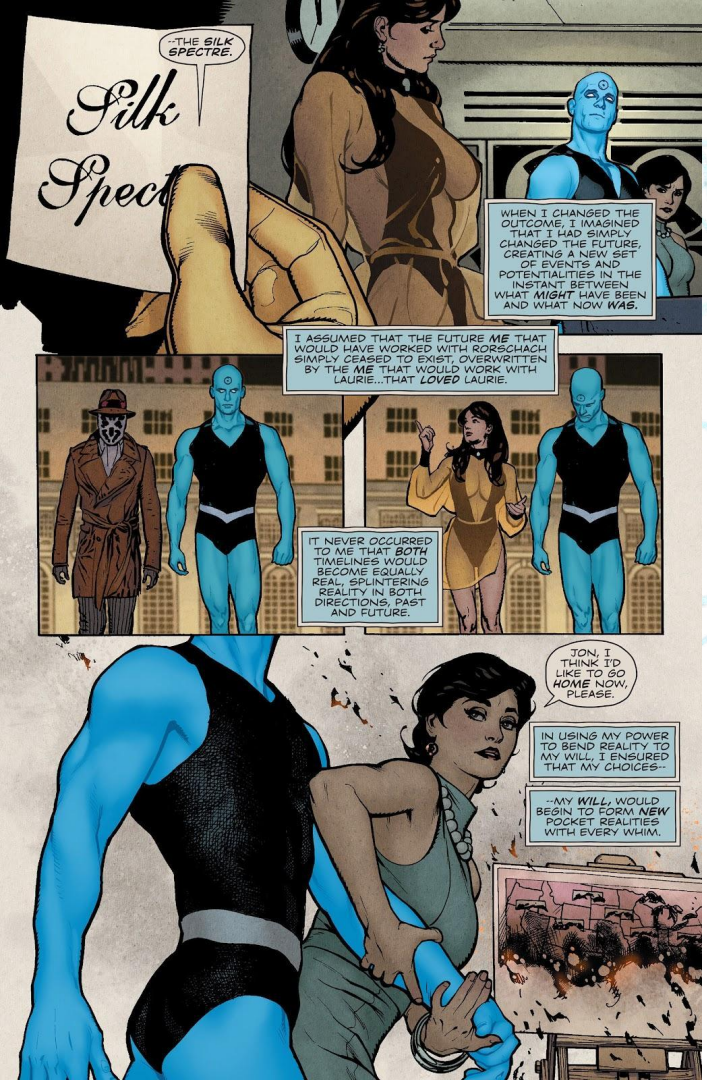


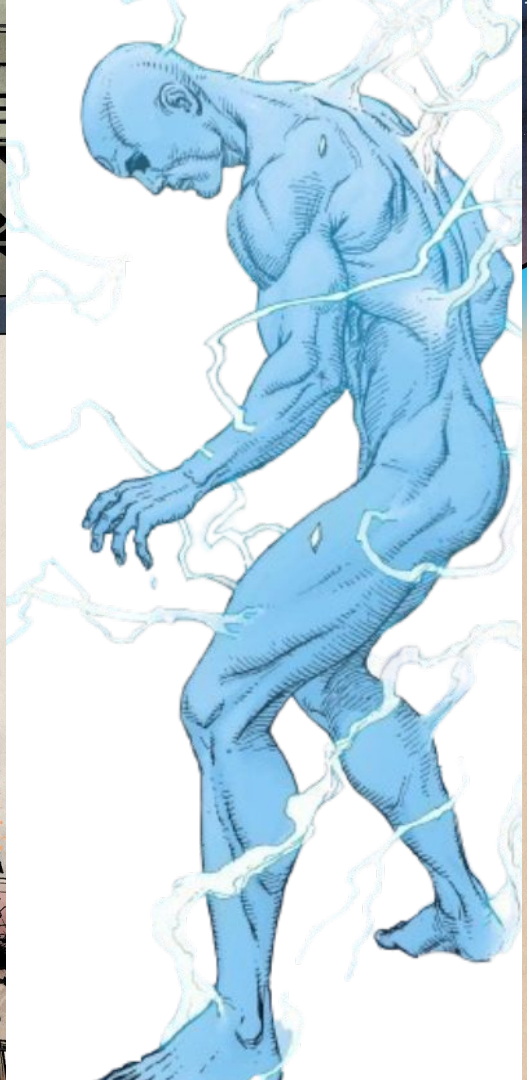
--THAT THIS WAS, INDEED, THE MOMENT.
1966.
IF CRIMEBUSTERS IS TO BECOME AN EFFICIENT CRIME FIGHTING ORGANIZATION, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER.
BURRUP.
DR. MANHATTAN "AN IMPERIALIST"

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
YOU WERE STARING AT THAT GIRL IS THE MATTER! NOW PAY ATTENTION.

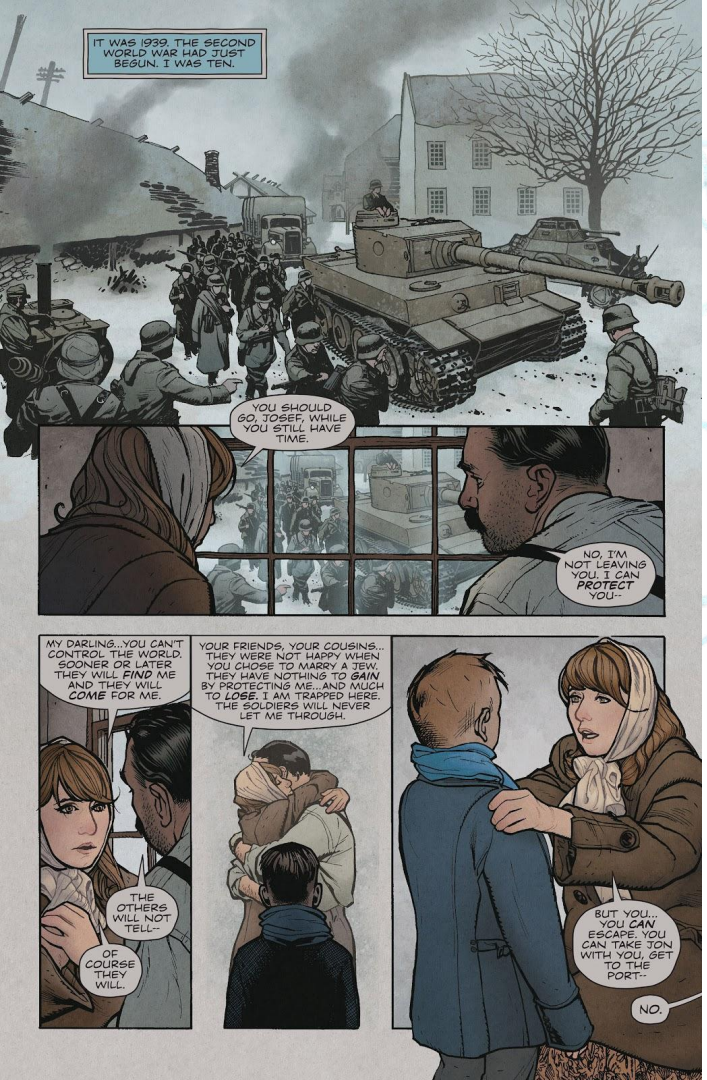

I'D LIKE TO START BY PAIRING PEOPLE UP INTO GROUPS OF TWO, SO WE CAN LEARN ABOUT EACH OTHER'S IDEAS, GOALS, AND WHAT WE HOPE TO ACHIEVE WITH CRIMEBUSTERS. THAT'S WHY I HAD EACH OF YOU PUT YOUR I.D. ON A SLIP OF PAPER.

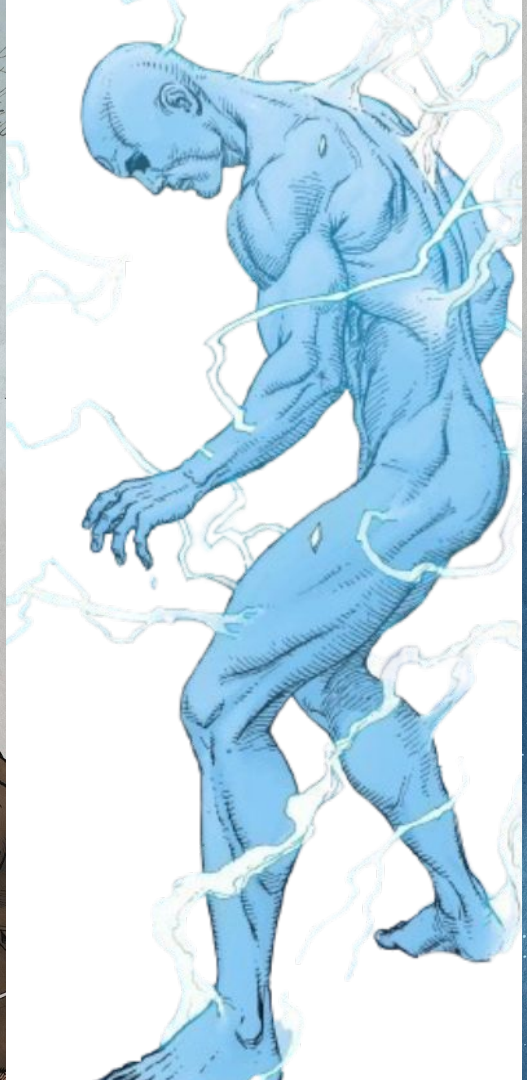
OUR FIRST IS DR. MANHATTAN, WHOSE PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT HONORS ALL OF US--
WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
IT WAS ALL A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE.
--AND THE ONE HE'S PARTNERED WITH TONIGHT IS--
--IS--
AND PERSPECTIVES COULD BE CHANGED...WITH THE SLIGHTEST OF NUDGES.

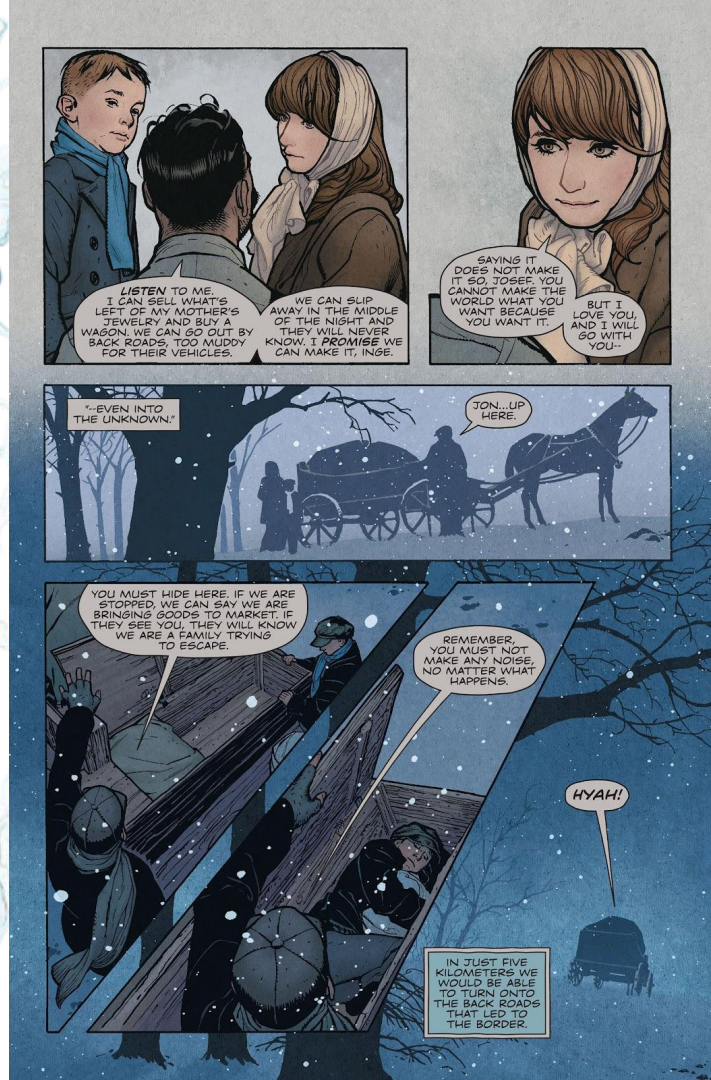

--THE SILK SPECTRE.
Silk Spect
WHEN I CHANGED THE OUTCOME, I IMAGINED THAT I HAD SIMPLY CHANGED THE FUTURE, CREATING A NEW SET OF EVENTS AND POTENTIALITIES IN THE INSTANT BETWEEN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND WHAT NOW WAS.
I ASSUMED THAT THE FUTURE ME THAT WOULD HAVE WORKED WITH RORSCHACH SIMPLY CEASED TO EXIST, OVERWRITTEN BY THE ME THAT WOULD WORK WITH LAURIE...THAT LOVED LAURIE.
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THAT BOTH TIMELINES WOULD BECOME EQUALLY REAL, SPLINTERING REALITY IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, PAST AND FUTURE.
JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE.
IN USING MY POWER TO BEND REALITY TO MY WILL, I ENSURED THAT MY CHOICES--
--MY WILL, WOULD BEGIN TO FORM NEW POCKET REALITIES WITH EVERY WHIM.



I HAVE NAMED THE DISEASE.
BUT WHAT IS THE CURE?
"WHAT YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER IS THAT THERE'S NOTHING BROKEN SO BAD THAT YOU CAN'T PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN WITH ENOUGH EFFORT."
SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SEE WHAT THE PROBLEM IS UNTIL YOU GO CLOSE, UNTIL YOU LOOK DEEP INSIDE.
CLOCK!
IT'S WHEN YOU LOOK BEYOND THE EDGE OF WHAT YOU THINK YOU KNOW--
--THAT YOU CAN FINALLY ARRIVE AT THE TRUTH.
HOW LONG DID IT TAKE BEFORE YOU WERE GOOD AT FIXING WATCHES?
IT TOOK A VERY LONG TIME, BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO LEARN...TO HONOR YOUR MOTHER'S SACRIFICE, HER--
...ACH...
HE LOOKS OFF. I KNOW THE REASON. I KNOW THE STORY. I LIVED IT WITH HIM.

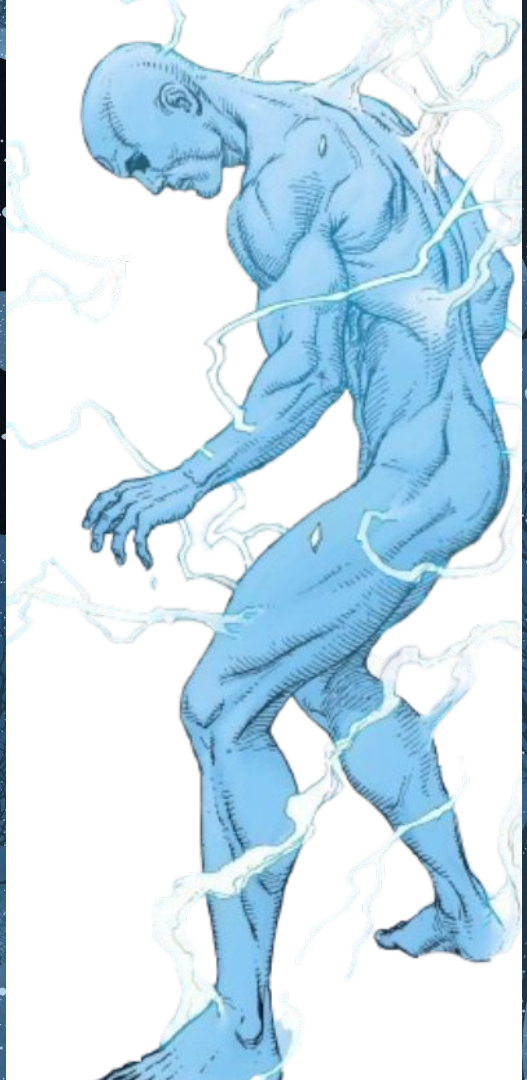

IT WAS 1939. THE SECOND WORLD WAR HAD JUST BEGUN. I WAS TEN.
YOU SHOULD GO, JOSEF, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE TIME.
NO, I'M NOT LEAVING YOU. I CAN PROTECT YOU--
MY DARLING...YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE WORLD. SOONER OR LATER THEY WILL FIND ME AND THEY WILL COME FOR ME.
THE OTHERS WILL NOT TELL--
OF COURSE THEY WILL.
YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR COUSINS... THEY WERE NOT HAPPY WHEN YOU CHOSE TO MARRY A JEW. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN BY PROTECTING ME...AND MUCH TO LOSE. I AM TRAPPED HERE. THE SOLDIERS WILL NEVER LET ME THROUGH.
BUT YOU... YOU CAN ESCAPE. YOU CAN TAKE JON WITH YOU, GET TO THE PORT--
NO.




LISTEN TO ME. I CAN SELL WHAT'S LEFT OF MY MOTHER'S JEWELRY AND BUY A WAGON. WE CAN GO OUT BY BACK ROADS, TOO MUDDY FOR THEIR VEHICLES.
WE CAN SLIP AWAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND THEY WILL NEVER KNOW. I PROMISE WE CAN MAKE IT, INGE.
SAYING IT DOES NOT MAKE IT SO, JOSEF. YOU CANNOT MAKE THE WORLD WHAT YOU WANT BECAUSE YOU WANT IT.
BUT I LOVE YOU, AND I WILL GO WITH YOU--
"--EVEN INTO THE UNKNOWN."
JON...UP HERE.
YOU MUST HIDE HERE. IF WE ARE STOPPED, WE CAN SAY WE ARE BRINGING GOODS TO MARKET. IF THEY SEE YOU, THEY WILL KNOW WE ARE A FAMILY TRYING TO ESCAPE.
REMEMBER, YOU MUST NOT MAKE ANY NOISE, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.
HYAH!
IN JUST FIVE KILOMETERS WE WOULD BE ABLE TO TURN ONTO THE BACK ROADS THAT LED TO THE BORDER.

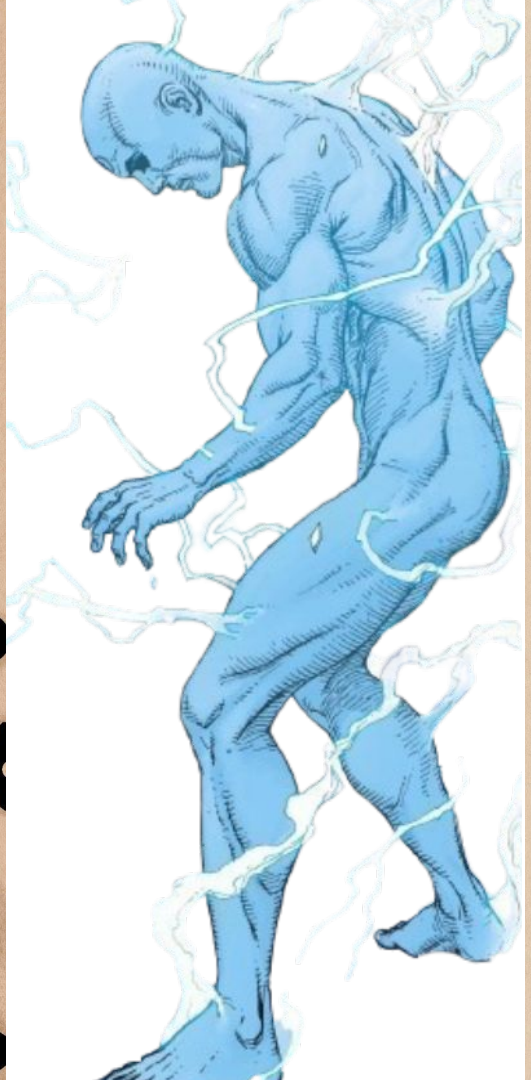
THEY FOUND US IN FOUR.
GET OFF THE WAGON! NOW!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
I SAID GET DOWN OFF THE WAGON!
HERE, LET ME GET MY PAPERS--
I WILL SEE YOUR PAPERS HERE.
SIGMUND... SEARCH THE WAGON.
HALT!
HALT!
SIGMUND! GET THE OTHER ONE!
DOWN OFF THE WAGON! I SAID--
INGE--
--INGE!

NO--
STAY WHERE YOU--
INGE--
YOU SHOULD--
--DON'T TALK, SAVE YOUR STRENGTH, I CAN GET YOU TO A DOCTOR, WE CAN SAVE YOU--
MY DARLING JOSEF... YOU CANNOT CONTROL THE WORLD... YOU...



JON--
--PLEASE, GOD, LET HIM BE ALIVE, LET HIM LIVE, LET HIM--
JON--
--THANK GOD...THANK GOD...

"WHEN WE GOT TO NEW YORK, I LOOKED FOR WORK UNTIL I FOUND A WATCHMAKER WHO AGREED TO LET ME WORK FOR HIM."
YOU MUST BE DELICATE... EVER SO DELICATE...
IT'S SO LATE... SHOULDN'T HE--
HE WON'T LEAVE. HE STAYS AT IT DAY AND NIGHT UNTIL ALL HOURS.
SO HE WISHES TO BE THE BEST?
PERHAPS...
"...AND PERHAPS HE IS *LOOKING* FOR SOMETHING IN THERE."
"YOU CANNOT CONTROL THE WORLD, JOSEF."
"PERHAPS NOT...BUT I CAN CONTROL *THIS*.
"*THIS*...I *WILL* CONTROL."
THE WORLD WAS AT WAR, EVERYTHING WAS SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL, BUT IF HE COULD CONTROL JUST ONE SMALL PART OF IT, HE COULD FEEL SAFE AGAIN.



I STILL BELIEVE, IN MY HEART, THAT I COULD HAVE GOTTEN US THROUGH. BUT WHEN YOUR MOTHER SAW THEM READY TO SEARCH THE WAGON, SHE MADE A CHOICE.
"BETWEEN ONE POSSIBILITY--
"--AND ANOTHER."
IN THAT MOMENT, SHE GAVE AWAY ALL THE CHOICES SHE MIGHT HAVE MADE IN THE FUTURE, SO THAT YOU AND I COULD HAVE THEM.
ALL HER MOMENTS ARE FROZEN, ALL HER CHOICES ARE MADE... SHE SACRIFICED HER WORLD FOR US. NEVER FORGET THAT, JON--

"...NEVER FORGET THAT."

"...THERE'S NOTHING BROKEN SO BAD THAT YOU CAN'T PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN WITH ENOUGH EFFORT."

AS I LOOK AT THE RANDOM MOMENT THAT BROUGHT JANEY AND ME TOGETHER, I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO TO FIX THE DELICATE CLOCKWORK MECHANISM I HAVE BROKEN.

ONCE I BECAME THE QUANTUM OBSERVER, EVERY TIME I MADE A CHOICE IT FRACTURED REALITY, OVER AND OVER. SO THE ONLY WAY TO REUNITE THE TIMELINES IS BY ***ERASING*** ALL THOSE CHOICES.

THE IRONY IS NOT LOST ON ME.

I AM THE MOST POWERFUL BEING IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE. I CAN DO ***ANYTHING.***

BUT FOR THE WORLD TO BE WHAT IT NEEDS TO BE, WHAT IT ***MUST*** BE, I MUST SACRIFICE MY OWN CHOICES, MY OWN FREE WILL, SO THAT ***THEY*** CAN HAVE CHOICES.

IN THIS NEW, UNITED TIMELINE, WHATEVER FUTURE DONE IN THE PAST IS DONE. THE DECISIONS ARE MADE, AND CANNOT BE CHANGED. THEY ARE AS IRREVOCABLE AS THE CHOICES I MADE IN THE PAST.

BECAUSE ALL THOSE MOMENTS ARE ***SAME*** MOMENT. THE MOMENT ETERNAL, ***ONE*** AND SIMULTANEOUS.

LIKE MY MOTHER. I MUST GIVE UP CHOICE, SO THAT THEY CAN REALIZE OF THIS WORLD WHAT THEY WISH.

EDITED REPLAY

I AM LIMITLESS.

BUT I MUST BECOME LIMITLESS. THIS IS WHAT WOULD ALLOW ME TO ACTUALLY ARRANGE MATRICES.

SO I MUST FREEZE THAT MOMENT, LIKE THE FROZEN IN AMBER.

I BEGIN MOVING FORWARD AND BACKWARD AT THE SAME TIME, ENSURING THAT EVERYTHING HAPPENED JUST THE WAY IT DID IN THE ORIGINAL TIMELINE, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST VARIATION.

OHH, YOU'RE THE NEW GUY. YOU'RE REPLACING HANK MEADOWS, RIGHT?

I AM?

I GUESS SO.

"HANK DIED LAST FALL--"

IN ONE TIMELINE, I CALL FROM PRINCETON ON THE ADVICE OF MY PROFESSORS TO GET SOME INFORMATION ON THE DECAY OF CERTAIN ATOMIC PARTICLES.

THE DISTRACTION ALLOWED HANK TO SEE THE UNCOVERED URANIUM CONTAINER BEHIND HIM IN TIME TO AVOID FATAL EXPOSURE...AND I AM NEVER OFFERED HIS JOB AT GILA FLATS.

SO I ENSURE THAT IN THIS TIMELINE, NO SUCH CALL COMES.

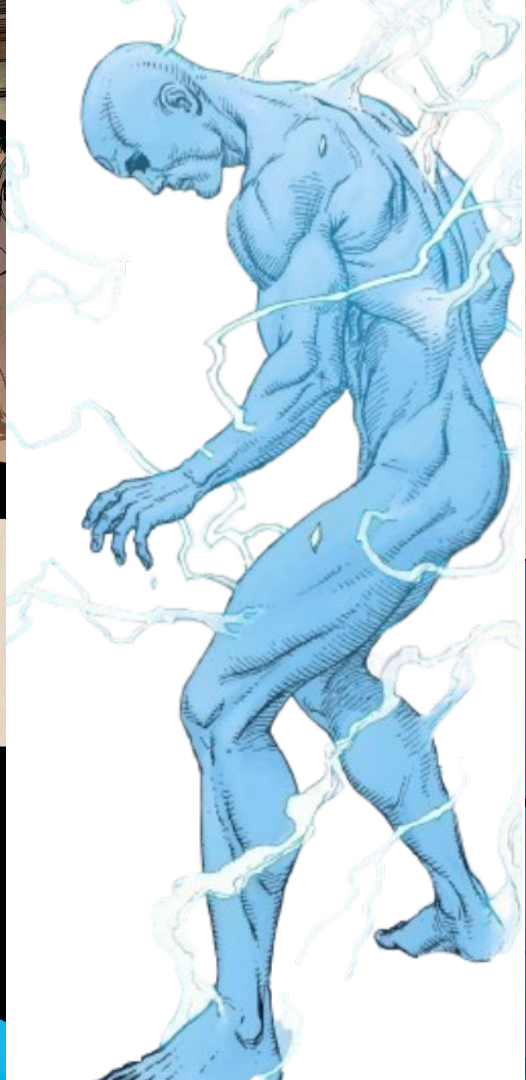
"--SOME KINDA TUMOR."

THERE'S HIS PICTURE BEHIND THE BAR THERE. THE GUY WITH GLASSES.

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG FOR A RESEARCH SCIENTIST.

"YEAH, WELL... MY DAD SORT OF PUSHED ME INTO IT."

IT'S AUGUST 7TH, 1945.



IN ONE TIMELINE, I ASK MY FATHER TO TAKE ME TO SEE THE BROOKLYN DODGERS. THE EXPERIENCE LEAVES HIM IN A GOOD MOOD, SO THAT WHEN HE LEARNS OF THE ATOMIC BOMB DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA, HIS REACTION IS TEMPERED.

SO I WIPE OUT THAT CHOICE, ENSURING THAT ON THIS HOT, HUMID BROOKLYN MORNING, WE ARE AT HOME, I WITH MY WATCHES, MY FATHER WITH HIS MEMORIES.

A SINGLE BOMB...ONE BOMB, AND THEY CAN WIN A WAR. SO WHAT WAS IT FOR, INGE? WHAT WAS ALL THAT DEATH FOR?

WHY DID I HAVE TO LOSE YOU?

JON? WHERE ARE YOU?

IN HERE. I'M PRACTICING ON YOUR OLD POCKET WATCH BEFORE IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL.

FORGET POCKET WATCHES. HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEWS?

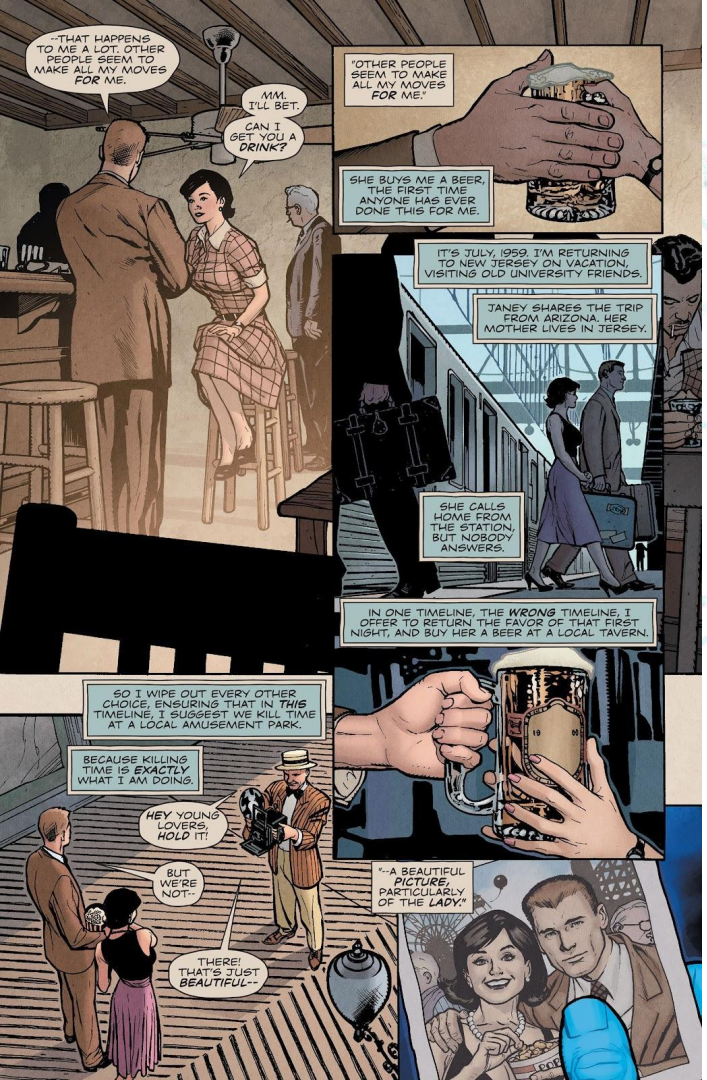
NEWS?

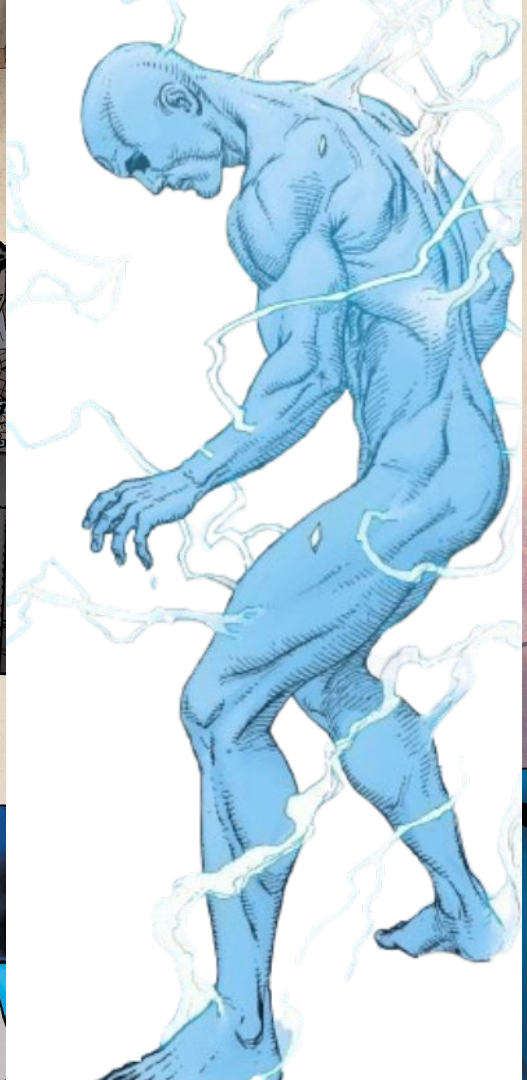
THEY DROPPED THE ATOMIC BOMB ON JAPAN! A WHOLE CITY, GONE.

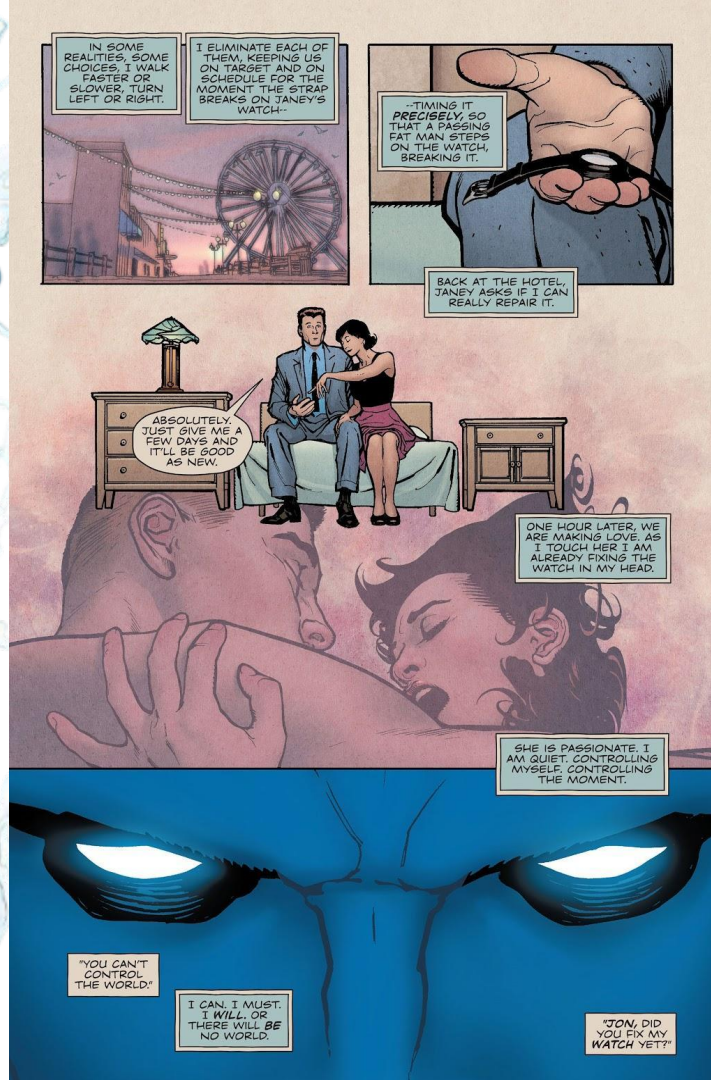
ACH! THESE ARE NO TIMES FOR A REPAIRER OF WATCHES. THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING. THERE WILL BE MORE BOMBS. THEY ARE THE FUTURE.

"ATOMIC SCIENCE...THIS IS WHAT THE WORLD WILL NEED."

"MY DAD SORT OF PUSHED ME INTO IT--"


--THAT HAPPENS TO ME A LOT. OTHER PEOPLE SEEM TO MAKE ALL MY MOVES FOR ME.
MM. I'LL BET.
CAN I GET YOU A DRINK?
"OTHER PEOPLE SEEM TO MAKE ALL MY MOVES FOR ME."
SHE BUYS ME A BEER, THE FIRST TIME ANYONE HAS EVER DONE THIS FOR ME.
IT'S JULY, 1959. I'M RETURNING TO NEW JERSEY ON VACATION, VISITING OLD UNIVERSITY FRIENDS.
JANEY SHARES THE TRIP FROM ARIZONA. HER MOTHER LIVES IN JERSEY.
SHE CALLS HOME FROM THE STATION, BUT NOBODY ANSWERS.
IN ONE TIMELINE, THE WRONG TIMELINE, I OFFER TO RETURN THE FAVOR OF THAT FIRST NIGHT, AND BUY HER A BEER AT A LOCAL TAVERN.
SO I WIPE OUT EVERY OTHER CHOICE, ENSURING THAT IN THIS TIMELINE, I SUGGEST WE KILL TIME AT A LOCAL AMUSEMENT PARK.
BECAUSE KILLING TIME IS EXACTLY WHAT I AM DOING.
HEY YOUNG LOVERS, HOLD IT!
BUT WE'RE NOT--
THERE! THAT'S JUST BEAUTIFUL--
"--A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, PARTICULARLY OF THE LADY."




IN SOME REALITIES, SOME CHOICES, I WALK FASTER OR SLOWER, TURN LEFT OR RIGHT.
I ELIMINATE EACH OF THEM, KEEPING US ON TARGET AND ON SCHEDULE FOR THE MOMENT THE STRAP BREAKS ON JANEY'S WATCH--
--TIMING IT PRECISELY, SO THAT A PASSING FAT MAN STEPS ON THE WATCH, BREAKING IT.
BACK AT THE HOTEL, JANEY ASKS IF I CAN REALLY REPAIR IT.
ABSOLUTELY. JUST GIVE ME A FEW DAYS AND IT'LL BE GOOD AS NEW.
ONE HOUR LATER, WE ARE MAKING LOVE. AS I TOUCH HER I AM ALREADY FIXING THE WATCH IN MY HEAD.
SHE IS PASSIONATE. I AM QUIET. CONTROLLING MYSELF. CONTROLLING THE MOMENT.
"YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE WORLD."
I CAN. I MUST. I WILL. OR THERE WILL BE NO WORLD.
"JON, DID YOU FIX MY WATCH YET?"

I LEFT IT IN MY LAB COAT WHEN WE WERE RESETTING THE R.F. CHAMBER THIS MORNING. YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE.

THE ACCIDENT IS ALMOST UPON ME NOW.

IN SOME REALITIES I HURRY. IN OTHERS I SAUNTER. IN SOME I STOP AND TALK TO WALLY. IN OTHERS I ACHE TO GET BACK TO JANEY.

BUT I CAN RESOLVE THEM ALL HERE, NOW--

--BY USING JUST A TINY BIT OF ENERGY TO RESET THE TIME LOCK, SO THAT NO MATTER WHEN I WALK IN--

--I HAVE ONLY FIVE SECONDS, NOT THIRTY, BEFORE THE DOOR CLOSES.

IT IS AUGUST 20, 1959.

ONE-FIFTEEN P.M.

NO--

"WHAT'S IN THE BOX?"

"WHAT'S IN THE BOX?"

"WHAT'S IN THE BOX?"

"WHAT'S IN THE BOX?"

JANEY'S WATCH IS WORKING PERFECTLY.

TIME MOVES FORWARD AS IT SHOULD.

AND AS THE INFINITE NUMBER OF QUANTUM POSSIBILITIES COLLAPSE INTO ONE SINGULAR REALITY, IN THE INSTANT BEFORE THE ENERGY STRIKES--

--WE BECOME ***AWARE*** OF EACH OTHER. ALL OF US IN THE BOX TOGETHER.

PAST. PRESENT. FUTURE.

LIVE CAT.

DEAD CAT.

LIVE JON.

DEAD JON.

DON'T BE AFRAID.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

HOLA PIEL.
THE BLOODY SKIN BLINDFOLD WAS TORN AWAY...
...I COULD SEE AGAIN AND WISHED I COULD NOT!
SATAN'S BREATH- SNAKEHEAD! HE'S STILL ALIVE!
DEVOLVEDME... MI PIEL!
MI PIEL!
WHAT HAD KEPT THIS ABOMINATION FROM THE GRAVE?
HIS BODY TORN BY GODLESS SAVAGES, THROWN BLOODY INTO A SNAKE PIT...
BONES CRUSHED BY A MONSTROUS LIVING SNAKE GOD AND SWALLOWED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES...
HOW CAN IT STILL LIVE?
MI... PIEL... PIEL...
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WHEN WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS?
Part Nine
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO

I NEED TO BREAK FREE!
THE SUN'S HEAT IS COOKING ME ALIVE.
PIEL--MI PIEL.
NOW I COULD SEE--A ROOM WALLED IN PURE GOLDEN...
...WEAK GOLDEN CHAINS...
...BODIES COVERED IN HARDENED GOLD...
...I SEE MY DEATH!
MI PIEL...
SU PIEL!
PIIEEELL!
ZZSSSH!
BUT I NEED TO MOVE...
NOW!
TO BE CONTINUED...

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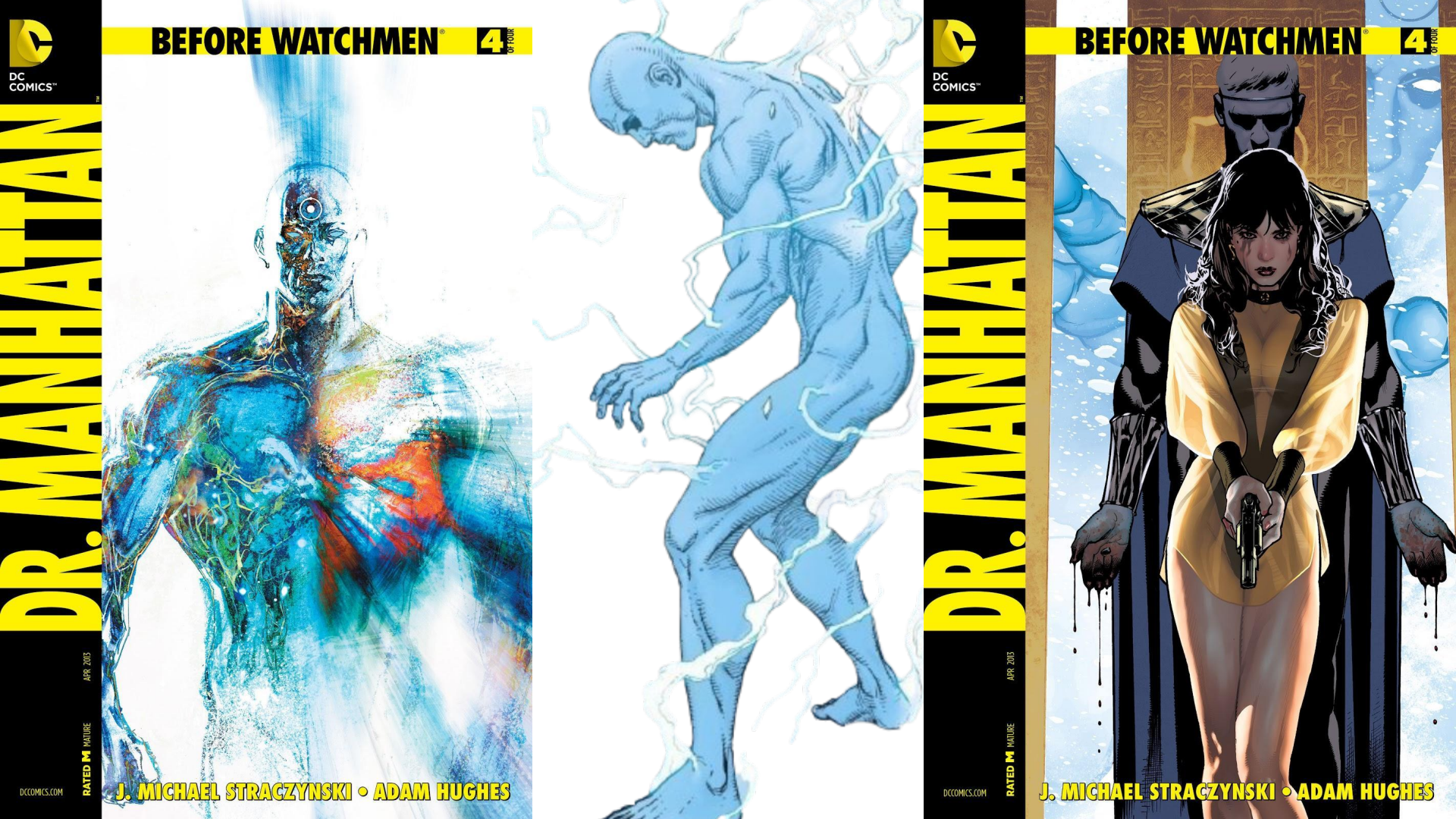
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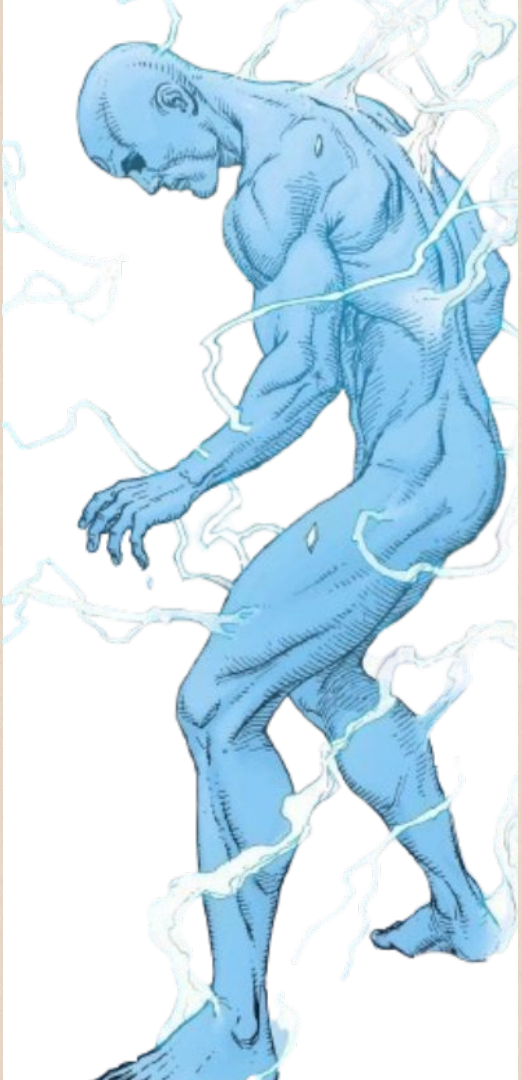
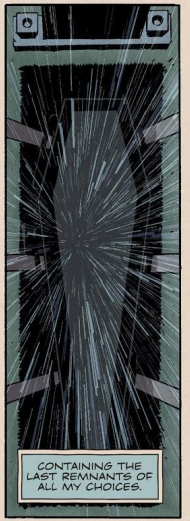
CHANGES IN PERSPECTIVE

J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI script ADAM HUGHES art
LAURA MARTIN colors STEVE WANDS letters
ADAM HUGHES cover BILL SIENKIEWICZ variant cover
CAMILLA ZHANG asst. editor CHRIS CONROY assoc. editor MARK CHIARELLO editor
WATCHMEN created by ALAN MOORE and DAVE GIBBONS

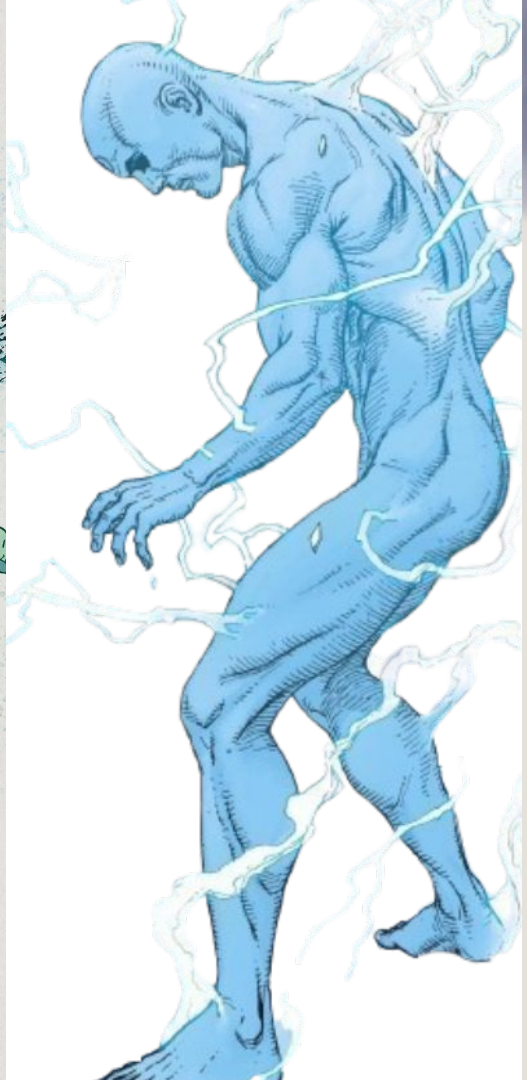




I STEP BACK INTO THE TIMESTREAM, AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE AS IT SHOULD. EXCEPT--

--IT'S NOT. NOT EXACTLY. THERE'S SOMETHING--

--WRONG.



I'LL GIVE YOU CREDIT--

--WELL, SOME CREDIT--

--FOR HAVING DECIDED THAT IF YOU'RE GOING TO STEAL ANTIQUITIES--

--THE BRITISH MUSEUM WOULD BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO DO SO. ONE-STOP SHOPPING AS THEY SAY. A LITTLE CHINESE THIRD DYNASTY HERE--

--A LITTLE FIRST CENTURY ROME. THERE PRETTY SOON YOU'VE GOT A TIDY LITTLE COLLECTION ON YOUR HANDS. TOO BAD YOU FORGOT ONE THING.

YOU FORGOT TO CHECK THE PAPERS TO SEE IF I MIGHT BE VISITING.

THAT WAS FAR TOO EASY. ISN'T THERE ANYONE WHO CAN GIVE ME A REAL CHALLENGE THESE DAYS?

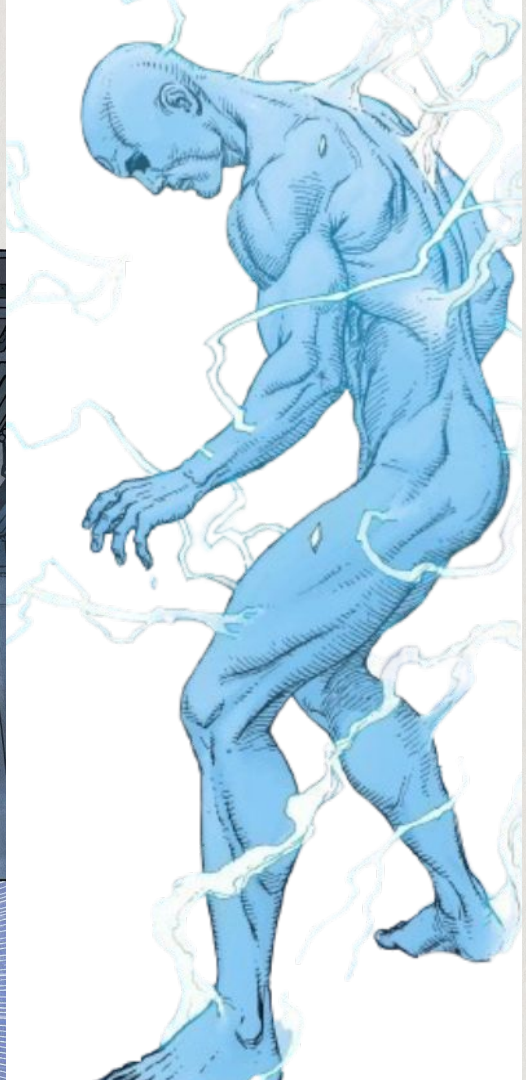
HELLO, ADRIAN.

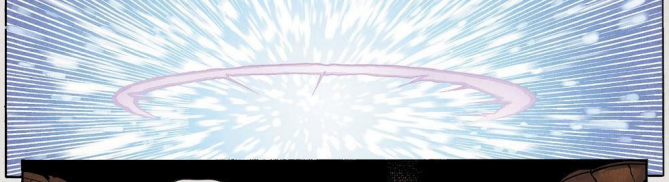
YOU SHOULD'VE JOINED IN THE FUN.

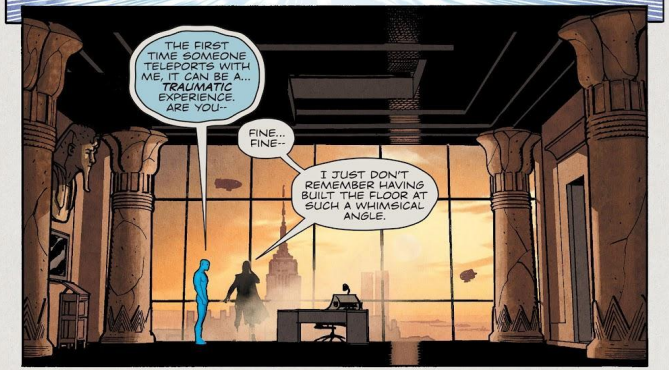
THERE WAS NO POINT. YOU WERE WINNING. YOU HAD WON. YOU HAVE ALWAYS WON THIS FIGHT.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WHO ENGAGES NOT JUST IN DECLENSIONS OF LANGUAGE BUT OF TIME AS WELL.
THAT MAY SEEM A RATHER OBSCURE BIT OF JOLLITY, BUT TO AN AUDIENCE OF GRAMMARIANS OR PHYSICISTS, I'M A ROCK STAR.

SO WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WE NEED TO TALK, BUT NOT HERE. I REQUIRE PRIVACY.
ALL RIGHT, LET ME CALL MY CAR AND--

THIS WILL BE FASTER.






THE FIRST TIME SOMEONE TELEPORTS WITH ME, IT CAN BE A... TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE. ARE YOU--
FINE... FINE--
I JUST DON'T REMEMBER HAVING BUILT THE FLOOR AT SUCH A WHIMSICAL ANGLE.

SO HOW DO YOU DO THAT, ANYWAY? DISASSEMBLE COMPONENT MOLECULES THEN RE-ASSEMBLE THEM ELSEWHERE?
NO. THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF EFFORT AND CONSTITUTE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BODY.
I WARP SPACE AROUND ME SO THAT I DON'T MOVE. SPACE MOVES.

SO YOU FIND IT EASIER TO MOVE THE UNIVERSE... THAN TO MOVE YOURSELF.
NOT NECESSARILY EASIER. LESS DESTRUCTIVE, SHALL WE SAY.
AT LEAST, TO YOU.

ALL RIGHT, JON... NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE, AND YOU'VE DISABLED ALL MY RECORDING DEVICES--
OF COURSE. ALSO THE BACKUPS.

--WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
SO I TELL HIM.

I TELL HIM ABOUT MY TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME... ABOUT ACCIDENTALLY BECOMING A QUANTUM OBSERVER CAPABLE OF CREATING NEW UNIVERSES WITH EVEN THE MOST CASUAL ACT.

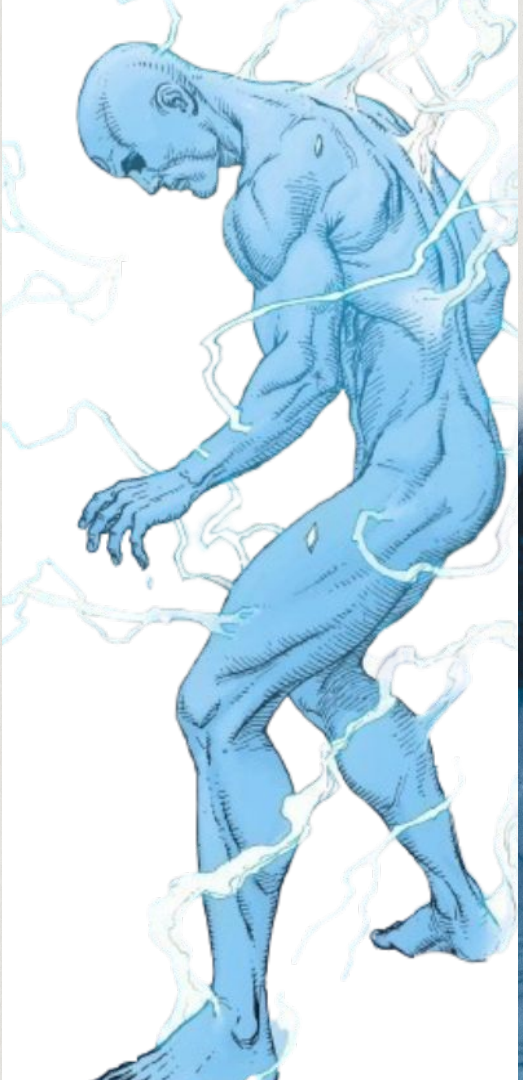
I TELL HIM ABOUT HOW MY DECISIONS DESTROYED THE EARTH, OVER AND OVER, EACH NEW COURSE COMING TO A FIERY END PUNCTUATED WITH MUSHROOM CLOUDS AS NUCLEAR WEAPONS OBLITERATED THE WORLD.

I TELL HIM ABOUT DESTROYING THE VERY ALTERNATE UNIVERSES I CREATED.

OTHER MEN HEARING SUCH THINGS WOULD FAINT, GO MAD OR RUN SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM.

HE ALLOWS ONLY A SMALL TIC IN HIS EXPRESSION, LASTING THE BAREST FLICKER OF A SECOND. NERVOUSNESS, I ASSUME.

FOR SOME REASON, I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN CATCHING IT.



SO--
--SORRY--
--SO WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

AFTER MY WORK, THERE NOW REMAINS JUST THIS ONE QUANTUM REALITY, THIS ONE UNIVERSE. BUT AS I STRETCHED FORTH MY POWERS OF PERCEPTION, I--
--SENSED SOMETHING WRONG. SOMETHING THAT WASN'T THERE BEFORE.

I CAN NO LONGER SEE MY FUTURE SELF CLEARLY... ALMOST AS THOUGH THERE'S SOME SORT OF--
--STATIC--
--PREVENTING ME FROM SEEING MY FUTURE WITH CLARITY, LIKE A THIN CURTAIN DRAWN BEFORE MY EYES, ALLOWING SHAPES AND SILHOUETTES BUT NO DETAIL.

MM-HMM...
SO WHAT CAN YOU SEE?

I SEE--

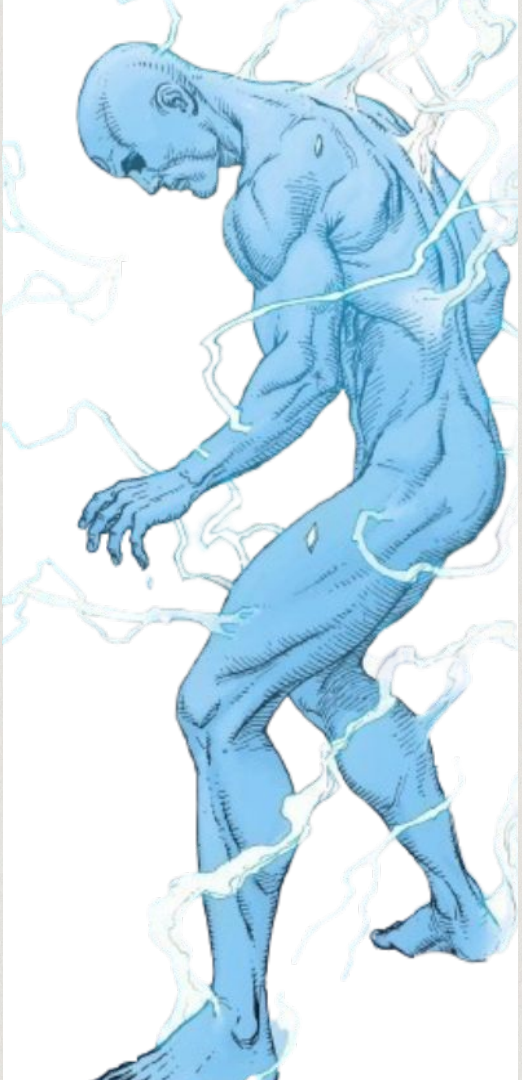
"--DEATH."

I SEE--

"--DESTRUCTION."

AND I FEEL--

"--RESPONSIBLE."



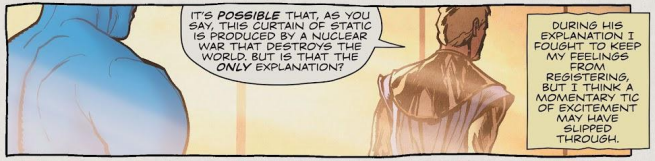
MM-HMM MMMM...
TELL ME SOMETHING--

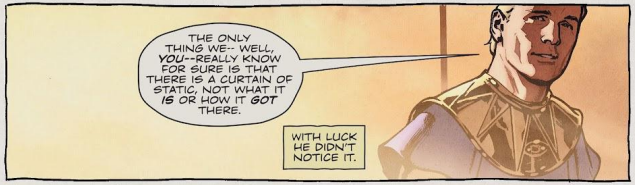
--BECAUSE YOUR ABILITIES ARE TIED TO PURE ENERGY, COULD THIS STATIC BE CAUSED BY A MASSIVE ENERGY DISCHARGE?
SUCH AS?
NUCLEAR WAR.
THE END OF THE WORLD.
DOOMSDAY.

YES.
I THOUGHT I'D CAUGHT ALL OF THE PROBABILITIES IN WHICH THE WORLD ENDED IN NUCLEAR FIRE, BUT IF THIS ONE GOT THROUGH...IF THIS ONE ENDS THE SAME WAY BECAUSE OF MY MISTAKES--

MY FATHER USED TO SAY IF YOU ASK A CENTIPEDE WHICH FOOT GOES FIRST, IT WILL SIT THERE FOR HOURS, UNABLE TO MOVE.
I HAVE PUT MYSELF INTO A BOX, AND I FEAR THAT IF I MOVE AGAIN, I WILL UNDO ALL THAT I HAVE DONE. THE CHOICE OF WHAT TO DO CANNOT BE MINE. I'VE SURRENDERED THAT FREEDOM FOR ALL TIME.
AS THE ONLY MAN ON THE PLANET CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING MY DILEMMA, THE DECISION MUST BE YOURS.

I HAVE A SMALL SUGGESTION REGARDING THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH.
I WORK TO KEEP MY VOICE CAREFULLY MODULATED, MY PULSE SLOW AND STEADY. NO TELLING WHAT JON CAN DETECT.

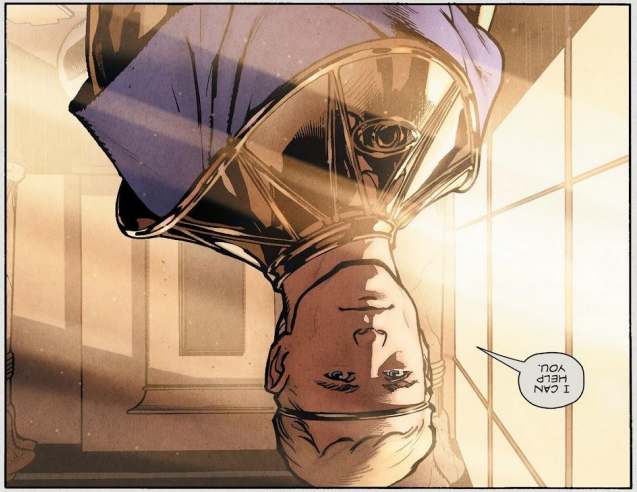

IT'S POSSIBLE THAT, AS YOU SAY, THIS CURTAIN OF STATIC IS PRODUCED BY A NUCLEAR WAR THAT DESTROYS THE WORLD. BUT IS THAT THE ONLY EXPLANATION?
DURING HIS EXPLANATION I FOUGHT TO KEEP MY FEELINGS FROM REGISTERING, BUT I THINK A MOMENTARY TIC OF EXCITEMENT MAY HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH.


THE ONLY THING WE-- WELL, YOU--REALLY KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT THERE IS A CURTAIN OF STATIC, NOT WHAT IT IS OR HOW IT GOT THERE.
WITH LUCK HE DIDN'T NOTICE IT.

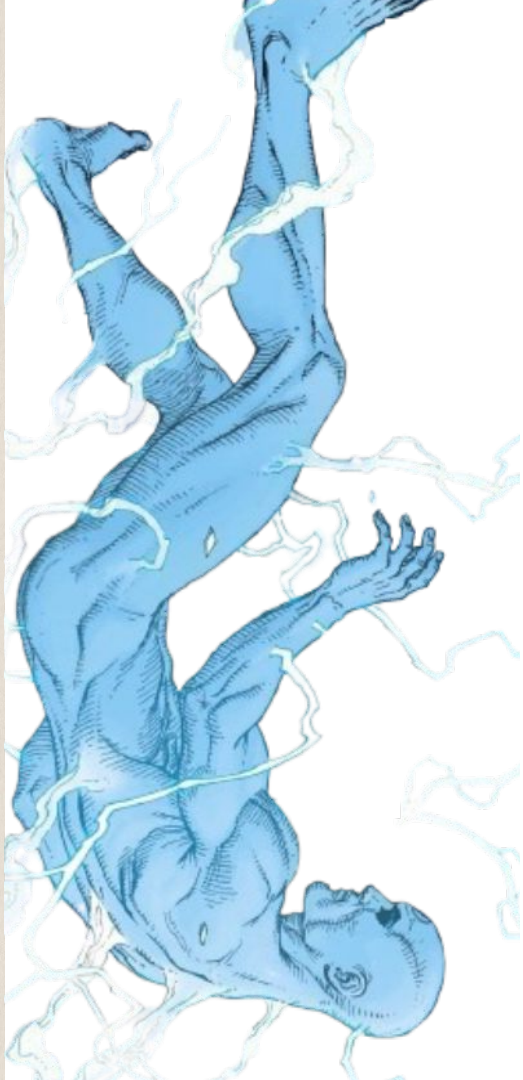
SO SINCE WE KNOW IT'S COMING, THE SMARTEST THING YOU--
--THAT IS, I--
--CAN DO IS TO DEFINE IT, SO WE CAN CONTROL IT.
MEANING?

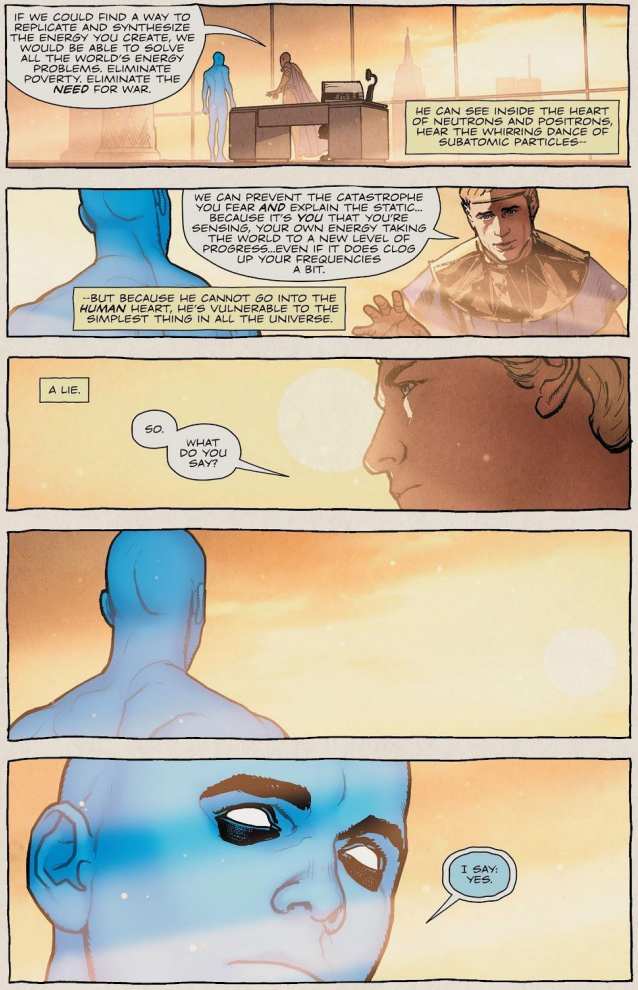
MEANING...WHAT IF THERE WAS NO NEED FOR NUKES? WHAT IF THE WORLD HAD ACCESS TO UNLIMITED POWER? WHAT IF THERE WAS NO NUCLEAR POWER?
WHAT IF THERE WAS JUST...YOU?
HEARTBEAT JUMPED ONCE...DON'T REACT. LET HIM THINK IT'S JUST EXCITEMENT AT THE IDEA.

I CAN HELP YOU.

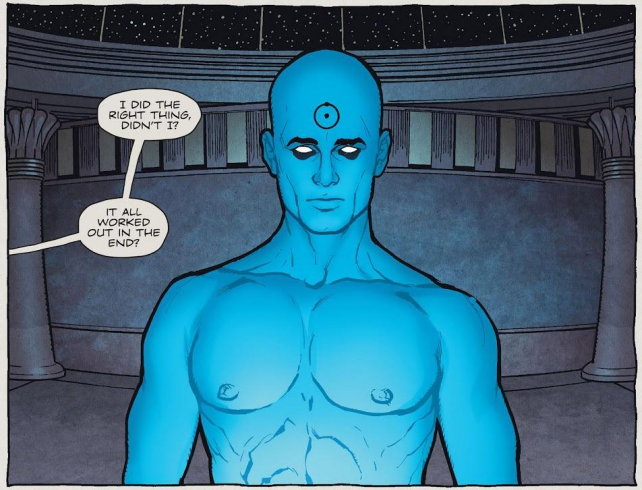

I CAN HELP YOU.

WE WILL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY. TELL ME WHAT YOU REQUIRE AND I WILL PROVIDE IT.
SOME OF THE TECHNOLOGY I NEED MAY NOT *EXIST* YET--
IT WILL.

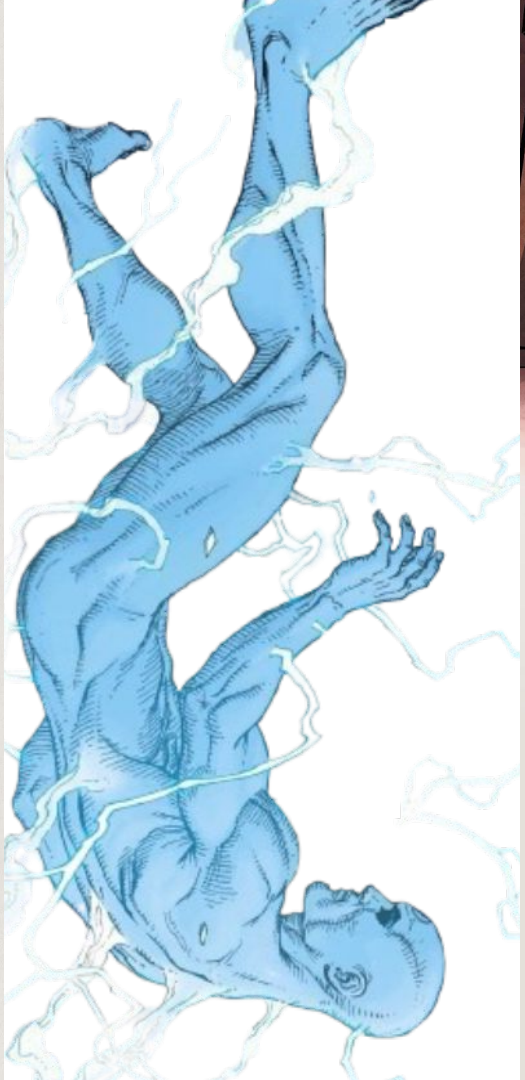



IF WE COULD FIND A WAY TO REPLICATE AND SYNTHESIZE THE ENERGY YOU CREATE, WE WOULD BE ABLE TO SOLVE ALL THE WORLD'S ENERGY PROBLEMS. ELIMINATE POVERTY. ELIMINATE THE *NEED* FOR WAR.
HE CAN SEE INSIDE THE HEART OF NEUTRONS AND POSITRONS, HEAR THE WHIRRING DANCE OF SUBATOMIC PARTICLES--
WE CAN PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE YOU FEAR *AND* EXPLAIN THE STATIC... BECAUSE IT'S *YOU* THAT YOU'RE SENSING, YOUR OWN ENERGY TAKING THE WORLD TO A NEW LEVEL OF PROGRESS...EVEN IF IT DOES CLOG UP YOUR FREQUENCIES A BIT.
--BUT BECAUSE HE CANNOT GO INTO THE *HUMAN* HEART, HE'S VULNERABLE TO THE SIMPLEST THING IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.
A LIE.
SO.
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY: YES.

BUT IF I DIE, I DIE.
IT IS A WORTHY CAUSE.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? DO IT! DO IT! DO--
AND SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE.
I KNOW THAT I WILL BEAR UPON MY CONSCIENCE THE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WHO WILL DIE AS THE RESULT OF WHAT I INTEND TO ACCOMPLISH.
I KNOW THAT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST ERRANT HEARTBEAT OVER THE COMING MONTHS WILL BETRAY MY INTENT TO JON.
BUT THIS WORLD, THE LAST WORLD, THE WORLD FOR WHICH JON HAS SACRIFICED SO MUCH, MUST LIVE ON.
WE MUST DESTROY THE VILLAGE TO SAVE THE VILLAGE.
HE SAID HE SAW HIMSELF IN THE SNOW, KILLING SOMEONE. I CANNOT ESCAPE THE POSSIBILITY THAT IT'S ME. I WILL PREPARE FOR THAT EVENTUALITY, DO ALL I CAN TO PROTECT MYSELF.
Wallace Weave
Stomach Cance
Janine Sla
Lung Cance


I DID THE RIGHT THING, DIDN'T I?
IT ALL WORKED OUT IN THE END?

I DID THE RIGHT THING, DIDN'T I?
IT ALL WORKED OUT IN THE END?



AND IN THE AFTERMATH OF IT ALL...
I'D HOPED YOU'D UNDERSTAND, UNLIKE RORSCHACH--
RORSCHACH IS NO LONGER AN ISSUE.

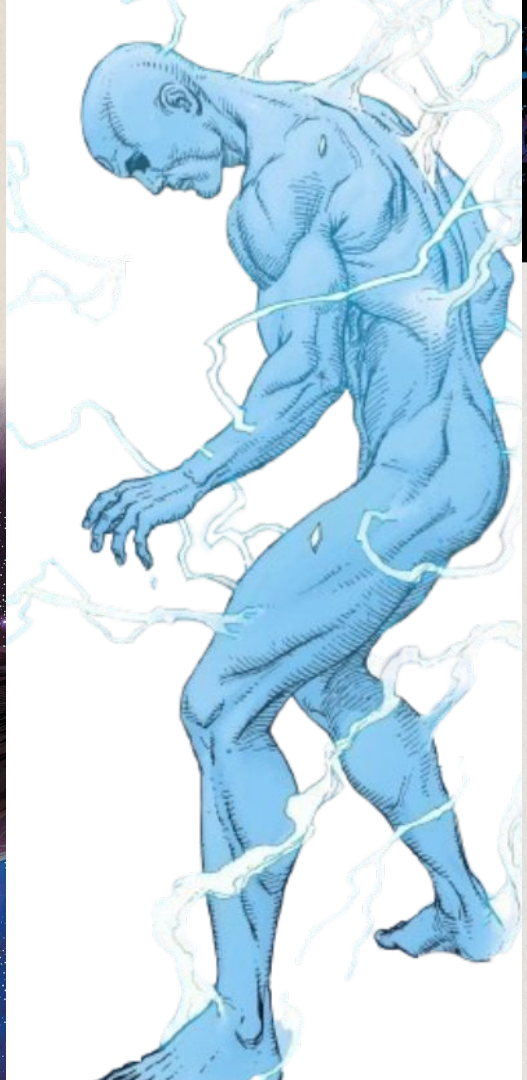
I'M LEAVING THIS GALAXY FOR ONE LESS COMPLICATED.
BUT YOU'D REGAINED INTEREST IN HUMAN LIFE.

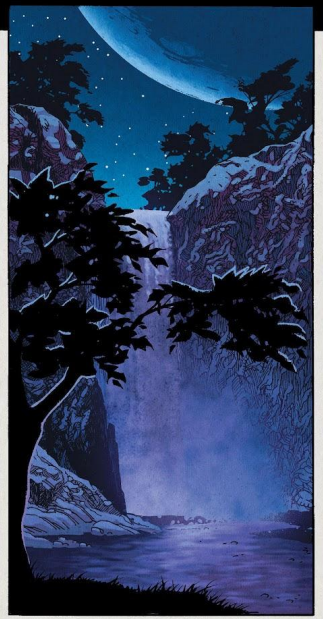
YES, I HAVE. I THINK PERHAPS I'LL CREATE SOME.
GOODBYE, ADRIAN.
JON, WAIT, BEFORE YOU LEAVE...

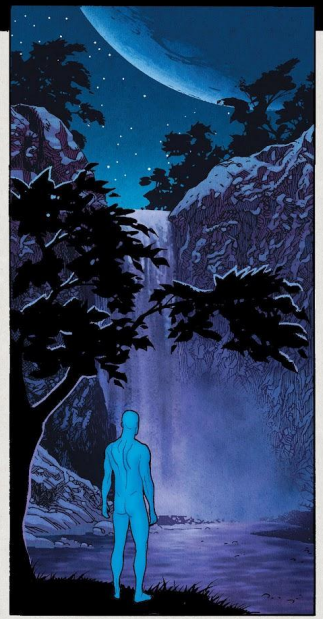
"IN THE END?"
NOTHING ENDS, ADRIAN. NOTHING EVER ENDS.

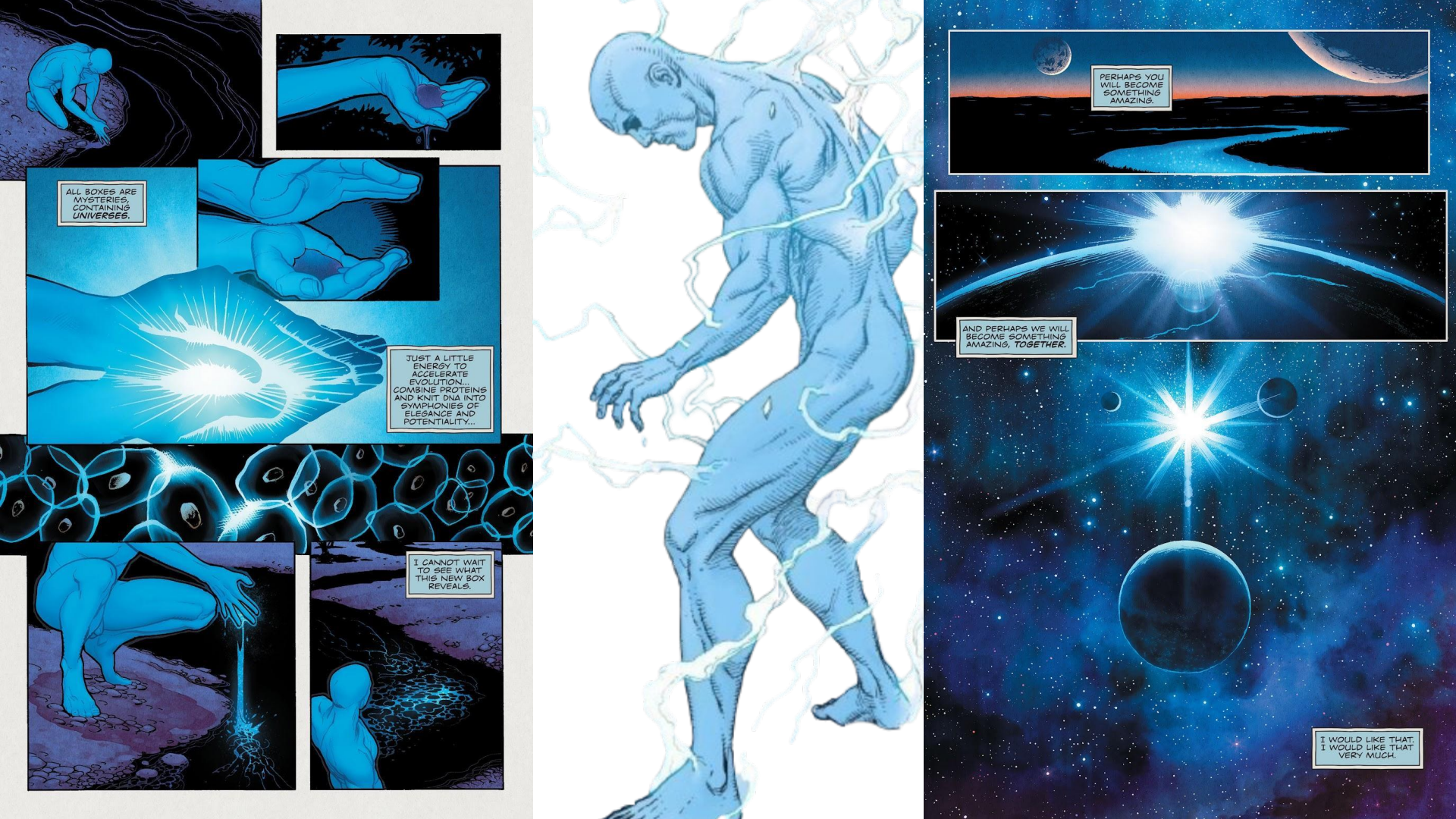
JON? WAIT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY...

"I MEAN THAT THE QUESTION, LIKE THE WORLD, DEATH, LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE ITSELF, ARE ALL MATTERS OF PERSPECTIVE."








ALL BOXES ARE MYSTERIES, CONTAINING *UNIVERSES.*
JUST A LITTLE ENERGY TO ACCELERATE EVOLUTION... COMBINE PROTEINS AND KNIT DNA INTO SYMPHONIES OF ELEGANCE AND POTENTIALITY...
I CANNOT WAIT TO SEE WHAT THIS NEW BOX REVEALS.
PERHAPS YOU WILL BECOME SOMETHING AMAZING.
AND PERHAPS WE WILL BECOME SOMETHING AMAZING, *TOGETHER.*
I WOULD LIKE THAT. I WOULD LIKE THAT VERY MUCH.

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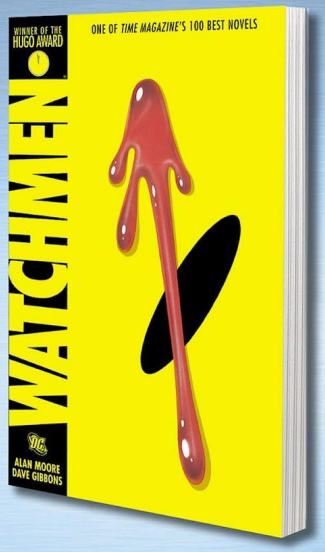
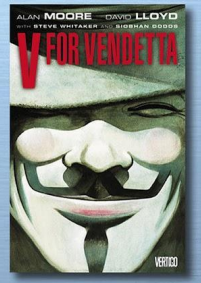


THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 1

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 2

V FOR VENDETTA



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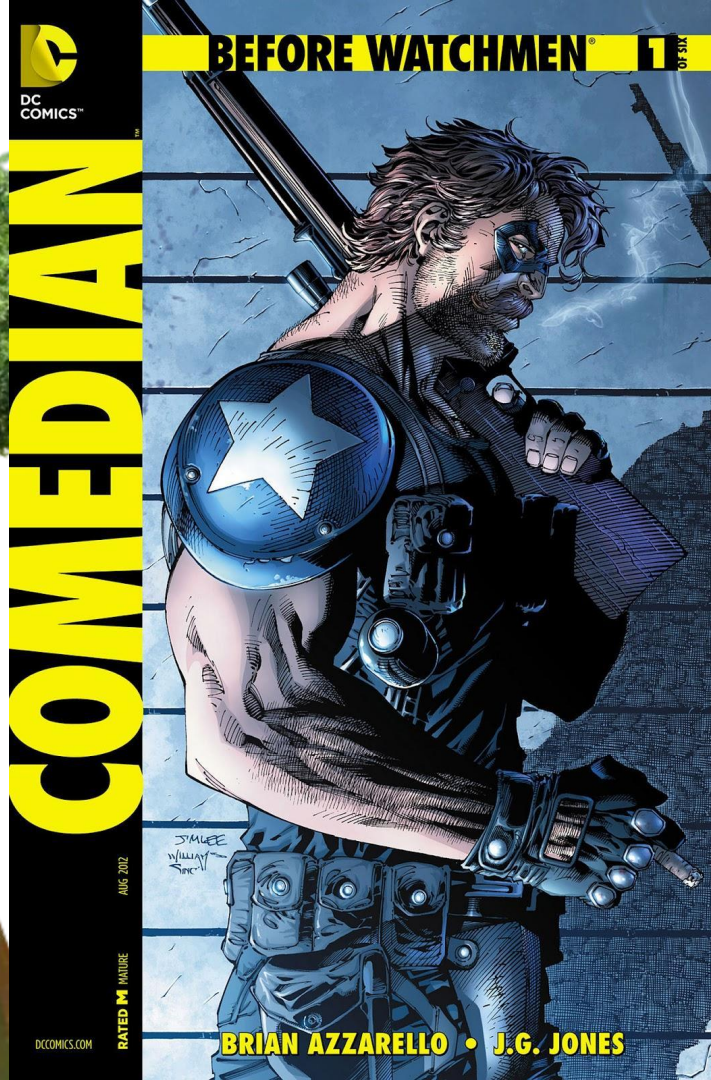
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DUMP D DUMP D DUMP D DUMP D DUMP
W-HELL, I'M THE TYPE OF GUY WHO'LL NEVER SETTLE DOWN

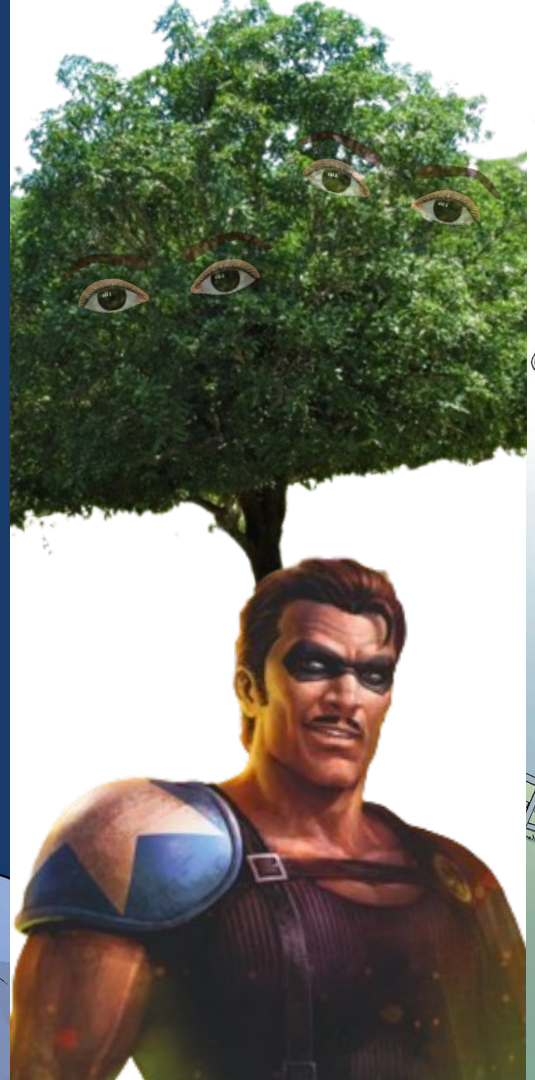
WHERE PRETTY GIRLS ARE WELL, YOU KNOW THAT I'M AROUN'

I KISS 'EM AND I LOVE 'EM 'CAUSE TO ME THEY'RE ALL THE SAME

I HUG 'EM AND I SQUEEZE 'EM THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME

THEY CALL ME THE WANDERER
YEAH, THE WANDERER

I ROAM AROUN'
AROUN'
AROUN'
"I'M OPEN!--"
SMILE
BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER
J.G. JONES ARTIST
ALEX SINCLAIR COLOR
CLEM ROBINS LETTERS
J.G. JONES COVER ARTIST
EDUARDO RISSO, JIM LEE WITH SCOTT WILLIAMS AND ALEX SINCLAIR VARIANT COVERS
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSI. EDITOR
MARK DOYLE ASSIC. EDITOR
WILL DENNIS EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS



--JACK!

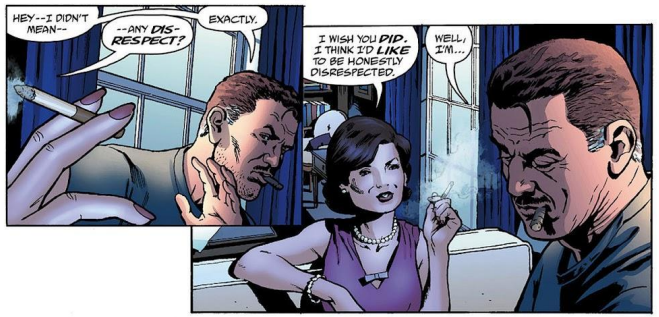
SHIT!

YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' BY ME, EDDIE...
NO?

OOOFF

JESUS, JACK. THOUGHT WE WERE PLAYING TOUCH...
WELL, TEDDY, SOMETIMES IN LIFE, A MAN HAS TO PUSH.
YOU OKAY, EDDIE?
ME? WHAT ABOUT YOU? TAKING OUT THE PRESIDENT-- THAT'S ALL I NEED ON MY RÉSUMÉ.
YEAH? WHERE WOULD THAT RANK?
THE TOP, I'D BET.
WANNA? SAY TEN BUCKS?
CAREFUL THERE, TEDDY. THIS FELLA, HE HAS A NEFARIOUS PAST.
DON'T YOU KNOW IT.

TAKING A BREAK, EDDIE?
OH. HI, JACKIE. YEAH, I NEEDED A DRINK. YOUR BOYS, THEY PLAY HARD.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT.
WELL, I'M A FUNNY GUY.
AND THEY DO PLAY HARD. WHICH IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO DISCUSS, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
SURE.
SHOOT.
HA. YOU ARE A FUNNY GUY.
WELL, BABY, LOOKS AIN'T EVERY-THING.
NO ONE KNOWS THAT MORE THAN I DO.
AND BY THE WAY, "BABY" ISN'T SOME-THING YOU SHOULD CALL THE WIFE OF A MAN YOU LOVE.


HEY--I DIDN'T MEAN--
--ANY DIS-RESPECT?
EXACTLY.
I WISH YOU DID. I THINK I'D LIKE TO BE HONESTLY DISRESPECTED.
WELL, I'M...

--NOT GOING TO DO THAT?
NO. I'M NOT. BECAUSE--

YOU LOVE--
--RESPECT HIM.
HONESTLY.

REALLY? YOU NEVER STRUCK ME AS AN IDEALIST, EDDIE. I DON'T THINK JACK BELIEVES THAT, EITHER.

IDEALIST, HELL NO-- I'M--
--YOU'RE A CRIME FIGHTER, RIGHT? BOBBY FANCIES HIMSELF ONE, TOO.

HE IS. WAY MORE EFFECTIVE THAN ME. I'M A FACE. HE'S--
A PRETTY FACE. JUST LIKE JACK. AND YOU MIGHT NOT ADMIT THAT YOU LOVE--
RESPECT.
--THEM, BUT I KNOW THEY DO LOVE YOU. MY BOYS, AS YOU CALLED THEM, THEY'RE OPEN ABOUT THEIR LOVES...

TAKE THAT DRUG-ADDLED PEROXIDE WHORE, FOR INSTANCE.

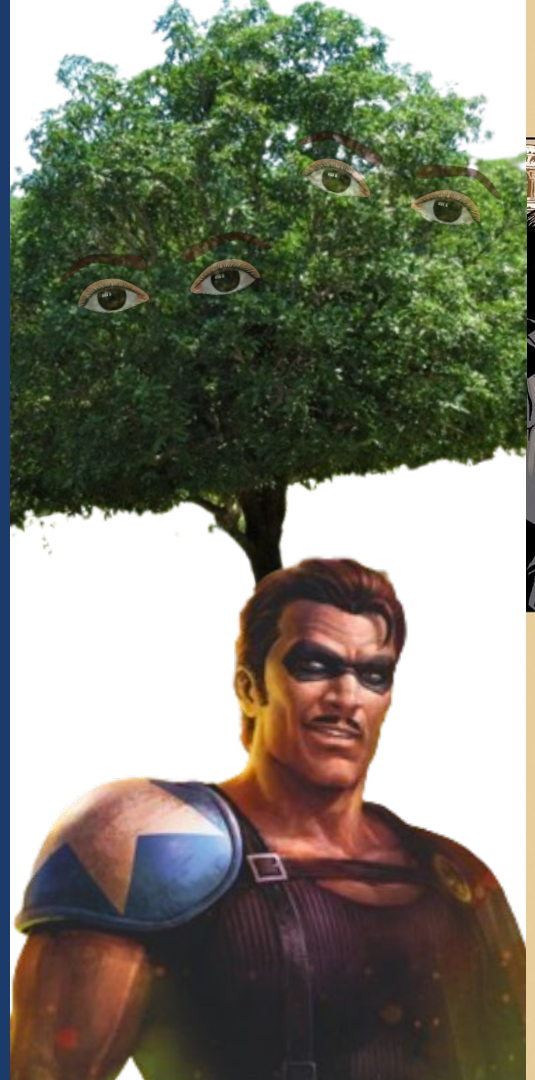
YOU LOST ME.
AND A LIAR DOESN'T WIN POINTS. GIVE ME A TASTE OF THE RESPECT YOU HAVE FOR MY HUSBAND.
YOU KNOW, SHE'S CAVORTING WITH A GANGSTER NOW...

GIANCANA. IS THAT HIS NAME? I DON'T PAY ATTENTION. HE'S A CRIMINAL, ISN'T HE, CRIME FIGHTER?

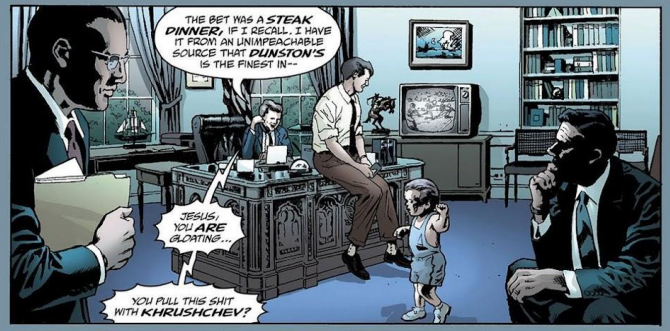
HELL YES. HE IS.
AND THAT BLONDE BITCH, DRUGGED OUT OF HER MIND... DO YOU KNOW WHAT HER TONGUE IS LIKE?

IT'S LOOSE, ISN'T IT?
I UNDER-STAND YOU'RE NOT AN IDEALIST...

"BUT I THINK YOU KNOW WHAT HAS TO BE DONE, EDDIE."
WELL--I ROAM FROM TOWN TO TOWN ♪
WHOA WHOA WHOA ♪
I GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT A CARE ♪
♪ WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA
AND I'M HAPPY AS A CLOWN ♪
WHOA WHOA WHOA ♪
♪ WITH MY TWO FISTS OF IRON AND I'M GOING NOWHERE...



YAAAAAAAA
-- SEVENTY-YARD TOUCHDOWN STRIKE FROM Y.A. TITTLE TO DEL SHOFNER HAS JUST PUT THE GIANTS UP THIRTY-THREE TO FOURTEEN!
SHIT.
YOU MIGHT BE THE ONLY GUY IN THIS JOINT AIN'T ENJOYIN' THIS SHELLACKIN'...
'CAUSE I MUST BE THE ONLY GUY HERE WHO BET AGAINST THE GIANTS.
EDDIE BLAKE?!
THERE A EDDIE BLAKE HERE?
FILL ME UP, WOULDJA?...
MY BOOKIE'S ON THE LINE.
IT'S ONLY THE THIRD QUARTER. LITTLE EARLY TO START GLOATIN', ISN'T IT?

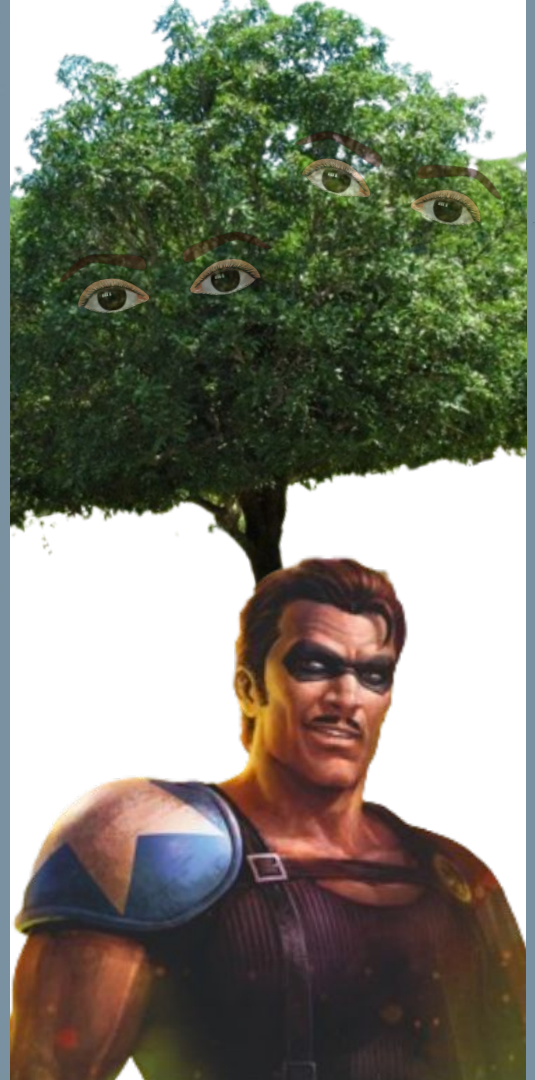

THE BET WAS A STEAK DINNER, IF I RECALL. I HAVE IT FROM AN UNIMPEACHABLE SOURCE THAT DUNSTON'S IS THE FINEST IN--
JESUS, YOU ARE GLOATING...
YOU PULL THIS SHIT WITH KHRUSHCHEV?

WELL, THAT'S A DELICATE MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY, AND I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO DIVULGE ANY FACTS, BUT...
...YOU HAVE TASTED NIKITA'S VODKA.
GOD DAMN. YOU HAVE SOME BALLS.

HA! FROM A MAN WHO'S ALL BALLS. I TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.
AND OUR WAGER TO THE PAY WINDOW.
GOIN' AGAINST THE GIANTS? GET YOUR HEAD OUTTA YOUR ASS, EDDIE!

THAT BOBBY? WHAT HE SAY?
JUST SOME ADVICE.

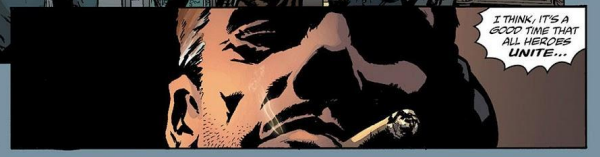
TELL HIM I GOT SOME FOR HIM, TOO.
WHAT HE SAY?
TO GO FUCK YOUR-SELF.
HA!



SO DUNSTON'S IT IS--SATURDAY NIGHT. THEN, HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT WATCHING CLEVELAND ON SUNDAY?
LIVE? GREAT.
GOOD. VERY GOOD. WHO YOU LIKE?

JIM BROWN IS GONNA BREAK THE RUSHING RECORD THIS YEAR.
AGREED. GIVE ME FOURTEEN POINTS.
FOURTEEN? SURE.
HE JUST GAVE YOU TWO TOUCHDOWNS?

SO I'LL SEE YOU FRIDAY?
YEAH, I'M ON THE FIRST FLIGHT OUT IN THE MORNING. I'LL BE THERE, JACK. DON'T REALLY GET WHY, THOUGH.
EDDIE...WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS SINCE THE PACIFIC. YOU--THE COMEDIAN--ARE A HERO.
--TO RIFF-RAFF.
AND NOT TO BLOW MY OWN HORN, BUT I AM TOO, FOR SOME PEOPLE.


I THINK, IT'S A GOOD TIME THAT ALL HEROES UNITE...

"IT'S WHAT OUR COUNTRY NEEDS TO SEE."
MISTER BLAKE!!

MISTER--
YEAH?
AGENT LUXEM, F.B.I. I KNOW YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY, BUT THE DIRECTOR...

HE'D LIKE YOUR HELP.

YOU GOT TO BE KIDDIN' ME...
NO, SIR. LIKE I SAID, THE DIRECTOR AND ALL-- HE NEVER PASSES UP A CHANCE TO GET HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS.

THIS IS KINDER-GARTEN SHIT. C'MON...
I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT LOOK?...

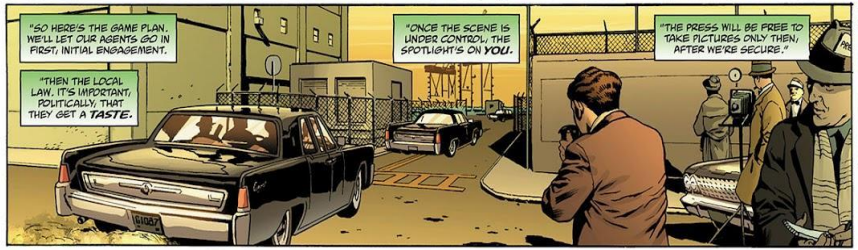
"IT'S A SLOW NEWS DAY..."
"GOOD TO HAVE YOU ON BOARD, BLAKE."
"GLAD TO BE HERE."

THOUGH I GOTTA SAY, YOU SEEM TO HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH MANPOWER TO DEAL WITH A TWO-BIT SCUMBAG LIKE MOLOCH THE MYSTIC.
YEAH, WELL... YOU SELL PAPERS, AND THAT COUNTS FOR SOME-THING. IT'S IMPORTANT THE BUREAU SENDS A MESSAGE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THAT WE'RE NOT TAKING THIS THREAT LIGHTLY.

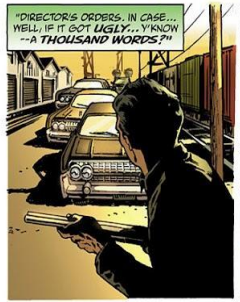
PROSTITUTION IS A THREAT NOW? I'D LOVE TO TAKE A GANDER AT THE TEN MOST WANTED LIST...
PROSTITUTION? IF ONLY. WE RECEIVED A TIP, MOLOCH'S DEALING IN A WHOLE OTHER VICE-- NARCOTICS.

MOLOCH? YER SHITTIN' ME.
WOULDN'T BE HERE, IT WAS JUST LADIES.

I'VE HEARD THAT ABOUT YOU GUYS.


"SO HERE'S THE GAME PLAN. WE'LL LET OUR AGENTS GO IN FIRST, INITIAL ENGAGEMENT.
"THEN THE LOCAL LAW. IT'S IMPORTANT, POLITICALLY, THAT THEY GET A TASTE.
"ONCE THE SCENE IS UNDER CONTROL, THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOU.
"THE PRESS WILL BE FREE TO TAKE PICTURES ONLY THEN, AFTER WE'RE SECURE."

"AFTER?"

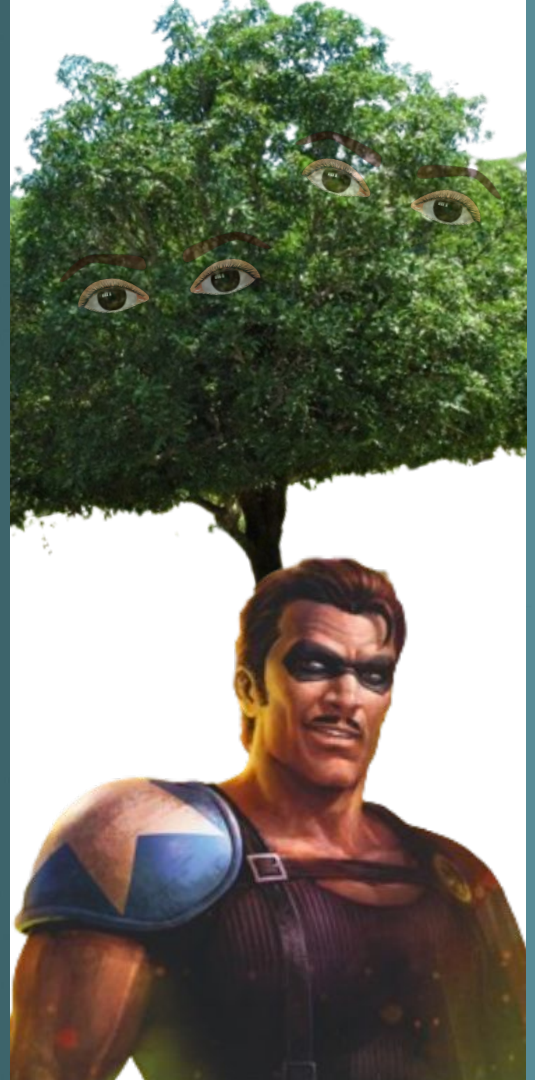

"DIRECTOR'S ORDERS. IN CASE... WELL, IF IT GOT UGLY... Y'KNOW --A THOUSAND WORDS?"

RIGHT.

FROOOOOOOM

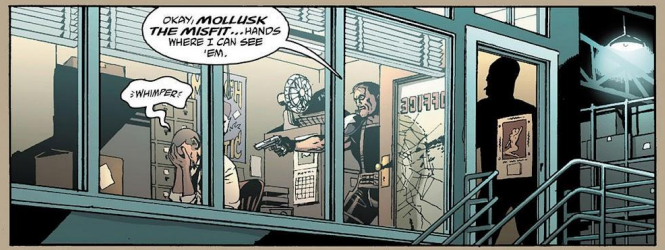
WHAT ARE YOU--

CRAAASH
-GETTING UGLY-
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
VRAAM
BLAANG



BLAM
CRUNCH
VIIP
AAHH!

BAASH


OKAY, MOLLUSK THE MISFIT... HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM.
WHIMPER?

JESUS. HOW MANY TIMES YOU BEEN THROUGH THIS? PULL A GUN... PUT UP A FIGHT. SOMETHING. ANYTHING. CHRIST...
DON'T BE SUCH A--

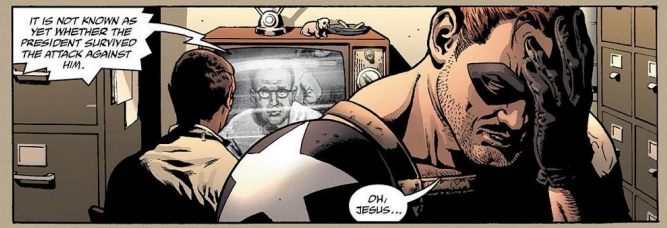
MOLOCH, WHAT THE--
HE'S BEEN SHOT.

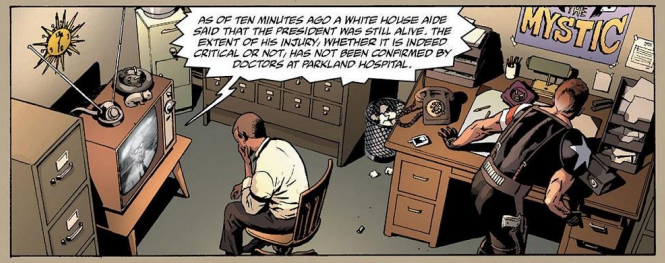
WHO?
--AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY.

NO...

HE WAS CUT DOWN BY BULLETS AS HIS MOTORCADE APPROACHED DOWNTOWN DALLAS. HE IS NOW IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF PARKLAND HOSPITAL IN DALLAS.

THREE SHOTS WERE HEARD TO RING OUT. MRS. KENNEDY WAS HEARD TO SCREAM, "OH NO." THE PRESIDENT, BLOOD GUSHING FROM A WOUND IN HIS HEAD, SLUMPED INTO HER LAP.


IT IS NOT KNOWN AS YET WHETHER THE PRESIDENT SURVIVED THE ATTACK AGAINST HIM.
OH, JESUS...


AS OF TEN MINUTES AGO A WHITE HOUSE AIDE SAID THAT THE PRESIDENT WAS STILL ALIVE. THE EXTENT OF HIS INJURY, WHETHER IT IS INDEED CRITICAL OR NOT, HAS NOT BEEN CONFIRMED BY DOCTORS AT PARKLAND HOSPITAL.
MYSTIC

WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS WERE IN DOUBT IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE HOSPITAL AS TO THE CONDITION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY.
GOT ANY BOOZE IN THIS PLACE?

TOP DRAWER.
PINTS OF BLOOD HAVE BEEN RUSHED INTO THE ROOM FOR TRANSFUSION PURPOSES, AND TWO PRIESTS WERE...
WHERE?

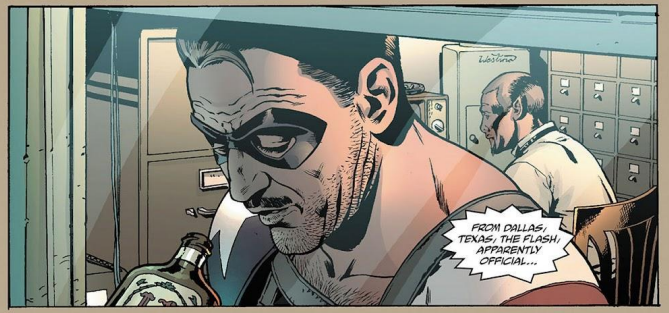
WE HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT FATHER HUBER, ONE OF THE TWO PRIESTS CALLED--
WHERE!?!
ON THE LEFT.

--ADMINISTERED THE LAST SACRAMENT OF THE CHURCH TO PRESIDENT KENNEDY.
WHISKEY

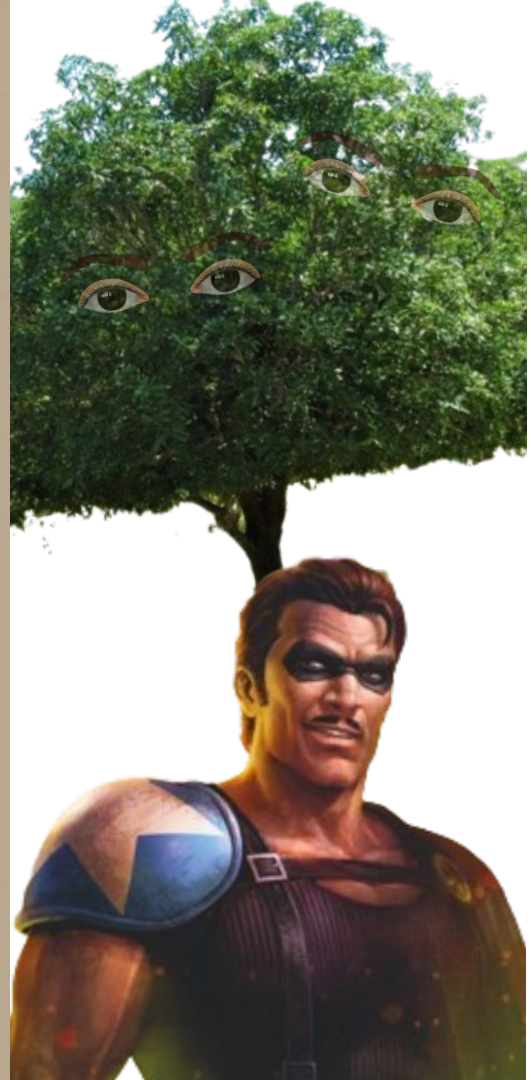
--DALLAS POLICE HAVE BEEN AUGMENTED BY SOME FOUR HUNDRED POLICEMEN CALLED IN ON THEIR DAY OFF...
THERE AIN'T ANY DRUGS, ARE THERE?
WHAT?
MOLOCH
MYSTIC

THERE WERE SOME FEARS AND CONCERNS IN DALLAS THAT, UH...
DRUGS--YOU IN THE BUSINESS?
HEH... THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE?
YEAH.

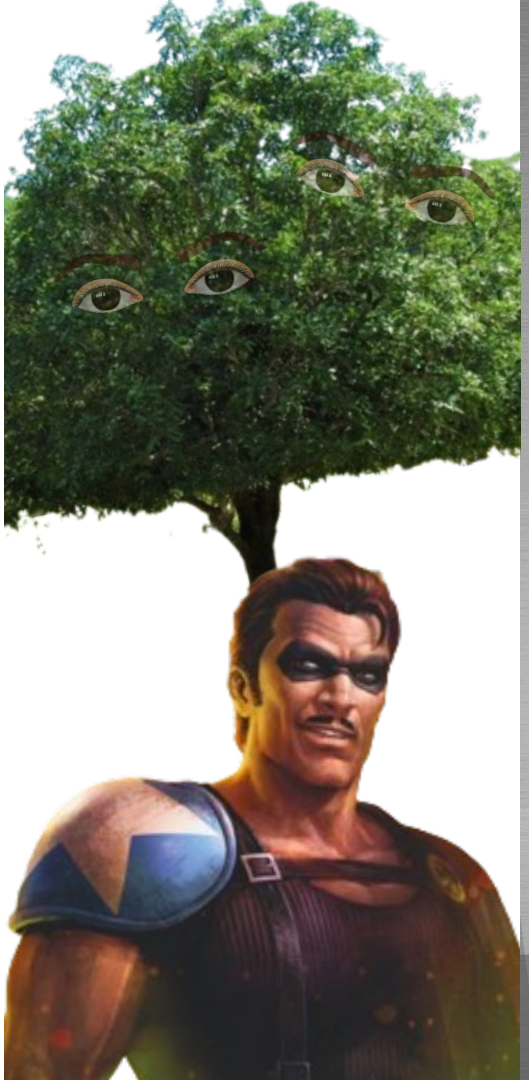
...THAT THERE MIGHT BE DEMONSTRATIONS, AT LEAST, THAT COULD EMBARRASS...
THEN YOU SHOULDN'T BE.


FROM DALLAS, TEXAS, THE FLASH, APPARENTLY OFFICIAL...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY DIED AT ONE P.M. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.
TWO O'CLOCK EASTERN STANDARD TIME; SOME THIRTY-EIGHT MINUTES AGO.
VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON...EH-HEM... HAS LEFT THE HOSPITAL IN DALLAS, BUT WE DO NOT KNOW TO WHERE HE HAS PROCEEDED...
PRESUMABLY HE WILL BE TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE SHORTLY AND BECOME THE...A...
...THIRTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
WHAT...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
CONTINUED



I WAS QUICKLY DISARMED, THEN AT THE CAPTAIN'S COMMAND, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST...
SINCE YOU'VE SUCH AN AVERSION TO KEELHAULING, MISTER MCCLACHLAN, PERHAPS FIFTY CRISP LASHES WILL SERVE IN ITS STEAD.
SHOULD YOU CHANCE TO SURVIVE THAT, THERE WILL BE A COURT-MARTIAL AWAITING YOU WHEN WE RETURN TO LIVERPOOL.
WITH THAT, I WAS SWIFTLY STRAPPED ACROSS ONE OF THE SHIP'S CANNONS TO AWAIT MY PUNISHMENT...
MISTER RALEIGH, THE LASH, PLEASE.
AYE, CAPN.
YOU'LL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS.
THERE IS NOTHING TO GET AWAY WITH, MCCLACHLAN.
YOU COMMITTED MUTINY, LAD--
--AND NOW MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.
THE CAPTAIN SET TO HIS GRISLY TASK EAGERLY--
UNNNNH
--THE ANGRY LASH QUICKLY REDUCING MY BACK TO A BLOODIED PULP--
--THEN, JUST AS I THOUGHT I COULD ENDURE NO MORE...
CAPTAIN, AHOY!
SPANISH FRIGATE OFF THE PORT BOW--
--AND CLOSING FAST!
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE PAIN THAT DEEP...
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO



FROM THE WRITER OF 100 BULLETS

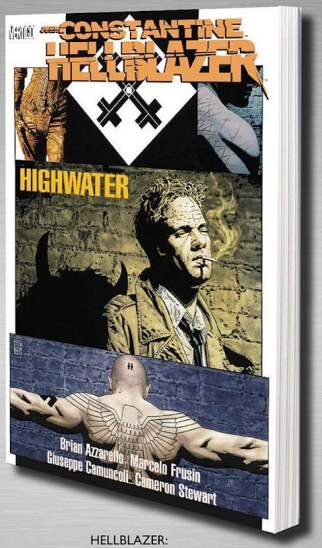
BRIAN AZZARELLO

"Azzarello's grasp of pacing, character and situation resonates through every scene with a black crystal clarity that's little short of masterful."
– ALAN MOORE

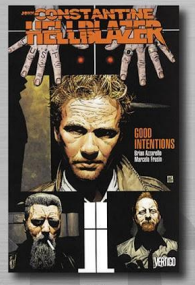
HELLBLAZER: GOOD INTENTIONS

HELLBLAZER: FREEZES OVER

HELLBLAZER: HIGHWATER



HELLBLAZER: GOOD INTENTIONS



with
MARCELO FRUSIN

HELLBLAZER: FREEZES OVER

with
MARCELO FRUSIN
GUY DAVIS
STEVE DILLON

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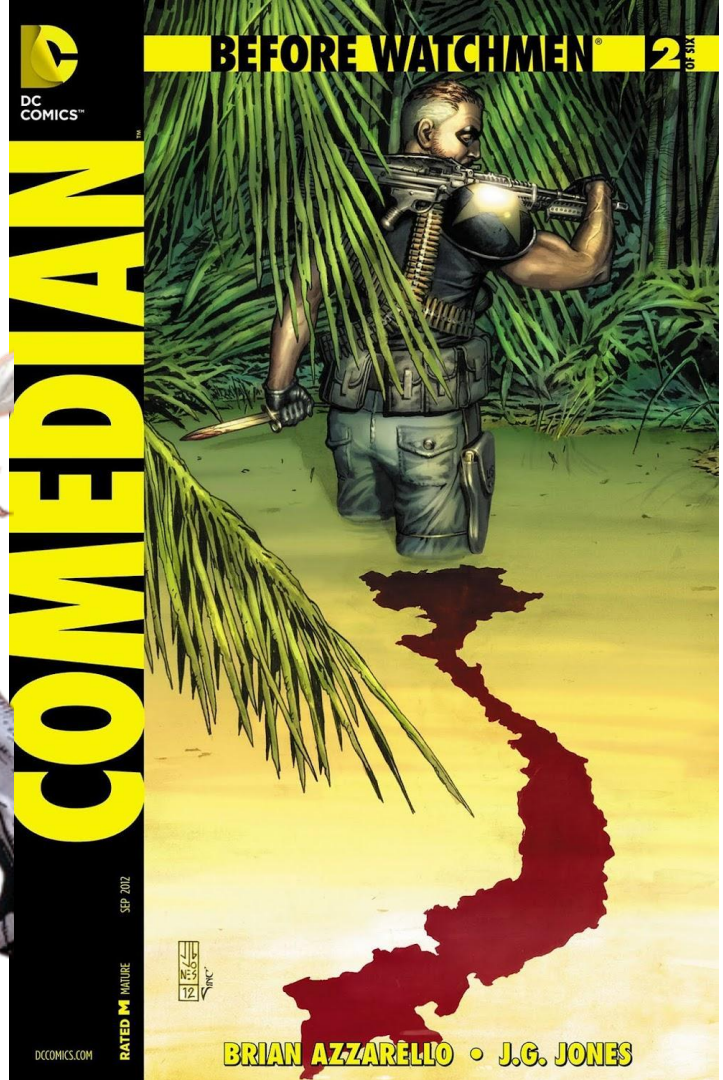
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2
1 OF SIX
COMEDIAN
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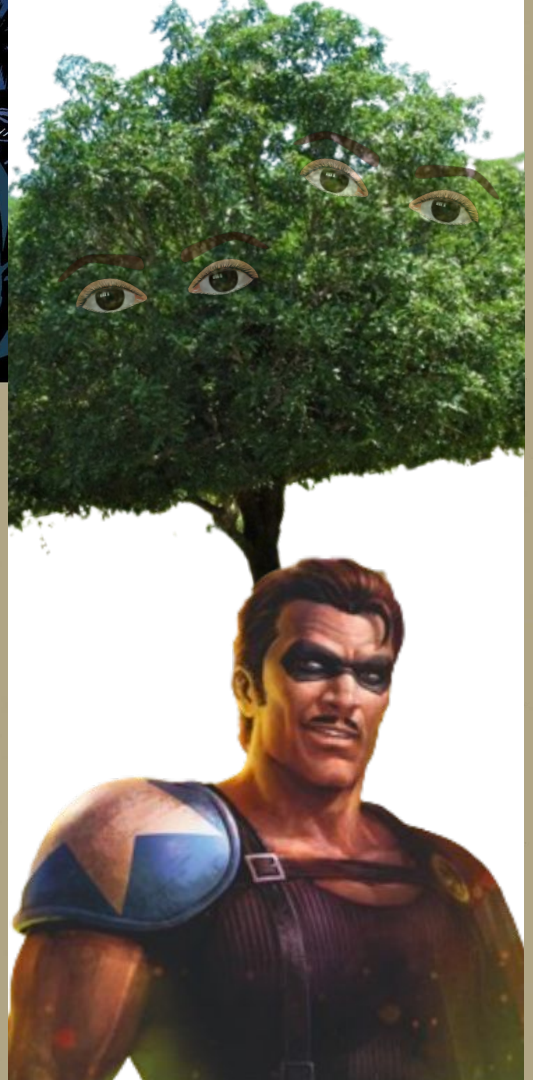
BRIAN AZZARELLO • J.G. JONES

"SO HOW GOES THE WAR ON CRIME?"
TAXI
MIAMI CONVENTION CENTER
SERIOUSLY? THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MAY SAY THEY SUPPORT IT, BUT THEIR ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN BOMBS.
WHAT I TELL--
YAAAAAAAAAY
"I'M RIGHT ABOUT HOFFA, EDDIE--THE SHERIFFS ARE CRIMINALS."
"--AND THE CRIMINALS ARE SHERIFFS, BOBBY."
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT HOOVER.



"RIGHT, WRONG, AMERICANS DON'T CARE. IT'S ALL ABOUT COMFORT.
"FIGHT IT? THEY'LL FIGHT BACK. PROVIDE IT?
THEY'LL GO ALL DOUBLE JOINTED AND LICK YER NUTS WHILE YOU SCREW 'EM.
YOUR WAR IS UNWINNABLE.
THAT'S WHY I'M THROWING IN THE TOWEL.
"YOU'RE QUITTING?"
"--ATTORNEY GENERAL...FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION."
"PRESIDENT?"

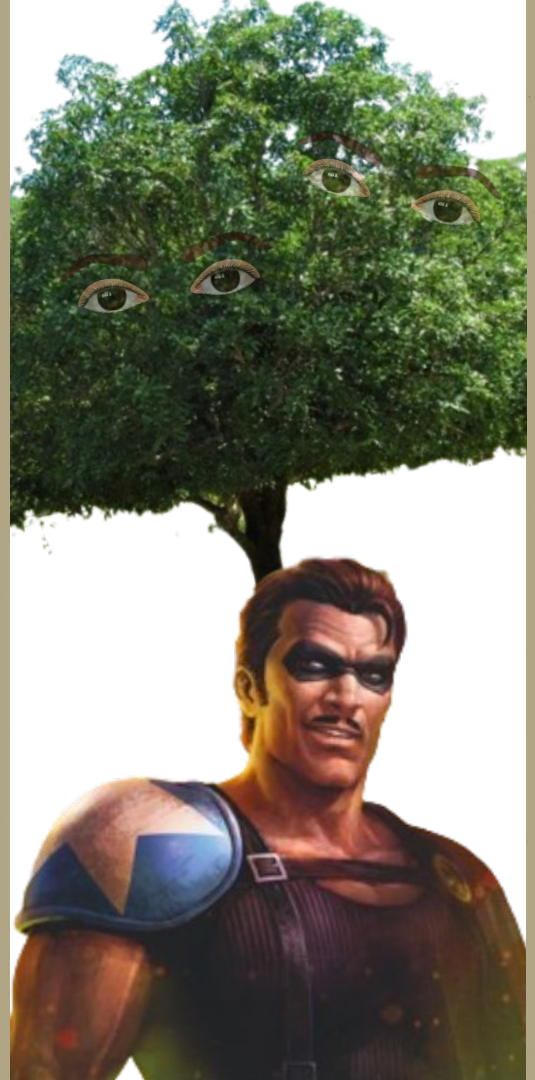
GET UP, YOU BUM!
NO-- BABY STEPS. SENATOR FIRST.

BOBBY, YOU KNOW I'LL BE WITH YOU EVERY ONE OF THOSE STEPS. THERE'S UNFINISHED BUSINESS. JACK WAS A GREAT MAN.

MY BROTHER WAS...
...YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE IS STILL BUSINESS TO BE DONE.

SO YER GONNA HIT THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL...
NOT 'TIL SEPTEMBER--SIX WEEKS BEFORE THE ELECTION.

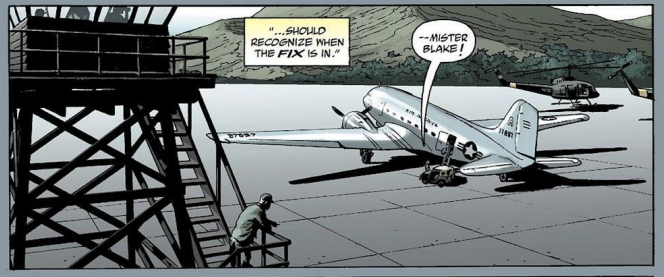
"I DON'T NEED TO BE PAINTED IN THE SHIT THAT COMES WITH A LONG CAMPAIGN."
YA AAAA AAAY
"SPEAKING OF--"
--SHIT?
CAMPAIGNS. McNAMARA'S ASKED ME TO GO TO VIETNAM.
THEN WHAT I CALLED IT WAS RIGHT.



IT'S SOMETHING I'M GOOD AT. IT'S WAR.
HMM. I'M NOT SO SURE... AS A MAN WHO JUST THOUGHT HE WAS FIGHTING ONE, MY ADVICE IS TO STAY OUT OF IT.
ADVICE? THAT'S WHAT I'D BE. AN ADVISOR.
HA! IT KILLS ME THAT'S WHAT WE'RE CALLING PEOPLE IN YOUR LINE OF WORK NOW.
THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD--

BOBBY--THERE'S NOBODY BUT ME--IN MY LINE OF WORK.
I'M A BAAAD MAN!
I SHOOK UP THE WORLD! I SHOOK UP THE WORLD! I SHOOK UP THE WORLD!

I CAN'T BE BEAT!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?
EDDIE, YOU OF ALL PEOPLE...

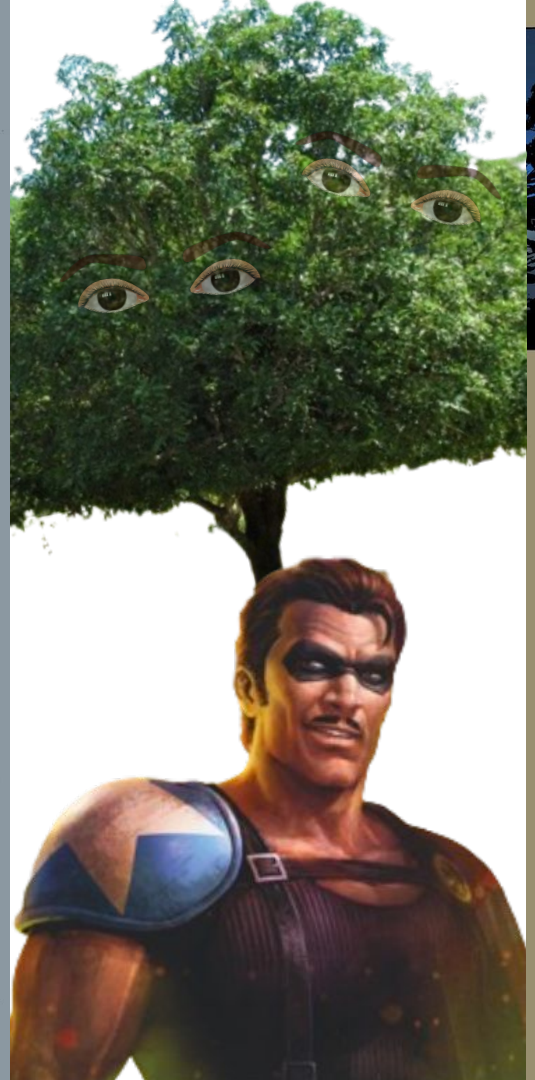

"...SHOULD RECOGNIZE WHEN THE FIX IS IN."
--MISTER BLAKE!

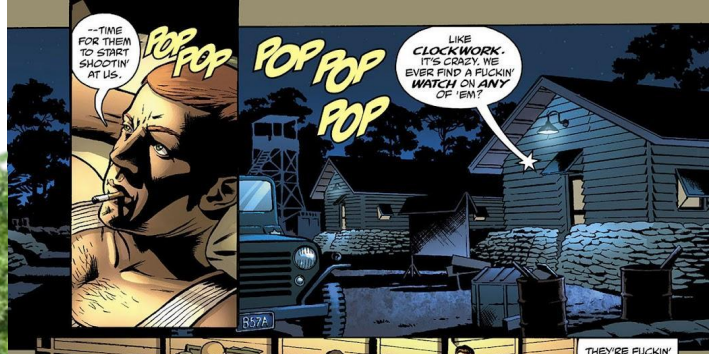
COLONEL PITCH, SIR. GLAD TO MEET YOU.
DAMN GLAD.
COLONEL.

YES SIR, IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HERE--A REAL SUPERHERO. DAMN GLAD--ALL THE BOYS, TOO.
LET ME TAKE THIS FOR YOU.

YES SIR. A BOOST TO MORALE WE CAN USE, YOU'RE GONNA BE. A REAL GO-GETTER, GET THE JOB DONE. IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
SEE, THIS SHIT HOLE--IT'S A FUCKIN' MESS. WE DO WHAT WE CAN--
U.S. ARMY

ORDERS--YOU UNDERSTAND--BUT NOW WITH YOU HERE, I'M SURE IT'LL BE CLEANED UP IN NO--
U.S. ARMY




--TIME FOR THEM TO START SHOOTIN' AT US.
POP POP
POP POP POP
LIKE CLOCKWORK. IT'S CRAZY. WE EVER FIND A FUCKIN' WATCH ON ANY OF 'EM?

THEY'RE FUCKIN' MONKEYS, MAN. TELL TIME BY THROWIN' SHIT.
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE THROWIN' AT ME?

WHY NO, JUST TELLIN' IT LIKE IT IS.
SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
NOT OUR JOB. SVA'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.
OR NOT.

RELAX... IT'S JUST YER FIRST NIGHT IN THE ZOO, TIGER.
ZOO? I'M NOT HERE TO BE IN NO ZOO...

"...NOT WHEN THE JUNGLE'S OUTSIDE MY DOOR."
DIRECT APPROACH, HUH? I'LL ADMIT, IT'S A NEW ONE--FOR BOTH SIDES OF THIS CONFLICT.

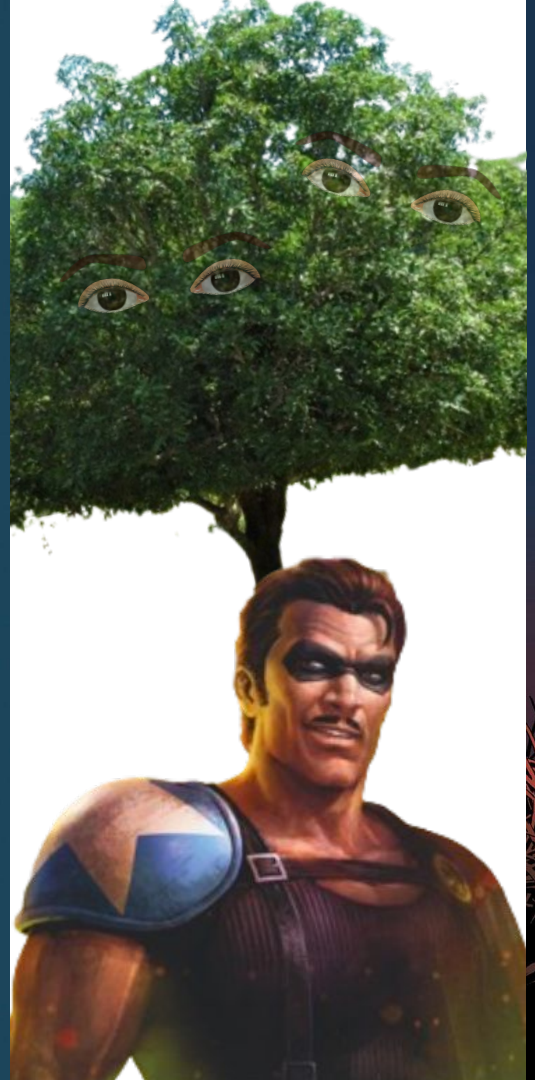
IT'S A WAR, AIN'T IT? CALL IT ONE.

ROGER THAT IF IT WAS, BUT IT AIN'T.
NEARLY HALF OF SV IS VC. ENEMY'S IN EVERY FUCKIN' VILLAGE...CHARLIE MAKES MARINE RECRUITERS LOOK LIKE PIKERS.

THESE FUCKIN' PEOPLE, THEY JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE. IF THIS TURNS INTO A WAR, IT'S GONNA BE WITH US.

NEWS FLASH--WE ARE IN A WAR, AGAINST COMMUNISM.

SNAP!



LIGHT 'ER UP.
COMMUNISM?--WAR? YOU DON' BELIEVE THAT SHIT, DO YA?

PHOOMP
PSSSSSSSS

POK POK POK
BRRRRRRR

BRAAAAAAP!

WUMP
PING
AAAH

SHHK

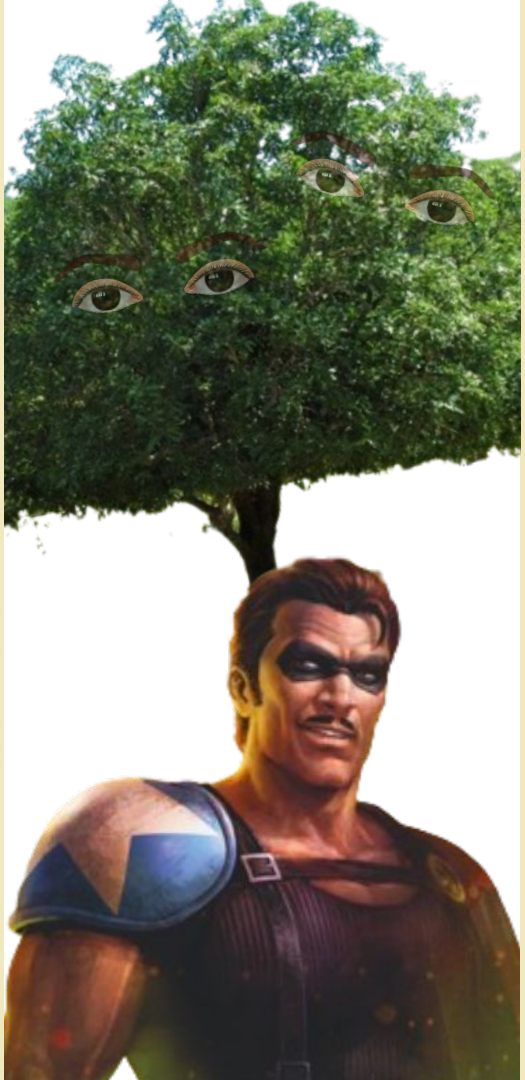
WHAT I BELIEVE...

...IS I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE.
WELL, SIR...

"...YOU'LL BE THE FIRST THAT DOES."
"TROUBLE IS, WASHINGTON'S COMMITTED TO STOPPING THE SPREAD OF COMMUNISM BUT WON'T GIVE US THE MANPOWER TO FIGHT THIS THING THE WAY IT NEEDS TO BE FOUGHT."
C'MON, PIERCE... THEY GAVE YOU ME.
THEY DID, DIDN'T THEY?
YOU READ THE BRIEF, RIGHT?
HELL YEAH.
SO WE SQUARE ON THIS?
OOH-RAH.

JESUS, THE GRADE ON THIS SHIT IS STELLAR. GOOD NO--
THUMP
HEY, HOP SING, YOU DROPPED YER--
EH?...
BAP BAP BAP BAP
SKRIGH
VIP VIP
NO...NOT HERE IN THE GODDAMN JUNGLE! JESUS...
HUH. NEVER BEEN MISTAKEN FOR JAY FUCKIN' CHRIST BEFORE, BUT WHAT THE HELL...

...I'LL PLAY ALONG.
SO... ON YER KNEES...
...AN' SAY YER PRAYERS.
BRAAAAAAAP!
NOT A GOOD IDEA, SAL.
MINE WAS BETTER.
BEEN AWHILE, HUH? SINCE YER TRIAL, WHEN THANKS TO ME YOU WAS DEPORTED TO CORSICA.
SHOULDA STAYED THERE.
THIS PLACE, IT'S HOT, MAN.



MAYBE EVEN HOTTER THAN WHERE I'M ABOUT TO SEND YOU THIS TIME.
YOU CAN'T KILL ME IN COLD BLOOD, COMEDIAN!
AN' YOU, DIRTBAG GREASY GUINEA DRUG-DEALIN' GANGSTER...
...CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO.
I WORK FOR A HIGHER POWER NOW.
WHICH JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE...
...THE SAME ONE YOU DO.
HAHAHA

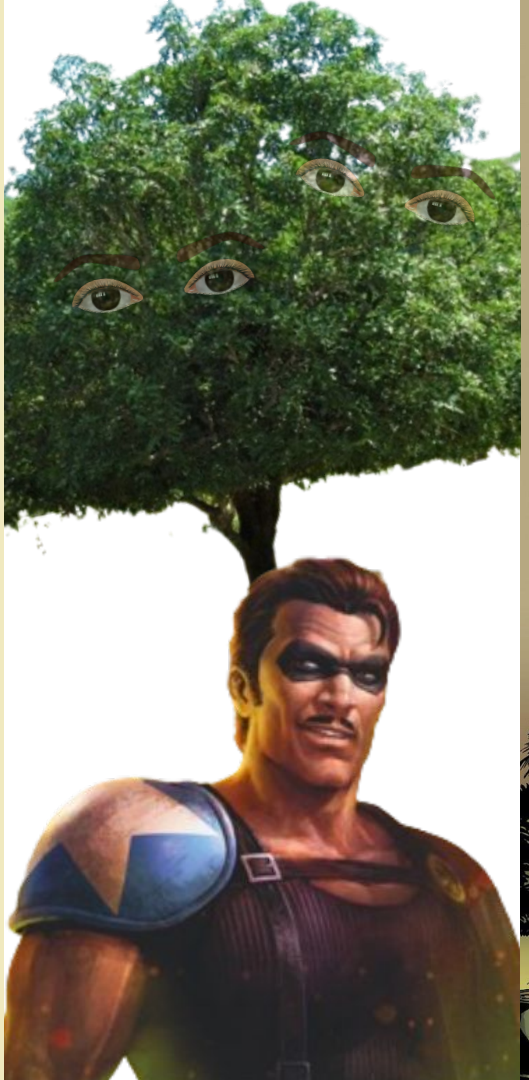
OH SAL, IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!
HAHAHAHA

HE JUST ABOUT PISSED HIMSELF!
THAT WAS BRILLIANT!

EDDIE, THIS IS GENERAL HNU, OUR MAN IN THE TRENCHES.
OUR TRENCHEROUS MAN! THANKS HNU, FOR GOING ALONG WITH THIS CHARADE!

IT WAS PRICE-LESS.
WHAT THE... I DON'T FOLLOW...

WELL, YOU BETTER START, SAL...



"...'CAUSE THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'."
ABSOLUTELY WE GOT NO FUNDING. "YOUR MISSION IS TO STOP THE SPREAD OF COMMUNISM. HERE'S A ROLL OF DUCT TAPE. FUCK YOU!"

SO THE PRESIDENT HAS NO CLUE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THAT ROLL?
LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SAY IT'S THE U.S.'S FAULT--
I WILL--
BUT IT'S WORSE NOW THAN WHEN WE ARRIVED. THE VIET-NAMESE HERE ARE NOT FIGHTING THE SAME WAR WE ARE. AND THAT'S A PROBLEM.
HOLDEN

IF WE'RE GONNA WIN THIS, WE AIN'T GONNA DO IT ALONE. WE NEED THE NATIVES ON OUR SIDE.
WELL, GOOD FUCKIN' LUCK WITH THAT. WE CAN WHISPER "HATE THE COMMIES" IN THEIR EARS ALL DAY WHILE WE TRAIN THEM TO FIRE A GUN--

BUT WITH-OUT FUCKIN' BULLETS? IT'S BULLSHIT. YOU LIVE IN A MUD HUT, EVEN YOU RECOGNIZE THAT.

"SO WE FUND A WAR THAT'S NOT HAPPENING, BY SELLING DRUGS."
AIR AMERICA
US ARMY

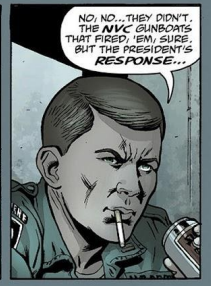
OUR AIR-LINE--
YOU HAVE ONE?
--WE GOTTA LOT A SHIT--FLIES IT TO CORSICA. THEN IT'S OFF TO LANSKY IN THE STATES AND TO THE STREETS AND...

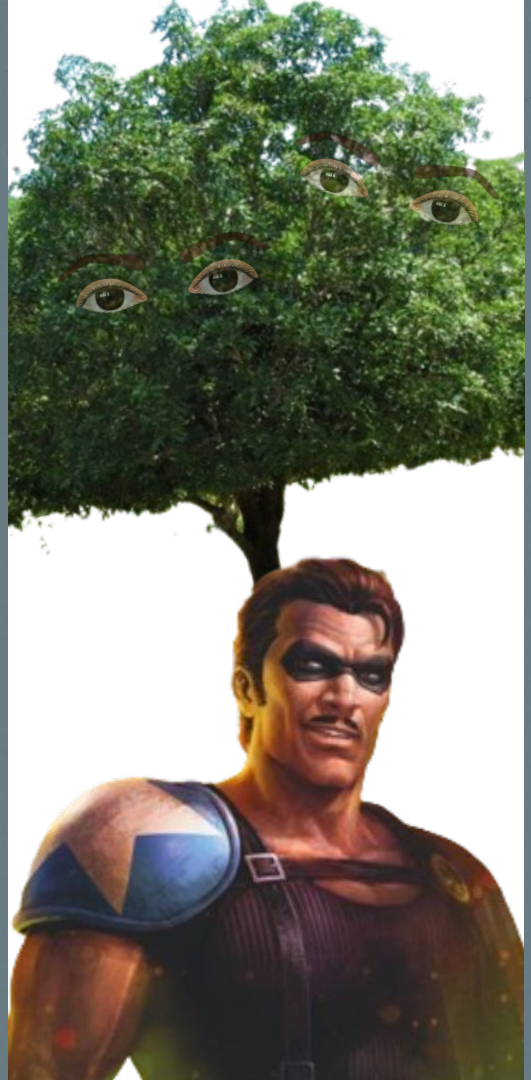
THE TAXPAYERS HAVE NO IDEA THEY'RE FUNDING THE WAR EFFORT.
TROUBLE IS, AMERICANS AIN'T DOING ENOUGH DRUGS.
WE GOTTA FIX THAT.
JESUS CHRIST...

WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED.

WHAT?
OUT IN FUCKIN' INTERNATIONAL WATERS, OUR DESTROYERS--TORPEDOES!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDIN'... HOW MANY WE--

--LOSE? NONE. BUT STILL...THE BALLS ON THESE GUYS.
IDIOTS JUST PUT 'EM RIGHT IN OUR HANDS.


NO, NO...THEY DIDN'T. THE NVC GUNBOATS THAT FIRED, 'EM, SURE. BUT THE PRESIDENT'S RESPONSE...



...IS NO RESPONSE.

CHRIST...Y'KNOW, WHAT THE HELL WE DOIN' HERE? IT'S THE OPENING WE NEEDED--THEY ATTACKED US...
IT'S FUCKIN' SHIT OR GET OFF THE POT TIME.
THE POL POT TIME.

HAR HAR...YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?
ABSOLUTELY NOT...

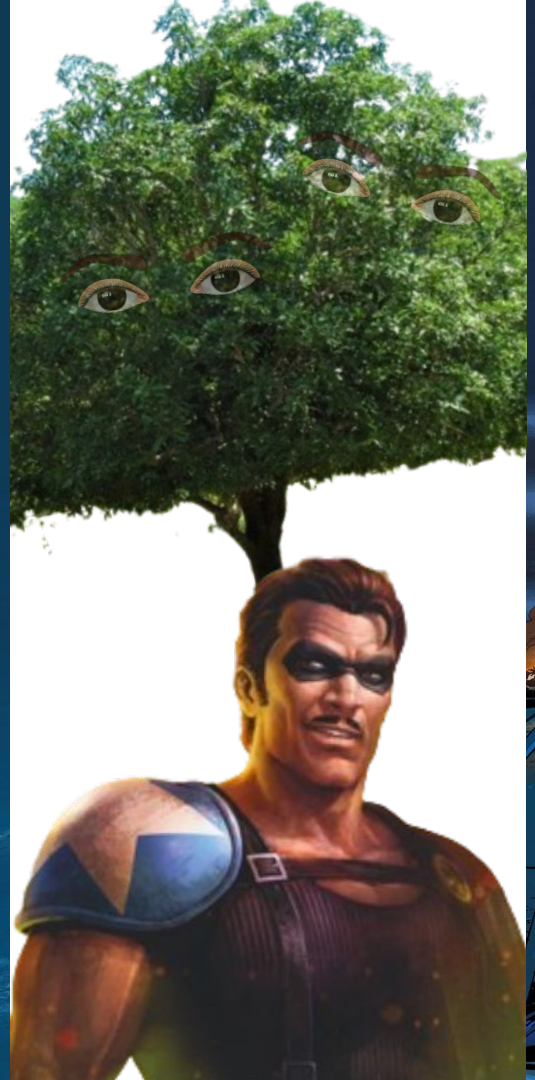
IT'S TIME TO SHIT.
"MY FELLOW AMERICANS--

"AS PRESIDENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF, IT IS MY DUTY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE--

"THE INITIAL ATTACK ON THE DESTROYER MADDOX, ON AUGUST 2, WAS REPEATED TODAY BY A NUMBER OF HOSTILE VESSELS ATTACKING TWO U.S. DESTROYERS--

"--ORDER THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES TO TAKE ACTION IN REPLY.

"--REDOUBLED BY THIS **OUTRAGE**."



"--AIR ACTION IS NOW IN EXECUTION AGAINST GUNBOATS AND CERTAIN SUPPORTING FACILITIES IN NORTH VIETNAM WHICH HAVE BEEN USED IN THESE HOSTILE OPERATIONS.

"--WE AMERICANS KNOW, ALTHOUGH OTHERS APPEAR TO FORGET, THE **RISKS** OF SPREADING CONFLICT.

"I SHALL IMMEDIATELY REQUEST THE CONGRESS TO PASS A RESOLUTION--

"--TO TAKE ALL NECESSARY MEASURES IN SUPPORT OF FREEDOM AND IN DEFENSE OF PEACE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA.

"--THAT FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT IS INDISPENSABLE TODAY FOR PEACE; THAT FIRMNESS WILL ALWAYS BE **MEASURED**.

"ITS MISSION IS **PEACE**."

I GET AROUND

BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER

J.G. JONES ARTIST

ALEX SINCLAIR COLOR · CLEM ROBINS LETTERS · J.G. JONES COVER ARTIST

TIM BRADSTREET WRAPAT COVER

CAMILLA ZHANG ASST. EDITOR · MARK DOYLE ASSOC. EDITOR · WILL DENNIS EDITOR

WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

CONTINUED

B-BUT THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN IS ONLY A MYTH.
AND NOW, LADDIE, SO ARE YOU!
BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE.
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY PEOPLE.
EVERYONE ELSE ON THIS VESSEL ONCE FELT THE SAME WAY.
ULTIMATELY, THEY LEARNED TO LIVE WITH THE DISAPPOINTMENT.
BUT SURELY THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO EARN MY FREEDOM, SOME SORT OF ESCAPE CLAUSE.
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!
Part Eight
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
WELL, THERE IS SUPPOSEDLY ONE WAY--
--BUT NO ONE HAS EVER HAD THE NERVE TO ACTUALLY TRY IT.

THREE ITEMS THERE ARE THAT MUST FIRST BE OBTAINED TO TRADE FOR YOUR FREEDOM.
FIRST, YOU MUST BRING ME THE GOLDEN EARRING OF AN UNBORN CHILD.
WHAT SORT OF MADNESS...?
THE SECOND ITEM IS THE TATTOO FROM A DEAD MAN'S CHEST.
B-BUT HOW...?
YOUR PROBLEM, NOT MINE.
AND THE THIRD...?
THAT WILL BE REVEALED TO YOU WHEN THE MOMENT IS RIGHT, ASSUMING YOU CAN MANAGE TO COLLECT THE FIRST TWO.
THIS IS SHEER INSANITY.
INDEED. 'TIS WHY NO ONE HAS EVER ACCOMPLISHED IT.
BUT WHAT IF I SIMPLY LEAVE THIS CURSED SHIP AND NEVER RETURN?
OH, THAT?!
GENTLEMEN!- HOLD HIM!
EH?
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: NITE OWL #2!

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FROM THE WRITER OF
100 BULLETS

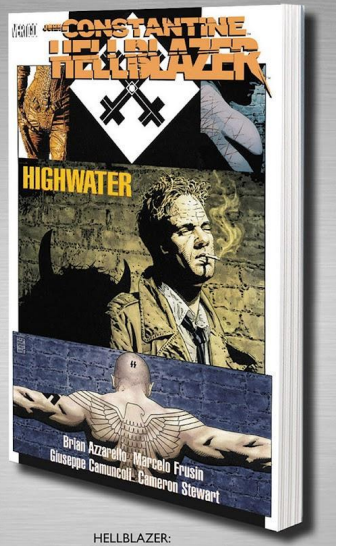
BRIAN AZZARELLO

"Azzarello's grasp of pacing, character and situation resonates through every scene with a black crystal clarity that's little short of masterful."
– ALAN MOORE

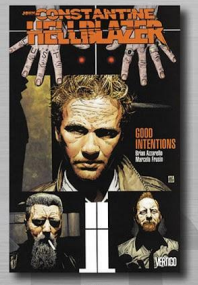
HELLBLAZER: GOOD INTENTIONS

HELLBLAZER: FREEZES OVER

HELLBLAZER: HIGHWATER



HELLBLAZER:
GOOD INTENTIONS



with
MARCELO FRUSIN

HELLBLAZER:
FREEZES OVER

with
MARCELO FRUSIN
GUY DAVIS
STEVE DILLON

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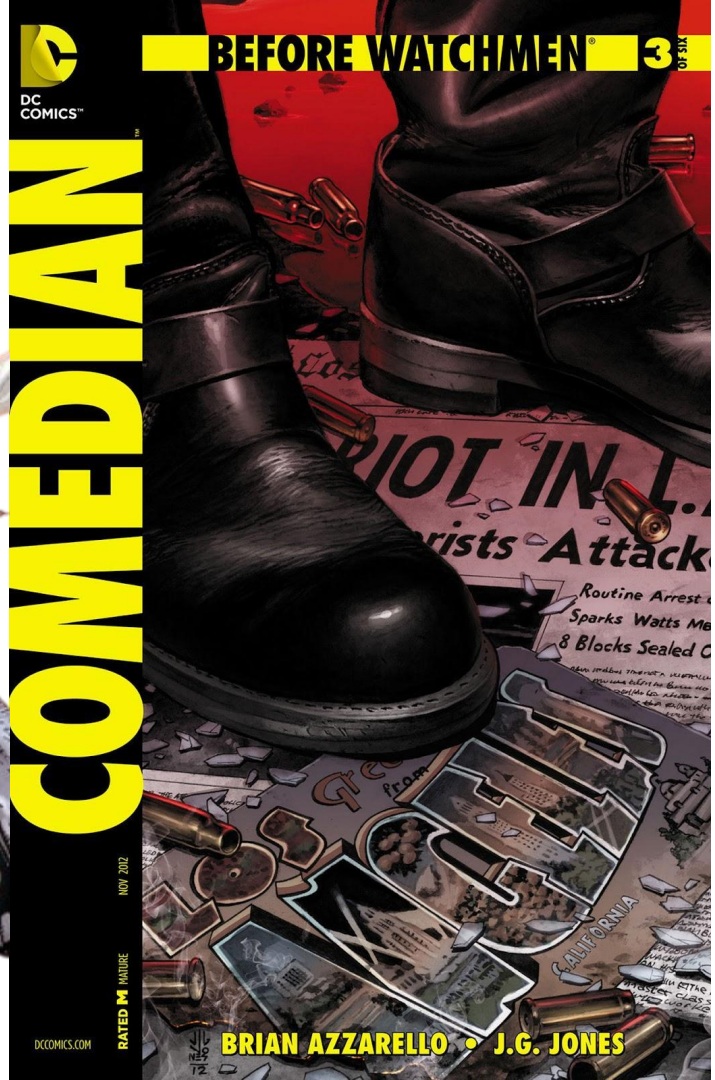
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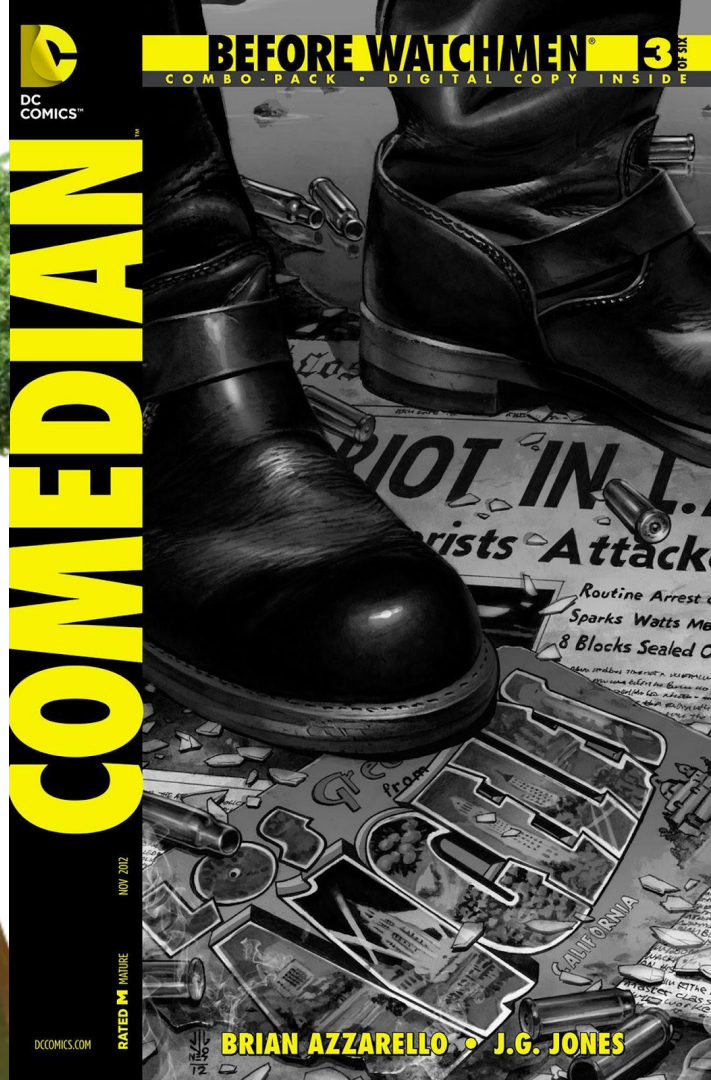
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♪--I SAY, SHAAH-GUULUN--
...'IM FO' 'E' RUNS NOW...♪
WE GONNA PLAY, OR YOU GONNA STARE AT MY ASS ALL NIGHT?
HOW'S BOTH SOUND?
BAD FOR MY KNEES.
HEY--BUDDY--
PLAY WITH FIRE
BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER
J.G. JONES ARTIST
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS
ALEX SINCLAIR & TONY AVINA COLOR CLEM ROBINS LETTERS J.G. JONES COVER ARTIST
JOHN PAUL LEON WRAPAROUND COVER CAMILLA ZHANG ASST. EDITOR MARK DOYLE ASSOC. EDITOR WILL DENNIS EDITOR

YOUR CALL CAME THROUGH.
'NOTHER ROUND?
WHATEVER YOU WANT, BABY.
YYYELLO?
HAWAII, EDDIE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
R&R, SENATOR... EMPHASIS ON THE LATTER.
I WOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LESS. HOW'S THE WEATHER?
LIKE I LIKE, BOBBY. IT'S HOT.
BUT MUCH COOLER THAN L.A.--RIGHT?
Los Angeles Times FINAL
1,000 RIOT IN L.A.
Police and Motorists Attacked
RIGHT.
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED THERE?
I'M CATCHING SOME SHIT FOR THAT, HUH?
♪ JERK, BAYBAH--
THAT'S A FUNNY WAY OF PUTTING IT.
WELL... THINGS GOT OUT OF HAND.
--JERK NOW ♪

JESUS, EDDIE...IT'S TOO EARLY WITH THE JOKES...
WHAT HAPPENED?

≥SIGH≤... OR TOO LATE FOR ME, BOBBY? SEEMS YOU ALREADY HEARD...
I GUESS I'D LIKE TO HEAR IT FROM THE HORSES--
--ASS.
WHOA-- WE'RE FRIENDS, AIN'T WE?

C'MON. I WOULDN'T BE RETURNING THIS CALL IF WE WEREN'T.
OR DARE TO CALL ME A HORSE'S ASS?

YES. OR THAT.
SO WHAT MADE YOU--

WHAT MADE ME?...
TIKI BAR

"THE JUNGLE. LAST WEEK WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D BEEN BACK IN AMERICA IN OVER A YEAR. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO IT...
AMERICAN WORLD AIRLINES
GET THE HELL OUT OF VIETNAM
STOP THE WAR
END THE WAR NOW

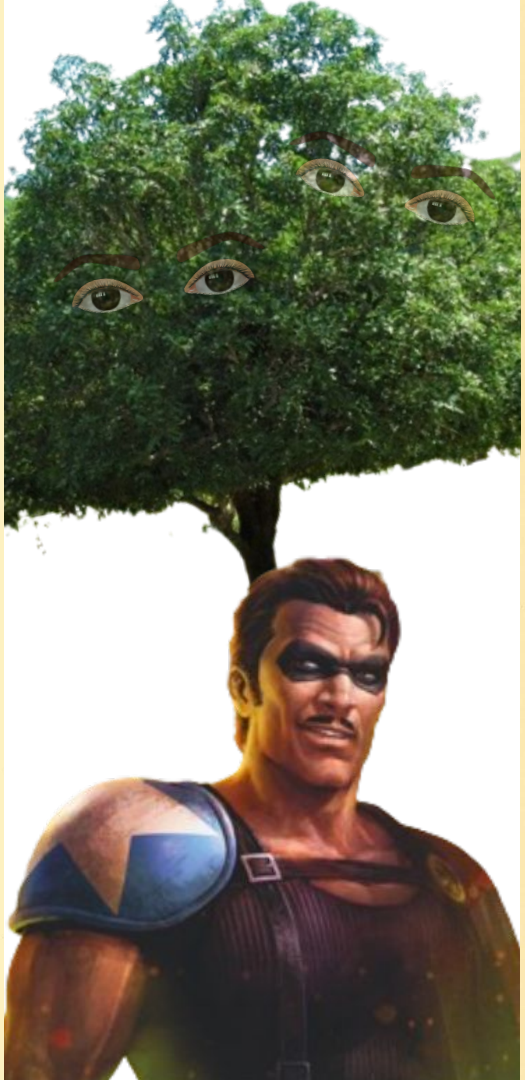
"AND I GOTTA BE HONEST, IT WASN'T EASY TO SEE AMERICA DIDN'T FEEL THE SAME."
WHAT THE HELL?...

PROTESTERS, SIR. YOU DIDN'T HEAR?
EXIT
'COURSE I DID. I JUST DIDN'T...

EXIT
...FOR ME?
YOU?...
ARE YOU THE WAR, SIR?

NO MORE WAR! NO MORE WAR!
GET OUT OF VIETNAM!
OKAY, OKAY--I'M OUT...
NOBODY WANTS YOU THERE!
LBJ'S UNJUST WAR
DO I HAVE ANY SAY IN WHERE I WANT TO BE?
STRIKE FOR PEACE
"THERE WAS A GIRL...SHE REMINDED ME OF SOMEBODY."
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EDDIE?"
"I MEAN SHE WAS... SHE WAS A GIRL I'D LIKE TO KNOW."
IS THAT IN VIETNAM--FIGHTING AN UNJUST WAR?
RIGHT ABOUT NOW, I THINK I SHOULD GET BACK...
WHEN YOU DO, WILL YOU GIVE THIS TO THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE FOR ME? SO THEY KNOW ALL AMERICANS AREN'T LIKE YOU?
LOOK, KID...IT'S COMPLICATED, MAYBE WHEN YOU GET OLDER YOU'LL REALIZE--
SPLACK

NO MORE WAR
LBJ'S UNJUST WAR



GET OUT OF THE WAY OF A SUPER PATRIOT-- YOU COMMIE BITCH!
AMERICA RIGHT OR WRONG
KEEP AMERICA FREE
"SWEAR ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE, BOBBY--ALL I BEEN THROUGH... DONE? I'VE NEVER IN MY LIFE WANTED TO KILL ANYBODY MORE THAN AT THAT MOMENT. THAT INNOCENT GIRL...
NO MORE WAR
LBJ'S UNJUST
"ALL I COULD SEE WAS RED.
"THEN I SAW THE WHITE AND THE BLUE.
"AND THE PINKO.
"I LET THE ARMY LEAD ME AWAY. FUCK IT. HUH? I WAS ON LEAVE..."
"BUT YOU COULDN'T LEAVE IT ALONE?"

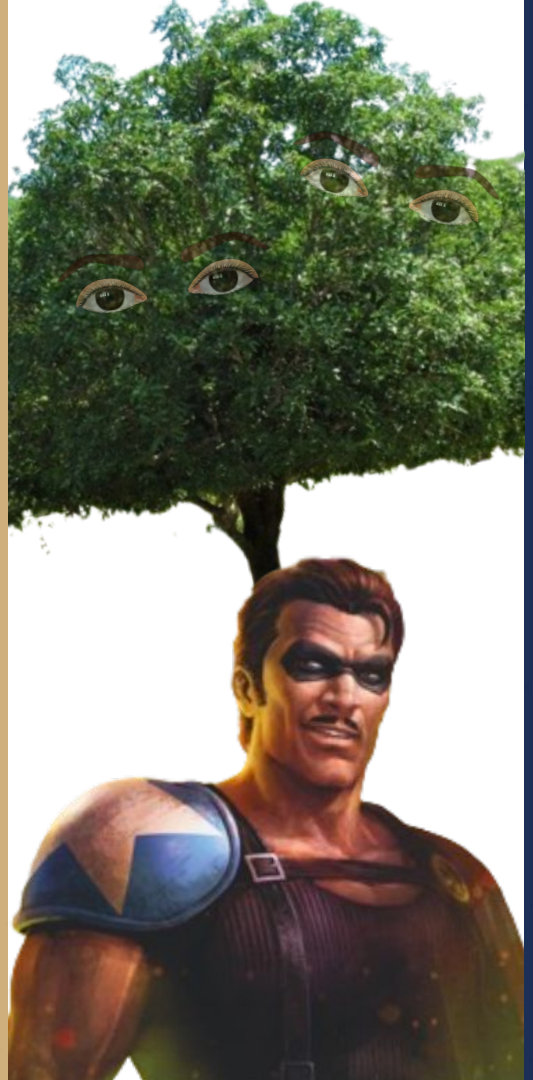
"I WAS PISSED THAT I DID, I GUESS. LIKE, I WASN'T TRUE TO MYSELF. WHENEVER THAT HAPPENS IT EATS AT ME FOR DAYS.

"I'LL HAVE A COUPLE DRINKS, MULL IT OVER, PLAY OUT DIFFERENT OUTCOMES...WHAT IF I, SHOULD I HAVE...

"BUT IT ALWAYS COMES OUT TO ME NOT BEING ME. AND I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM, BEING THAT WAY, OR BEING PUT IN SITUATIONS, NOT TO BE ME."
"I KNOW THAT. AS ATTORNEY GENERAL, I SENT YOU--"

"--A CHRISTMAS CARD. QUIET, SENATOR. WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW SECURE THIS LINE IS.

"WHEN I SAW THE RIOTS ON TV, I FIGURED...SHIT... LOOK AT THIS...THEY WERE BEGGING FOR ME. RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME...



LIBERTY
T-ZING
"RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB."

JESUS! THERE MUST BE A SNIPER UP IN THAT WINDOW.
RELAX, SHERIFF...

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
THE CALVARY'S HERE.
WHAT THE HELL? WE'VE GOT STRICT ORDERS NOT TO SHOO--

HOLY CHRIST...
YOU-- YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE LIKE THAT!

WELL, I AIN'T GONNA STAY HERE...

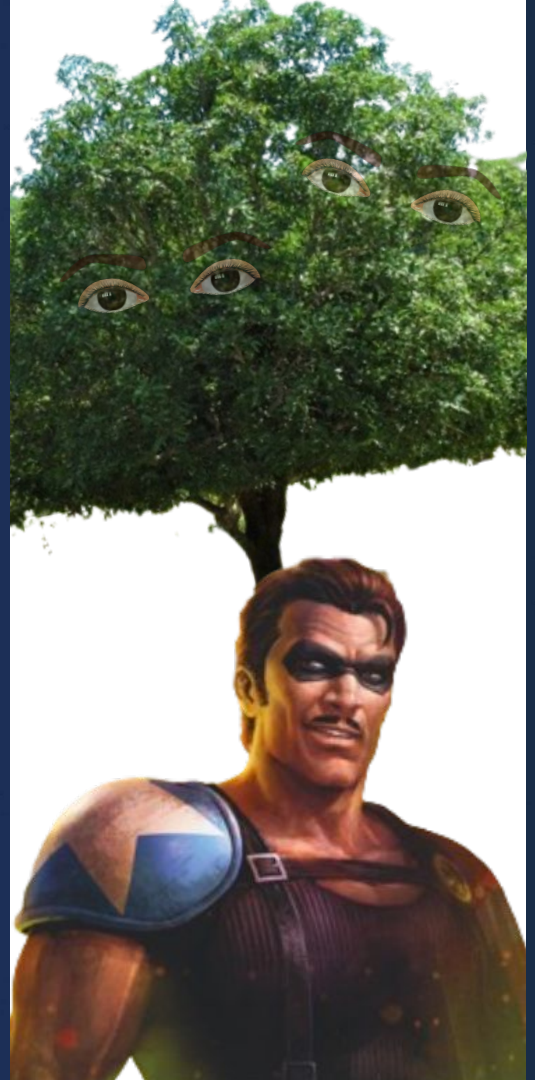
"THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT YOU."
BALLPEN
FWOOM
BURN, BABY, BURN!

THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A COUCH...
WHO THE--

FUCK...
I MEAN IT SEEMS COMFY, DON'T IT?

I...
--LOOK TIRED.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A SEAT.



DON'T--
DON'T WHAT?

DON'T--
WHAT?
PLEASE...

GET YOUR HANDS OFF THE BROTHER, WHITEY!

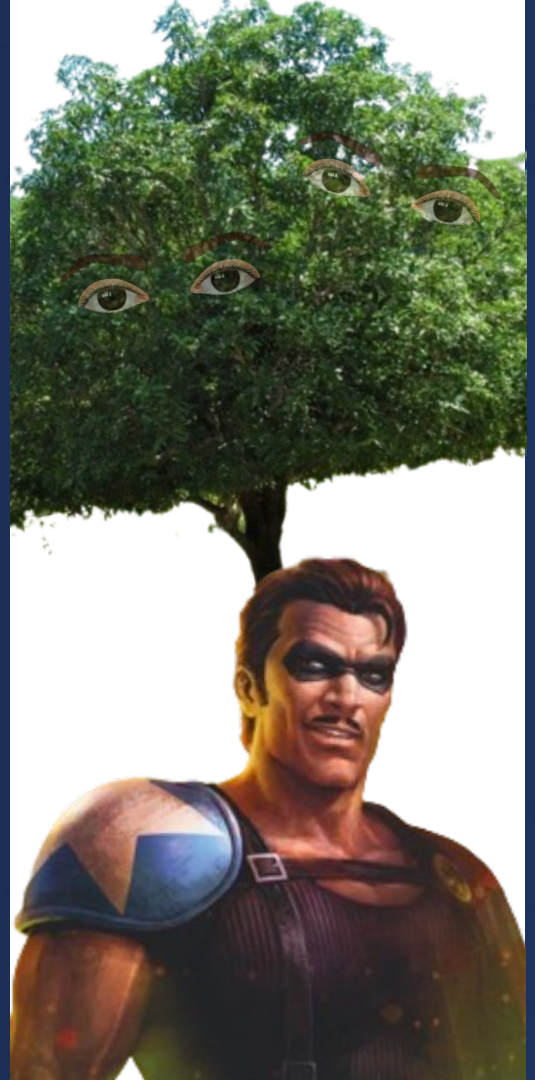
YESSIR...

BOSS.
"EDDIE, YOU CROSSED THE LINE."
"DON'T YOU GET IT, BOBBY? THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CROSSING THE LINE...
"BECAUSE THERE IS NO LINE."

...
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?

ME? WELL, IF THAT AIN'T THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE--

WHAK



--WE S'POSED TO LAUGH? YOU THINK ALL BLACK PEOPLE ARE SAMMY DAVIS JR.?
SAMMY'S BLACK? HUH...

THOUGHT HE WAS A JEW. AND YEAH, YOU SHOULD LAUGH. I MEAN...

IT'S A RIOT.
THIS AIN'T NO RIOT-- IT'S YOUR OWN HATE, REFLECTED BACK ON YOU. IT'S A REVOLUTION!
THIS AIN'T GOING AWAY.

I CAN MAKE IT GO AWAY.

THINK SO? THE WORLD IS WATCHING.

YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S GONNA SEE...?

APPLIANCES
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

...EXACTLY WHAT IT WANTS TO.
NO, DON'T!-- YER DOIN' WHAT THE MAN WANTS!...
RADIO
TELEVISION

FORGET THE MAN, MAN!
THIS IS ALL ABOUT PEOPLE GETTING WHAT THEY WANT!

YOUR GIRL NEED A DIAMOND RING?

BUDDABUDDABUDDA

CHIEF--

HERE HE COMES.

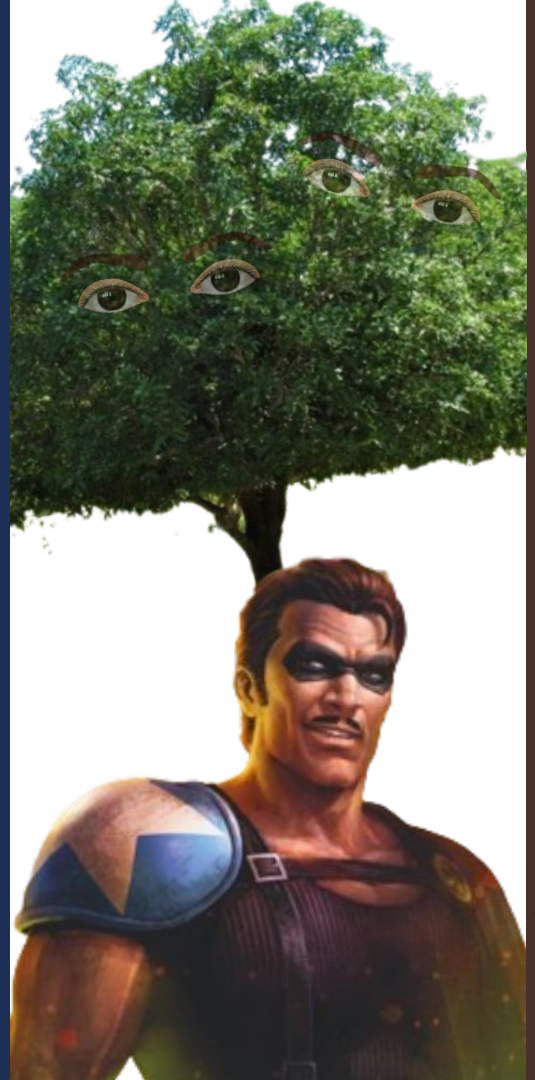
BLAKE--YOU MIND TELLING ME WHERE YOU GET OFF?
ME? EVERY-WHERE.
THIS LITTLE STUNT OF YOURS HAS MADE THINGS WORSE!
FOR WHO?

THANKS TO ME, THINGS ARE HONKY DORY.

LOOK AT THEM...

THEY'RE ACTING LIKE MONKEYS IN A ZOO.

SPLAAAT
?
OH MY GOD!
OOH OOH OHH AHAHA
HAHAHAHA!
"YOU'RE IN TROUBLE...



COULD BE SERIOUS. THERE'S GRUMBLING IN CONGRESS, THAT MAYBE YOU HERO TYPES, MAYBE YOU DON'T RESPECT THE LAW.

DON'T THROW ME IN WITH THE REST OF THE TIGHTS. I GOT ZERO RESPECT FOR THEM.
BUT YOU DO RESPECT THE LAW.

BOBBY--
CHIEF PARKER WANTS AN APOLOGY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HIM.

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN' ME...
THEY SCRAPED THIRTY-FOUR BODIES OFF THE STREETS OF WATTS--MAYBE A FEW LEFT BY ME.

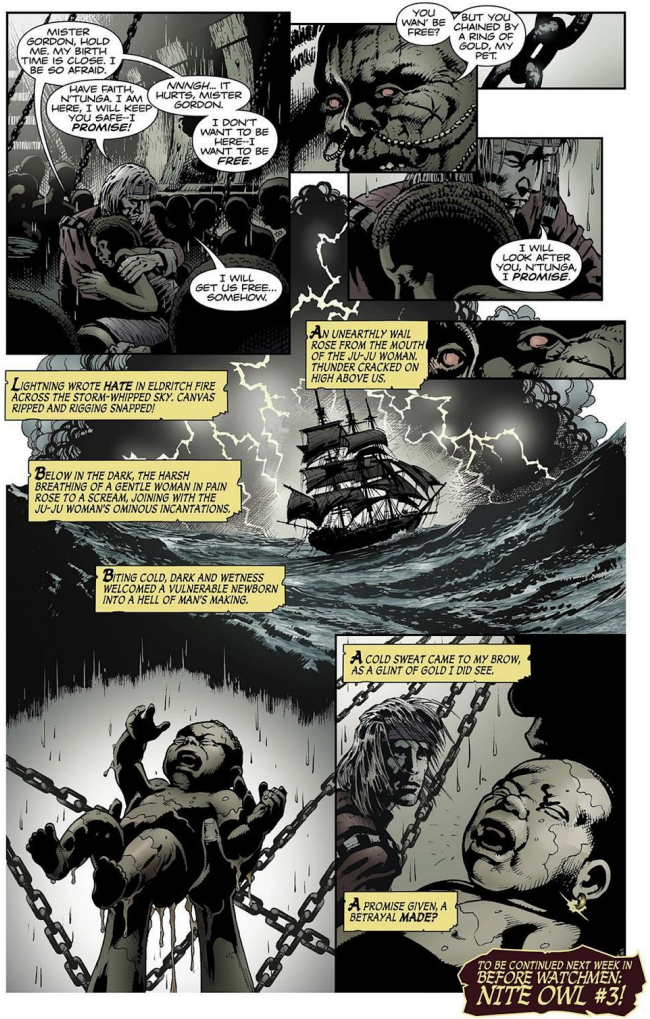
IT'S BEING CALLED SELF-DEFENSE.
AND THE BUSINESSES I SHOT UP--URBAN RENEWAL?

YOU THREW SHIT IN THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S FACE.
YEAH--A FACE WATCHING HIS OWN CITY BLOW UP IN IT.

APOLOGIZE, EDDIE.
NO.
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, BOBBY--FOR A SECOND--THOSE RIOTS STOPPED BECAUSE OF ME. BECAUSE I WAS THERE.
WHY WAS IT JUST FOR A SECOND, EDDIE?
TIKI BAR
HA...
BECAUSE I WAS THERE.

WHAT A JOKE.
IT'S ALMOST CLOSING TIME.
SO?
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
LEI YOU.
YOU GOTTA RUBBER?
A RUBBER? HELL NO...
I'M ALL THE PROTECTION I NEED.
CONTINUED

the curse of the
CRIMSON CORSAIR
I NEVER BELIEVED UNTIL THIS DAY--THIS MOST FOUL OF DAYS--THAT MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN COULD BE SO WICKED.
FORCED TO THROW LIVING SOULS OVER THE SIDE!
THEN TO WITNESS FURTHER CRUELTY, CRUELTY BEYOND MY MOST BASE NIGHTMARES.
(SEE THAT SHOT, SNAKE-HEAD? NO MAN CAN BEAT ME WITH A MUSKET!)
(HA! I WIN TWO GOLD ESCUDOS-PAY ME! GET ME ANOTHER ONE, CAPITAN.)
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...! Part Five
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
WE WERE RETURNED TO OUR QUARTERS IN SHACKLES BY MEN WHOSE EVIL SURPASSED ANY THAT PASTOR McTAVISH PREACHED AGAINST IN THOSE BALMY DAYS OF MY YOUTH.
(MOST BASE OF MEN, I CURSE YOU!)
(HA, ENGLISH PIG! THEY LUCKY--SOON ALL BE DEAD.)
(AND YOU? YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE!)
THE CRUELTY OF MAN TO HIS FELLOW MAN WAS TO BE CUT SHORT...
...BY A SILENT DEATH THAT CAME FROM THE COLD DEEP BELOW.


MISTER GORDON, HOLD ME. MY BIRTH TIME IS CLOSE. I BE SO AFRAID.
HAVE FAITH, N'TUNGA. I AM HERE. I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE--I PROMISE!
NNNGH... IT HURTS, MISTER GORDON.
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE--I WANT TO BE FREE.
I WILL GET US FREE... SOMEHOW.
YOU WAN' BE FREE?
BUT YOU CHAINED BY A RING OF GOLD, MY PET.
I WILL LOOK AFTER YOU, N'TUNGA. I PROMISE.
AN UNEARTHLY WAIL ROSE FROM THE MOUTH OF THE JU-JU WOMAN. THUNDER CRACKED ON HIGH ABOVE US.
LIGHTNING WROTE HATE IN ELDRITCH FIRE ACROSS THE STORM-WHIPPED SKY. CANVAS RIPPED AND RIGGING SNAPPED!
BELOW IN THE DARK, THE HARSH BREATHING OF A GENTLE WOMAN IN PAIN ROSE TO A SCREAM, JOINING WITH THE JU-JU WOMAN'S OMINOUS INCANTATIONS.
BITING COLD, DARK AND WETNESS WELCOMED A VULNERABLE NEWBORN INTO A HELL OF MAN'S MAKING.
A COLD SWEAT CAME TO MY BROW, AS A GLINT OF GOLD I DID SEE.
A PROMISE GIVEN, A BETRAYAL MADE?
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: NITE OWL #3!

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ALAN MOORE

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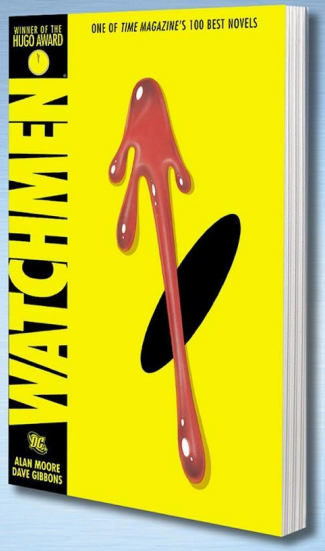
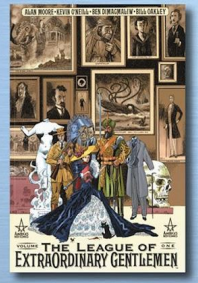
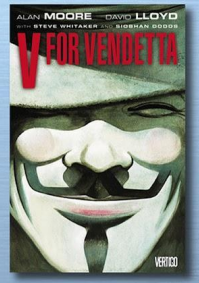


THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 1



THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 2

V FOR VENDETTA



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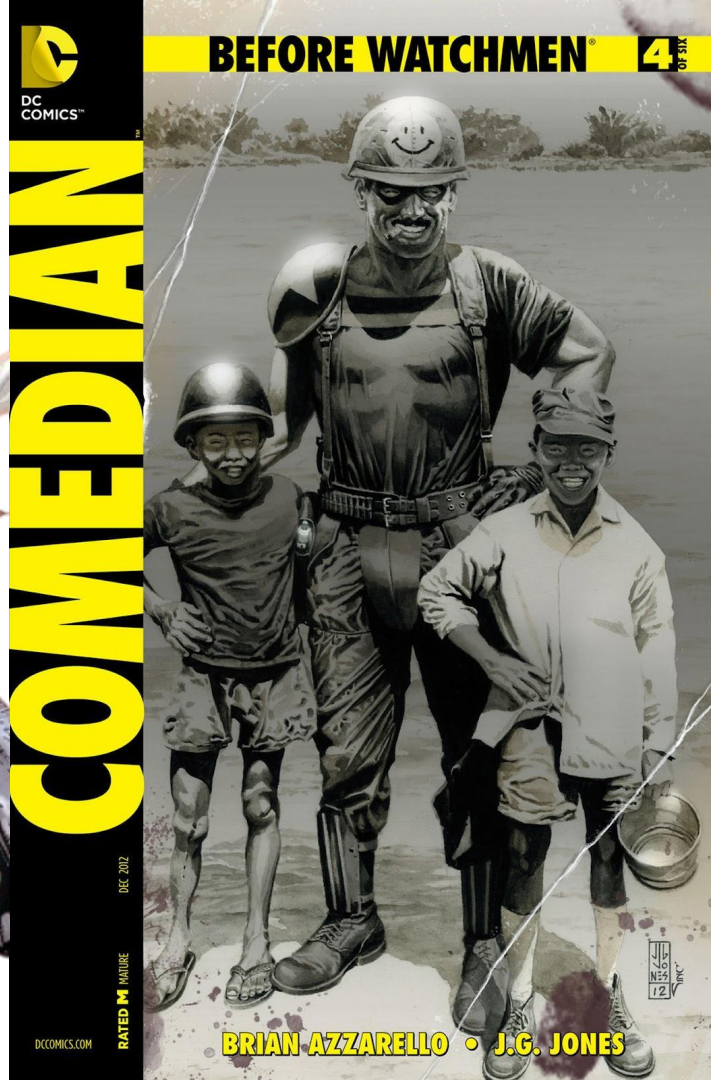
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HELLO, DARKNESS...

HERE'S THE SURPRISE.
COME TO TALK WITH YOU AGAIN.

I CAN SEE FOR MILES...

MILES AND MILES AND MILES AND MILES...
OH, GOD...

JESUS MOTHER OF GOD FUCKING CHRIST...
WELL, THIS IS VERY, VERY NOT GOOD.

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU? LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE!!!
I'M JUST SAYIN'...

THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY EXCEPT "WHAT THE FUCK?!"

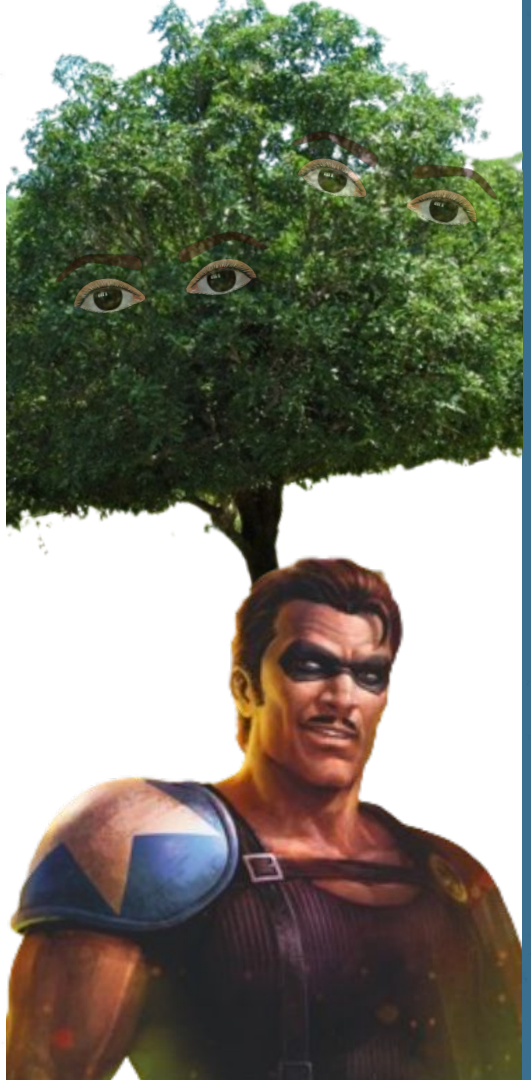
HOW THE HELL WE GONNA EXPLAIN THIS?

UM...
BLAARGH

"WHAT THE FUCK"?
SIRS!

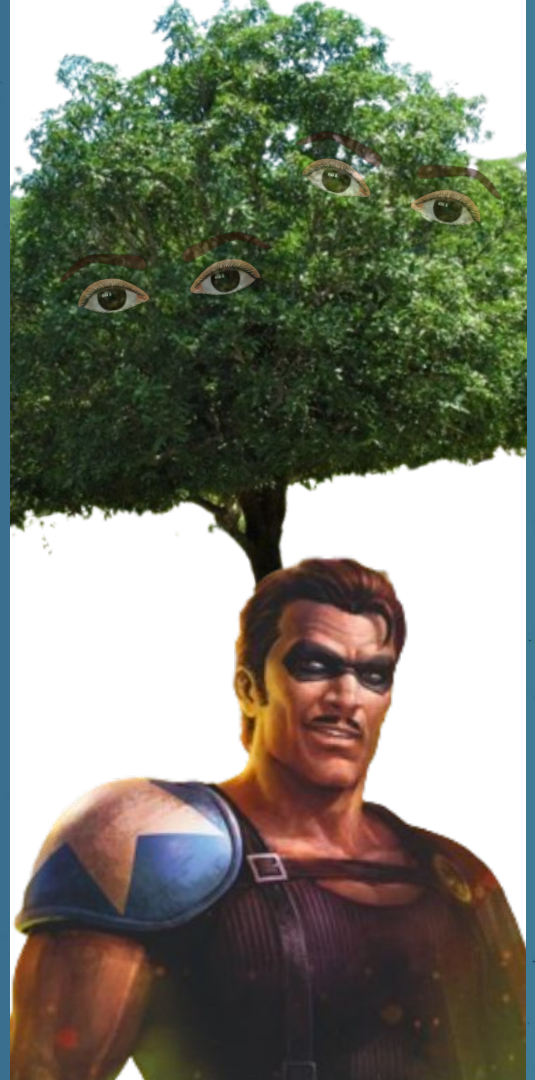
WE LOCATED HIM--

ON THE OTHER SIDE.
HE APPEARS TO BE WOUNDED.
THAT'S NOT ALL HE APPEARS.
MEADOWS?
SIR?
WOUND HIM SOME MORE.
BLAAM



23 HOURS AGO.
ANY ONE A YOU RECOGNIZE THIS GUY?
FUCK NO, BOSS.
LOOKS LIKE SOME KID I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH.
YEAH? WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
DON' RECALL. NEVER CALLED HIM BY THAT, ANYWAY.
WHAT YOU CALL HIM?
PIZZA-FACE.

JEEZUS... DON' ANY OF YOU MUTHAFUCKAS KNOW HOW TO AIM?
HEH
CRYSTAL BALL
NASTY, ALL YOU MUTHAFUCKAS, JUS' PLAIN NASTY...
THROUGH THE HAZE
I MEAN, PISSIN' BE ONE THING, BUT FUCK!
SIT WHEN YOU SHIT, GOD-DAMMIT.
I GOTTA PISS.
WELL, PISS OUTSIDE ON THIS FUCKIN' SHITHOLE COUNTRY, 'CAUSE I GOTTA CLEAN THIS--
OH, SORRY SIR. GIMME A QUICK SECOND, I'LL BE--



SSSSSSS
HEH.
CHOKE ON IT, TOO.
HOW MANY KILLS?
WE DON'T COUNT.
NINETEEN.
FUCK, THAT'S HOW OLD I AM.
OR WILL EVER BE.
DON'T MIND LUCAS. HE BE TRIPPIN', MAN. HE DROPPED LAST NIGHT, ASS STILL HIGH.
CHARLIE CRAP'S DOG. SOME POTENT BLOTTER.
SCORE US SOME?
YOU DO THIS?
I HAVE.
YEAH?

WHAT'S THIS ON YOUR BOOTS, MISTER EDDIE?
BAD GUYS, JUNIOR.

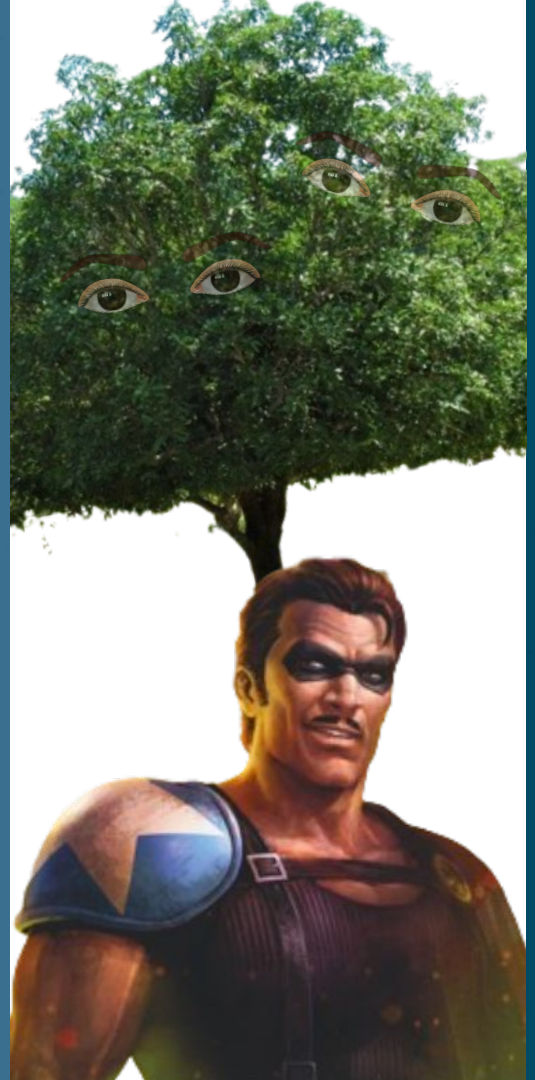
I'LL CLEAN THEM OFF, MAKE ROOM FOR MORE.

HAHA HAHA

YOU THINK I'M FUNNY?
I DON'T THINK ANYTHING AIN'T, LITTLE MAN.

GOOD MORNING, BLAKE.

'CEPT THESE GUYS.

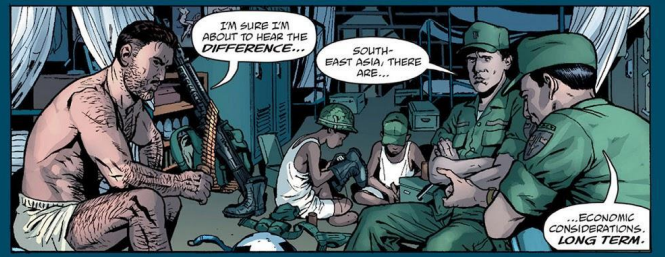


WE GET A DEBRIEFING TODAY?
WE'D LIKE ONE.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK TODAY YOU GET SOMETHING YOU LIKE?
I TELL YOU WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING, YOU EDITORIALIZE INTO SOMETHING YOU WANT ME TO BE DOING.

SO LEAVE ME OUT OF IT, AN' JUST SAY I'M DOING WHAT YOU WANT ME TO.
BLAKE...YOU WERE SENT HERE--

--A LONG TIME AGO.
NO, IT'S ONLY BEEN A FEW YEARS--AS A FIGUREHEAD. FOR THE COMPANY. SOMEONE INSPIRATIONAL... TO FURTHER THE WAR EFFORT.
AND NOT THE WAR.


I'M SURE I'M ABOUT TO HEAR THE DIFFERENCE...
SOUTH-EAST ASIA, THERE ARE...
...ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS. LONG TERM.

MORE THAN A FEW YEARS.
ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS? AN' HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL ABOUT...

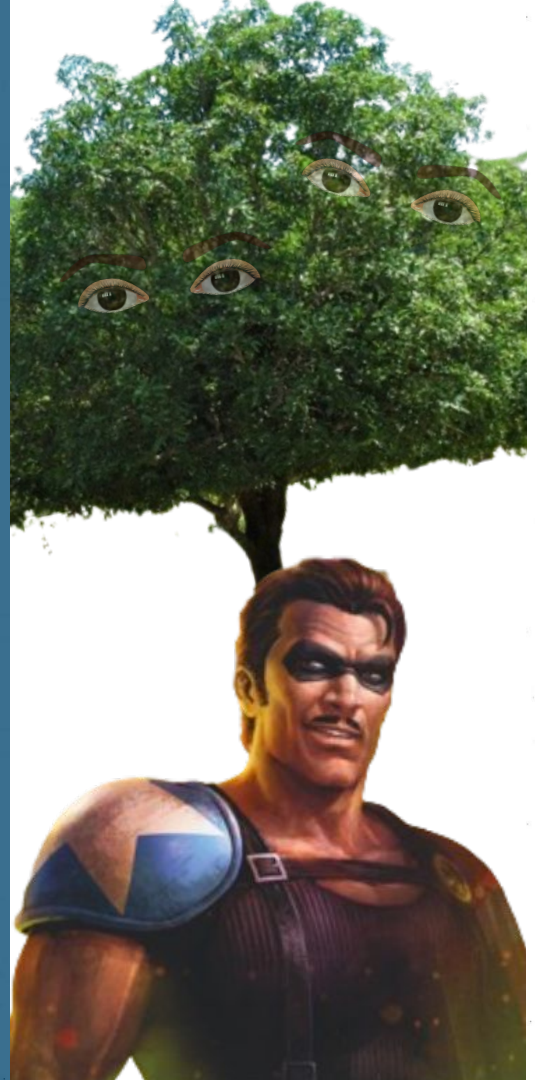
...HEARTS AND MINDS.
YES, MISTER EDDIE?

YOU CALL THEM--? HEY--NOW THAT'S FUNNY!

LOOK, BLAKE...LET US WIN THE WAR ON OUR OWN. WE'RE BIG PICTURE--ONE THAT'S GOOD FOR EVERY-BODY.
SO PIZZA-FACE, HE DIED FOR WHAT, EXACTLY?

WELL, HE...
...

WHO IS PIZZA-FACE?



BENWAY...
HE'S COMING TO.

JESUS, MEADOWS, I THOUGHT YOU SHOT ENOUGH TRANQUILIZERS IN HIM TO PUT DOWN A HORSE...

BLAKE... DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU JUST DID?

STARTED.
ON YOUR OWN?

TO END THE WAR.

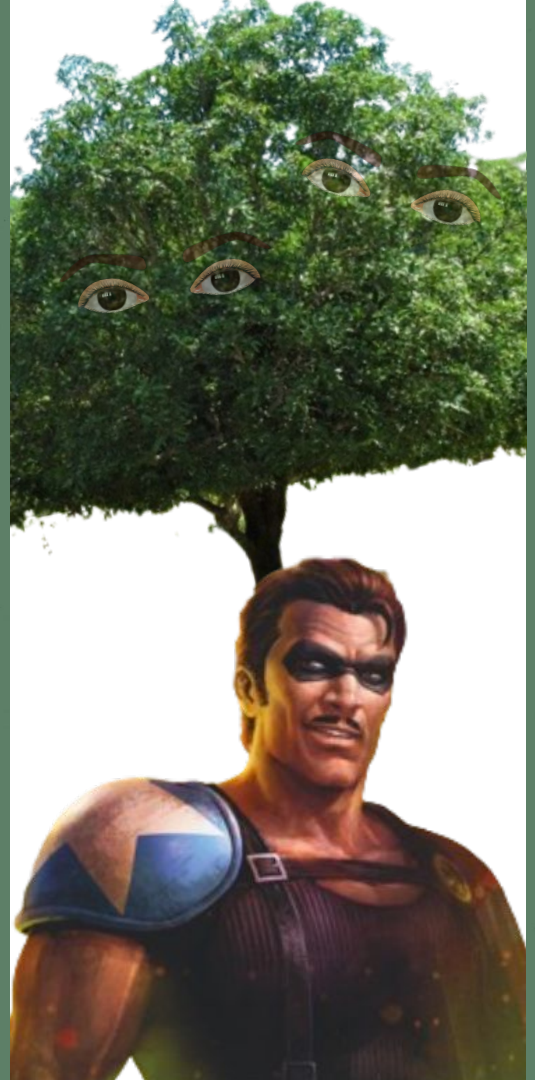
THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH HERE...
IT'S GONE ON LONG ENOUGH.

IT'S GOING TO GO ON AS LONG AS IT'S SUPPOSED TO, GODDAMMIT!!

BLAKE... LOOK...
LET'S JUST SAY THERE'S A GAME CLOCK, OKAY?...
WE KNOW WHEN IT HAS TO END.
BUT YOU--WHAT YOU'VE DONE...WE WERE ON THE FIFTY YARD LINE; AND IF THIS GETS OUT? WE ARE IN OUR OWN END ZONE.
GAME OVER. GET THAT?
I GET YOU'RE PLAYING TOUCH.
?
?
I'M NOT.
"RAISE TWO DOLLARS."

YOU SERIOUS?
YOU BET.
ALL RIGHT...I CALL.
READ THEM AND WEEP.
FUCK...
WHAT MISTER EDDIE TELL YOU TO SAY WHEN YOU WIN?
OH YEAH...
LEAD 'EM AN' REAP.
HEY, OLD BOY--
HEAR THE NEWS TODAY?
KENNEDY DECLARED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

HE?...
NO, I DIDN' HEAR IT...
BUT THAT'S GREAT. I THINK HE'LL MAKE A HELL OF A PRESIDENT.
SAYS HE'S GONNA END THIS WAR.
FINALLY!--A GUY WHO GETS IT. WE GOTTA WIN--AN' GET OUT.
I THINK YOU'RE MISSING HIS POINT, BOSS.
I'M MISSING SOMETHING?
AND WHAT IS THAT?



"SORRY SIR, BUT THE SENATOR ISN'T AVAILABLE TO TAKE YOUR CALL."
U.S. ARMY
TELL HIM WHO IT IS, HE'LL TAKE IT.
HE HASN'T THE FIVE OTHER TIMES TODAY.
LOOK, YOU--
FUCK, MAN! I'M TALKIN' TO SOME BULLSHIT OPERATORS--FOR A MOTHERFUCKIN' SENATOR! YOU WANT TO SPEAK AT YOUR MOM I CAN DO THAT--
I DON'T.
BLAKE...
YOU NEED TO SETTLE DOWN.
YEAH, MAN. THIS SHIT... IT'S OUTTA YOUR HANDS.
FUCKIN' MEDIA. WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER LET THEM COVER THIS.
I'LL MAKE A NOTE.

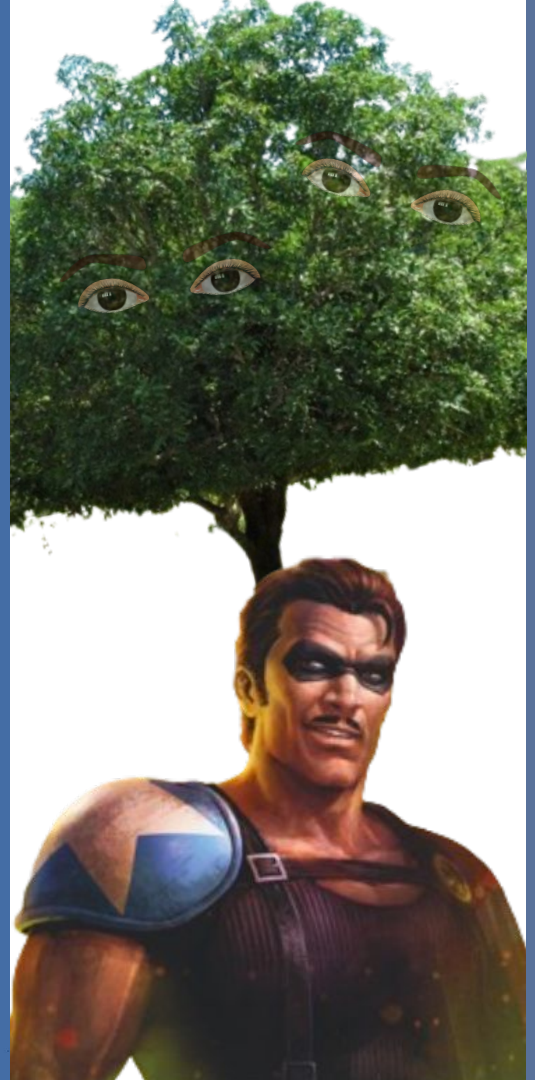
CHECK IT OUT...
BOSS--

YOU'RE FAMOUS.
THAT'S WICKED.
WE SHOULD DO IT.
WHEN?

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.
OH YEAH.
ON PATROL?

--INTO A VILLAGE. VC-INFLUENCED VILLAGE. ENEMY TERRITORY.
FUCKIN' WALK OUTSIDE OF CAMP, IT'S ALL ENEMY TERRITORY.
THEY WANT US GONE.

WE AIN'T GOING ANY-WHERE...
...YET.



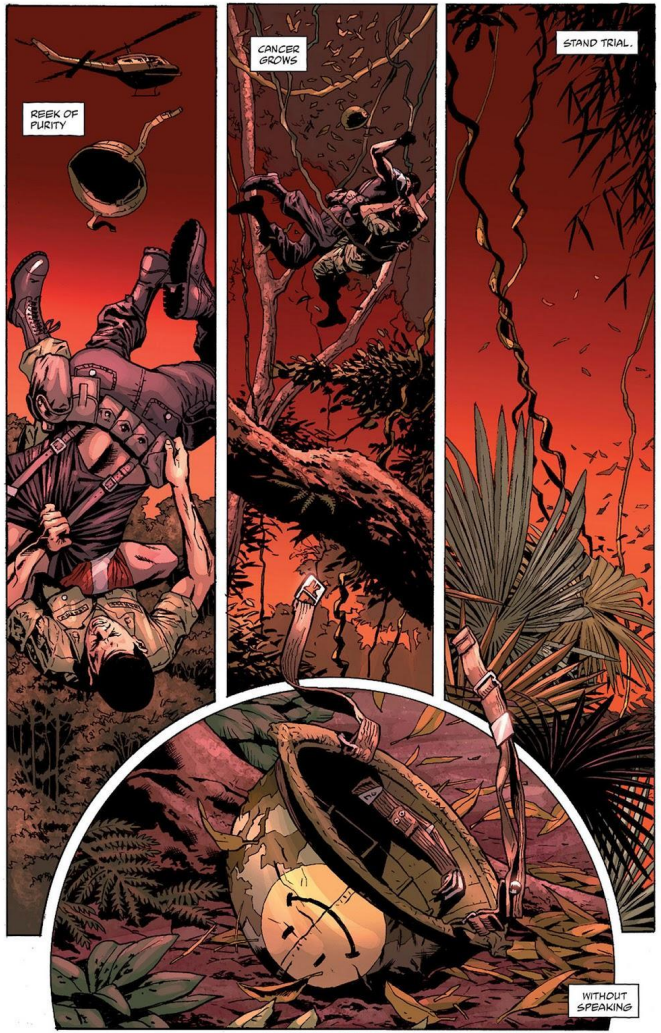
HAVIN' A SNORT OUT IN THE JUNGLE, THAT'S ONE THING--
♫♫♩

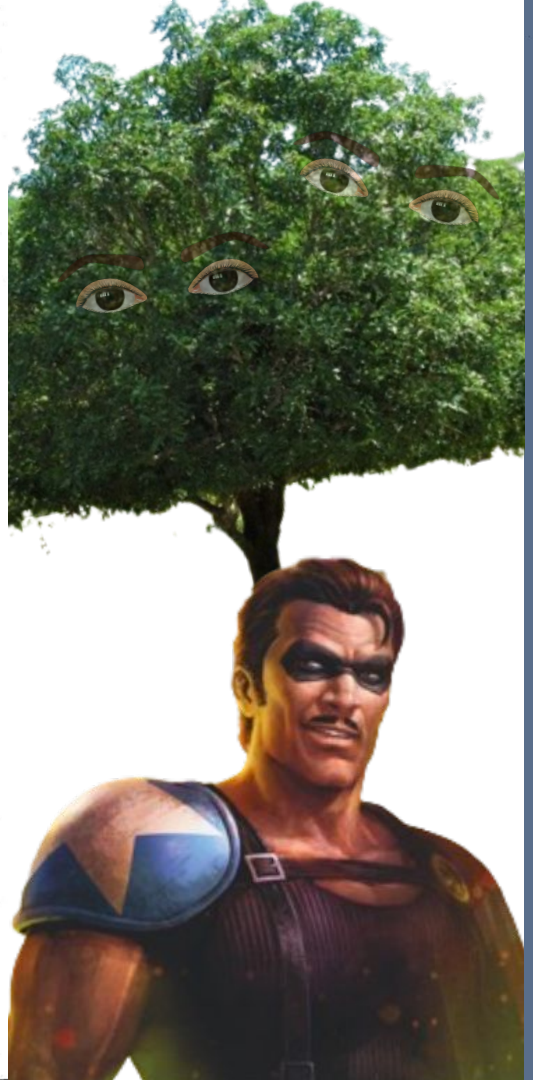
THIS SHIT AIN'T THAT, BOSS. IT MAKES YOU KNOW YOURSELF, NOT NUMB YOURSELF.

IT'S INTENSE, MAN. YOU DON'T LIVE IN THE WORLD--THE WORLD IS YOU.

I DO THIS, THE WORLD IS ME?
YOU KIDS READY FOR THAT WORLD?
♩♫♪

LEAD THE WAY, OLD BOY.
HEY GUNNER-- TURN THIS SHIT UP. LET'S GET SOME WATTAGE IN THIS COTTAGE!
♫♩♪


REEK OF PURITY
CANCER GROWS
STAND TRIAL.
WITHOUT SPEAKING



NO MAZE TO UNWIND
ALL THE WHILE
SWORD HELD HIGH
I CAN SEE
THE SOUND OF SILENCE.

J.G. JONES ARTIST
BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER

ALEX SINCLAIR COLOR CLEM ROBINS LETTERS J.G. JONES COVER ARTIST

BRIAN STELFREEZE WRAPAROUND COVER CAMILLA ZHANG ASSIST. EDITOR
MARK DOYLE ASSOC. EDITOR WILL DENNIS EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

CONQUISTADOR
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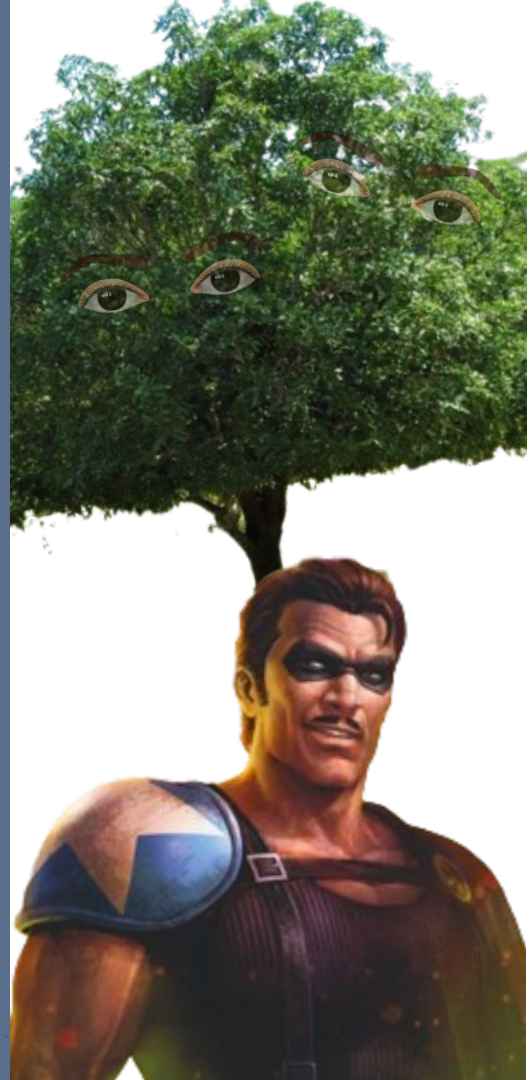

The Story of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS! Part Six
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
HERE, MCCLACHLAN. TAKE IT--YOUR SECOND TOKEN. JUST ONE MORE NEEDED TO RECOVER YOUR ETERNAL SOUL!
IF YOU LIVE TO FIND IT!
YOU ASK TO BE FORGIVEN, GORDON MCCLACHLAN?
YOU!-- THE SON OF AN EVIL EMPIRE
I WILL FORGIVE YOU, MY PET FOR LEAVING ME TO DROWN.
FOR SAVING MY CHILD SO FLY TO GET THE FIRST TOKEN IN YOUR CURSED QUEST.
FOR ENSLAVING MY RACE AND INTRODUCING KILLING DISEASES INTO MY PARADISE--FOR THE FATHERING OF DEAD BASTARDS.
I WILL FORGIVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE DEAD AND REBORN.
I WILL FORGIVE YOU, MY PET...
...WHEN YOU HAVE FACED THE CRIMSON CORSAIR AND KILLED HIM!
HERE. TAKE YOUR SECOND TOKEN. THIS WILL HELP YOU SEE THE THIRD AND LAST CURSED COIN TO BUY YOUR FREEDOM AND YOUR SOUL.
HOLD HIM.
E-PYTÁ PYK, E-KARAU TOBA!
N'TUNGA? NO--NO NOOO!

IBAK-IGUARA IX CHEL, EROGUATÁ ABÁ KUARASY R-OKA NDE RAM ETOBAPÉ KINICH AHAU.
WE WAIT, FOR THE SUN TO RISE, MY PET.
BLINDED BY A FOLD MADE OF COLD FLESH THAT HAD BEEN RIPPED FROM THE LIVING, BREATHING BODY OF A MAN!
STUMBLING OVER ROUGH STONE DRAGGED EVER HIGHER UP INSIDE THIS CATHEDRAL OF DEATH.
PEÊ E-KARU TOBA ETÉ, MOIEBYR.
IMPRISONED ONCE MORE BUT MY MIND UNIMPAIRED FOR THE FIRST TIME. BLINDED BUT ABLE TO USE MY OTHER SENSES ...
THE ACRID SMELL OF SNAKES! AM I BACK IN THE SNAKE PIT? BUT THE SMELLS INDICATE OTHERWISE, ROTTING FLESH BUT UNDERNEATH THAT...?
...THE SMELL OF COOKED MEAT!
PONDERING ON THIS AS I WAITED WITH DREAD FOR THE SUN TO RISE.
GENTLY TESTING MY BINDING CHAINS FOR ANY GIVE--AND THERE WAS!
WHAT DID NTUNGA MEAN?
TO BE CONTINUED...

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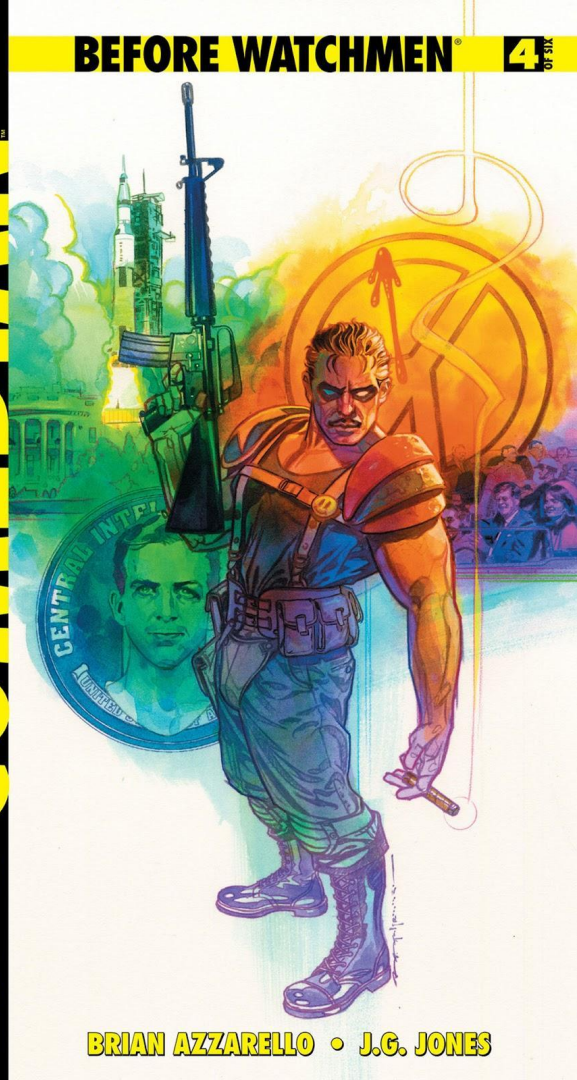
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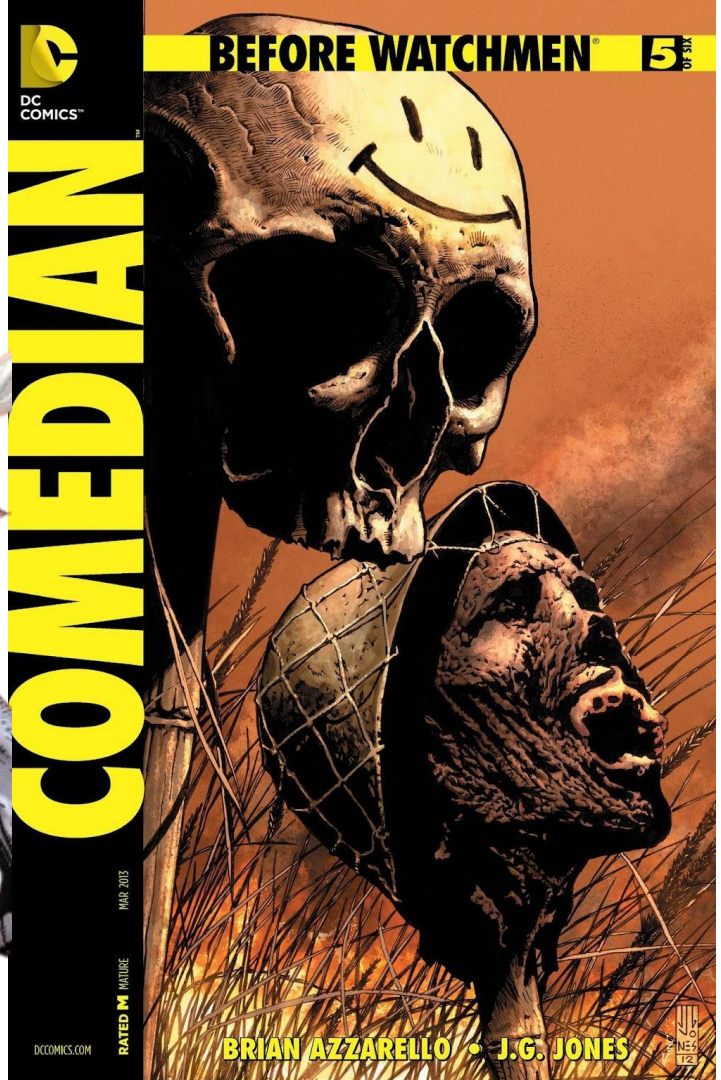
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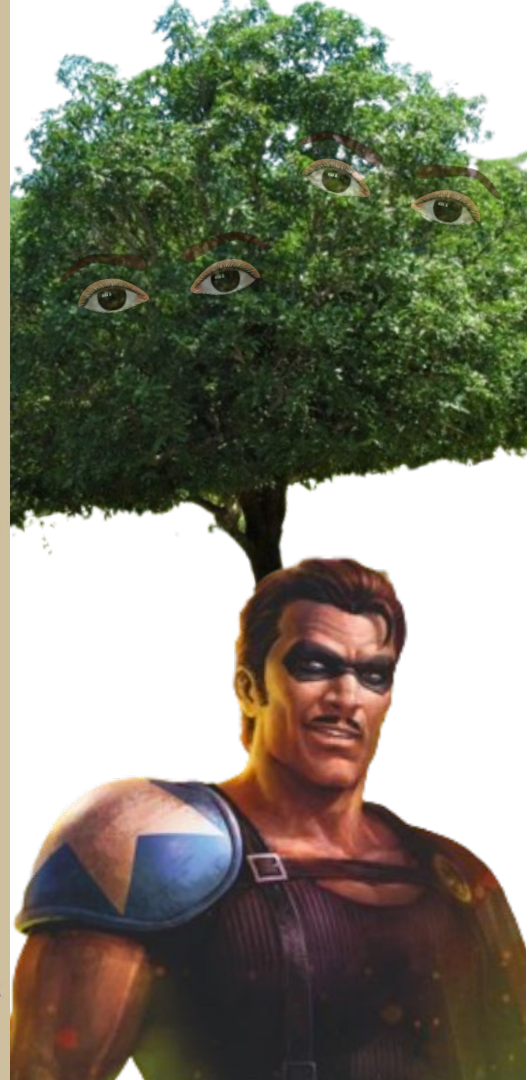
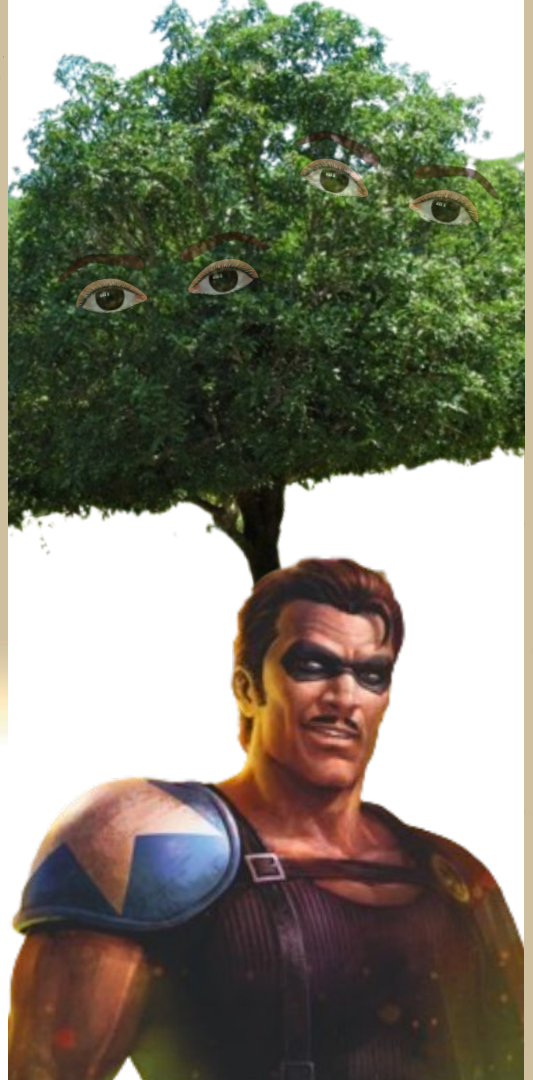
BLAM
POP POP POP POP POP
"WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, BLAKE?"



C'MON, BENWAY. YOU GOTTA ADMIT FREEFALLING WAS A RUSH.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
I KNOW. YOU MEAN THE VILLAGE.
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CONFESSION.
WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...
...IS AN EXPLANATION-- A WAY TO GET US OUT OF THIS.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING. GETTING US OUT OF THIS.
LIKE I'M DOING RIGHT NOW. A JUNGLE-- IT'S DANGEROUS, AIN'T IT?
THERE'S ANIMALS, SURE--
THERE ARE FUCKING MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS. FUCK THE ANIMALS--
THEY SET THEM FOR US.

"WE HAVE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT, BLAKE--"
"AND THEY HAVE NONE. SO MY BOYS AND I, WE DECIDED TO PLAY THE SAME THEIR WAY.
"TO GIVE AS GOOD AS WE GET.
"BECAUSE IF WE DON'T PLAY BY NO RULES...
"...LOSING IS FUCKING IMPOSSIBLE.
"WHAT THE HELL HAS GOTTEN INTO US, ANYWAY? WHY IS BEING FRIENDS MORE IMPORTANT THAN WINNING?"
YOU DON'T SEE THE BIG PICTURE.
THE HELL I DON'T. NO FUCKING HANDSHAKES WHEN IT'S OVER. LEAVE 'EM WITH BLOODY ASS-HOLES.
WE BEAT THE FUCKING SHOT OUT OF ANYONE THAT OPPOSES US.



"WE SHOULD BE MAKING EVERYONE SCARED SHITLESS TO BE OUR ENEMY.
"HELL, WE EAT THEIR BABIES, IF WE NEED A SNACK."
"I KNOW THE COMPANY IS RUTHLESS--I'M A PRETTY JADED MAN--"
"NO REAL BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS, BENWAY--"
"BUT THE WORLD WOULD HATE US."
"SO? LOVE DON'T KEEP THE PEACE.
"FEAR KEEPS THE PEACE."

"YOU'RE A SOCIOPATH."

"AND YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.

"WE ALL HAVE OUR ROLES, BENWAY.

"MINE HAPPENS TO BE FOR REAL. YOU AND THE COMPANY.. FUCK YOU GUYS..

"LIFE IS A WAR. IF YOU DON'T WIN IT, YOU LOSE IT."

"WINNING AND LOSING DON'T MATTER. IT'S ABOUT CONTROL."

"HEH."

I GET THAT.

"CHÚNG TÔI KHÔNG--"

--GIÀU BẤT CỨ DIỀU GÌ!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

NO ONE'S FIGHTING BACK...

WHERE'S THE ENEMY?!

WHERE?

RIGHT IN FRONT OF US...

BACK BEHIND US...

AND EVEN WORSE?...

...ABOVE US.

WHUK

THUMPP

TAI SAO CAC BAN LAM DIEU NAY?
PICK IT UP.
XIN VUI LONG!
PICK IT UP!
YOU THINK I'M A PUSSY?!!
LOOK, YOU--I'VE BEEN CALLED A LOT OF THINGS... PSYCHO...SOLDIER... SUPER HERO...
...WHATEVER. THAT DAMN NIGHT-OWL BOOK.
Y'KNOW, IF HE HAD ANY BALLS I MIGHT NOT...
THE ONE THING-- THE ABSO-FUCKING-ONE THING NO ONE EVER GOT ABOUT ME...
...IS THAT I AM A PATRIOT.

THESE FUCKIN' PEOPLE...
THEY'RE NOT OUR WOMEN AN' CHILDREN.

HELL NO. THEY BELONG TO THEM OUT THERE...
AND THEY'RE WATCHING US.

RIGHT NOW, THE ENEMY IS LOOKING US IN THE EYE...
TO SEE IF WE'RE BLUFFING.

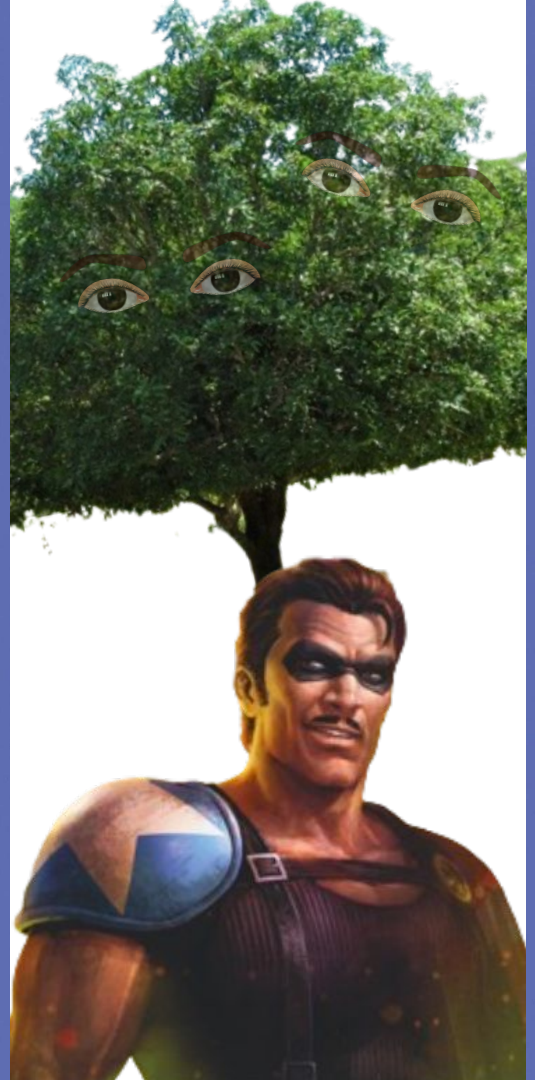
PICK IT UP!!

TÔI KHÔNG NÓI TIẾNG ANH!

PUNT

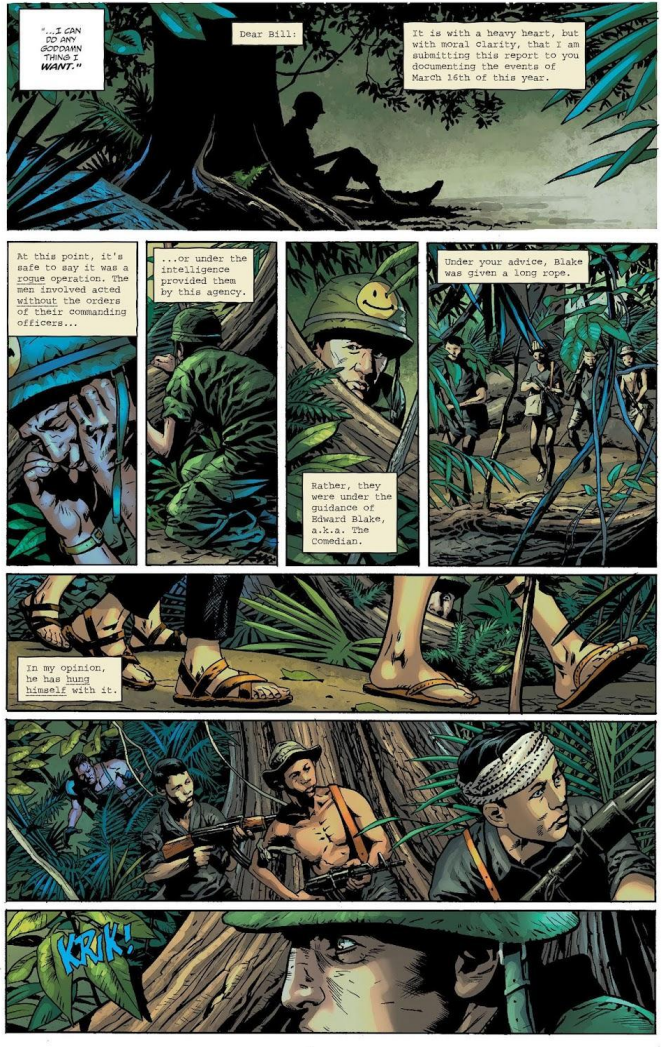
KRAAK

YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS ORIGINALLY GONNA CALL MYSELF?
THAK!
THE BIG STICK.
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE HEADLINES?-- "THE COMMIES GET A TASTE OF THE BIG STICK!" "CRIME GETS THE BIG STICK IN THE END!"
:WHIMPER:...
THAT'S FUNNY.
IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE.
I'M DONE LAUGHIN'.



MOOSE-- NO!
HEH
"...AND YOU HAVE NO REMORSE,?"
SNAP

?
RUSTLE
KRIK
VC.
SNAP
BLAKE-- NO!! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE.
BENNAY, BENNAY, BENNAY...I'M A SUPER-HERO...
Classified


"...I CAN DO ANY GODDAMN THING I WANT."
Dear Bill:
It is with a heavy heart, but with moral clarity, that I am submitting this report to you documenting the events of March 16th of this year.
At this point, it's safe to say it was a rogue operation. The men involved acted without the orders of their commanding officers...
...or under the intelligence provided them by this agency.
Rather, they were under the guidance of Edward Blake, a.k.a. The Comedian.
Under your advice, Blake was given a long rope.
In my opinion, he has hung himself with it.
KRIK!

KRIK!
Blake is a maniac. Fortunately, he's our maniac.
PAK!
Unfortunately, his actions run counter to our current rural pacification program.
But it is my belief that containing the news of his operation would be a relatively simple endeavor.

Categorizing the event as "they were met with fierce fire fight" gives us an out.
Burying the operation makes better sense given the anti-war sentiment.
Tactically, it also allows the end of this conflict to be accomplished on our terms.
It's something to consider.

As for the attached report, in a nutshell: After exhaustive investigation, we account for 347 dead;
POP
Raped and mutilated women, defenseless children, and the elderly.

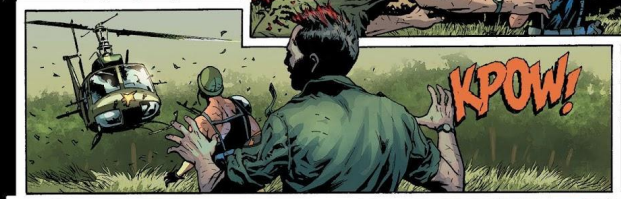
We believe Viet Cong intel pegs the body count at slightly over 500.
POPPO
It's my opinion that if news of this is made public, keeping the number under 500 is of extreme importance.

500 is an unacceptable threshold number for the American public, as we both know.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

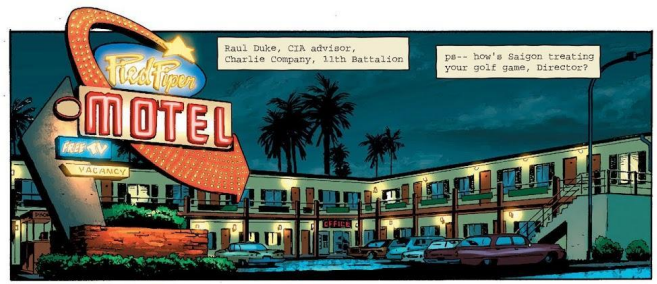
Blake's fingerprints are all over this, and they have to be removed.
It is my recommendation that he be relieved, and returned home immediately.

BLAKE... THANK YOU. I'LL MAKE THIS RIGHT.


KPOW!

BRRRRRP!
I also recommend that William Benway be given the highest honor allowed under such circumstances. He died serving his country, to the best of his ability.

Respectfully yours,


First Tiger
MOTEL
VACANCY
Raul Duke, CIA advisor, Charlie Company, 11th Battalion.
ps-- how's Saigon treating your golf game, Director?

HUMM...
HOW'D YOU GET THIS?
FRIENDS, SIR. OF MINE, WHO'D LIKE TO BE FRIENDS OF YOURS.
THAT'S FUCKING RICH. THESE FRIENDS--THEY'VE BEEN UNDERMINING THE CANDIDATE FOR NEARLY A DECADE.

THAT'S WHAT THE FRIENDS ARE FOR.
THIS WAR, IT'S A WASTE OF TIME.

THE FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU FEEL THAT WAY.
OR WHAT MEANS I'D EMPLOY TO END IT?

NO SIR. THEY BELIEVE THAT AN UNSTABILIZED SOUTH-EAST ASIA FOR THE NEXT DECADE WILL ONLY HELP OUR--
--RUSSIA.
--AND THEY MISS THE BOAT ON CHINA.

I WILL END IT.

"FUCKING FRIENDS...
DING DONG

"GORDON...

"I WANT TO SAY, I ADMIRE THE COMEDIAN, BUT HE HAS A FRIEND TOO...

"PUT THIS DOCUMENT IN HIS HANDS."
TO BE CONCLUDED.

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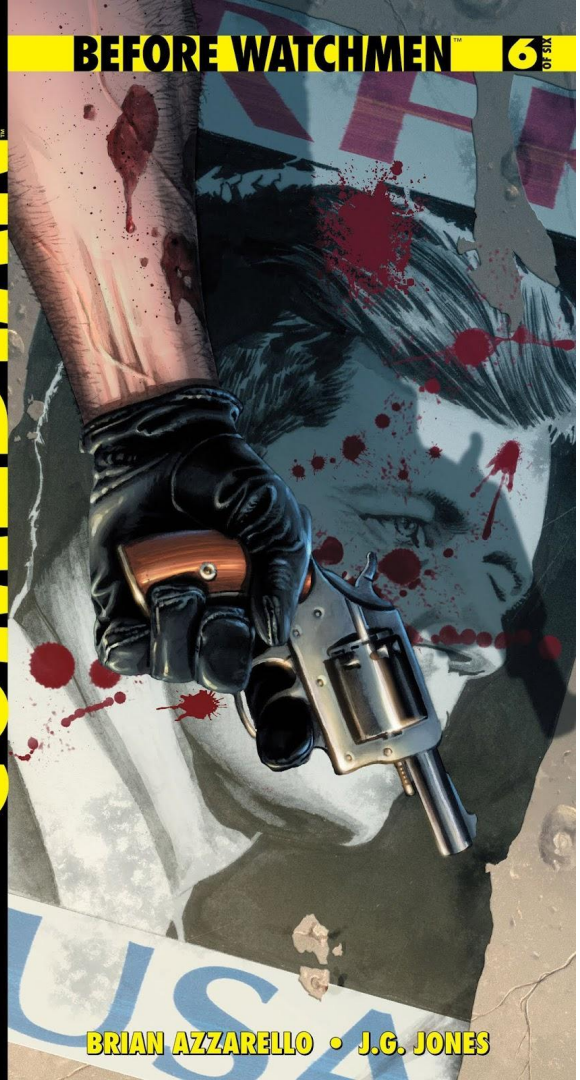

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POP
POP

TING
TING

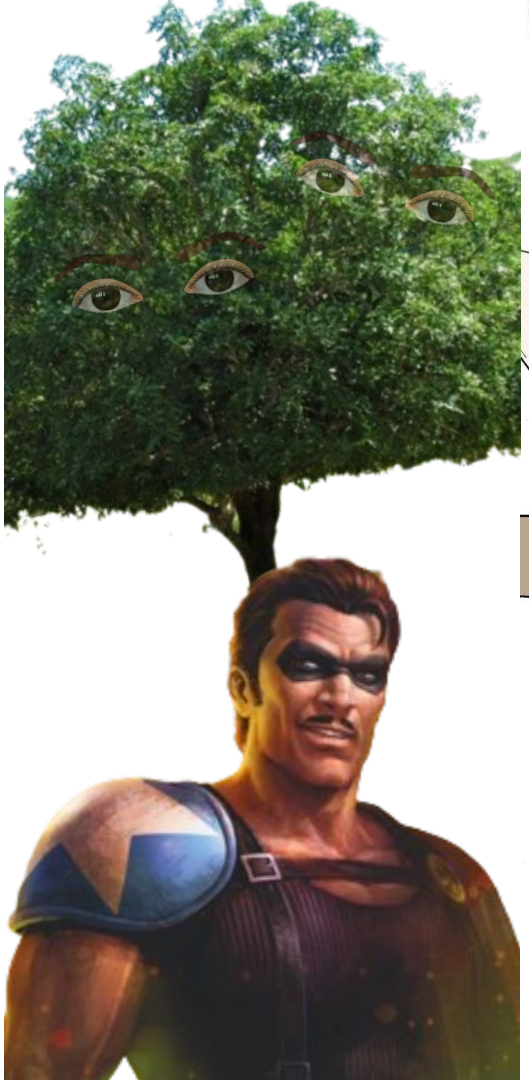
"DISCHARGED?"

NO, THAT'S NOT QUITE RIGHT. YOU'D HAVE TO BE ACTIVE MILITARY TO BE. YOU'RE JUST BEING...
...RELIEVED OF YOUR DUTIES.
WHAT DUTIES?
THE ONES YOU WERE SENT HERE FOR.
INSPIRATIONAL FIGURE.
POSTER BOY.

SAME DIFFERENCE.
YOU'RE AFRAID OF WHAT I INSPIRE...
CONCERNED, WHAT YOU MAY INSPIRE.

SO WHY HAMSTRING ME? LET US WIN THIS WAR.
?
OH GOD, YOU MISUNDERSTAND...

WE'RE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR ACTIONS INSPIRING THE ENEMY.
AFTER WHAT YOU DID HERE, IT'S BETTER FOR EVERYONE--YOU INCLUDED--



Brian AZZARELLO writer
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Alex SINCLAIR & Lee LOUGHRIDGE color
Clem ROBINS letters
J.G. JONES cover Rafael ALBUQUERQUE variant cover
Camilla ZHANG asst. ed. Mark DOYLE assoc. ed. Will DENNIS editor
WATCHMEN created by Alan MOORE & Dave GIBBONS

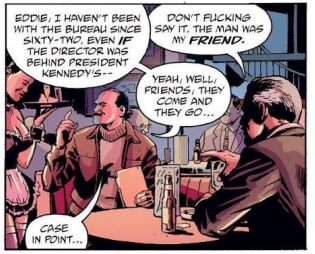
PRETENDING? WE'VE BEEN TRACKING THE RAT PACK FOR WEEKS.
WHY? WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU WAITING FOR?
AND BY PRETENDING, I MEAN YOU. HOOTIE TWO, DRESSING UP LIKE SOMEBODY YOU WISH YOU WERE, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER THE QUESTION, "WHO AM I?"
THAT SUIT? DON'T HIDE WHAT'S UNDERNEATH. YOU DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR THIS BUSINESS.
WHAT DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME?
BESIDES KETCHUP ON YOUR JACKET?
OUR FUTURE.
HURM
I DIDN'T MEAN THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.

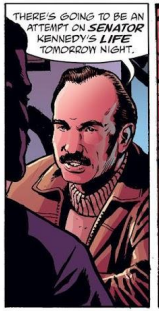
Eddie, thanks for coming to California on such short notice.
Your line of work—like mine—is demanding, and I appreciate your taking the time to travel to the west coast to meet.
Believe me, there was no way I could have come east not with the rigors I'm enduring on a daily basis.
I think I'm getting three hours of sleep a night, and if I could have wrung another two out of a bicoastal flight I would have...
But those two hours are something that's not being afforded to me at the moment.
GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT
That said, the rigors, unfortunately have gotten the best of me again, and I won't be able to meet with you tonight as planned.
Please understand I'm not making light of your time, or of you...
Mr. E. Blake

What I need to discuss is something best done man to man.
Blake
PS Have fresh, fast brand?
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS!
LONG TIME NO SEE. CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK, EDDIE? HAVE A COUPLE WORDS?
SURE, GORDY--AND HOW 'BOUT THESE...?

...FUCK OFF.
C'MON--YOU CAN'T STILL BE HOLDING A GRUDGE OVER SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN'T PROVE.

CAN'T I?


EDDIE, I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH THE BUREAU SINCE SIXTY-TWO; EVEN IF THE DIRECTOR WAS BEHIND PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S--
DON'T FUCKING SAY IT. THE MAN WAS MY FRIEND.
YEAH, WELL, FRIENDS, THEY COME AND THEY GO...
CASE IN POINT...


THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ATTEMPT ON SENATOR KENNEDY'S LIFE TOMORROW NIGHT.

WHAT?
IT'S ALL IN HERE.

I'VE KEPT SOME FRIENDS IN THE BUREAU.
AND THIS ISN'T A CHANCE ENCOUNTER. I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO BE HERE.

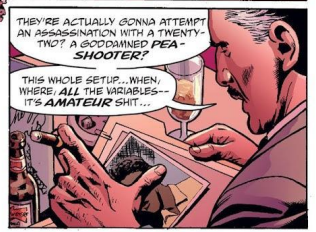
HOLY SHIT.
THAT'S WHAT NIXON SAID, WHEN HE READ IT.
?

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN KEEPING UP WITH MY COMINGS AND GOINGS? I'M WORKING TO GET HIM ELECTED.
SO HE'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

OF COURSE NOT, EDDIE, HE'S A POLITICIAN.
BUT HE HAS EXCELLENT COUNSEL.
WHO IS THIS GUY?

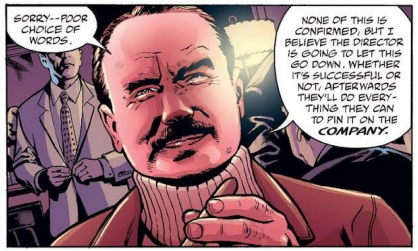
APPEARS TO BE A PALESTINIAN NATIONALIST.
ONLY HE'S NOT. HE'S C.I.A.--JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT. THE COMPANY'S GOTTEN QUITE GOOD AT BRAINWASHING.

LEAKS, THOUGH, NOT SO MUCH.


THEY'RE ACTUALLY GONNA ATTEMPT AN ASSASSINATION WITH A TWENTY-TWO? A GODDAMNED PEA-SHOOTER?
THIS WHOLE SETUP...WHEN, WHERE, ALL THE VARIABLES--IT'S AMATEUR SHIT...

EDDIE, YOU'VE BEEN WORKING WITH THEM FOR HOW LONG?--AND YOU EXPECT ANYTHING LESS FROM THE COMPANY?
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT IT IS--ANOTHER BUNGLED OPERATION.
OR MAYBE IT'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK PERFECTLY AMATEUR.

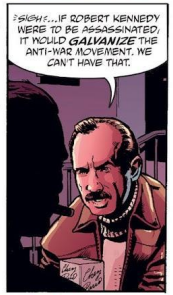
WHAT'S THE BUREAU DOING ABOUT THIS?
JACK SHIT.

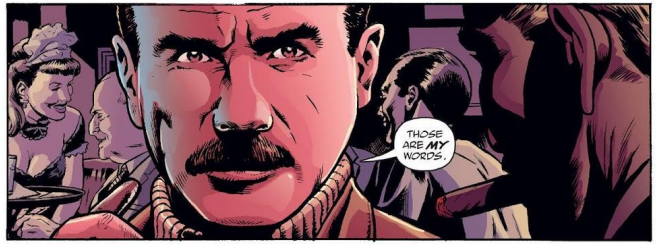

SORRY--POOR CHOICE OF WORDS.
NONE OF THIS IS CONFIRMED, BUT I BELIEVE THE DIRECTOR IS GOING TO LET THIS GO DOWN. WHETHER IT'S SUCCESSFUL OR NOT, AFTERWARDS THEY'LL DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO PIN IT ON THE COMPANY.

THERE'S A POWER STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE TWO THAT'S JUST AS DEEP AS OURS WITH THE SOVIETS. HELL, THE COMPANY HAS BETTER RELATIONS WITH THE KGB THAN IT DOES WITH THE BUREAU.

NIXON... WHY'S HE CARE?
BECAUSE HE'S NOT A CREEP.

HE JUST LOOKS LIKE ONE.
DESPITE THEIR DIFFERENCES--WHICH ARE SLIGHT, OTHER THAN ONE, ACTUALLY--HE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE KENNEDY DEAD. THEY BOTH HAVE FAMILIES...THAT GOES A LONG WAY.
AND?


SIGH...IF ROBERT KENNEDY WERE TO BE ASSASSINATED, IT WOULD GALVANIZE THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT. WE CAN'T HAVE THAT.


THOSE ARE MY WORDS.

AND THIS IS YOURS. DO WHAT YOU WANT WITH IT, BUT DON'T FORGET WHO GAVE IT TO YOU.

GORDY--WHAT'S THAT ONE DIFFERENCE YOU ALLUDED TO?
Chez Paris

KENNEDY, NIXON...THEY'RE PLAYING TO THEIR BASES. BOTH MEAN TO END VIETNAM...
NIXON MEANS TO WIN IT. HE DOESN'T THINK THERE WILL BE ANY PEACE IF WE SHOW WEAKNESS.

HE'S PREPARED TO BRING IN THE BIG GUN.

SOMETHING JUST STRUCK ME, GORDY...

...IN THE RIGHT LIGHT, YOU COULD BE MISTAKEN FOR ME.
WELL, THE LIGHT IS RARELY RIGHT, BUT WHEN IT IS...

"ADVANTAGE GOES TO THE SHADOWS."
Until tomorrow then, your friend, Bobby
p.s.–how's breakfast sound?

I COULDN'T WAIT.

CHRIST, BOBBY, I COULDA--

YOU SLEEP WITH A GUN UNDER YOUR PILLOW?
YEAH--OR I DON'T SLEEP.

JESUS... IS THAT WHERE LIFE HAS...
SLEEPING PILLS.
HUH?

I USE SLEEPING PILLS.
I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.

I GOTTA TALK TO YOU, TOO.
ABOUT?
NAH, YOU FIRST.

WHEN I'M DONE, YOU MAY NOT WANT TO TALK TO ME.
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID, EDDIE.

THE MASSACRE.

WHFFFF...
HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?

IT DOESN'T MATTER--WHAT MATTERS IS THAT IT HAPPENED! YOU ENTERED A VILLAGE...
...AND THEN BUTCHERED EVERY LIVING THING IN IT!

NOT THE MEN.
THEY WEREN'T THERE.

RIGHT. THEY WERE OUT FIGHTING A WAR. AGAINST US.

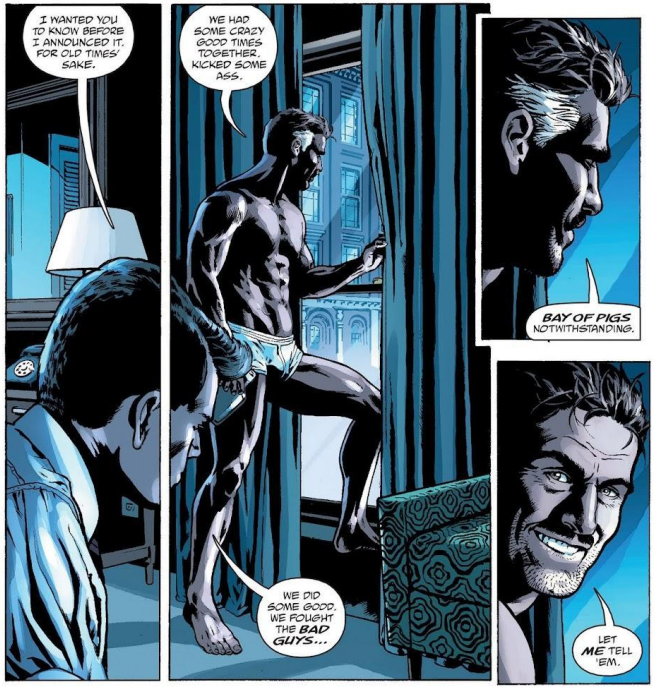
I KNOW IT'S BEING COVERED UP, TOO.
AND THAT IT'S GOING TO GET OUT.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE?
SNIFF... THE PRESS IS ALREADY SNIFFING...

AND BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TELL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THAT IT HAPPENED.

TOMORROW NIGHT, AT MY PRESS CONFERENCE AFTER THE VOTES ARE COUNTED. WIN OR LOSE.

THIS HAS TO COME OUT FROM A LEADER--NOT THE PRESS--OR OUR GOVERNMENT RUNS THE RISK OF LOSING ALL CREDIBILITY WITH THOSE WE GOVERN.
EDDIE, WE ARE A COUNTRY THAT DECIDED TO STAND FOR SOMETHING...FREEDOM AND EQUALITY AND...WHAT'S RIGHT.
THOSE ARE LOFTY IDEALS. I'M NOT SAYING THAT I HAVEN'T FALLEN SHORT OF THEM AT TIMES, BUT IF WE BELIEVE IN THEM, BUT DON'T LIVE--
RELAX, SENATOR. YOU ALREADY GOT MY VOTE.


I WANTED YOU TO KNOW BEFORE I ANNOUNCED IT. FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.
WE HAD SOME CRAZY GOOD TIMES TOGETHER. KICKED SOME ASS.
WE DID SOME GOOD. WE FOUGHT THE BAD GUYS...
BAY OF PIGS NOTWITHSTANDING.
LET ME TELL 'EM.

WHAT?
BOBBY, IF YOU DO IT, SOME PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS LOOK AT YOU AS A RAT.
IF IT'S ME--BY YOUR SIDE--I'M CONFESSING.
WITH YOUR SUPPORT.

FUCK, IT MIGHT EVEN GET YOU ELECTED.
THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.

I KNOW.

I'M SORRY, EDDIE. FOR WHAT THIS WILL DO TO YOU.

AND FOR WHAT YOU DID.

BOBBY, YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MINE. GO TAKE A SLEEPING PILL...

"KNOCK YOURSELF OUT."

I THINK WE CAN END THE DIVISIONS WITHIN THE UNITED STATES...

THE VIOLENCE--

YAAAAY

THE DISENCHANTMENT WITH OUR SOCIETY, THE DIVISIONS--WHETHER IT'S BETWEEN BLACKS AND WHITES, THE POOR AND MORE AFFLUENT, AGE GROUPS...

...OR THE WAR IN VIETNAM. WE CAN WORK TOGETHER.

WE WANT TO DEAL WITH OUR OWN PROBLEMS IN OUR OWN COUNTRY, AND WE WANT **PEACE** IN VIETNAM...

ALL OF US ARE INVOLVED IN THIS GREAT EFFORT...

ON BEHALF OF **ALL** MANKIND ALL AROUND THE GLOBE.

POLICIES THAT HAVE BEEN SO UNSUCCESSFUL IN VIETNAM...

I THINK WE SHOULD MOVE IN A **DIFFERENT** DIRECTION.

YAAAAAAYY

AND NOW IT'S ON TO CHICAGO, AND LET'S **WIN** THERE!

THAT WENT GOOD, *eh?* YOU HAD 'EM IN THE PALM OF YOUR **HAND**.

YOU'RE A REGULAR **POLITICIAN**.

I'VE BEEN **AT** IT A WHILE. AND IT HELPS WHEN YOU ACTUALLY **BELIEVE** WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.

Kennedy

RFK! RFK! RFK!

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO **DO**, EDDIE.

C'MON, BOBBY, I'M **BEHIND** YOU...

THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

LIKE A COUPLE YEARS IN **LEAVENWORTH**, FOR ME. MY **REPUTATION**, ON THE OTHER HAND...

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. IT WON'T BE **MUCH**...

I KNOW.

LAST NIGHT, YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TALK TO **ME**, TOO. ABOUT WHAT?

THE **CIA** HAS SOME BRAINWASHED PATSY, GONNA TRY AND **ASSASSINATE** YOU TONIGHT.

WHAT?
RELAX...
TRING
TRING
POP
POP

AMBASSADOR
ICE ENTRANCE

I GOT YOU.

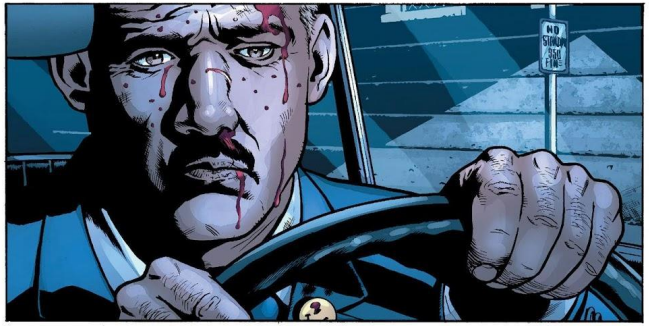
DUMP D DUMP D DUMP D ♫ DUMP D DUMP

W-HELL, I'M THE TYPE OF GUY WHO'LL NEVER SETTLE DOWN--WHERE PRETTY GIRLS ♪ ARE WELL, YOU KNOW THAT I'M AROUN'

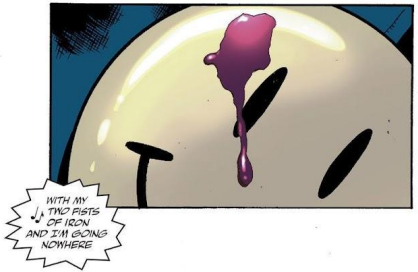
♫ I KISS 'EM AND ♫ I LOVE 'EM 'CAUSE TO ME THEY'RE ALL THE SAME--I HUG 'EM AND I SQUEEZE 'EM THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME
WHACK

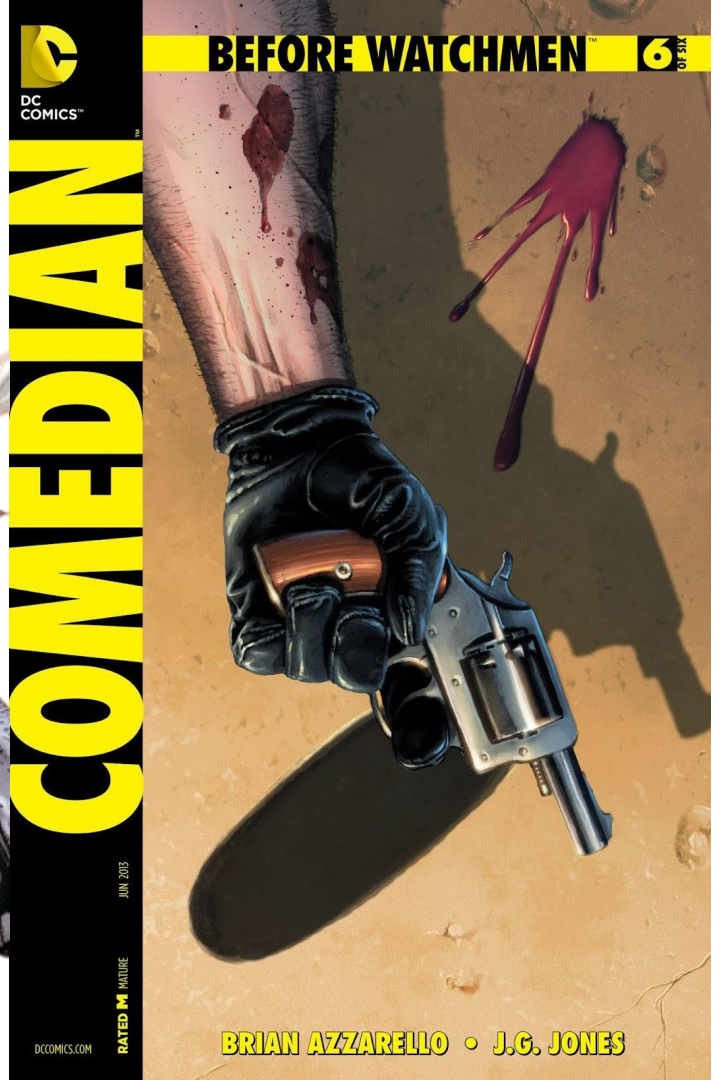
♫ THEY CALL ME THE WANDERER
YEAH, THE WANDERER ♪
I ROAM AROUN' ♪

WHACK
AROUN' ♪
AROUN' ♪


NO STRUCK ZONE

WELL--I ROAM FROM TOWN TO TOWN--
WHOA ♪ WHOA WHOA ♪
♫ I GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT A CARE
WHOA WHOA ♫ WHOA WHOA
AND I'M AS HAPPY AS A CLOWN ♪
WHOA WHOA ♪ WHOA


WITH MY ♫ TWO FISTS OF IRON AND I'M GOING NOWHERE
END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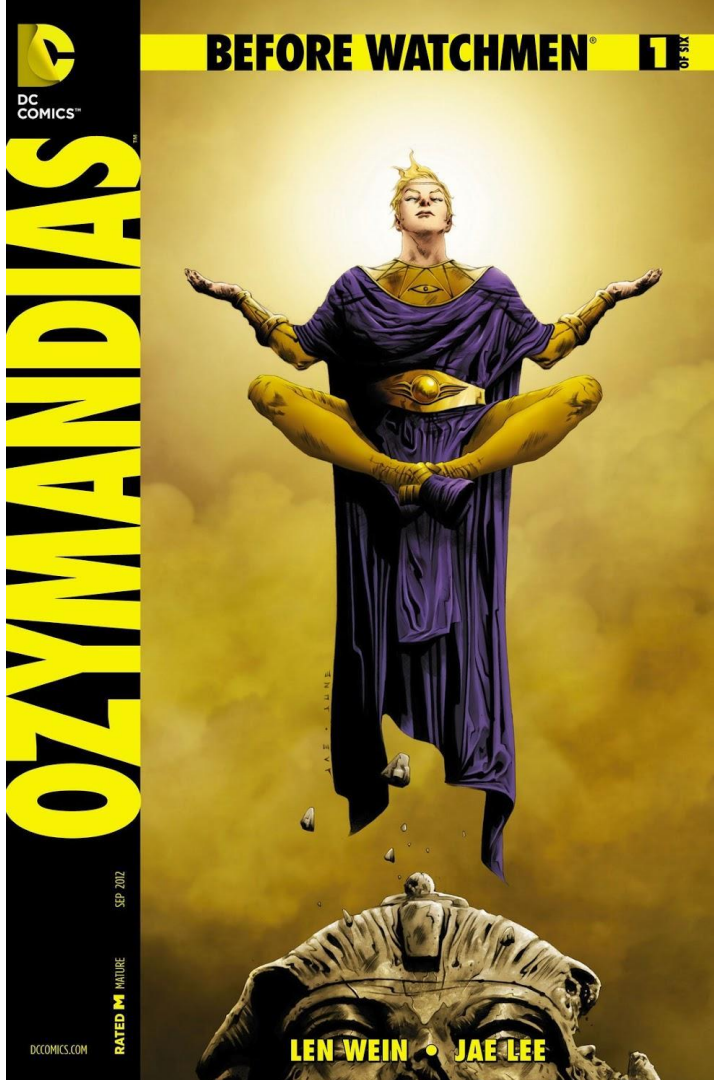
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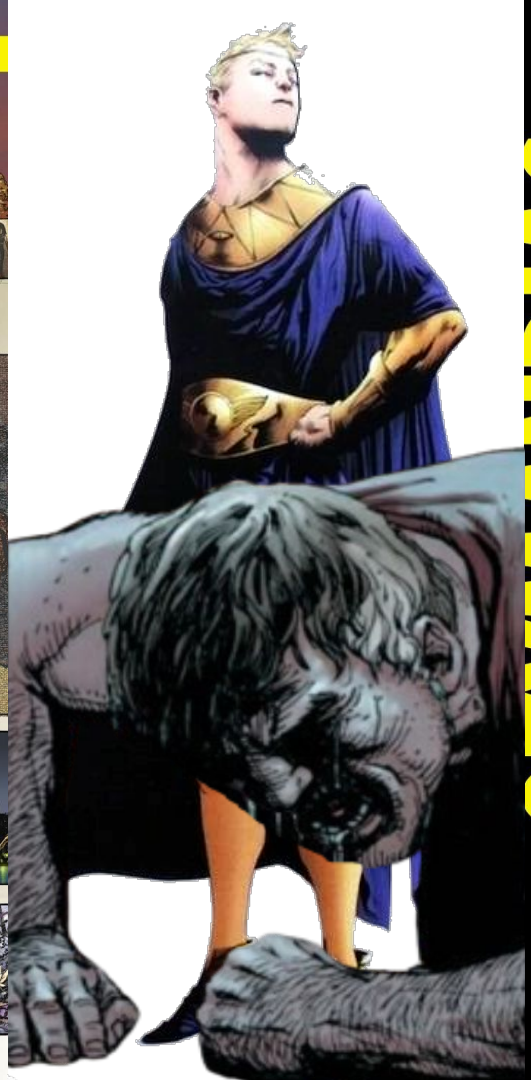

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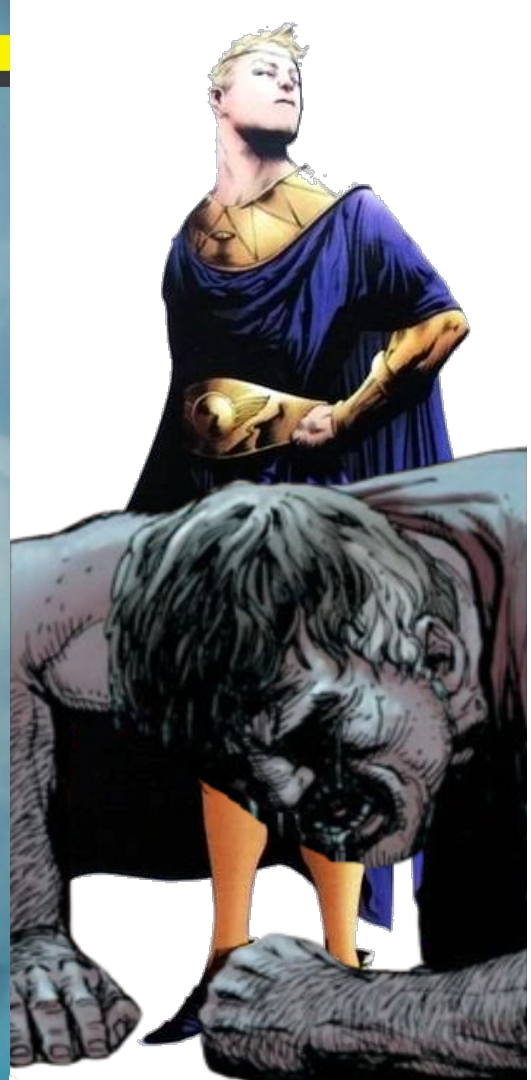
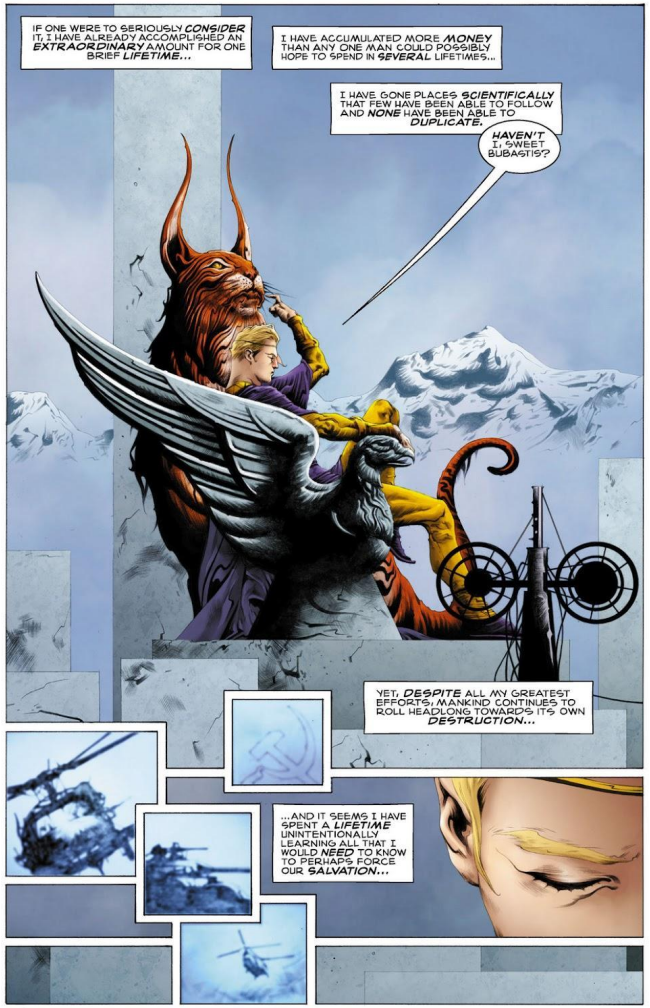


I MET A TRAVELER...!

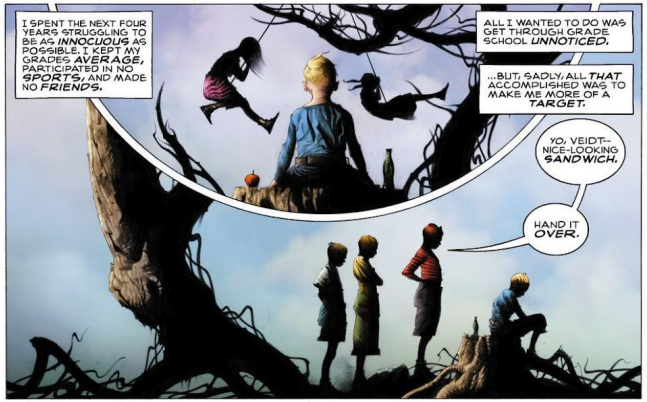

IF ONE WERE TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER IT, I HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED AN EXTRAORDINARY AMOUNT FOR ONE BRIEF LIFETIME...
I HAVE ACCUMULATED MORE MONEY THAN ANY ONE MAN COULD POSSIBLY HOPE TO SPEND IN SEVERAL LIFETIMES...
I HAVE GONE PLACES SCIENTIFICALLY THAT FEW HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW AND NONE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DUPLICATE.
HAVEN'T I, SWEET BUBASTIS?
YET, DESPITE ALL MY GREATEST EFFORTS, MANKIND CONTINUES TO ROLL HEADLONG TOWARDS ITS OWN DESTRUCTION...
...AND IT SEEMS I HAVE SPENT A LIFETIME UNINTENTIONALLY LEARNING ALL THAT I WOULD NEED TO KNOW TO PERHAPS FORCE OUR SALVATION...

IN LATE 1938, AS THE SHADOW OF NAZISM SWEPT ACROSS EUROPE, MY PARENTS BOOKED PASSAGE ON ONE OF THE LAST FREIGHTERS TO SAFELY LEAVE THE OLD COUNTRY...
THEY ARRIVED IN NEW YORK HARBOR IN JANUARY OF 1939...
IN THE OLD COUNTRY, MY FATHER HAD RUN A SUCCESSFUL PERFUMERY, AND QUICKLY ESTABLISHED ONE HERE AS WELL--
Les parfumes
est. 1939
SAVON
--BUT IT WAS NOT MERELY BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT THEM TO THESE SHORES...
NO, MY FATHER HAD DETERMINED TO LEAVE FOR AMERICA THE SAME DAY HE LEARNED MY SWEET MOTHER WAS PREGNANT WITH ME...
HOW ELSE, AFTER ALL, HE REASONED, COULD I EVER HOPE TO BECOME PRESIDENT UNLESS I WERE BORN IN THE UNITED STATES--
--AND SO I WAS, AND WAS CHRISTENED ADRIAN ALEXANDER VEIDT...
ALEXANDER, AFTER ALEXANDER OF MACEDONIA, ONE OF MY FATHER'S CHILDHOOD HEROES...
BY THE TIME I WAS TWO, IT WAS CLEAR TO MY PARENTS THAT I WAS NO ORDINARY CHILD...
AT THE AGE OF FOUR, SELF-TAUGHT, I HAD READ ALL 24 VOLUMES OF MY FATHER'S PRECIOUS ENCYCLOPEDIAS--
--AND WAS HUNGRY FOR AS MUCH MORE KNOWLEDGE AS I COULD ABSORB...
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, SIR FRANCIS BACON HAD SAID, AND I COULD NOT HAVE AGREED MORE...

WHEN I TURNED SIX AND ENTERED PUBLIC SCHOOL, I WAS GIVEN AN APTITUDE TEST ALONG WITH ALL THE OTHER STUDENTS--
--AND SCORED SO HIGH ABOVE THE CURVE THAT MY PARENTS WERE CALLED TO SCHOOL TO DISCUSS THE RESULTS...
ARCTIC OCEAN
NORTH AMERICA
ATLANTIC
PACIFIC
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
AFRICA
INDIAN OCEAN
AUSTRALIA

THE PRINCIPAL TOLD MY PARENTS THAT MY TEST SCORES WERE SO HIGH AS TO BE IMPOSSIBLE AND INSISTED THAT I HAD SOMEHOW CHEATED.
IT TOOK ALL MY FATHER'S CONSIDERABLE POWERS OF PERSUASION TO CONVINCE HER THE TEST RESULTS WERE ONLY A FLUKE AND WOULD NOT BE DUPLICATED IN THE FUTURE...

LATER, AT HOME, WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE, MY FATHER TOLD ME THAT I WOULD HAVE TO MAINTAIN A LOW PROFILE FROM HERE ON--
--LEARN TO RESTRAIN MYSELF SO OTHERS WOULD NOT REALIZE JUST HOW SMART I REALLY WAS...
THE LAST THING I NEEDED, HE SAID, WAS TO BE THOUGHT A FREAK.
BUT, FATHER, IT ISN'T FAIR.
I SAID.
WHY MUST I BE THE ONE TO HIDE MY LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL?
THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE
"SADLY, MY BOY, LIFE IS NEVER FAIR," SAID MY FATHER, AS HE STROKED MY SILKEN HAIR.
"WHAT MATTERS IS TO GET THROUGH IT ALIVE."


I SPENT THE NEXT FOUR YEARS STRUGGLING TO BE AS INNOCUOUS AS POSSIBLE. I KEPT MY GRADES AVERAGE, PARTICIPATED IN NO SPORTS, AND MADE NO FRIENDS.
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS GET THROUGH GRADE SCHOOL UNNOTICED.
...BUT, SADLY, ALL THAT ACCOMPLISHED WAS TO MAKE ME MORE OF A TARGET.
YO, VEIDT-- NICE-LOOKING SANDWICH.
HAND IT OVER.

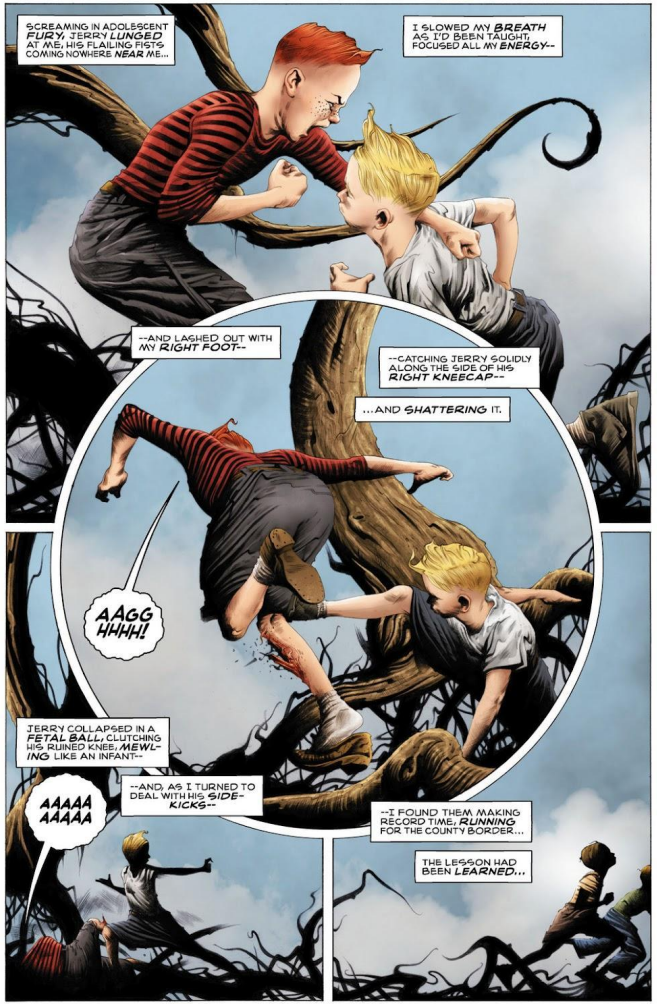
GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE, JERRY.
I'M EATING.

NOT ANYMORE YOU AIN'T, FREAK!
FROM NOW ON, YER LUNCH IS MINE!

TO EMPHASIZE HIS POINT, JERRY AND HIS CRONIES PROCEEDED TO BEAT ME TO A BLOODY PULP...
AND YER GONNA GET THE SAME EVERY DAY, CREEP, UNTIL YOU FINALLY LEARN YER PLACE AROUND HERE.

WHEN I GOT HOME THAT DAY, BRUISED AND BATTERED, MY FATHER WAS FILLED WITH A RAGE I HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN HIM.
THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE. I WILL GO TO YOUR SCHOOL AND SPEAK TO YOUR PRINCIPAL ABOUT THIS.
THANK YOU, PAPA, BUT NO.
I MUST DEAL WITH THIS IN MY OWN WAY.
IN MY OWN TIME.
THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, WITH MONEY I'D SAVED FROM A MORNING NEWSPAPER ROUTE, I ENROLLED IN A LOCAL DOJO--
武術
LEARN HOW TO FIGHT FROM A REAL ORIENTAL KUNG FU MASTER
--AND TOOK MY FIRST HESITANT STEPS TOWARD DEALING WITH MY UNPLEASANT PROBLEM...
FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MONTHS, EVERY DAY AT LUNCH, THE PATTERN REPEATED ITSELF...
JERRY AND HIS CRONIES WOULD STEAL MY MEAL AND THEN PUMMEL ME RELENTLESSLY, AS OUR TEACHERS TURNED A BLIND EYE--
--AND EVERY EVENING, AS MY PARENTS TENDED TO MY WOUNDS AND THREATENED TO TAKE ACTION, I WOULD SIMPLY SAY...
PATIENCE.
I PROMISE THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.

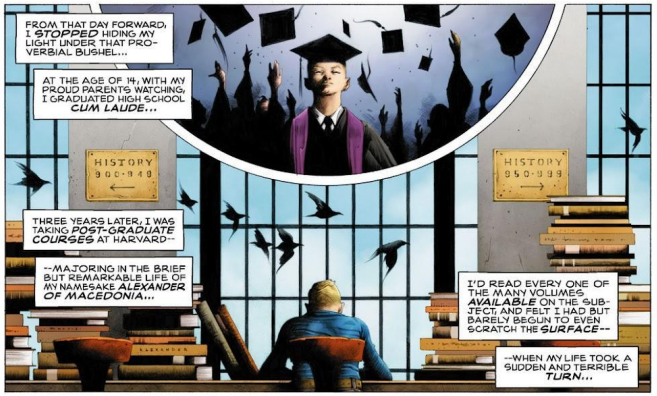
IN LESS TIME THAN IT HAD EVER TAKEN ANY OTHER STUDENT, I GRADUATED THE DOJO WITH HONORS--
--AND THE FOLLOWING NOON, AT LUNCH RECESS...
IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN, VEIDT.
HAND OVER YOUR SANDWICH.
GO AWAY, JERRY. THIS LITTLE GAME OF YOURS HAS BEGUN TO BORE ME.
HEY! THIS'LL BE OVER WHEN I SAY IT'S OVER, FREAKO!
;HUNFF!;
I AM QUITE SERIOUS, JERRY.
IF YOU ARE WISE, YOU WILL GO AWAY AND STOP BOTHERING ME.
I WILL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN.
THAT'S IT, CREEP! I'M GONNA KNOCK YOUR HEAD--;OOF!;
HEY! STAND STILL, YA LITTLE CREEP!
NOW, THAT WOULDN'T BE TERRIBLY SMART, WOULD IT?
IF THIS IS HOW YOU WANT IT, SO BE IT. BUT DO REMEMBER--
--YOU WERE WARNED.


SCREAMING IN ADOLESCENT FURY, JERRY LUNGED AT ME, HIS FLAILING FISTS COMING NOWHERE NEAR ME...
I SLOWED MY BREATH AS I'D BEEN TAUGHT, FOCUSED ALL MY ENERGY--
--AND LASHED OUT WITH MY RIGHT FOOT--
--CATCHING JERRY SOLIDLY ALONG THE SIDE OF HIS RIGHT KNEECAP--
...AND SHATTERING IT.
AAGG HHHH!
JERRY COLLAPSED IN A FETAL BALL, CLUTCHING HIS RUINED KNEE, MEWLING LIKE AN INFANT--
AAAAA AAAAA
--AND, AS I TURNED TO DEAL WITH HIS SIDE-KICKS--
--I FOUND THEM MAKING RECORD TIME, RUNNING FOR THE COUNTY BORDER...
THE LESSON HAD BEEN LEARNED...

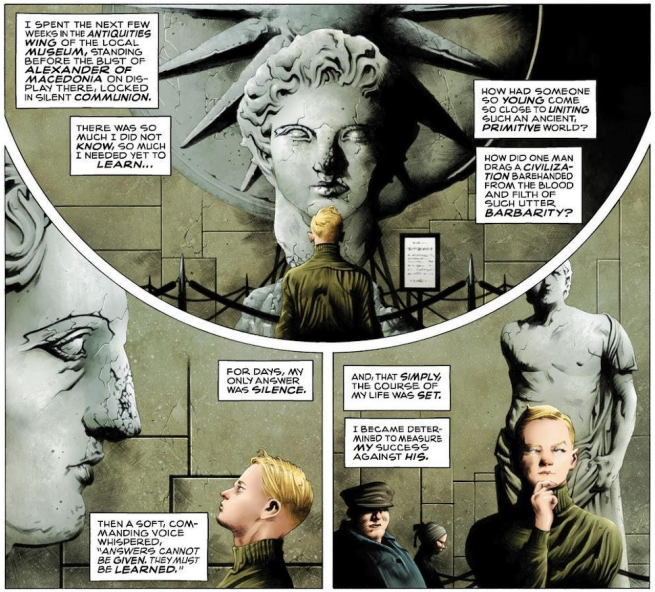
FOOLISHLY, I ASSUMED THAT WOULD BE THE END OF IT.
I COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.
I SEE NO OTHER CHOICE, MISTER VEIDT.
I'M OBLIGED TO EXPEL YOUR SON FOR HIS ACTIONS.
SIR, I DID NOT START THE CONFLICT--BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO FINISH IT.
BESIDES, I DID WARN THEM IN ADVANCE TO LEAVE ME ALONE.
STILL, YOUNG JERRY WILL NEVER WALK NORMALLY AGAIN.
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO ASSUAGE HIS ANGUISHED PARENTS.

PERHAPS JERRY'S LIMP WILL SERVE AS A CONSTANT REMINDER OF HIS POOR JUDGMENT EARLY IN LIFE.
ONE CAN ONLY HOPE.

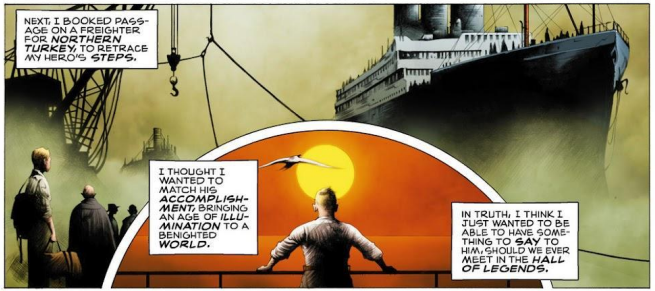
ADRIAN, PLEASE. NOW IS NOT THE TIME.
SIR, I AM NOT A WEALTHY MAN; BUT I AM SOMEWHAT WELL OFF.
I AM CERTAIN THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN THIS SCHOOL IN NEED OF REPAIR.
A NEW LIBRARY, PERHAPS?
AHHH... I SEE.
OF COURSE, I DO BELIEVE SOMETHING CAN BE WORKED OUT.
IN FACT, I'M CERTAIN OF IT.
AND THUS I AVOIDED EXPULSION...
THOUGH IT GNAWED AT ME THAT MY FATHER HAD BEEN FORCED TO PAY FOR ACTIONS OF MINE THAT HAD BEEN TOTALLY JUSTIFIED...


FROM THAT DAY FORWARD, I STOPPED HIDING MY LIGHT UNDER THAT PROVERBIAL BUSHEL...
AT THE AGE OF 14, WITH MY PROUD PARENTS WATCHING, I GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL CUM LAUDE...
HISTORY 900-949
HISTORY 950-999
THREE YEARS LATER, I WAS TAKING POST-GRADUATE COURSES AT HARVARD--
--MAJORING IN THE BRIEF BUT REMARKABLE LIFE OF MY NAMESAKE ALEXANDER OF MACEDONIA...
I'D READ EVERY ONE OF THE MANY VOLUMES AVAILABLE ON THE SUBJECT, AND FELT I HAD BUT BARELY BEGUN TO EVEN SCRATCH THE SURFACE--
--WHEN MY LIFE TOOK A SUDDEN AND TERRIBLE TURN...

MISTER VEIDT...?
LATER, PLEASE. I'M OCCUPIED AT THE MOMENT.
MISTER VEIDT, IT'S YOUR PARENTS, I'M AFRAID.
M-MY PARENTS ...?
THERE WAS A TERRIBLE TRAFFIC ACCIDENT, I'M TOLD.
THEY WERE BOTH KILLED... INSTANTLY.
AFTER THE FUNERAL, I FOUND MYSELF STANDING AT A BIZARRE CROSSROADS...
MY INHERITANCE OFFERED LIFELONG IDLE LUXURY, AND YET, NEEDING NOTHING, I BURNED WITH THE PARADOXICAL URGE TO DO EVERYTHING...
I NEEDED ADVICE--AND I KNEW JUST WHERE TO FIND IT...


I SPENT THE NEXT FEW WEEKS IN THE ANTIQUITIES WING OF THE LOCAL MUSEUM, STANDING BEFORE THE BUST OF ALEXANDER OF MACEDONIA ON DISPLAY THERE, LOCKED IN SILENT COMMUNION.
THERE WAS SO MUCH I DID NOT KNOW, SO MUCH I NEEDED YET TO LEARN...
HOW HAD SOMEONE SO YOUNG COME SO CLOSE TO UNITING SUCH AN ANCIENT, PRIMITIVE WORLD?
HOW DID ONE MAN DRAG A CIVILIZATION BARE-HANDED FROM THE BLOOD AND FILTH OF SUCH UTTER BARBARITY?
FOR DAYS, MY ONLY ANSWER WAS SILENCE.
THEN A SOFT, COMMANDING VOICE WHISPERED, "ANSWERS CANNOT BE GIVEN. THEY MUST BE LEARNED."
AND, THAT SIMPLY, THE COURSE OF MY LIFE WAS SET.
I BECAME DETERMINED TO MEASURE MY SUCCESS AGAINST HIS.

FIRSTLY, I GAVE AWAY MY INHERITANCE TO SEVERAL WORTHY CHARITIES--
--TO DEMONSTRATE THE POSSIBILITY OF ACHIEVING ANYTHING, STARTING FROM NOTHING.


NEXT, I BOOKED PASSAGE ON A FREIGHTER FOR NORTHERN TURKEY, TO RETRACE MY HERO'S STEPS.
I THOUGHT I WANTED TO MATCH HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT, BRINGING AN AGE OF ILLUMINATION TO A BENIGHTED WORLD.
IN TRUTH, I THINK I JUST WANTED TO BE ABLE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO HIM, SHOULD WE EVER MEET IN THE HALL OF LEGENDS.

WEEKS LATER, I *DEBARKED* THE FREIGHTER IN A SMALL PORT CITY ALONG THE *BLACK SEA COAST*--

--THE STALE *AIR* THERE THICK WITH THE STENCH OF *DESPERATION* AND *NEED*.

AS I WALKED THE FILTHY STREETS IN SEARCH OF SOME PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT, I COULD ALMOST *TASTE* THE GNAWING *HUNGER* FOREVER A PART OF THE ANCIENT *GRIME*--

--AND AS THE LOCAL *PREDATORS* ROSE UP SILENTLY BEHIND ME, PERHAPS SENSING *EASY PREY*, I DECIDED TO *WARN* THEM...

DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT.

I SAID SOFTLY, IN MY BEST *TURKISH*.

AND, PERHAPS RECOGNIZING A *GREATER* PREDATOR THAN THEMSELVES, THEY *PAUSED*, THEIR GREED JUST A HAIR'S-BREADTH BEHIND ME...

--THEN TURNED AND SLUNK QUIETLY BACK INTO THE *SHADOWS* WHENCE THEY HAD COME.

I WALKED ON, *ALONE*.

AT FIRST, I FOLLOWED THE *PATH* OF ALEXANDER'S WAR MACHINE ALONG THE *BLACK SEA COAST*, IMAGINING HIS ARMIES TAKING PORT AFTER PORT...

STRANGELY, BEFORE SUBDUING *PHOENICIA*, HE HAD STRUCK NORTH TOWARD *GORDIUM*...

PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE *CHALLENGE* IT REPRESENTED...

THE ANCIENT WORLD'S GREATEST *PUZZLE* LAY THERE: A *KNOT* THAT COULD NOT BE *UNTIED*...

ALEXANDER SIMPLY *CUT* IT IN TWO WITH HIS SWORD. *LATERAL* THINKING EVEN THEN, CENTURIES AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

HEADING SOUTH, HE ENTERED EGYPT THROUGH *MEMPHIS*, WHERE THEY PROCLAIMED HIM SON OF *AMON*, JUDGE OF THE DEAD, WHOSE NAME MEANS "*THE HIDDEN ONE*"...

UNDER RULE FROM ALEXANDRIA, THE CLASSIC CULTURE OF THE GREAT *PHARAOHS* WAS RESTORED.

I FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH *BABYLON*, UP THROUGH *KABUL* TO *SAMARKHAND*, THEN DOWN THE *INDUS*, WHERE HE FIRST ENCOUNTERED ELEPHANTS-OF-WAR.

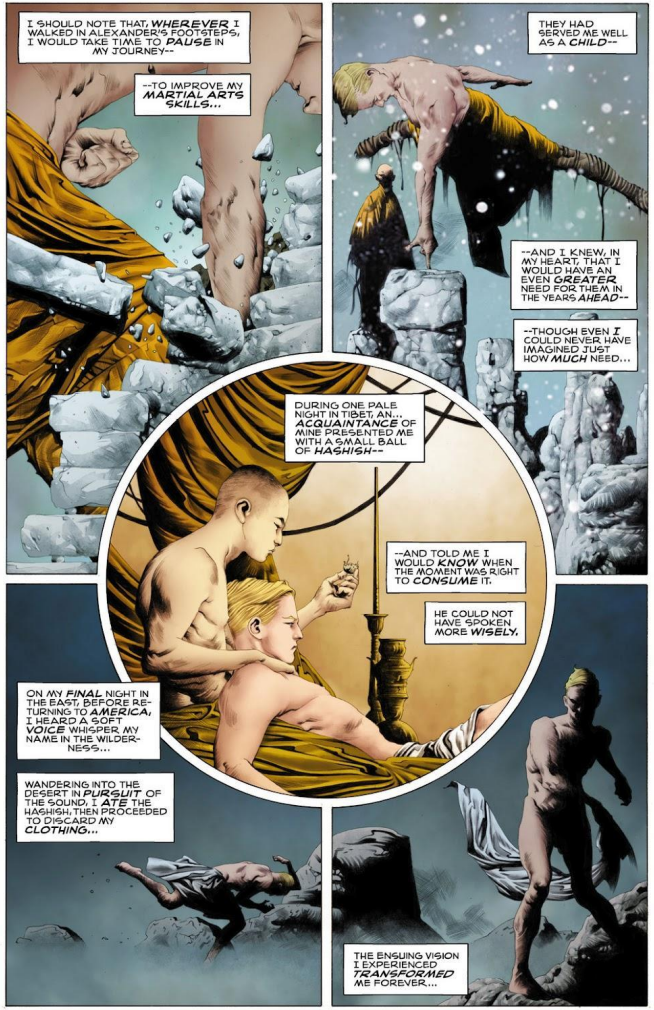
WHERE *HE'D* TURNED BACK TO QUELL DISSENT AT HOME, *I* TRAVELED ON, THROUGH *CHINA* AND *TIBET*.

ALEXANDER RETURNED FINALLY TO BABYLON TO DIE OF AN *INFECTION*, AGED *THIRTY-THREE*.

AMONGST ITS RUINED *ZIGGURATS*, I SAW AT LAST HIS *FAILINGS*...

HE HAD NOT UNITED *ALL* THE WORLD, NOR BUILT A UNITY THAT WOULD *SURVIVE* HIM.

DISILLUSIONED BUT DETERMINED TO *COMPLETE* MY ODYSSEY, I FOLLOWED HIS CORPSE TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE IN *ALEXANDRIA*.


I SHOULD NOTE THAT, WHEREVER I WALKED IN ALEXANDER'S FOOTSTEPS, I WOULD TAKE TIME TO PAUSE IN MY JOURNEY--
--TO IMPROVE MY MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS...
THEY HAD SERVED WELL AS A CHILD--
--AND I KNEW, IN MY HEART, THAT I WOULD HAVE AN EVEN GREATER NEED FOR THEM IN THE YEARS AHEAD--
--THOUGH EVEN I COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED JUST HOW MUCH NEED...
DURING ONE PALE NIGHT IN TIBET, AN... ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE PRESENTED ME WITH A SMALL BALL OF HASHISH--
--AND TOLD ME I WOULD KNOW WHEN THE MOMENT WAS RIGHT TO CONSUME IT.
HE COULD NOT HAVE SPOKEN MORE WISELY.
ON MY FINAL NIGHT IN THE EAST, BEFORE RETURNING TO AMERICA, I HEARD A SOFT VOICE WHISPER MY NAME IN THE WILDERNESS...
WANDERING INTO THE DESERT IN PURSUIT OF THE SOUND, I ATE THE HASHISH, THEN PROCEEDED TO DISCARD MY CLOTHING...
THE ENSUING VISION I EXPERIENCED TRANSFORMED ME FOREVER...

WADING THROUGH POWDERED HISTORY, I HEARD DEAD KINGS WALKING UNDERGROUND--
--HEARD FANFARES SOUND THROUGH HUMAN SKULLS.
ALEXANDER HAD MERELY RESURRECTED AN AGE OF PHARAOHS. THEIR WISDOM, TRULY IMMORTAL, NOW INSPIRED ME.
AND WHAT INTELLECTUAL MAGNIFICENCE THEIR SYSTEM INSPIRED...
PTOLEMY, SEEKING THE UNIVERSE'S PIVOT FROM HIS LIGHTHOUSE AT PHAROS...
ERATOSTHENES, MEASURING THE WORLD USING ONLY SHADOWS...
THEIR GREATEST SECRETS, HOWEVER, WERE ENTRUSTED TO THEIR SERVANTS, BURIED ALIVE WITH THEM IN SAND-FLOODED CHAMBERS.

AFTER MANY MONTHS, ON THE *LAST* NIGHT OF MY JOURNEY, I RETURNED TO THE FETID SQUALOR OF THE SAME *PORT CITY*--

--NOW FAR MORE *KNOWLEGEABLE* IN THE WAYS OF THE WORLD I INTENDED TO *CONQUER*.

AS I WALKED ALONG *DOCKSIDE*; I COULD LITERALLY *SMELL* THEM RISING UP BEHIND ME--

--THE SAME PACK OF *ANIMALS* WHO HAD THOUGHT TO ACCOST ME UPON MY *ARRIVAL* ON THESE SHORES--

--STILL WEARING THE SAME TATTERED *RAGS*, STILL REEKING OF THE SAME *DESPERATION*...

THEY SET UPON ME LIKE *WOLVES* UPON A *FAWN*--

BEING NO HELPLESS FAWN, I UNLEASHED ALL THE *MARTIAL SKILLS* I HAD LEARNED IN MY MONTHS OF WANDERING--

--AND I INSTANTLY *RESPONDED* IN KIND.

--AND IN MOMENTS, THEY ALL LAY *BROKEN* AND *BLOODIED* AT MY FEET...

I WARNED YOU TO NOT EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT.

I SAID TO THEM IN MY NOW-*IMPECCABLE* TURKISH.

THEN, I GATHERED UP MY *DUFFEL BAG* AND WALKED AWAY TOWARD THE WAITING *FREIGHTER*--

--AND *HOME*.

WEEKS LATER, WALKING THE STREETS OF *NEW YORK* ONCE AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I WAS STRUCK BY HOW *SIMILAR* IT SMELLED TO THE PORTS OF TURKEY--

--THE AROMA OF DIFFERENT *SPICES*, OF COURSE; AND THE ALL-PERVADING STENCH OF *CARBON MONOXIDE FUMES*, ALL MASKING THE SAME SAD SMELL OF *DESPERATION*.

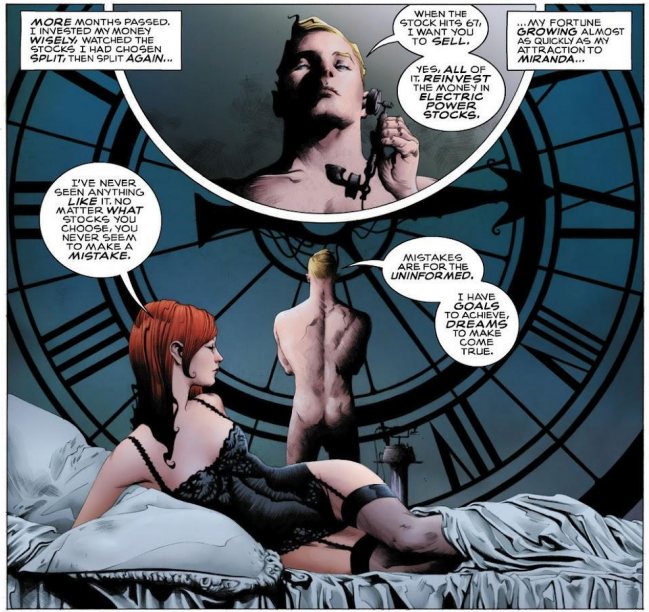
EAGER TO BEGIN MY *NEW LIFE*, I STOPPED AT A LOCAL NEWSSTAND AND PURCHASED A COPY OF THE *FINANCIAL NEWS*...

DURING MY TRAVELS, I HAD MANAGED TO AMASS A SMALL *NEST EGG*--

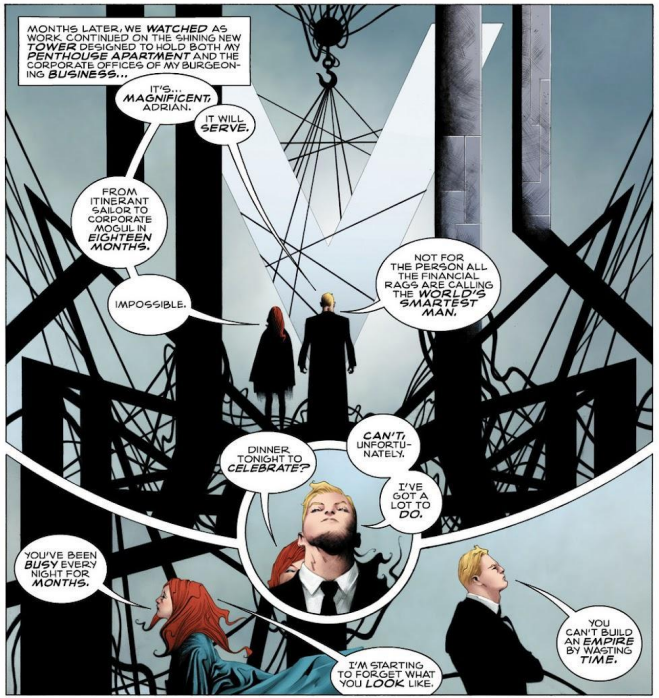
--AND I SPENT THE NEXT FEW WEEKS CAREFULLY STUDYING THE *STOCKS*, TRYING TO BEST DECIDE HOW TO *INVEST* THE MONEY AND MAKE IT *GROW*.

I BECAME *TRANSFIXED* ALMOST TO THE POINT OF *OBLIVIOUSNESS* TO ALL OTHER THINGS--

--AND THEN I MET *MIRANDA*...


MORE MONTHS PASSED. I INVESTED MY MONEY WISELY, WATCHED THE STOCKS I HAD CHOSEN SPLIT, THEN SPLIT AGAIN...
WHEN THE STOCK HITS 67, I WANT YOU TO SELL.
YES, ALL OF IT. REINVEST THE MONEY IN ELECTRIC POWER STOCKS.
...MY FORTUNE GROWING ALMOST AS QUICKLY AS MY ATTRACTION TO MIRANDA...
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. NO MATTER WHAT STOCKS YOU CHOOSE, YOU NEVER SEEM TO MAKE A MISTAKE.
MISTAKES ARE FOR THE UNINFORMED.
I HAVE GOALS TO ACHIEVE, DREAMS TO MAKE COME TRUE.

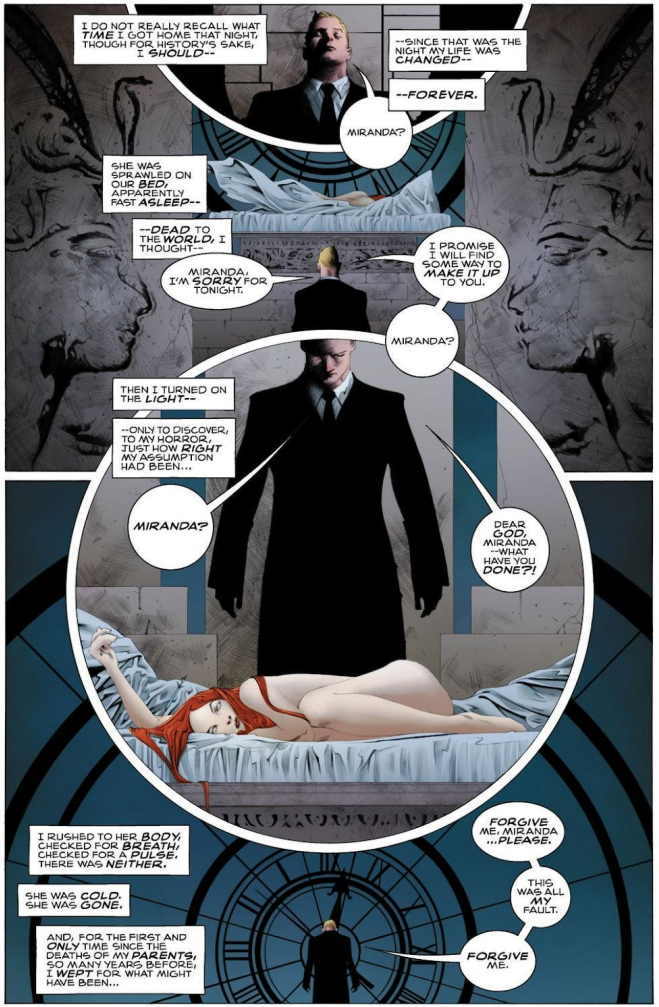
WELL, THEN, LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE YOU CAN MAKE COME IN THE MEANTIME, SHALL WE?
WHY NOT, THEN?
I STILL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME TO CONQUER THE WORLD.
Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU PHRASE IT LIKE THAT, I HALF BELIEVE YOU REALLY MEAN IT.


MONTHS LATER, WE WATCHED AS WORK CONTINUED ON THE SHINING NEW TOWER DESIGNED TO HOLD BOTH MY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT AND THE CORPORATE OFFICES OF MY BURGEONING BUSINESS...
IT'S... MAGNIFICENT, ADRIAN.
IT WILL SERVE.
FROM ITINERANT SAILOR TO CORPORATE MOGUL IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IMPOSSIBLE.
NOT FOR THE PERSON ALL THE FINANCIAL RAGS ARE CALLING THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN.
DINNER TONIGHT TO CELEBRATE?
CAN'T, UNFORTUNATELY.
I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO.
YOU'VE BEEN BUSY EVERY NIGHT FOR MONTHS.
I'M STARTING TO FORGET WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.
YOU CAN'T BUILD AN EMPIRE BY WASTING TIME.

IS THAT ALL I AM NOW, A WASTE OF TIME?
OF COURSE NOT, HERE.
THIS SHOULD MORE THAN COVER AN EVENING ON THE TOWN.
THE BUILDING CONTINUED, UNABATED--

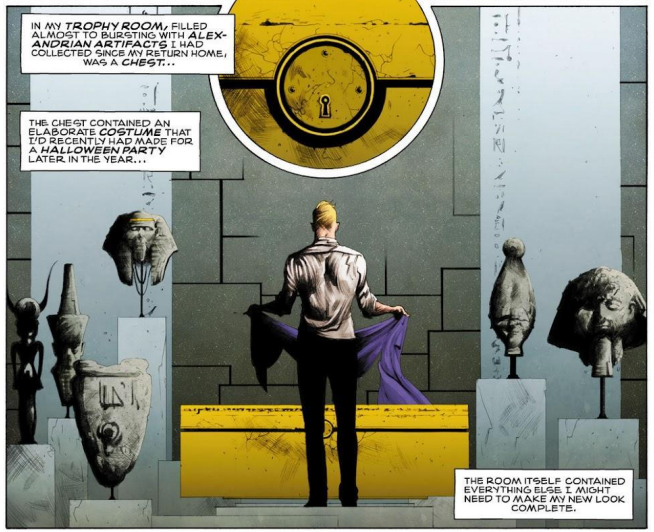
GO OUT AND ENJOY YOURSELF ON ME.
GLADLY.
--BUT THE CRACKS IN THE ZIGGURAT WERE ALREADY BEGINNING TO SHOW...

IT TOOK ME NO SMALL AMOUNT OF TIME TO PARSE WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED NEXT...
APPARENTLY, MIRANDA HAD FOUND HER WAY TO ONE OF THE CITY'S POSHEST UNDERGROUND CLUBS--
--TALKED HER WAY PAST A BRACE OF BOUNCERS--
--AND WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF DARKNESS...
SO, WHO DOES A GIRL HAVE TO DO TO GET A DRINK AROUND HERE?
GOOD EVENING, MISS.
FIRST TIME HERE, I TAKE IT?
I AM MOLOCH, YOUR HOST.
PLEASE ...COME SIT WITH ME AND WE CAN DISCUSS YOUR OPTIONS.
GLADLY.
SO, EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF TIME ARE YOU LOOKING FOR TONIGHT?
FRANKLY, THE WILDER, THE BETTER.
I'VE GOT A LOT OF FRUSTRATED ENERGY TO DEAL WITH.
AHHHH... THEN I'VE JUST THE THING.
YOU NAME IT. I HAVE IT.
AND THE FIRST TASTE IS FREE.
ANY PARTICULAR PREFERENCE?
SURPRISE ME.


I DO NOT REALLY RECALL WHAT TIME I GOT HOME THAT NIGHT, THOUGH FOR HISTORY'S SAKE, I SHOULD--
--SINCE THAT WAS THE NIGHT MY LIFE WAS CHANGED--
--FOREVER.
MIRANDA?
SHE WAS SPRAWLED ON OUR BED, APPARENTLY FAST ASLEEP--
--DEAD TO THE WORLD, I THOUGHT--
MIRANDA, I'M SORRY FOR TONIGHT.
I PROMISE I WILL FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU.
MIRANDA?
THEN I TURNED ON THE LIGHT--
--ONLY TO DISCOVER, TO MY HORROR, JUST HOW RIGHT MY ASSUMPTION HAD BEEN...
MIRANDA?
DEAR GOD, MIRANDA --WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
I RUSHED TO HER BODY, CHECKED FOR BREATH, CHECKED FOR A PULSE. THERE WAS NEITHER.
SHE WAS COLD. SHE WAS GONE.
AND, FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME SINCE THE DEATHS OF MY PARENTS, SO MANY YEARS BEFORE, I WEPT FOR WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...
FORGIVE ME, MIRANDA ...PLEASE.
THIS WAS ALL MY FAULT.
FORGIVE ME.

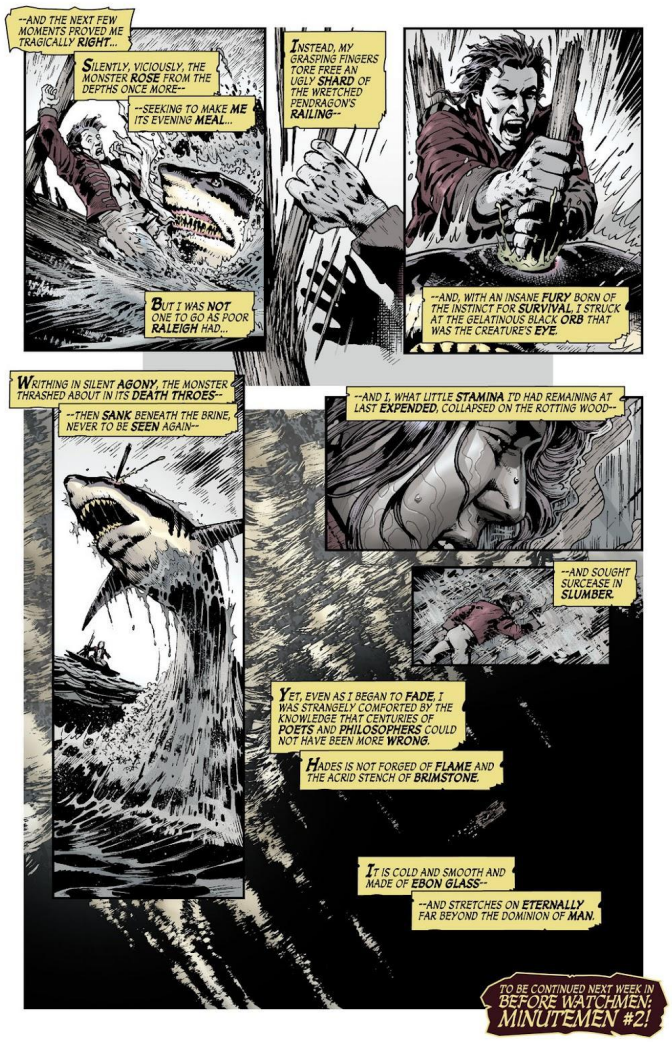
WHEN I FINALLY REGAINED MY COMPOSURE MINUTES LATER, I REACHED FOR THE PHONE TO REPORT MIRANDA'S PASSING--
--THEN PAUSED, STUDYING THE INSTRUMENT IN MY LAP ALMOST AS IF IT WERE AN ALIEN OBJECT...
THE LAST THING MY THRIVING YOUNG COMPANY NEEDED, I REALIZED, WAS ALL THE ATTENDANT BAD PUBLICITY THAT WOULD ARISE FROM MIRANDA'S DEATH...
NO, IF THIS TRAGEDY WERE TO BE RIGHTED, I REASONED, I WOULD HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF.
ISN'T THAT, AFTER ALL, WHAT ALEXANDER WOULD HAVE DONE?

THE NEWSPAPERS WERE FILLED DAILY WITH REPORTS OF VARIOUS COSTUMED VIGILANTES TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS...
WHO WOULD NOTICE ONE MORE MASKED MAN AMONG THEM, I REASONED.
CHARACTERS WITH FANCIFUL NAMES LIKE NITE OWL AND THE COMEDIAN...


IN MY TROPHY ROOM, FILLED ALMOST TO BURSTING WITH ALEXANDRIAN ARTIFACTS I HAD COLLECTED SINCE MY RETURN HOME, WAS A CHEST...
THE CHEST CONTAINED AN ELABORATE COSTUME THAT I'D RECENTLY HAD MADE FOR A HALLOWEEN PARTY LATER IN THE YEAR...
THE ROOM ITSELF CONTAINED EVERYTHING ELSE I MIGHT NEED TO MAKE MY NEW LOOK COMPLETE.

I WANDERED THE ROOM ALMOST AS IF I WAS RUMMAGING SOME THRIFT STORE, ADDING ALEXANDER'S GOLDEN GAUNTLETS FROM HERE, HIS GLITTERING HEADBAND FROM THERE--
--UNTIL, AT LAST, SECRETING A FEW APPROPRIATE WEAPONS ABOUT MY PERSON, I FELT READY...
WHOEVER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR SUPPLYING POOR MIRANDA WITH THE FILTHY DRUGS THAT HAD KILLED HER HAD BEST BEWARE, I THOUGHT.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, JUSTICE WAS COMING TO FIND HIM!
END CHAPTER ONE

the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!
Part Five
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
FOR A MOMENT, IN MY MADNESS, I MADE AS IF TO REACH FOR RALEIGH, TO PULL HIM BACK ABOARD--
--AND THEN RECOILED IN HORROR AS THE TRUTH OF RALEIGH'S HIDEOUS FATE ENTHUSIASTICALLY MADE ITSELF KNOWN...
GOD'S BLOOD!
TEARING POOR RALEIGH'S MANGLED REMAINS ASUNDER, THE GROTESQUE LEVIATHAN SLIPPED BENEATH THE VIOLENTLY CHURNING WATERS--
RALEIGH!
--AND, FOR A TIME, THE ANGRY SEA WAS CALM ONCE MORE...
FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, I CROUCHED AND WAITED--
--FOR I KNEW SUCH TRANQUILITY COULD NOT CONCEIVABLY LAST--


--AND THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS PROVED ME TRAGICALLY RIGHT...
SILENTLY, VICIOUSLY, THE MONSTER ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS ONCE MORE--
--SEEKING TO MAKE ME ITS EVENING MEAL...
BUT I WAS NOT ONE TO GO AS POOR RALEIGH HAD...
INSTEAD, MY GRASPING FINGERS TORE FREE AN UGLY SHARD OF THE WRETCHED PENDRAGON'S RAILING--
--AND, WITH AN INSANE FURY BORN OF THE INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL, I STRUCK AT THE GELATINOUS BLACK ORB THAT WAS THE CREATURE'S EYE.
WRITHING IN SILENT AGONY, THE MONSTER THRASHED ABOUT IN ITS DEATH THROES--
--THEN SANK BENEATH THE BRINE, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN--
--AND I, WHAT LITTLE STAMINA I'D HAD REMAINING AT LAST EXPENDED, COLLAPSED ON THE ROTTING WOOD--
--AND SOUGHT SURCEASE IN SLUMBER.
YET, EVEN AS I BEGAN TO FADE, I WAS STRANGELY COMFORTED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT CENTURIES OF POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.
HADES IS NOT FORGED OF FLAME AND THE ACRID STENCH OF BRIMSTONE.
IT IS COLD AND SMOOTH AND MADE OF EBON GLASS--
--AND STRETCHES ON ETERNALLY FAR BEYOND THE DOMINION OF MAN.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: MINUTEMEN #2!

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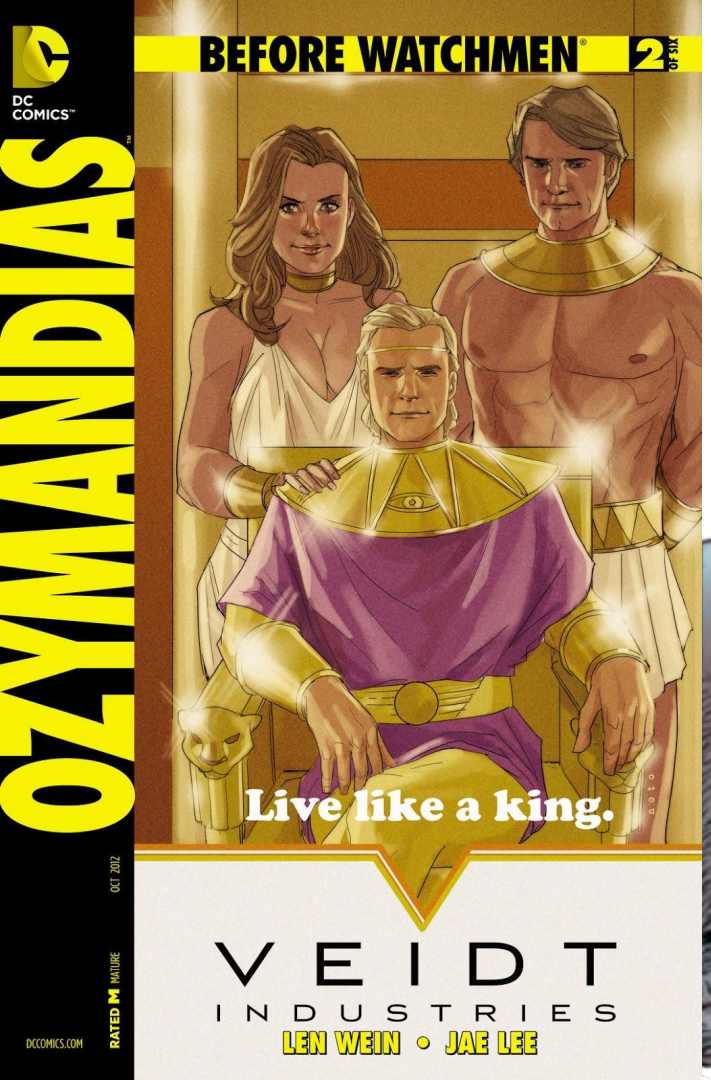
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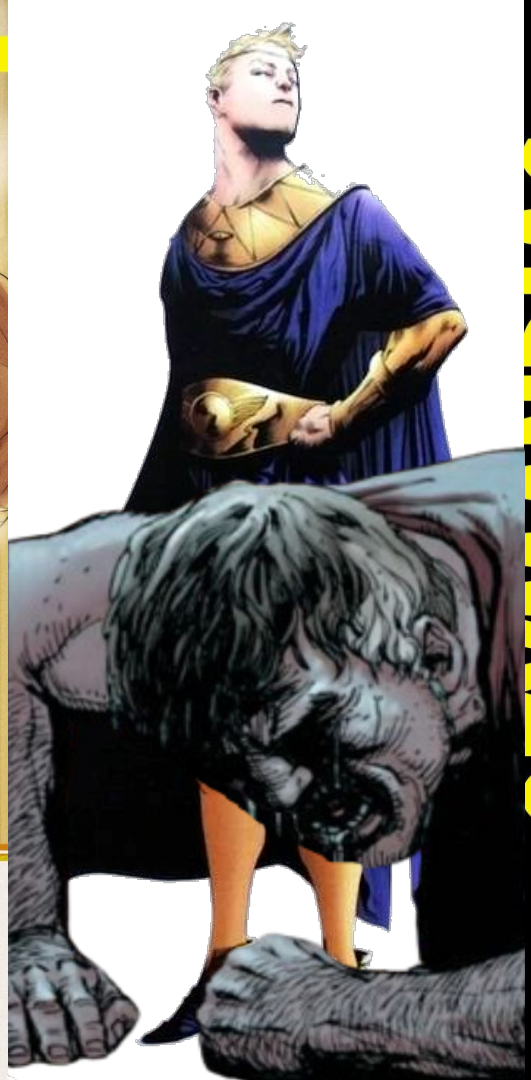

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THE HAND THAT MOCKED THEM...!

OCTOBER 11, 1985, *AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED:*

AS MY BELOVED PET ***BUBASTIS*** AND I GO THROUGH THE NOW ALMOST-AUTOMATIC MOTIONS OF OUR DAILY ***EXERCISE ROUTINE***, MY THOUGHTS FLY BACK THROUGH THE ***YEARS***--

--TO THE TRAGIC NIGHT LONG BEFORE WHEN AN ACCIDENTAL ***DRUG OVERDOSE*** STOLE MY PRECIOUS ***MIRANDA*** FROM ME ***FOREVER***...

WEEPING AT HER BEDSIDE, I DETERMINED TO HUNT DOWN THOSE ***RESPONSIBLE*** FOR HER DEATH, AND MAKE THEM ***PAY*** FOR THEIR CRIMES...

TO PROTECT MY ANONYMITY AND MY CORPORATION'S SWELLING FORTUNES, I DONNED A COLORFUL ***COSTUME*** I'D HAD MADE FOR AN UPCOMING ***HALLOWEEN PARTY***--

--AND STRUCK OUT THROUGH THE DARK ***BOWELS*** OF MY CITY--

--IN SEARCH OF THE WELCOMING GATES OF ***HELL***...

LEN WEIN: WRITER • **JAE LEE**: ARTIST • **JOHN WORKMAN**: LETTERER • **JUNE CHUNG**: COLORIST
PHIL NOTO: VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG: ASSISTANT EDITOR • **MARK DOYLE**: ASSOCIATE EDITOR • **WILL DENNIS**: EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY **ALAN MOORE** & **DAVE GIBBONS**

KNOWING LITTLE ABOUT HOW TO LOCATE THE TRUE DECAYING ***HEART*** OF THE CITY'S BLACK ***UNDERBELLY***--

--I EMPLOYED THE ONLY LEGITIMATE ***BAIT*** I HAD AT MY COMMAND--

...ANONYMOUS QUANTITIES OF ***CASH***...

...COPIOUS ***AMOUNTS*** OF IT...

...I SPREAD THE GREEN ACROSS THE CITY LIKE A CHEAP ***TAPESTRY***...

...AND ***WAITED***...

THE OFFER WAS ***SIMPLE***: JUST TELL ME WHAT I NEEDED TO ***KNOW*** AND I WOULD ***CHANGE*** YOUR LIFE ***FOR-EVER***.

...THOUGH NOT ***NECESSARILY*** IN THE MANNER YOU MIGHT HAVE ***EXPECTED***...

TO MY SURPRISE, IT TOOK A FULL ***FOUR DAYS*** FOR ME TO RECEIVE MY FIRST ***RESPONSE***...

THE ANONYMOUS INFORMATION DIRECTED ME TO A PARTICULARLY SORDID ALLEYWAY IN THE MAZE OF THE CITY'S SOUTH SIDE--

--WHERE, RUMOR HAD IT, MUCH OF THE LOCAL DRUG TRADE TRANSPIRED IN THE SHADOWS OF THE SHATTERED STREETLAMPS...

YO, GISELLE, YOU ALMOST FIVE MINUTES LATE, GIRL.

S-SORRY, NICO, THE W-WALK TOOK L-LONGER THAN I THOUGHT.

YOU LUCKY I'M A PATIENT MAN.

TWO MINUTES LATER, YOU'D'VE FOUND ME GONE.

D-DO YOU HAVE WHAT I NEED?

IF YOU GOT THE GREEN.

BUT YOU EVER SHOW UP LATE LIKE THAT AGAIN, YOU DON'T COME OUT SO LUCKY.

N-NEVER AGAIN, I PROMISE.

GOOD. NOW, WHAT SAY YOU GO PISS OFF?

YOU AIN'T MY ONLY BIZ'NESS.

AN', SISTER, BIZ'NESS AIN'T NEVER BEEN THIS BOOMIN' BEFORE.

ANOTHER FEW MONTHS OF THIS KIND O' WEEKLY TAKE--

--AN' I MAY JUST START BRANCHIN' OUT ON MY OWN!

I'D THINK THAT THROUGH AGAIN, WERE I YOU.

WHO --?!?

THE NAME WOULD MEAN NOTHING TO YOU--

--NOR WOULD IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF IT DID.

FOR NOW, JUST THINK OF ME AS RETRIBUTION!

RETRIBUTION, MY SHINY BLACK ASS, FANCY BOY!

ONLY THING YOU FOUND YOURSELF HERE IS A FILTHY, UNMARKED GRAVE!

I REMEMBER, HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER--

--AND, IN THAT ETERNAL FRACTION OF A SECOND, I MOVED--

--GRABBING HIS .45 AUTOMATIC WITH ONE HAND--

--EXPELLING THE AMMO CLIP FROM THE HANDLE WITH THE PRESS OF A THUMB--

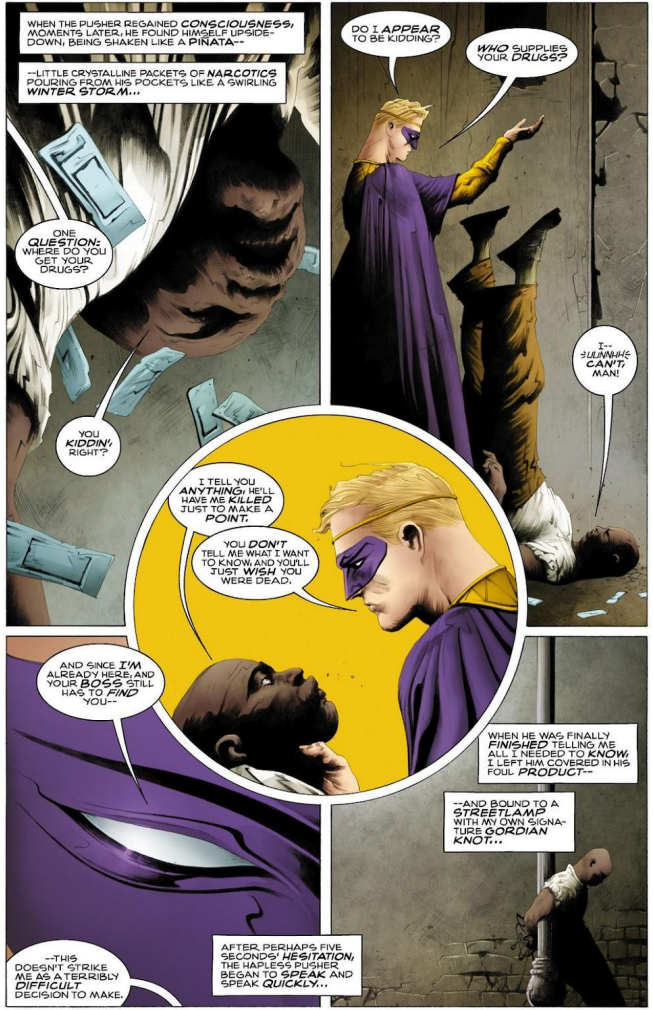
--EJECTING THE SINGLE REMAINING CARTRIDGE FROM THE CHAMBER WITH A RACK OF THE SLIDE--

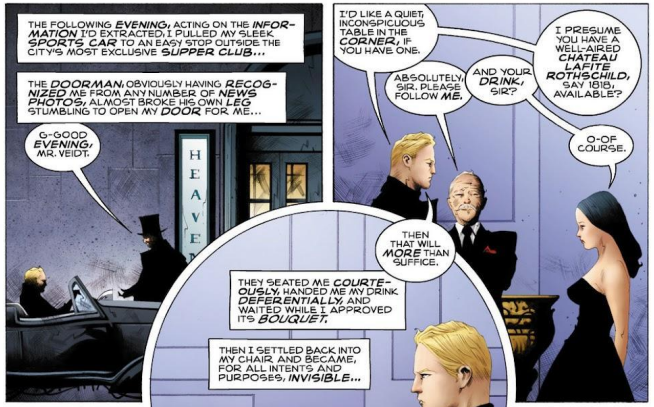
--THEN DISASSEMBLING WHAT REMAINED OF HIS WEAPON WITH A FEW DEFT MOTIONS--

--AND SCATTERING THE NOW-USELESS PIECES AT HIS FEET LIKE SO MUCH SCRAP METAL...

I SMILED AT HIM THEN, CASUALLY, WHICH...IN RETROSPECT...MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE--

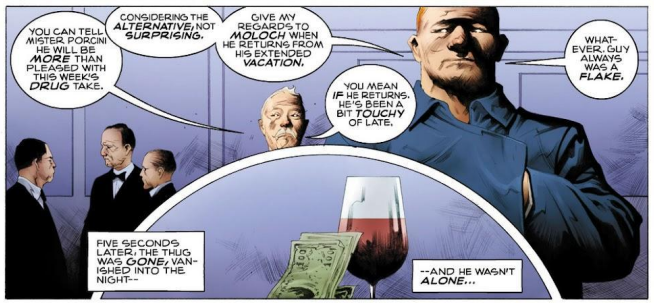
--FOR, SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A VICIOUS SWITCHBLADE CLENCHED TIGHT IN HIS RIGHT FIST, ANGLED STRAIGHT FOR MY CAROTID...
KEEP LAUGHIN', JOYBOY. I'M GONNA CUT YOU INTA CHUM.
IMPRESSIVE WEAPON. WOULD YOU PREFER TO WEAR IT OR TO EAT IT?
WITH ALL THE SKILL OF A LONG-TIME PROFESSIONAL, THE DEALER BEGAN TO CIRCLE ME, SEARCHING FOR HIS EASIEST OPENING...
DON'T KNOW WHY YOU STUCK YER NOSE IN THIS.
DON'T REALLY CARE.
BUT IT'S THE LAST MISTAKE YOU EVER GONNA MAKE!
AARRR GGGHH!
GROWLING, HE SWUNG FOR MY THROAT.
I SIDESTEPPED, CAUGHT HIS WRIST, AND BENT HIS ARM BACK TO THE POINT OF BREAKING...
ADMIRABLE EFFORT.
HE DROPPED THE KNIFE--
--THEN I REVERSED MY MOVEMENT, AND DROPPED HIM.
IT WAS NOT A PLEASANT SOUND.

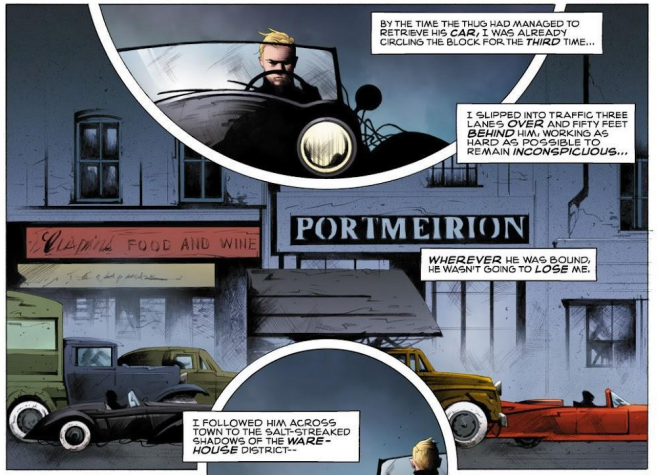

WHEN THE PUSHER REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MOMENTS LATER, HE FOUND HIMSELF UPSIDE-DOWN, BEING SHAKEN LIKE A PIÑATA--
--LITTLE CRYSTALLINE PACKETS OF NARCOTICS POURING FROM HIS POCKETS LIKE A SWIRLING WINTER STORM...
ONE QUESTION: WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR DRUGS?
YOU KIDDIN', RIGHT?
DO I APPEAR TO BE KIDDING?
WHO SUPPLIES YOUR DRUGS?
I--I-UNNHH CAN'T, MAN!
I TELL YOU ANYTHING, HE'LL HAVE ME KILLED JUST TO MAKE A POINT.
YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, AND YOU'LL JUST WISH YOU WERE DEAD.
AND SINCE I'M ALREADY HERE, AND YOUR BOSS STILL HAS TO FIND YOU--
--THIS DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS A TERRIBLY DIFFICULT DECISION TO MAKE.
AFTER, PERHAPS FIVE SECONDS' HESITATION, THE HAPLESS PUSHER BEGAN TO SPEAK AND SPEAK QUICKLY...
WHEN HE WAS FINALLY FINISHED TELLING ME ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW, I LEFT HIM COVERED IN HIS FOUL PRODUCT--
--AND BOUND TO A STREETLAMP WITH MY OWN SIGNATURE GORDIAN KNOT...


THE FOLLOWING EVENING, ACTING ON THE INFORMATION I'D EXTRACTED, I PULLED MY SLEEK SPORTS CAR TO AN EASY STOP OUTSIDE THE CITY'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SUPPER CLUB...
THE DOORMAN, OBVIOUSLY HAVING RECOGNIZED ME FROM ANY NUMBER OF NEWS PHOTOS, ALMOST BROKE HIS OWN LEG STUMBLING TO OPEN MY DOOR FOR ME...
G-GOOD EVENING, MR. VEIDT.
HEAVE

I'D LIKE A QUIET, INCONSPICUOUS TABLE IN THE CORNER, IF YOU HAVE ONE.
I PRESUME YOU HAVE A WELL-AIRED CHATEAU LAFITE ROTHSCHILD, SAY 1818, AVAILABLE?
ABSOLUTELY, SIR. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
AND YOUR DRINK, SIR?
O-OF COURSE.
THEN THAT WILL MORE THAN SUFFICE.

THEY SEATED ME COURTEOUSLY, HANDED ME MY DRINK DEFERENTIALLY, AND WAITED WHILE I APPROVED ITS BOUQUET.
THEN I SETTLED BACK INTO MY CHAIR, AND BECAME, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, INVISIBLE...
MY EYES, WHILE APPEARING BARELY TO MOVE, INSTEAD SCANNED THE ROOM SCRUPULOUSLY, LOOKING FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY--
--AND SWIFTLY FINDING IT...
ASSUMING THEY WERE ACTING UNSEEN, THE CLUB'S MANAGER HAD SURREPTITIOUSLY SLIPPED AN OVERSTUFFED ENVELOPE TO A MAN WHO LOOKED MORE LIKE A PROFESSIONAL LEG-BREAKER THAN ANYTHING ELSE...


YOU CAN TELL MISTER PORCINI HE WILL BE MORE THAN PLEASED WITH THIS WEEK'S DRUG TAKE.
CONSIDERING THE ALTERNATIVE, NOT SURPRISING.
GIVE MY REGARDS TO MOLOCH WHEN HE RETURNS FROM HIS EXTENDED VACATION.
YOU MEAN IF HE RETURNS. HE'S BEEN A BIT TOUCHY OF LATE.
WHATEVER, GUY ALWAYS WAS A FLAKE.
FIVE SECONDS LATER, THE THUG WAS GONE, VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT--
--AND HE WASN'T ALONE...


BY THE TIME THE THUG HAD MANAGED TO RETRIEVE HIS CAR, I WAS ALREADY CIRCLING THE BLOCK FOR THE THIRD TIME...
I SLIPPED INTO TRAFFIC THREE LANES OVER AND FIFTY FEET BEHIND HIM, WORKING AS HARD AS POSSIBLE TO REMAIN INCONSPICUOUS...
PORTMEIRION
FOOD AND WINE
WHEREVER HE WAS BOUND, HE WASN'T GOING TO LOSE ME.

I FOLLOWED HIM ACROSS TOWN TO THE SALT-STREAKED SHADOWS OF THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT--
--THEN PARKED WELL OUT OF SIGHT AS THE THUG PULLED HIS OWN CAR UP TO THE SIDE ENTRANCE OF AN APPARENTLY ABANDONED BUILDING--
--THOUGH THE HEAVILY ARMED GUARD STANDING WATCH AT THE DOOR QUICKLY PUT THE LIE TO THAT...
BOSS IN?
WHEN IS HE EVER ELSEWHERE?
YA'D THINK HE WAS TRYIN' T' SAVE ON RENT OR SOMETHIN'.

BETTER JUST WALK EASY 'ROUND 'IM T'NIGHT, THOUGH. HE'S IN A PARTICULARLY SHITTY MOOD.
THANKS FOR THE WARNIN'.
AS THE THUG SLIPPED INSIDE, I OPENED THE SMALL SUITCASE I'D KEPT HIDDEN IN THE TRUNK OF MY CAR--
--AND PREPARED TO TAKE A GIANT STEP INTO A BRAVE NEW WORLD.

NOW IN COSTUME, I SLIPPED UP TO THE BUILDING AND SCANNED THE INTERIOR THROUGH A GAP IN A POORLY BOARDED WINDOW...
THE PLACE LOOKED EXACTLY AS I'D IMAGINED IT WOULD...
AN ARMED GUARD PROWLED THE RAFTERS, KEEPING A SHARP EYE ON THE ROOM BELOW...
YOUNG ASIAN WOMEN WEARING ONLY THEIR UNDERWEAR AND FACE MASKS, TO INSURE THEY COULDN'T ABSCOND WITH ANY OF THE NARCOTICS THEY PROCESSED, STAYED FOCUSED ON THEIR WORK...
AND, OF COURSE, IN THE CENTER OF IT ALL, A GROTESQUELY FAT MAN IN A PRISTINE SUIT, SAT LIKE A SQUAT TOAD, OVERSEEING HIS SQUALID KINGDOM...
EVENING GO WELL, HONDO?
COULDN'T HAVE GONE BETTER, MISTER PORCINI.
HERE. WEIGHS TWICE AS MUCH AS LAST WEEK.
WELL, DAMN. MAYBE IT'S TIME WE JACKED UP THE GOING--
WHAT THE HELL--?!?
AGGHH!

DOES THIS BELONG TO YOU?
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR GARBAGE LYING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET WHERE JUST ANYONE CAN TRIP OVER IT.
P-PLEASE ...DON'T HIT ME AGAIN--!
DON'T HURT ME--!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
WHO CARES?
JUST KILL THE FLICKER AND BE DONE WITH IT!
AS PORCINI'S MEN STARTED TO MOVE, I WARNED THE WOMEN IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE TO SEEK COVER--
--THEN I SURVEYED THE ENTIRE ROOM; AS TIME SLOWED TO A CRAWL FOR ME, THEN LITERALLY STOPPED...
IN A MOMENT THAT FELT MORE LIKE A MILLENNIUM, I TOOK IN EVERYTHING AROUND ME--
--CALCULATED ALL THE POSSIBILITIES; ALL THE CONCEIVABLE OUTCOMES--
--AND WHEN ALL UNLIKELY COINCIDENCE HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE EQUATION--
LAST OPPORTUNITY TO SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN STILL WALK, PORCINI.
ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST YOU, PRETTY BOY!
--I MADE MY MOVE!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, PORCINI!
JUST REMEMBER YOU WERE WARNED!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU MORONS WAITIN' FOR?
SHOOT!
SNAPPED INTO ACTION BY THEIR MASTER'S VOICE, PORCINI'S MEN MOVED AS ONE--
--BUT I WAS ALREADY SEVEN STEPS AHEAD OF THEM--
--THEY FIRED WHERE I NO LONGER WAS--
THEY SWUNG WHERE I'D ALREADY BEEN--
THEY GAVE IT THEIR BEST, WHICH WAS NOWHERE GOOD ENOUGH--
--WHILE I GLIDED THROUGH THE WAREHOUSE--
--HURLING MY RICOCHETING HEADBAND WITH PINPOINT ACCURACY--
--LEAVING A TRAIL OF UNCONSCIOUS BODIES IN MY WAKE.
AS THE REMAINING THUGS GATHERED UNDER ME, STRUGGLING TO FIND A CLEAR SHOT--
--I CAREFULLY KNOCKED OVER THE GUNMAN ON THE RAFTERS--

--MAKING CERTAIN TO ANGLE HIS FALL SO THAT HE LANDED DIRECTLY IN THE CENTER OF THE HUGE PILE OF COCAINE BENEATH HIM.

THE IMPACT CREATED A BLINDING STORM OF POISONOUS WHITE POWDER THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE, LET ALONE BREATHE.

UUNFF!

WHILE PORCINI'S CREW STRUGGLED FOR AIR, I MOVED QUICKLY THROUGH THE DENSE IVORY CLOUD--

HUNNH!

--TAKING OUT THE LAST OF HIS MEN WITH CONSIDERABLY LITTLE EFFORT--

WHUNNH!

--SINCE, THANKS TO MY DECADES OF MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING, I DIDN'T NEED TO BREATHE WHILE I WORKED...

UNFF!

OKAY, ASSHOLE--- FREEZE!

TWITCH ONE SINGLE MUSCLE--- AND YOU'RE TOAST!

AH, SO THERE YOU ARE, MISTER PORCINI.

WELL PLAYED.

ANY PARTICULAR REASON YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY BRAIN?

THAT WOULD BE THE LOGICAL THING TO DO.

FUCK LOGIC, ASS-HOLE.

I AIN'T PUTTING YOU DOWN TILL I KNOW WHO THE HELL YOU--

--HUH?

WHAT'S THAT CREAKING SOUND--?!?

THAT, MISTER PORCINI, WOULD BE THE SOUND OF YOUR KLIEG LIGHTS COLLAPSING CAUSED BY MY RICOCHETING HEADBAND...

AAAG GHH!

...DIRECTLY ON YOU.

AND, AS FOR WHO I AM, YOU ILL-DRESSED SACK OF SUET...

--YOU CAN CONSIDER ME THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD...

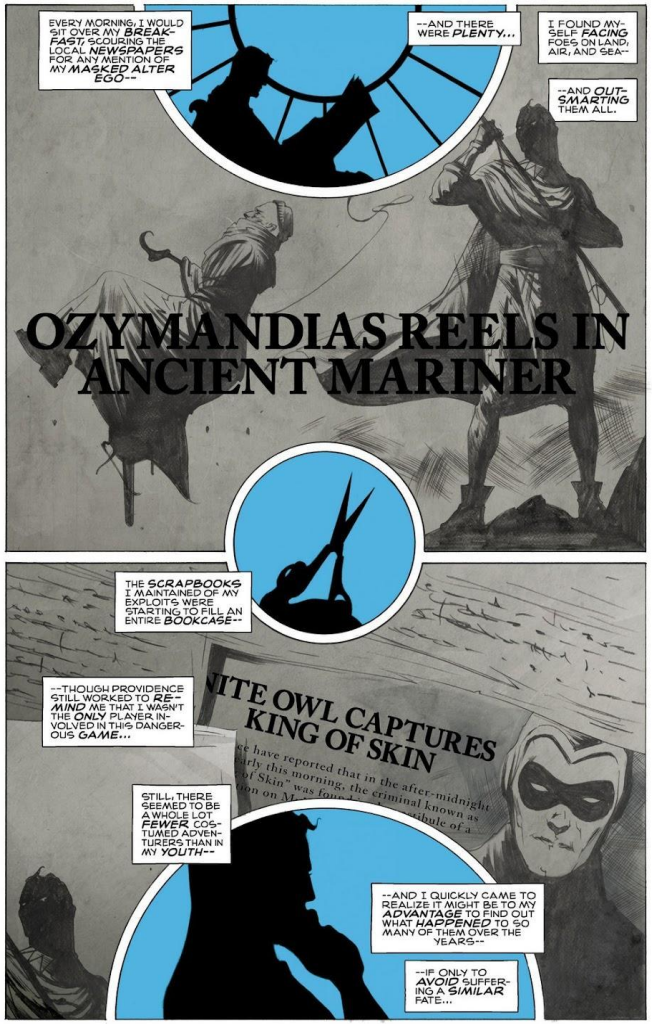
...ASSHOLE.

UUUUUU UHHHNN

AT WHICH POINT, WITH TYPICAL TIMING, THE LOCAL POLICE, HAVING BEEN DRAWN BY THE SOUND OF ALL THAT GUNFIRE, FINALLY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE--
--JUST IN TIME TO CLEAN UP THE RATHER UNPLEASANT MESS I HAD MADE...
OKAY, EVERYBODY--FREEZE!
Y'KNOW, MOST OF THESE OTHER MOOKS I RECOGNIZE.
BUT YOU, FANCY BOY, WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
AND THAT WAS THE MOMENT IT CAME TO ME, AS A LIFETIME OF INSPIRATION AND ADMIRATION SUDDENLY ECHOED IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY...
MY NAME IS OZYMANDIAS, KING OF KINGS.
LOOK ON MY WORKS, YE MIGHTY--
--AND DESPAIR.

AND NOW, IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL KINDLY EXCUSE ME--
--YOU HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF GARBAGE TO CLEAN UP--
--WHILE I STILL HAVE WORLDS TO CONQUER.
SO, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN...
HEY, WHERE THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING...?
GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE BEFORE WE--
--GONE ?!?
B-BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE --!
NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY MOVE THAT FAST!
APPARENTLY HE CAN.
JUST GREAT.
SO NOW WE'VE GOT ANOTHER MASKED MANIAC TO DEAL WITH.
THIS TOWN JUST KEEPS GETTING MORE TWISTED BY THE DAY.
BY THIS TIME, I WAS A GOOD HALF MILE AWAY, ENJOYING MY VICTORY--
--AND PONDERING ALL MY POTENTIAL FUTURES...

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, AS I THOUGHT IT THROUGH, IT QUICKLY BECAME CLEAR TO ME THAT MY CITY HAD A DESPERATE NEED FOR MY UNIQUE SKILL SET--
--SO I TOOK TO MY NEW-FOUND ROLE AS MASKED ADVENTURER WITH A VENGEANCE...
I TRACKED DOWN AND DEMOLISHED THE MOBILE GAMBLING DEN OF THE HIGH-ROLLING WHEELER-DEALER...
I PUT THE SKIDS TO THE GANG OF THE STOLEN CAR CZAR WHO CALLED CALLED HIMSELF LOW-JACK...
...AND PUT MY FOOT DOWN ON THE INTERNATIONAL COUNTERFEITING RING RUN BY THE OVERLY AMBITIOUS THREE DOLLAR BILL.
OVERALL, IT WAS MORE FUN THAN HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO HAVE...


EVERY MORNING, I WOULD SIT OVER MY BREAKFAST, SCOURING THE LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR ANY MENTION OF MY MASKED ALTER EGO--
--AND THERE WERE PLENTY...
I FOUND MYSELF FACING FOES ON LAND, AIR, AND SEA--
--AND OUTSMARTING THEM ALL.
OZYMANDIAS REELS IN ANCIENT MARINER
THE SCRAPBOOKS I MAINTAINED OF MY EXPLOITS WERE STARTING TO FILL AN ENTIRE BOOKCASE--
--THOUGH PROVIDENCE STILL WORKED TO REMIND ME THAT I WASN'T THE ONLY PLAYER INVOLVED IN THIS DANGEROUS GAME...
ITE OWL CAPTURES KING OF SKIN
STILL, THERE SEEMED TO BE A WHOLE LOT FEWER COSTUMED ADVENTURERS THAN IN MY YOUTH--
--AND I QUICKLY CAME TO REALIZE IT MIGHT BE TO MY ADVANTAGE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SO MANY OF THEM OVER THE YEARS--
--IF ONLY TO AVOID SUFFERING A SIMILAR FATE...

I SPENT MUCH OF THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS IN THE BOWELS OF THE *NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY*--

--SWIFTLY SCOURING REAMS OF *MICROFICHE*, COPIES OF *NEWSPAPERS* FROM THE LAST FEW DECADES, LOOKING FOR *ARTICLES* ABOUT THOSE WHO'D COME *BEFORE* ME...

IN THE BEGINNING, FINDING THEM WAS RELATIVELY *EASY*.

IN 1939, THE *MINUTEMEN* HAD EXPLODED ON THE SCENE LIKE A *NOVA*, LIGHTING THE NIGHT IN THE NAME OF *JUSTICE*--

HERE COME THE

MINUTEMEN

THEN, AS THE *YEARS* PASSED, THE ARTICLES STARTED TO TAKE ON A TRAGICALLY *DIFFERENT* TONE...

SILHOUETTE

OUND MURDERE

DOLLAR BILL

SHOT DEAD

FOILING ROBBERY

MINUTE MEN

DIS

BAND

HOODED

JUSTICE

DISAPPEARS

IN LESS THAN A *DECADE*, THEIR STAR HAD *BURNED OUT* COMPLETELY--

--LEAVING ONLY *ONE* TRUE *MYSTERY* REMAINING:

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO *HOODED JUSTICE?*

SINCE CHILDHOOD, I'D FELT COMPELLED TO *SOLVE* ANY MYSTERY THAT CHANCED TO *CONFRONT* ME, AND IN THAT PURSUIT, I HAD YET TO *FAIL*--

--SO I DEVOTED WHAT LITTLE *SPARE TIME* I HAD TO *MAPPING* HOODED JUSTICE'S WINDING *PATH* THROUGHOUT THE CITY DURING HIS FINAL DAYS--

--A PATH THAT ULTIMATELY LED ME UNERRINGLY TO THE *WATERFRONT* ONCE MORE...

IT SEEMED AS GOOD A PLACE AS *ANY* TO START MY *MANHUNT*...

NEW YORK CITY'S *PORT DISTRICT* WAS MUCH THE SAME AS ANY *OTHER*--

--REEKING OF *DIESEL* AND *MEN'S SWEAT* AND THAT INDESCRIBABLE *STENCH* THAT SPEAKS OF *LAST CHANCES* AND *LOST OPPORTUNITIES*...

I'D SMELLED IT BEFORE IN *TURKEY*; I WAS CERTAIN I'D SMELL IT *AGAIN* BEFORE I *DIED*...

THOSE WHO WALKED AMONG *THESE* SHADOWS HAD NOWHERE *ELSE* TO GO...

PERFECT. THERE GOES MY LAST FRICKIN' *MATCH*--!

THERE ARE *OTHER* WAYS TO LIGHT THE DARKNESS, SKEETER.

NOT FOR *ME*, BOSS. BEEN A WHILE.

I AM HUNTING FOR *HOODED JUSTICE*.

YOU AN' EVERYBODY *ELSE* WITH A *DEATH WISH*.

WORD IS THAT UNCLE SAM'S GOT ONE OF HIS *SPOOKS* CHECKIN' OUT HJ'S DISAPPEARANCE EVEN AS WE *SPEAK*.

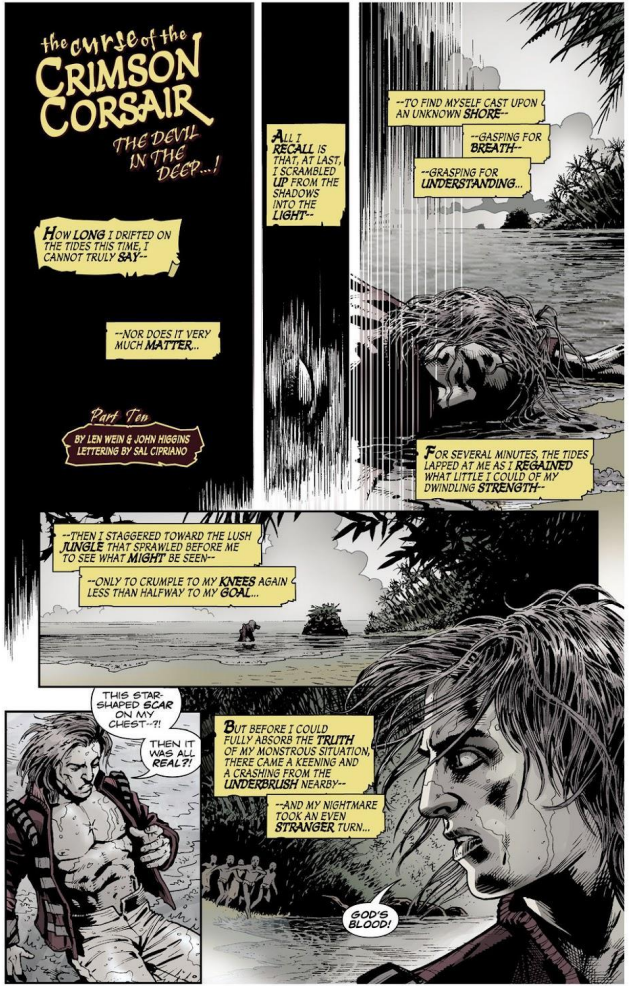
THANK YOU, SKEETER. I WILL KEEP THAT IN *MIND*.

NO *SWEAT*, BOSS. JUST STAY--

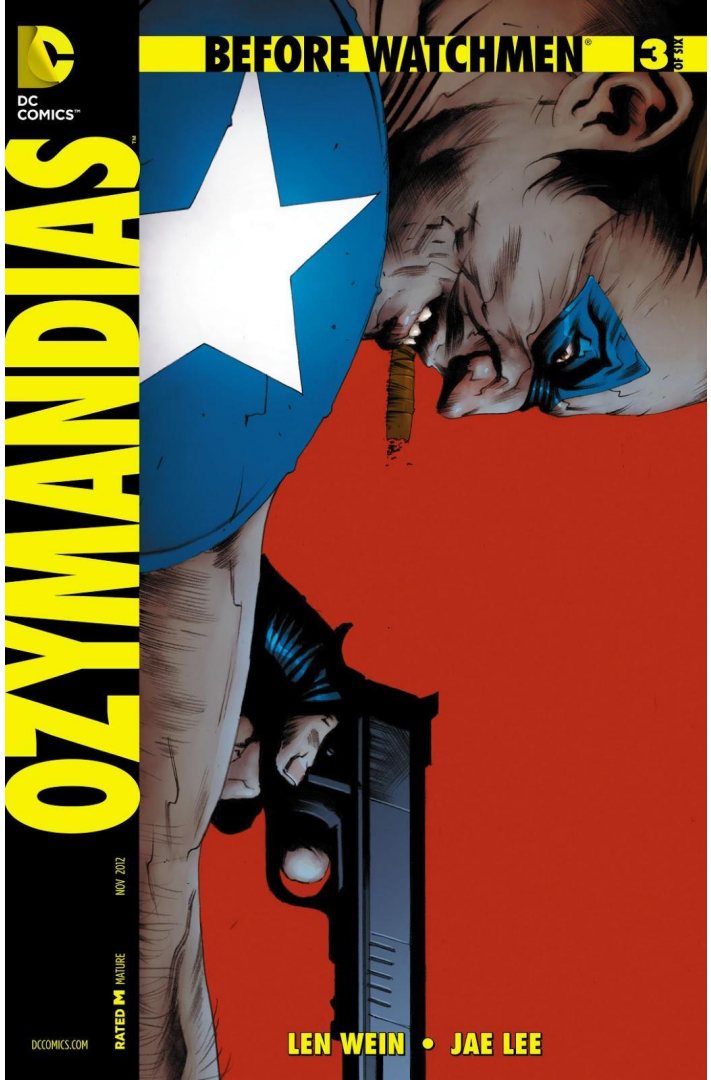
HUNH. COULDN'T EVEN SPARE A DRY BOOK O' *MATCHES*.

I COVERED THE DOCK AREA LIKE A WET BLANKET, BUT IN THE END, ALL I FOUND WAS--
--DRIED BLOOD--!
BEEN HERE SO LONG, THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL IF IT BELONGS TO HOODED JUSTICE OR SOME UNFORTUNATE FLOUNDER.
I'LL HAVE TO--
--EH?
SOMETHING BEHIND ME--!
BY THE TIME THE MACHINE GUN SPRAY KICKED UP SPARKS AND SPLINTERS, I WAS ALREADY IN MOTION AND YARDS AWAY--
--USING WHATEVER QUICKLY CAME TO HAND AS A COUNTER-WEAPON--
--AND KNOWING I'D HAVE ONLY ONE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE MY ACTIONS COUNT!
AAGGHH!
ENOUGH, FRIEND! I AM NOT YOUR ENEMY!
YEAH, RIGHT.
YOU'RE THE FUCKIN' EASTER BUNNY.

WELL, UNLESS YOU GOT A HALF-DOZEN MORE TRASH CAN LIDS HIDDEN ON YOU, LOOKS T' ME LIKE I GOT YOU OUTMATCHED!
I MEAN, C'MON, YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK THE COMEDIAN WOULD GO OUT HUNTING WITH ONLY ONE GUN, DID YOU?
SORRY, PRETTY-BOY --BUT I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON YOU!
END CHAPTER TWO


the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!
HOW LONG I DRIFTED ON THE TIDES THIS TIME, I CANNOT TRULY SAY--
--NOR DOES IT VERY MUCH MATTER...
Part Ten
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
ALL I RECALL IS THAT, AT LAST, I SCRAMBLED UP FROM THE SHADOWS INTO THE LIGHT--
--TO FIND MYSELF CAST UPON AN UNKNOWN SHORE--
--GASPING FOR BREATH--
--GRASPING FOR UNDERSTANDING...
FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THE TIDES LAPPED AT ME AS I REGAINED WHAT LITTLE I COULD OF MY DWINDLING STRENGTH--
--THEN I STAGGERED TOWARD THE LUSH JUNGLE THAT SPRAWLED BEFORE ME TO SEE WHAT MIGHT BE SEEN--
--ONLY TO CRUMPLE TO MY KNEES AGAIN LESS THAN HALFWAY TO MY GOAL...
THIS STAR-SHAPED SCAR ON MY CHEST--?!
THEN IT WAS ALL REAL?!
BUT BEFORE I COULD FULLY ABSORB THE TRUTH OF MY MONSTROUS SITUATION, THERE CAME A KEENING AND A CRASHING FROM THE UNDERBRUSH NEARBY--
--AND MY NIGHTMARE TOOK AN EVEN STRANGER TURN...
GOD'S BLOOD!

THEY BURST FROM THE FOLIAGE LIKE HUNTED ANIMALS--
--WHICH WAS APPROPRIATE, FOR SUCH IS WHAT THEY WERE--
--WOULD-BE SLAVES--
--PURSUED BY RELENTLESS FRENCH SLAVERS...
<STOP THEM, MON AMIS!>
<SHOOT A FEW IF YOU MUST--BUT STOP THEM!>
THE FIRST FUSILLADE WAS FIRED AS THE FUGITIVES FLOWED AROUND ME--
SPAK
;UUHHNNE
--A STRAY SHOT GRAZING MY TEMPLE, AND PULLING ME DOWN INTO THE SHADOWS ONCE MORE...
<IF THEY MOVE, SHOOT THEM!>
A MOMENT LATER, THE SURVIVING FUGITIVES WERE ROUNDED UP AND CHAINED TOGETHER...
<MON CAPITAN, THIS ONE IS ENGLISH--!>
<--AND HE IS ALIVE!>
<WHICH LEAVES HIM OF VERY LITTLE USE TO US, NON?!>
<KILL HIM...!>
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: RORSCHACH #1!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THE HEART THAT FED...!

AS THE EXPLOSION MOMENTARILY BLINDED THE COMEDIAN, I MADE MY MOVE--

--HURLING MYSELF AT THE POWERFUL FIGURE, THE IMPACT TAKING US BOTH OFF OUR FEET...

UUNNFF!

FOR A MOMENT, I MANAGED TO GET MY ARM AROUND HIS THROAT--

--AND APPLIED DEBILITATING PRESSURE TO HIS CAROTID ARTERY--

LET--
>GAKK
--GO--!

--BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

I SAID LET GO, YOU STINKIN'--!

YOU MISERABLE MOTHER--!

YER GONNA PAY FER THAT!

GET... OFF... ME...!

HHUUKK--!

YEAH... SURE...

BUT FIRST, YOU BETTER LOOK AROUND, GLORY-BOY...

...ENJOY THE LAST SIGHT YER EVER GONNA SEE!

YOU WOULDN'T--!

DON'T--
>PUFF PUFF<
--BET ON IT!

AS THE SMOLDERING RED TIP OF HIS CHEAP CIGAR BORE STRAIGHT FOR MY EYE--

--I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

HUH--?!?

WHADDA YOU, CRAZY--?!?

FOR AN INSTANT, I DID NOT--COULD NOT--REPLY--

THEN--

PLOOO

AAGGHH!

THAT, SIR, IS THE ONE THING I MOST ASSUREDLY AM NOT.

NOW KINDLY DO ME AN INDESCRIBABLE COURTESY--

--AND GET THE HELL OFF ME!

YOUR BREATH REEKS OF WHISKEY AND RANCID CIGARS.

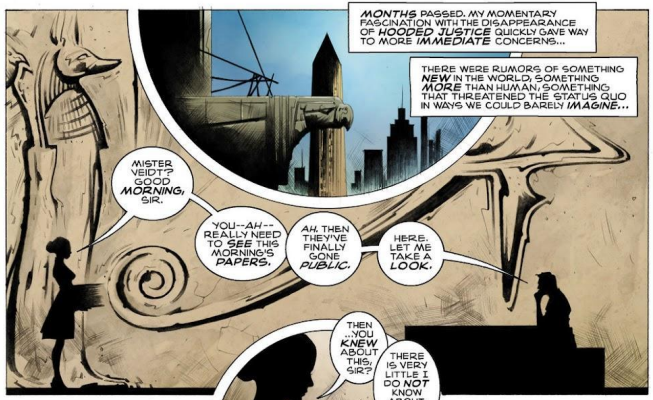
HEY!

AS ONE, ALMOST MIRROR IMAGES, WE FLIPPED TO OUR FEET--
--THEN TURNED, AGAIN AS ONE, TO FACE EACH OTHER IN FINAL COMBAT...
YOU MADE THIS A CONFRONTATION, WHEN IT HAD NO NEED TO BE.
NOW YOU WILL FACE THE CONSEQUENCES OF THOSE ACTIONS.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH.
BLOW ME, SHOWGIRL.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A COMMON THUG.
SEZ THE QUEER IN THE SKIRT.
C'MON, LET'S DO THIS!
EVEN AS HE SPOKE, THE GOVERNMENT ASSASSIN STRUCK--
--HIS POTENTIALLY FATAL BLOW BARELY BLOCKED BY MY SWIFT MARTIAL ARTS MOVE...
INSTANTLY, I ATTEMPTED TO RETURN THE BLOW--
--WHICH HE, IN TURN, BLOCKED WITH EQUAL EASE...
AS THE BATTLE PROGRESSED, IT QUICKLY BECAME OBVIOUS THAT WE WERE ABSOLUTELY EVENLY MATCHED...
WE COULD CONTINUE THIS TRAVESTY UNTIL BOTH OF US WERE TOO BATTERED AND BROKEN TO MOVE ANY LONGER--

--OR ONE OF US COULD CHOOSE TO DO WHAT THE COMEDIAN DID--
NO! DON'T --!
EH?
--WHICH WAS TO CHEAT!
MORON!
NEVER LET YOURSELF GET DISTRACTED DURING A FIGHT.
IT CAN BE THE DEATH OF YOU!
UUNNF!

HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW. YOU MANAGED TO BUST UP BOTH MY WEAPONS.
LOOKS LIKE YOU SAVED YOUR ASS THIS TIME, PRETTY-BOY!
BUT IF I WERE YOU, I'D WAD UP MY PANTYHOSE AN' THROW 'EM AWAY.

THIS IS A GAME FOR GROWN-UPS.
IF A MAN HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO GOOD, HE'S OBLIGED TO TAKE IT.
YEAH, YOU JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT, KID.
AND, WITH THAT, THE COMEDIAN WAS GONE--
--LOST AMONG THE SHADOWS.
I SINCERELY DOUBT IT EVER ONCE OCCURRED TO HIM THAT I HAD ALLOWED HIM TO DEFEAT ME--
--JUST SO I COULD GATHER AS MUCH DATA AS POSSIBLE ABOUT EXACTLY HOW HE FOUGHT AND OPERATED...
THEN I, TOO, WALKED OFF INTO THE NIGHT, WONDERING PRECISELY WHAT SORT OF GOVERNMENT WOULD EMPLOY SOMEONE LIKE THE COMEDIAN IN THE FIRST PLACE...


MONTHS PASSED. MY MOMENTARY FASCINATION WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HOODED JUSTICE QUICKLY GAVE WAY TO MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS...
THERE WERE RUMORS OF SOMETHING NEW IN THE WORLD, SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN, SOMETHING THAT THREATENED THE STATUS QUO IN WAYS WE COULD BARELY IMAGINE...
MISTER VEIDT? GOOD MORNING, SIR.
YOU--AH--REALLY NEED TO SEE THIS MORNING'S PAPERS.
AH, THEN THEY'VE FINALLY GONE PUBLIC.
HERE. LET ME TAKE A LOOK.

THEN ...YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS, SIR?
THERE IS VERY LITTLE I DO NOT KNOW ABOUT, MARLA.
10 CENTS or SUBSCRIBE for home delivery
SPORTS Latest YANKEE News
Metropolitan Afternoon Edition
National, and World Coverage
MEET DR. MANHATTAN
THERE IS A SUPERMAN, AND HE'S AN AMERICAN!
THERE IT WAS, ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER, THE ULTIMATE GAME-CHANGER--
--OMNIPOTENCE IN HUMAN FORM--
--A DOWN HOME DEITY--
WE COULD ONLY THANK GOD THAT HE WAS ON OUR SIDE--
--AT LEAST, SO FAR.

I SPENT THE NEXT FEW MINUTES CATCHING UP ON WHAT LITTLE I HADN'T ALREADY LEARNED ABOUT THIS SO-CALLED SUPERMAN...

UNFORTUNATELY, IN THE END, IT WASN'T MUCH...

IMPOSSIBLE. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE READ SO MUCH SO QUICK--

WAIT. EXCUSE ME. I FORGOT WHO I WAS TALKING TO.

ALREADY FORGIVEN.

HOW MUCH LIQUID FINANCE DO WE HAVE AVAILABLE AT THE MOMENT?

ABOUT ENOUGH TO PURCHASE SEVERAL SMALL COUNTRIES. WHY?

SPLENDID. BECAUSE IT JUST MIGHT COME TO THAT.

BUT, FIRST, I WANT YOU TO PUT EVERY AVAILABLE DOLLAR INTO FALLOUT SHELTERS, AND THE RENTING AND CONSTRUCTION OF SAME.

I'D LIKE TO CORNER THE MARKET, IF POSSIBLE.

FALL-OUT...? YOU MEAN, THE ATOMIC KIND?

SIR, YOU'RE SCARING ME.

WHAT OTHER KIND IS THERE?

IT JUST NEVER HURTS TO BE CAUTIOUS, IS ALL.

OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, I NEED YOU TO HIRE THE THREE BEST ARCHITECTS IN THE WORLD IMMEDIATELY.

AND MAKE CERTAIN AT LEAST ONE OF THEM IS AN EXPERT IN COLD WEATHER CONSTRUCTION.

COST, I ASSUME, IS NOT A FACTOR?

IS IT EVER?

OH, AND YOU'LL ALSO NEED TO PROCURE ME SEVERAL SQUARE MILES OF LAND IN THE MOST INACCESSIBLE AREA YOU CAN FIND IN ANTARCTICA--

--SOMETHING DEFENSIBLE IN CASE OF UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NOTHING I SHOULD KNOW?

WHEN THERE IS--

--BE ASSURED I WILL TELL YOU.

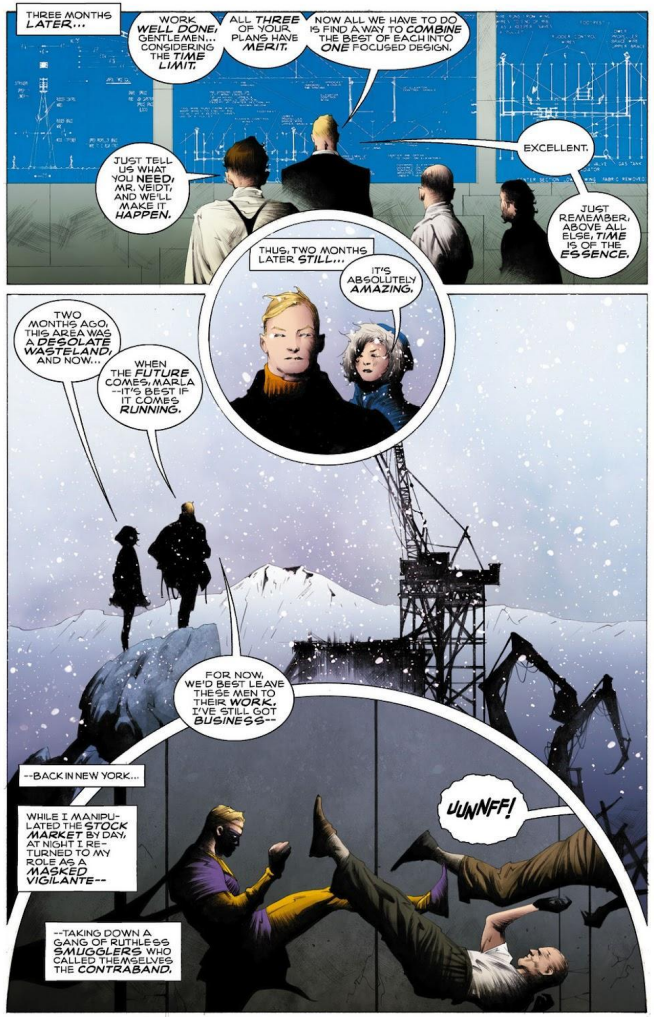
WELL, WHY ARE YOU STILL STANDING HERE?

DIDN'T I JUST GIVE YOU A RATHER CONSIDERABLE LIST OF THINGS TO ACCOMPLISH?

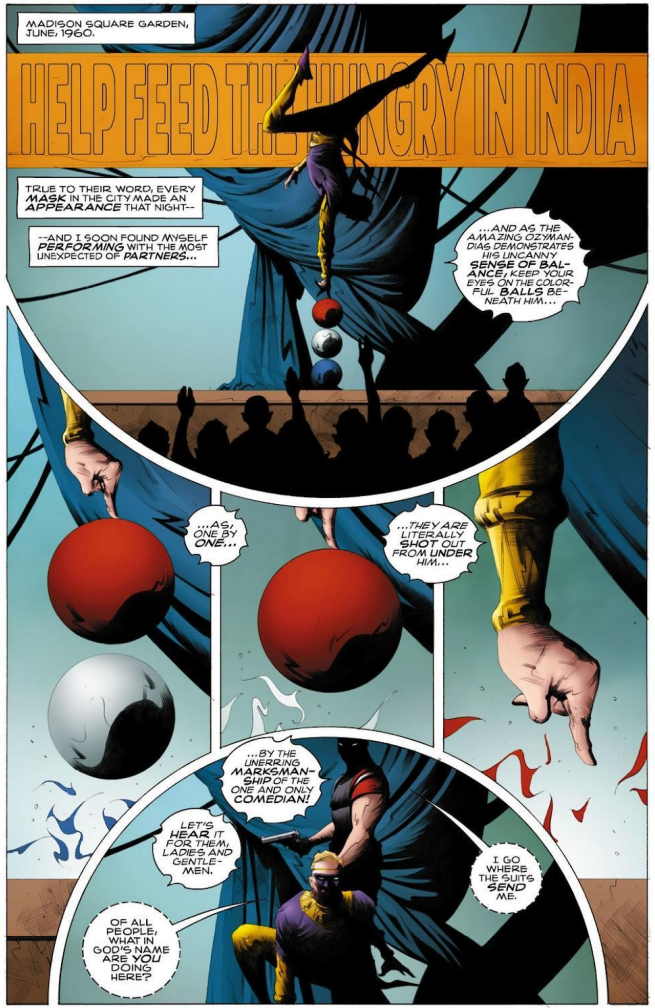
ON MY WAY TO MAKE MIRACLES, SIR.

WELL, THAT IS WHAT I CONSIDERABLY OVERPAY YOU FOR.

POINT TAKEN, SIR.


THREE MONTHS LATER...
WORK WELL DONE, GENTLEMEN... CONSIDERING THE TIME LIMIT.
ALL THREE OF YOUR PLANS HAVE MERIT.
NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND A WAY TO COMBINE THE BEST OF EACH INTO ONE FOCUSED DESIGN.
JUST TELL US WHAT YOU NEED, MR. VEIDT, AND WE'LL MAKE IT HAPPEN.
EXCELLENT.
JUST REMEMBER, ABOVE ALL ELSE, TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.
THUS, TWO MONTHS LATER STILL...
IT'S ABSOLUTELY AMAZING.
TWO MONTHS AGO, THIS AREA WAS A DESOLATE WASTELAND, AND NOW...
WHEN THE FUTURE COMES, MARLA --IT'S BEST IF IT COMES RUNNING.
FOR NOW, WE'D BEST LEAVE THESE MEN TO THEIR WORK. I'VE STILL GOT BUSINESS--
--BACK IN NEW YORK...
WHILE I MANIPULATED THE STOCK MARKET BY DAY, AT NIGHT I RETURNED TO MY ROLE AS A MASKED VIGILANTE--
--TAKING DOWN A GANG OF RUTHLESS SMUGGLERS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE CONTRABAND.
UUNNFF!

I LEFT MY PREY DANGLING OUTSIDE POLICE HQ, BOUND IN MY NOW-TRADEMARK GORDIAN KNOT AND WAS MAKING MY WAY BACK TO MY CAR--
--WHEN I HEARD A VOICE BEHIND ME CALLING MY NAME, SOFTLY AT FIRST THEN WITH MORE URGENCY...
HEY, MISTER O!
YES? MAY I HELP YOU?
THIS WAS LEFT FOR YOU AT HQ.
WHAT IS IT?
You are invited ... ...to a party that will aid the Red Cross and the Foundation for Relief for India
AN INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE IN NEXT WEEK'S BIG RED CROSS CHARITY EVENT FOR INDIAN FAMINE.
LOOKS LIKE ANYBODY WHO'S ANYBODY'S GONNA BE THERE.
UNFORTUNATELY, I AM AFRAID I WILL BE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED THAT NIGHT.
TOO BAD, 'CAUSE IT MEANS YOU'RE GONNA MISS MEETING CAPTAIN METROPOLIS, NITE OWL, DOCTOR MANHATTAN--
DOCTOR MANHATTAN WILL BE THERE?
SO SAY ALL THE ADS.
WELL THEN, PERHAPS I SHOULD DO MY CIVIC DUTY AFTER ALL.
TELL THEM I ACCEPT.
HAPPILY.


MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, JUNE, 1960.
HELP FEED THE HUNGRY IN INDIA
TRUE TO THEIR WORD, EVERY MASK IN THE CITY MADE AN APPEARANCE THAT NIGHT--
--AND I SOON FOUND MYSELF PERFORMING WITH THE MOST UNEXPECTED OF PARTNERS...
...AND AS THE AMAZING OZYMANDIAS DEMONSTRATES HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF BALANCE, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE COLORFUL BALLS BENEATH HIM...
...AS ONE BY ONE...
...THEY ARE LITERALLY SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM...
...BY THE UNERRING MARKSMANSHIP OF THE ONE AND ONLY COMEDIAN!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR THEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
I GO WHERE THE SUITS SEND ME.
OF ALL PEOPLE, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING HERE?

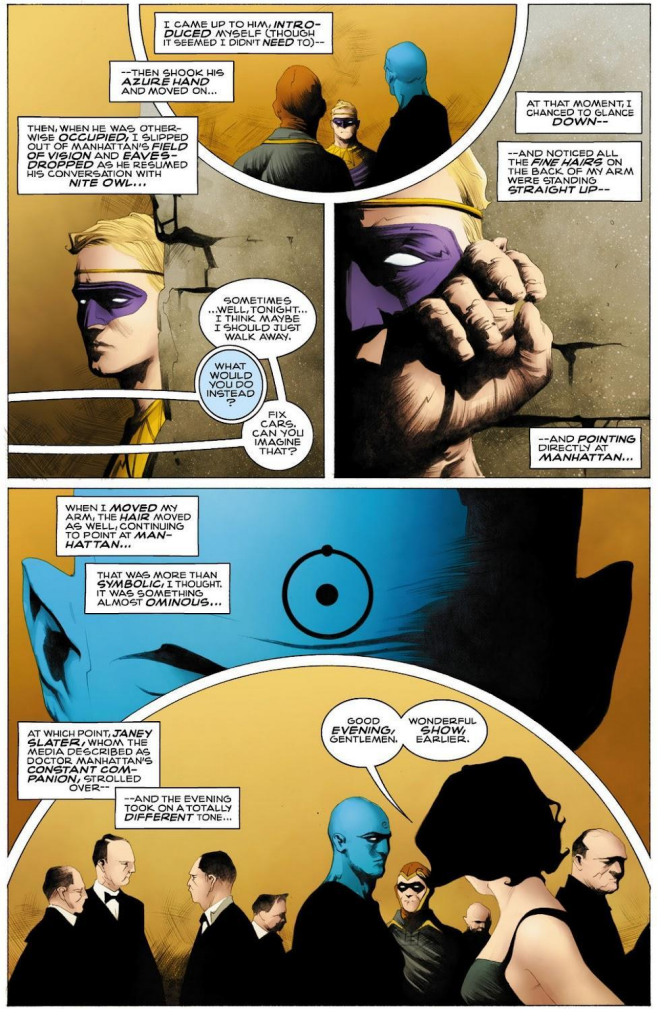
GOTTA GIVE YOU CREDIT, FANCY-BOY. I FIGURED YOU FOR LONG DEAD BY NOW--
--BUT I COIN A CLICHÉ, YOU GOT BALLS!
HOW SO?
IF I'D MISSED, EVEN ONCE, THERE'D BE PIECES OF YOU SPLATTERED ALL OVER THAT STAGE.
ACTUALLY, I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT CONCERNED.
FROM EVERYTHING I'VE STUDIED ABOUT YOU, YOU NEVER MISS.
SHOULDN'T BE SO COCKSURE OF YERSELF, SISTER!
THERE'S ALWAYS A A FIRST TIME.
AND A LAST!
I... CAN ...DO THIS...

I CAN DO THIS ...I CAN... I CAN DO THIS...
I WILL NOT DIE... I CAN DO THIS...
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT.
OF COURSE YOU CAN DO THIS, MY FRIEND...
I'VE ABSOLUTELY NO DOUBT OF IT.
WH- WHAT ...?
WHEN I FIRST PUT ON THIS COSTUME, IT WAS BECAUSE I WAS INSPIRED BY PEOPLE LIKE YOU--
--AND YOU'VE NEVER LET ME DOWN YET.

NOW GO OUT THERE AND DO WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS DONE, MY FRIEND...
...MAKE US PROUD.
THANKS, I ...I NEEDED THAT.
I CAN DO IT.
I CAN!

I STOOD BACKSTAGE IN THE CONTROL BOOTH, WATCHING MOTHMAN'S PERFORMANCE...
HE FALTERED A TIME OR TWO--BUT HE DID NOT FALL.
THE SOARING MAN STILL CONTROLLED THE SKIES...
MEANWHILE, I THOUGHT, SUCH A BANK OF MONITORS COULD PROVE USEFUL IN MY NEW ANTARCTIC CITADEL...
I WOULD HAVE TO ACT ON THAT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
LATER, AT THE RECEPTION...
THAT WAS VERY KIND, SON --WHAT YOU DID FOR MOTHMAN BACK THERE.
THANK YOU, BUT NO, IT WAS NECESSARY.
THE LAST THING THE PUBLIC'S CONFIDENCE IN US NEEDS IS TO WATCH ONE OF US COME APART IN FRONT OF THEM.
GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL YOU THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
NOT AT ALL, CAPTAIN.
ASK AWAY, AND I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO ANSWER.

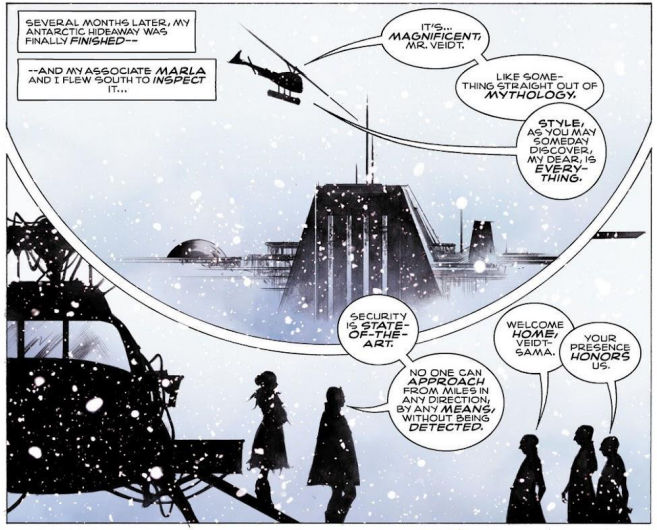
OKAY, THEN, SO IS IT PRONOUNCED OZYMANDIUS OR OZYMANDIUS?
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW.
IN POINT OF FACT, BOTH ARE ACCEPTABLE, THOUGH I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED OZYMANDIUS.
IT SOUNDS MORE... ELEGANT SOMEHOW.
SIGHS
SOMETHING WRONG?
NO. NO. NOT AT ALL.
THANKS, KID.
THAT'S BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY FOR YEARS.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I REALLY OUGHT TO GO MINGLE.
GO, ENJOY YOUR EVENING.
NEANDERTHAL, I THOUGHT.
HERE, HE HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO ASK ONE QUESTION OF THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN--
--AND THIS IS WHAT HE CHOOSES TO ASK?
WHAT SORT OF PRIMITIVES WAS I DEALING WITH H--
BEFORE I COULD EVEN FINISH THE THOUGHT, I NOTICED A BRIGHT BLUE GLOW IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM--
--AND REALIZED THAT DOCTOR MANHATTAN HAD ARRIVED, AND WAS EMBROILED IN CONVERSATION WITH THE ONE CALLED NITE OWL...
YOU DON'T AGE, DO YOU?
THIS IS MY PERCEPTION OF MYSELF. MY PERCEPTION DOES NOT CHANGE, HENCE MY APPEARANCE DOES NOT CHANGE OR AGE.
WELL, THAT MUST BE HANDY.


I CAME UP TO HIM, INTRODUCED MYSELF (THOUGH IT SEEMED I DIDN'T NEED TO)--
--THEN SHOOK HIS AZURE HAND AND MOVED ON...
THEN, WHEN HE WAS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED, I SLIPPED OUT OF MANHATTAN'S FIELD OF VISION AND EAVESDROPPED AS HE RESUMED HIS CONVERSATION WITH NITE OWL...
SOMETIMES ...WELL, TONIGHT... I THINK MAYBE I SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO INSTEAD?
FIX CARS. CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?
AT THAT MOMENT, I CHANCED TO GLANCE DOWN--
--AND NOTICED ALL THE FINE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY ARM WERE STANDING STRAIGHT UP--
--AND POINTING DIRECTLY AT MANHATTAN...
WHEN I MOVED MY ARM, THE HAIR MOVED AS WELL, CONTINUING TO POINT AT MANHATTAN...
THAT WAS MORE THAN SYMBOLIC, I THOUGHT. IT WAS SOMETHING ALMOST OMINOUS...
AT WHICH POINT, JANEY SLATER, WHOM THE MEDIA DESCRIBED AS DOCTOR MANHATTAN'S CONSTANT COMPANION, STROLLED OVER--
--AND THE EVENING TOOK ON A TOTALLY DIFFERENT TONE...
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN.
WONDERFUL SHOW, EARLIER.

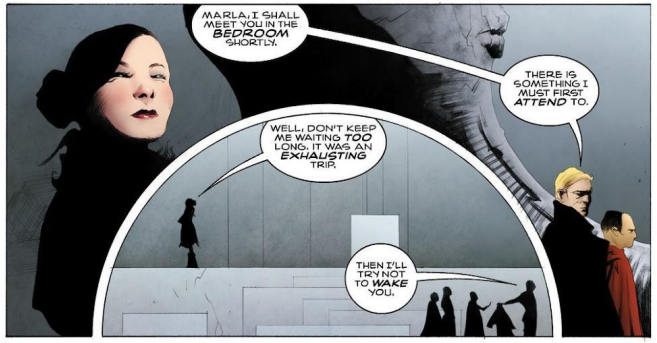
JANEY SLATER, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE NITE OWL, ONE OF THE FIRST OF THE MASKED ADVENTURERS.
MY UNDYING PLEASURE, MISS SLATER.
AND MINE, SIR.
JON, WOULD YOU MIND TERRIBLY IF WE WENT HOME?
I'M GETTING THAT QUEASY FEELING IN MY STOMACH AGAIN.
I, OF COURSE, NO LONGER GET ILL--
--BUT IF YOU'RE FEELING INCAPACITATED, JANEY--
--CERTAINLY WE CAN GO.

NITE OWL, IT WAS AN HONOR TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SIR.
I HOPE OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN SOON.
WHO KNOWS, DOC? YOU CAN NEVER TELL.
WELL, ACTUALLY, I CAN.
JON, STOP SHOWING OFF.
IT WAS NICE TO MEET YOU, NITE OWL. HAVE A LOVELY NIGHT.

AND YOU, AS WELL, MR. OZYMANDIAS. DO ENJOY THE REST OF YOUR EVENING.
I SHALL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON.
AND, IN A BLUE FLASH, THEY WERE GONE--
--LEAVING ME EVEN MORE UNNERVED THAN BEFORE.
ALL THE TIME I'D BEEN HIDING, HE HAD KNOWN I WAS THERE.
JUST WHAT SORT OF CREATURE WAS THIS DOCTOR MANHATTAN ANYWAY?

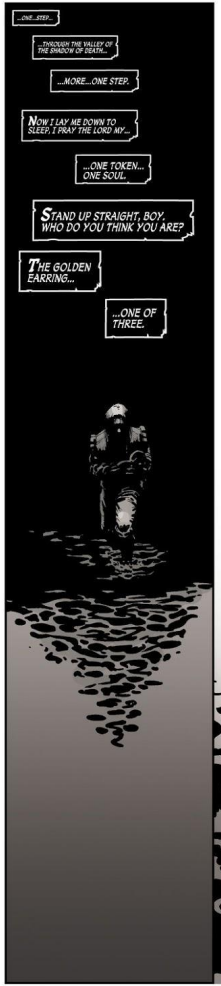

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, MY ANTARCTIC HIDEAWAY WAS FINALLY FINISHED--
--AND MY ASSOCIATE MARLA AND I FLEW SOUTH TO INSPECT IT...
IT'S... MAGNIFICENT, MR. VEIDT.
LIKE SOMETHING STRAIGHT OUT OF MYTHOLOGY.
STYLE, AS YOU MAY SOMEDAY DISCOVER, MY DEAR, IS EVERYTHING.
SECURITY IS STATE-OF-THE-ART.
NO ONE CAN APPROACH FROM MILES IN ANY DIRECTION, BY ANY MEANS, WITHOUT BEING DETECTED.
WELCOME HOME, VEIDT-SAMA.
YOUR PRESENCE HONORS US.

OUR HUMBLE CONDOLENCES ON THE TERRIBLE PLANE ACCIDENT THAT TOOK THE LIVES OF THE THREE MOST HONORABLE ARCHITECTS WHO DESIGNED THIS HUMBLE BUILDING.
IT SHALL STAND AS A LASTING MONUMENT TO THEIR GENIUS AND THEIR MEMORY.


MARLA, I SHALL MEET YOU IN THE BEDROOM SHORTLY.
THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST FIRST ATTEND TO.
WELL, DON'T KEEP ME WAITING TOO LONG. IT WAS AN EXHAUSTING TRIP.
THEN I'LL TRY NOT TO WAKE YOU.

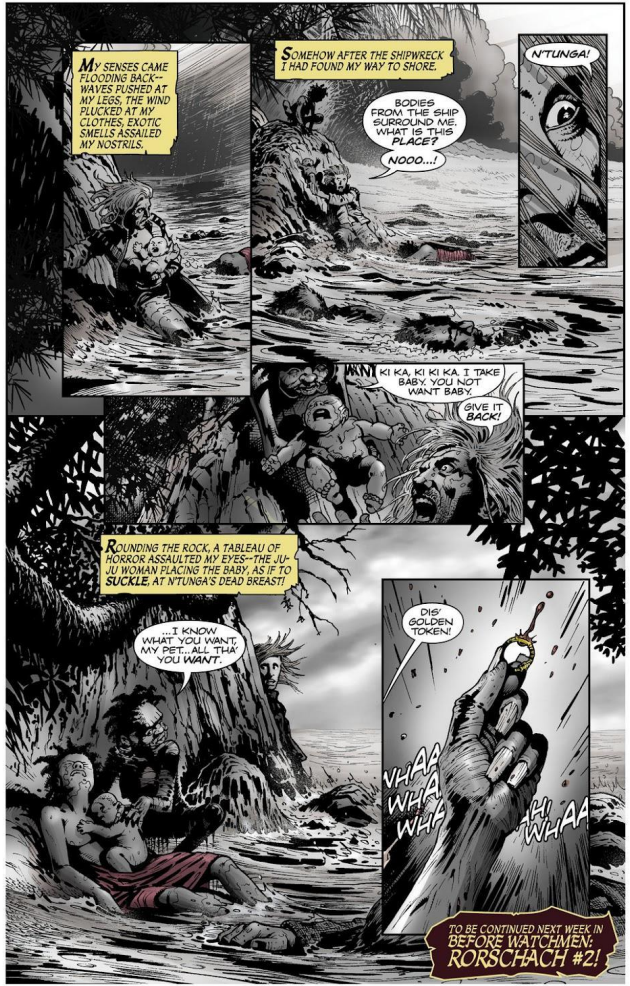
AS I WALKED FOR THE FIRST TIME THROUGH THE MAGNIFICENT CORRIDORS OF WHAT WOULD SOON COME TO BE MY TRUE HOME, I SHED ALL OF ME THAT HAD BEEN ADRIAN VEIDT--
--AND DONNED THE WARDROBE OF HIM WHO WAS QUICKLY BECOMING MY TRUE SELF--
--THE MODERN CONQUEROR OF WORLDS!
AND, MOMENTS LATER, IN MY RECENTLY ADDED MONITORING ROOM...
IS IT READY?
JUST AS YOU ASKED, MASTER.
THE SYSTEM IS NOW LINKED TO EVERY BROADCASTING NETWORK ON EARTH, COMPLETELY AT YOUR VERBAL COMMAND.
YOU CAN SEE WHATEVER YOU WISH TO SEE MERELY BY CALLING FOR IT.
LET US SEE IF THAT IS TRUE.
SHOW ME... DOCTOR MANHATTAN.

AND SO IT BEGINS.
END CHAPTER THREE


...ONE...STEP...
...THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...
...MORE...ONE STEP.
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. I PRAY THE LORD MY...
...ONE TOKEN... ONE SOUL.
STAND UP STRAIGHT, BOY. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
THE GOLDEN EARRING...
...ONE OF THREE.

YOU HAVE NO NAME, MIDSHIPMAN, UNTIL I SAY YOU HAVE A NAME.
...ONE LIFE... ONE SOUL.
THE CHILD WILL DIE...
...MUST DIE!
...ENGLISH PIG-DOG.
MISTER GORDON, I BE AFEARED.
I WILL KEEP YOU SAFE...I PROMISE...
ENGLISH PIG-DOG.

THE STORY OF THE
CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...
PART SEVEN
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
MMM... I'MM...GORDON MCCLACHLAN.


MY SENSES CAME FLOODING BACK--WAVES PUSHED AT MY LEGS, THE WIND PLUCKED AT MY CLOTHES, EXOTIC SMELLS ASSAILED MY NOSTRILS.
SOMEHOW AFTER THE SHIPWRECK I HAD FOUND MY WAY TO SHORE.
N'TUNGA!
BODIES FROM THE SHIP SURROUND ME. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
NOOO...!
KI KA, KI KI KA. I TAKE BABY. YOU NOT WANT BABY.
GIVE IT BACK!
ROUNDING THE ROCK, A TABLEAU OF HORROR ASSAULTED MY EYES--THE JU-JU WOMAN PLACING THE BABY, AS IF TO SUCKLE, AT N'TUNGA'S DEAD BREAST!
...I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, MY PET...ALL THA' YOU WANT.
DIS' GOLDEN TOKEN!
VHAA WHA WHA
AH WHAA
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: RORSCHACH #2!

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BEFORE WATCHMEN®
4 OF SIX
OZYMANDIAS™
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RATED M MATURE
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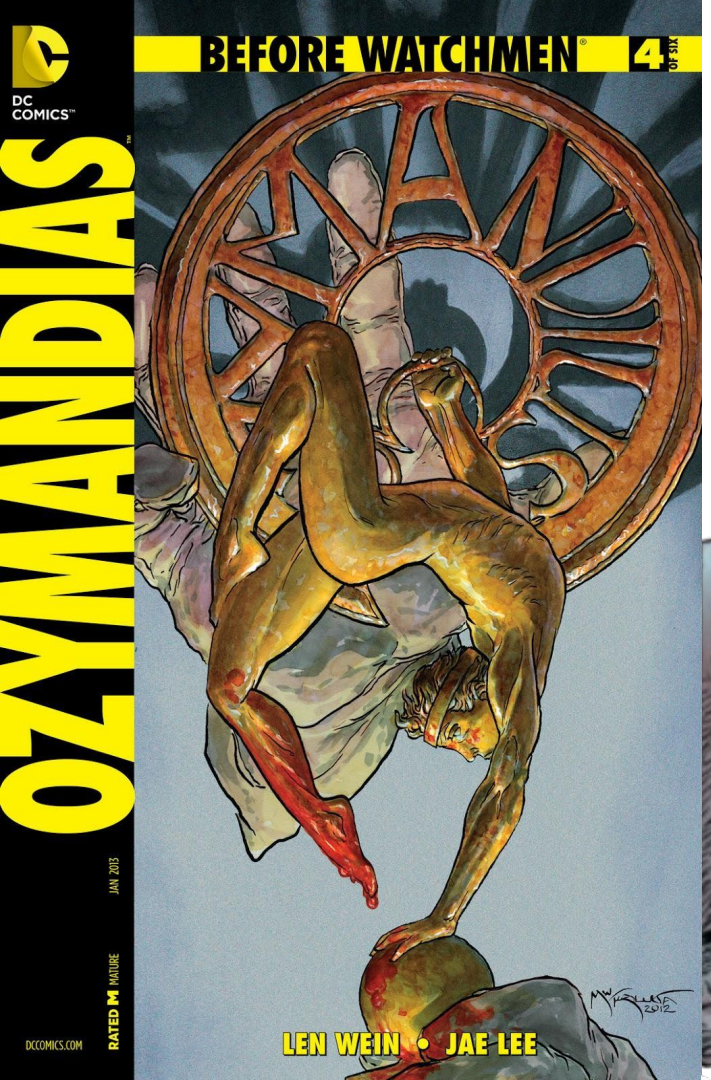
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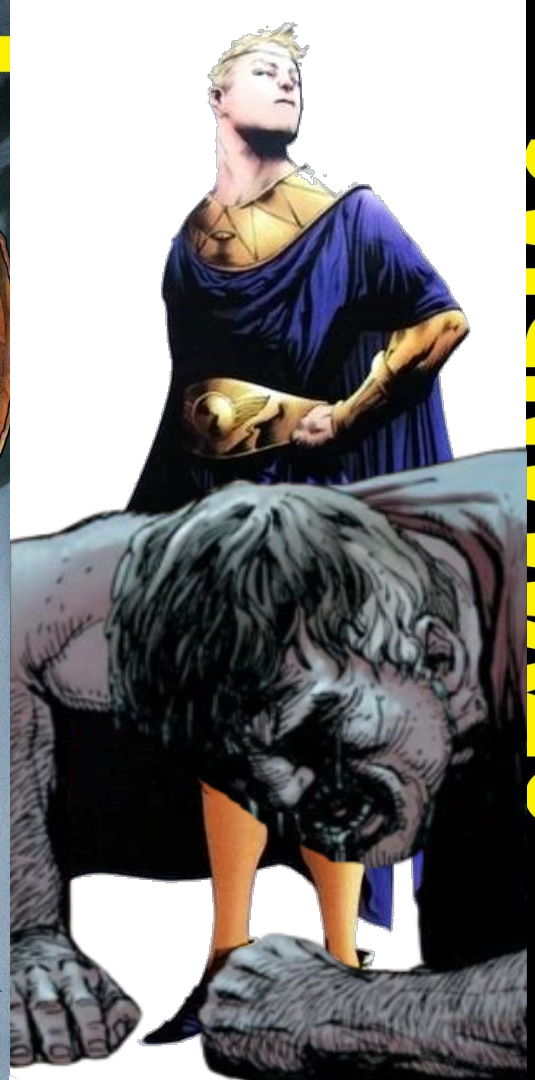

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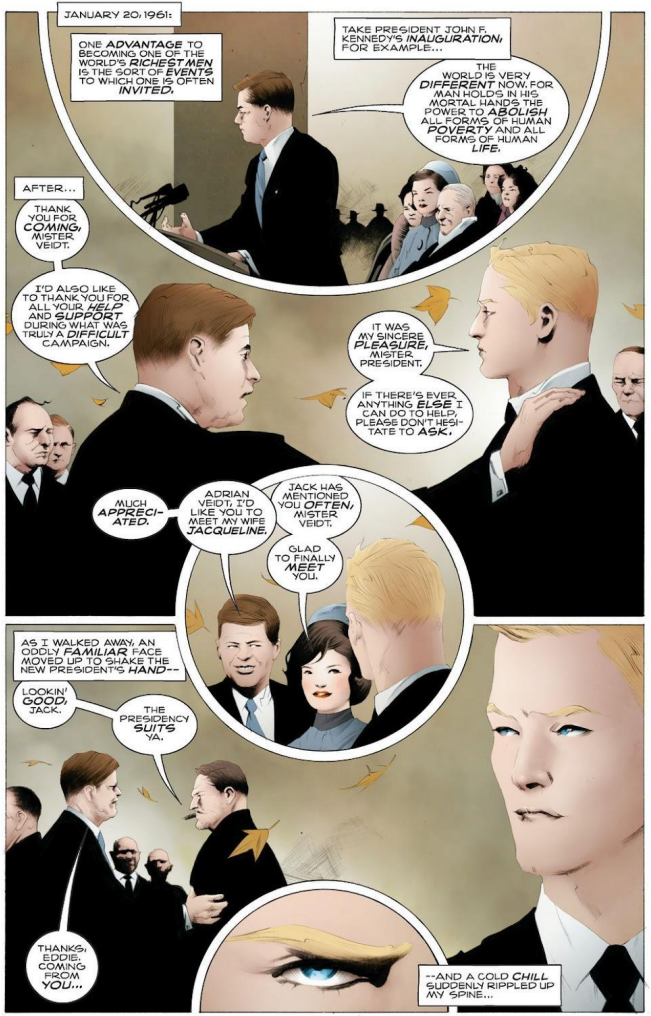
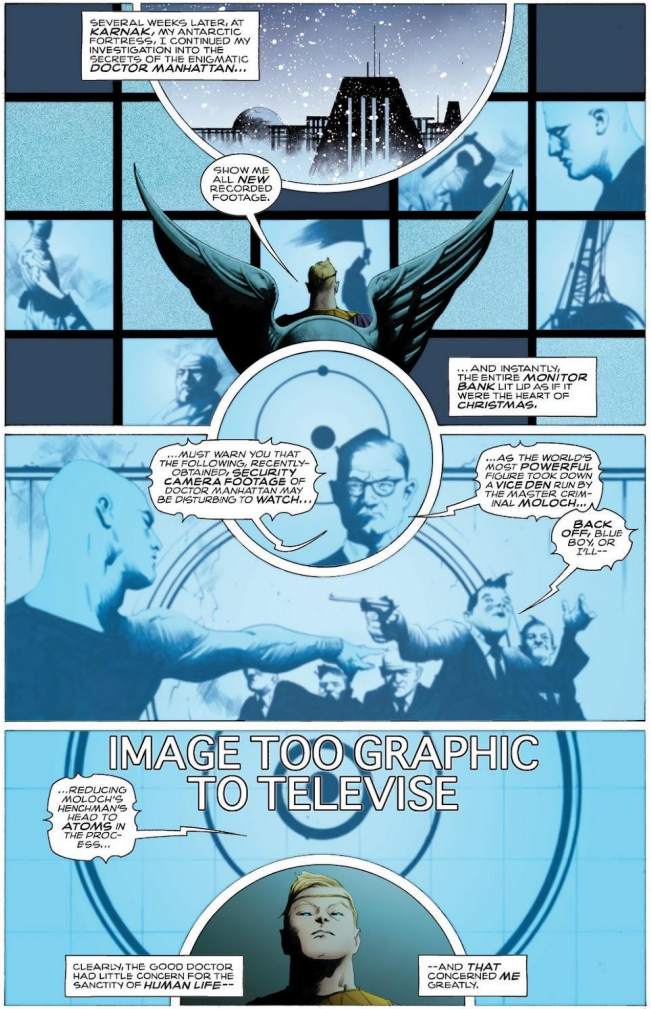
SHATTERED VISAGE...!

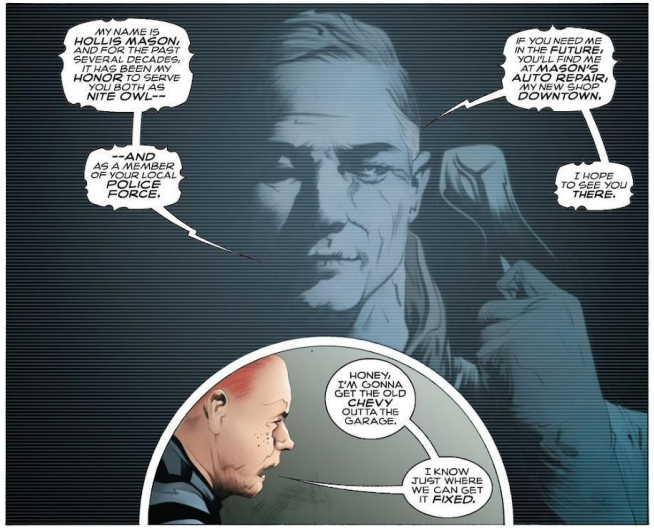
LEN WEIN: WRITER
JAE LEE: ARTIST/COVER ARTIST
JOHN WORKMAN: LETTERER
JUNE CHUNG: COLORIST
MICHAEL WM. KALUTA: VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK DOYLE: ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WILL DENNIS: EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE AND DAVE GIBBONS


JANUARY 20, 1961:
ONE ADVANTAGE TO BECOMING ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN IS THE SORT OF EVENTS TO WHICH ONE IS OFTEN INVITED.
TAKE PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY'S INAUGURATION, FOR EXAMPLE...
THE WORLD IS VERY DIFFERENT NOW. FOR MAN HOLDS IN HIS MORTAL HANDS THE POWER TO ABOLISH ALL FORMS OF HUMAN POVERTY AND ALL FORMS OF HUMAN LIFE.
AFTER...
THANK YOU FOR COMING, MISTER VEIDT.
I'D ALSO LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HELP AND SUPPORT DURING WHAT WAS TRULY A DIFFICULT CAMPAIGN.
IT WAS MY SINCERE PLEASURE, MISTER PRESIDENT.
IF THERE'S EVER ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO TO HELP, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK.
MUCH APPRECIATED.
ADRIAN VEIDT. I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY WIFE JACQUELINE.
JACK HAS MENTIONED YOU OFTEN, MISTER VEIDT.
GLAD TO FINALLY MEET YOU.
AS I WALKED AWAY, AN ODDLY FAMILIAR FACE MOVED UP TO SHAKE THE NEW PRESIDENT'S HAND--
LOOKIN' GOOD, JACK.
THE PRESIDENCY SUITS YA.
THANKS, EDDIE. COMING FROM YOU...
--AND A COLD CHILL SUDDENLY RIPPLED UP MY SPINE...


SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AT KARNAK, MY ANTARCTIC FORTRESS, I CONTINUED MY INVESTIGATION INTO THE SECRETS OF THE ENIGMATIC DOCTOR MANHATTAN...
SHOW ME ALL NEW RECORDED FOOTAGE.
...AND INSTANTLY, THE ENTIRE MONITOR BANK LIT UP AS IF IT WERE THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS.
...MUST WARN YOU THAT THE FOLLOWING, RECENTLY-OBTAINED SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE OF DOCTOR MANHATTAN MAY BE DISTURBING TO WATCH...
...AS THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL FIGURE TOOK DOWN A VICE DEN RUN BY THE MASTER CRIMINAL MOLOCH...
BACK OFF, BLUE BOY, OR I'LL--
IMAGE TOO GRAPHIC TO TELEVISE
...REDUCING MOLOCH'S HENCHMAN'S HEAD TO ATOMS IN THE PROCESS...
CLEARLY, THE GOOD DOCTOR HAD LITTLE CONCERN FOR THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE--
--AND THAT CONCERNED ME GREATLY.

MAY 19, 1962:
TO CELEBRATE THE PRESIDENT'S 45TH BIRTHDAY, I ATTENDED A $1,000-A-PLATE DINNER AT NEW YORK'S FAMOUS MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, THROWN BY RADIO AND TELEVISION STAR JACK BENNY...
ARGUABLY, THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING WAS FILM ACTRESS MARILYN MONROE, ARRIVING LATE AND TIPSY AS USUAL, SINGING TO AN APPRECIATIVE KENNEDY...
...BIRTHDAY, MISTER PRESIDENT...
...WHICH, IN SHOW BUSINESS TERMS, BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE...
OBSERVING THEIR EYE CONTACT DURING THE PERFORMANCE, IT QUICKLY BECAME CLEAR TO ME THAT THERE WAS MUCH MORE TO THEIR RELATIONSHIP THAN MERE ACQUAINTANCE.
ALL OF WHICH WAS REALLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS, SO I LET IT PASS...
AND, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE...
MISS MONROE, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MR. ADRIAN VEIDT, ONE OF MY MOST ENERGETIC SUPPORTERS.
NICE TO MEET YOU, ADRIAN.
TRUST ME, MISS MONROE--
--THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE.
AND ADRIAN, YOU KNOW MY BROTHER BOBBY?
I DO, INDEED. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
AND YOU, MISTER VEIDT.
NOTING THE INTERACTION BETWEEN BOBBY AND MARILYN, I SENSED MORE TO THEIR RELATIONSHIP AS WELL.
QUITE THE FAMILY.

ONE WEEK LATER, OUR WORLD CHANGED YET AGAIN...
HONEY, COME IN HERE, QUICK!
WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY, JERRY?
YOU GOTTA SEE THIS.
I'M WASHING DISHES HERE.
ON THE TV, IT'S NITE OWL.
SAYS HE'S GOT AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE.
AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF CONSIDERATION, I BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO DO WHAT I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE DONE SEVERAL YEARS AGO.
IT'S TIME TO TAKE OFF THE MASK AND RETIRE.


MY NAME IS HOLLIS MASON, AND FOR THE PAST SEVERAL DECADES, IT HAS BEEN MY HONOR TO SERVE YOU BOTH AS NITE OWL--
--AND AS A MEMBER OF YOUR LOCAL POLICE FORCE.
IF YOU NEED ME IN THE FUTURE, YOU'LL FIND ME AT MASON'S AUTO REPAIR, MY NEW SHOP DOWNTOWN.
I HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE.
HONEY, I'M GONNA GET THE OLD CHEVY OUTTA THE GARAGE.
I KNOW JUST WHERE WE CAN GET IT FIXED.

NOT LONG AFTER, HOLLIS MASON PUBLISHED HIS *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*, UNDER THE HOOD.

IT DID *NOT* CAST THE HEROIC COMMUNITY IN A PARTICULARLY *POSITIVE* LIGHT.

FOR A MOMENT, I WONDERED PRECISELY WHAT SORT OF *AXE* MASON HAD TO GRIND WITH HIS COMPATRIOTS--

--THEN I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO MORE *IMMEDIATE* MATTERS...

MARILYN MONROE *DEATH* --MOST CURRENT *VIDEO*, PLEASE.

I STUDIED THE VIDEOS *CAREFULLY*, SEEKING *MORE* INFORMATION THAN HAD BEEN RELEASED TO THE *PUBLIC*...

THE LOS ANGELES *CORONER* HAD LISTED MONROE'S DEATH AS A PROBABLE *SUICIDE* FROM AN OVERDOSE OF *BARBITURATES*--

--BUT AGTUTE *OBSERVATION* TOLD ME WHAT IT *REALLY* WAS...

IT WAS SOMEBODY TIDYING UP *LOOSE ENDS*.

OCTOBER 14, 1962:

A *U.S. U-2 SPY PLANE* FLYING OVER COMMUNIST *CUBA* CAPTURED PHOTOS OF *SOVIET BALLISTIC MISSILE BASES* UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

OCTOBER 21:

AFTER MUCH DELIBERATION, PRESIDENT KENNEDY *RESPONDED* IN THE ONLY WAY HE BELIEVED *POSSIBLE*...

...AND THUS I HAVE INSTITUTED AN IMMEDIATE *MILITARY BLOCKADE* QUARANTINING CUBA--

--AND PREVENTING ANY *FURTHER* MISSILES FROM BEING DELIVERED THERE.

WE URGE THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT TO QUICKLY *REMOVE* THEIR MISSILES FROM CUBA TO PREVENT ANY *FURTHER* ACTIONS ON OUR PART.

OCTOBER 23:

SOVIET PREMIER *NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV* TOOK TO THE AIRWAVES IN *RESPONSE* TO THE PRESIDENT'S ACTIONS...

<...WHAT THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE CONSTITUTES A SERIOUS *THREAT* TO PEACE AND THE SECURITIES OF PEOPLES...>

SOMEWHERE, I KNEW, THERE WERE SCIENTISTS *ADJUSTING* THE HANDS OF THE *DOOMSDAY CLOCK*.

MISTER VEIDT?

YES, MARLA?

THERE ARE TWO--AH--*GENTLEMEN* HERE TO SEE YOU.

SHOW THEM IN. I'VE BEEN *EXPECTING* THEM.

SIR, WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTER CALLED *OZYMANDIAS* AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

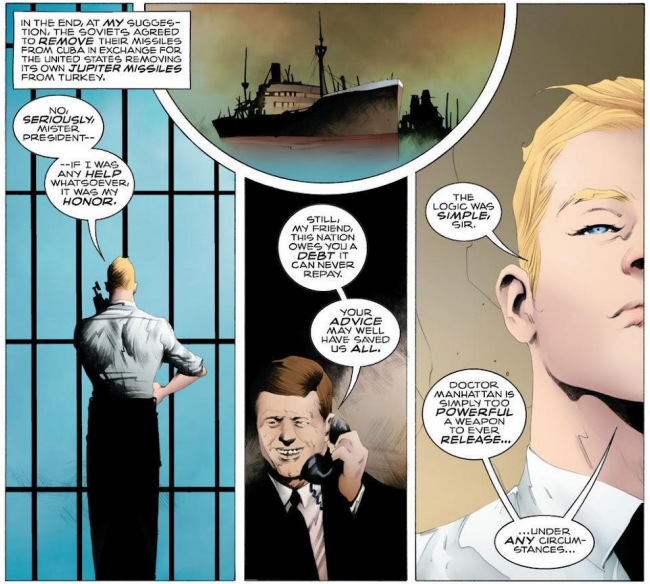
THE PRESIDENT WISHES TO SEE HIM *IMMEDIATELY*.

I HAD *WONDERED* HOW LONG THAT WOULD *TAKE*.

TELL MISTER KENNEDY I'LL DO WHAT I *CAN*.

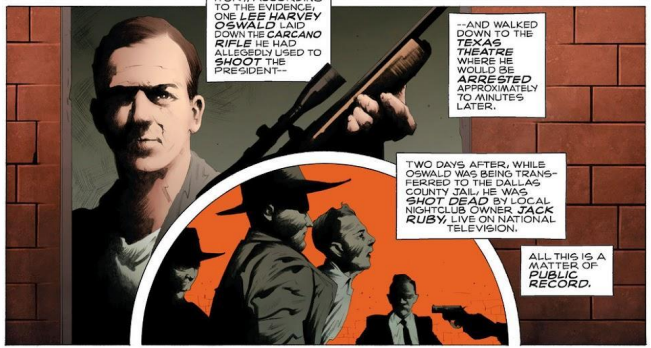
THREE HOURS LATER, IN THE OVAL OFFICE OF THE WHITE HOUSE...
YOU SUMMONED ME, MISTER PRESIDENT?
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN MY SECURITY WOULDN'T POSE A PROBLEM FOR YOU, ADRIAN.
AND I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HOW DIFFICULT IT WOULD BE TO CONCEAL MY TRUE IDENTITY FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
ONLY BECAUSE I KNOW YOU SO WELL, MY FRIEND.
TRUST ME. YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME.
NOW, PLEASE, SIT DOWN.
AS YOU WISH, SIR.

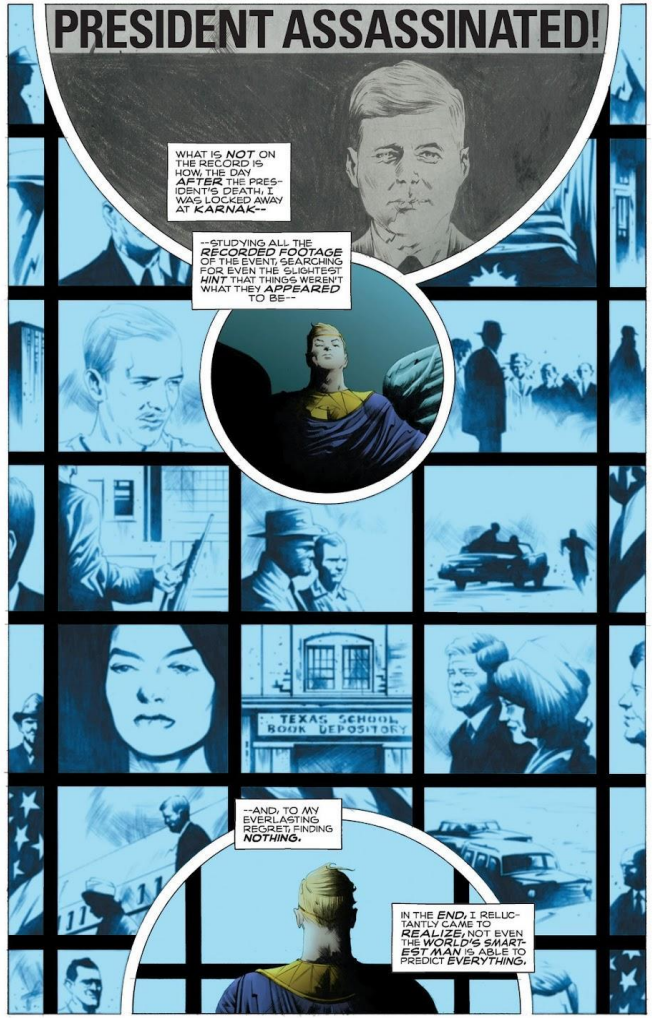
I ASSUME YOU ALREADY KNOW WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME.
I HAVE MY SUPPOSITIONS, SIR.
FRANKLY, I COULD USE THE ADVICE OF THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN.
IT IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
DESCRIBE THE PROBLEM.
SIMPLY PUT, WE STAND ON THE BRINK OF NUCLEAR WAR--
--AND I AM SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING SENDING DOCTOR MANHATTAN TO CUBA TO PUT AN END TO THE PROBLEM.
THE QUESTION IS--
--SHOULD I?
I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW GLAD I AM YOU ASKED ME FIRST, MISTER PRESIDENT.
MY RECOMMENDATION IS THAT YOU HOLD FAST. THE SOVIETS WILL BACK DOWN.
ONCE DOCTOR MANHATTAN IS USED FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.
THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL LIVE IN TERROR OF US FROM THAT DAY FORTH--
--AND THAT CAN COME TO NO GOOD END.
IF YOU'D LIKE, SIR, I WILL GO TO THE PROBLEM AREA MYSELF---
--AND SEE IF THERE IS ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP.
I WOULD APPRECIATE THAT, MY FRIEND.
I'LL HOLD DOCTOR MANHATTAN BACK AS A LAST RESORT.
BELIEVE ME, MISTER PRESIDENT, THAT IS A VERY WISE CHOICE.


IN THE END, AT MY SUGGESTION, THE SOVIETS AGREED TO REMOVE THEIR MISSILES FROM CUBA IN EXCHANGE FOR THE UNITED STATES REMOVING ITS OWN JUPITER MISSILES FROM TURKEY.
NO, SERIOUSLY, MISTER PRESIDENT--
--IF I WAS ANY HELP WHATSOEVER, IT WAS MY HONOR.
STILL, MY FRIEND, THIS NATION OWES YOU A DEBT IT CAN NEVER REPAY.
YOUR ADVICE MAY WELL HAVE SAVED US ALL.
THE LOGIC WAS SIMPLE, SIR.
DOCTOR MANHATTAN IS SIMPLY TOO POWERFUL A WEAPON TO EVER RELEASE...
...UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES...

WELL, LET'S HOPE THIS ADMINISTRATION HAS SEEN ITS LAST CRISIS, ADRIAN.
YOU TAKE CARE NOW, HEAR?
YOU, TOO, MISTER PRESIDENT.
BE WELL.

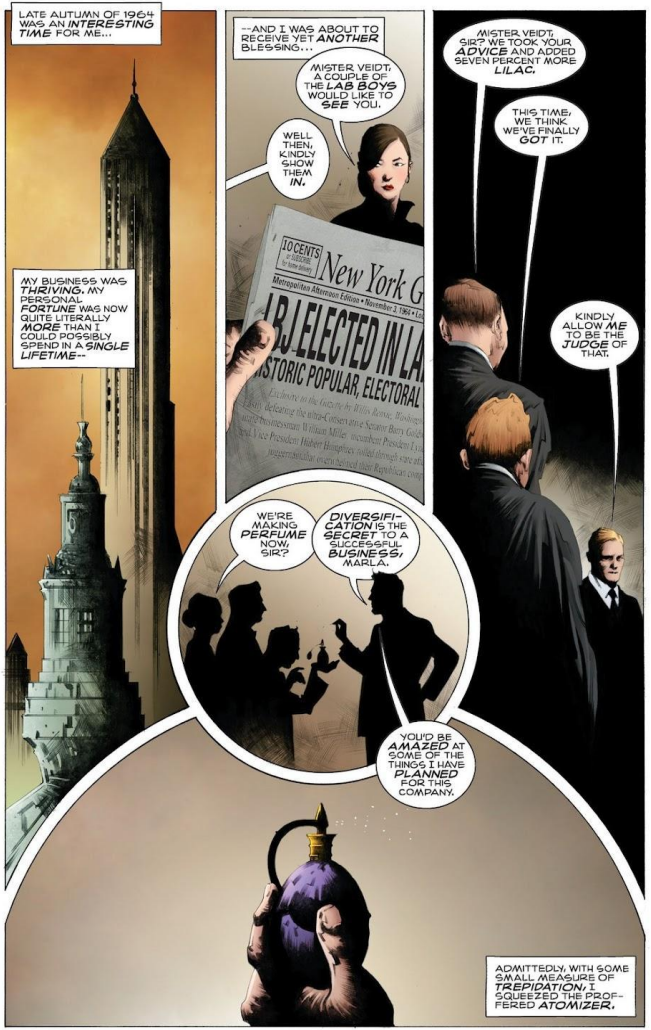
NOVEMBER 22, 1963:
THIRTEEN MONTHS AFTER THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS, PRESIDENT KENNEDY WAS IN A MOTORCADE PASSING THROUGH DEALEY PLAZA IN DALLAS, TEXAS--
--WHEN SEVERAL RIFLE SHOTS SUDDENLY RANG OUT--
--AND THE PRESIDENT SNAPPED FORWARD IN HIS SEAT, MORTALLY WOUNDED.
IN RESPONSE, HIS WIFE JACQUELINE AND HIS SECRET SERVICE CONTINGENT THREW THEMSELVES OVER KENNEDY'S BLOODY BODY IN A BELATED EFFORT TO PROTECT HIM.

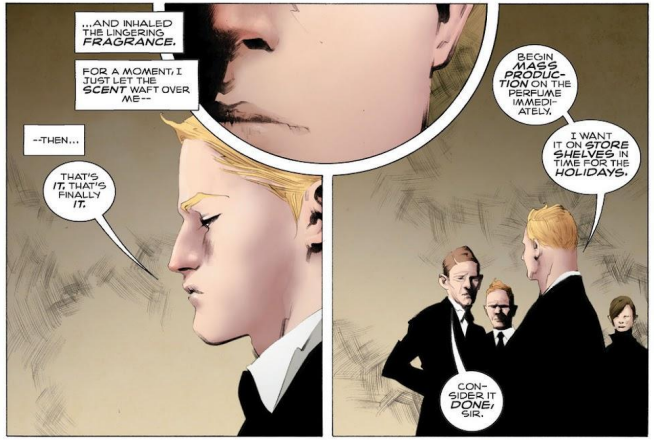

WHILE, SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET AWAY, ON THE SIXTH FLOOR OF THE TEXAS SCHOOLBOOK DEPOSITORY, ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE, ONE LEE HARVEY OSWALD LAID DOWN THE CARCANO RIFLE HE HAD ALLEGEDLY USED TO SHOOT THE PRESIDENT--
--AND WALKED DOWN TO THE TEXAS THEATRE WHERE HE WOULD BE ARRESTED APPROXIMATELY 70 MINUTES LATER.
TWO DAYS AFTER, WHILE OSWALD WAS BEING TRANSFERRED TO THE DALLAS COUNTY JAIL, HE WAS SHOT DEAD BY LOCAL NIGHTCLUB OWNER JACK RUBY, LIVE ON NATIONAL TELEVISION.
ALL THIS IS A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD.

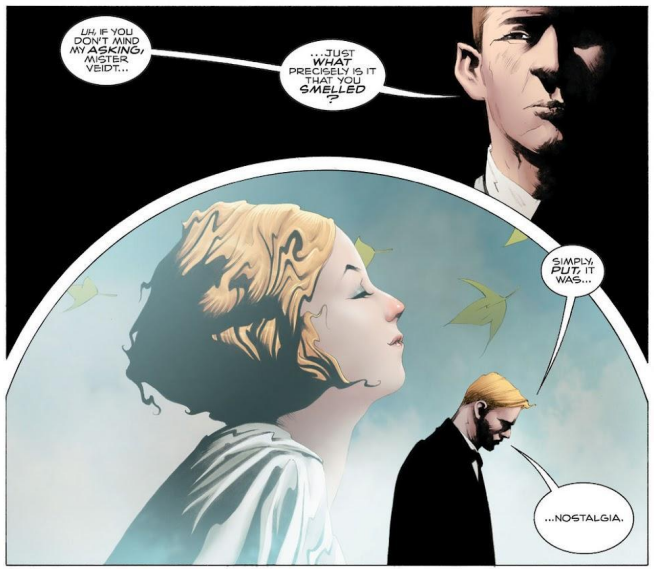

PRESIDENT ASSASSINATED!
WHAT IS NOT ON THE RECORD IS HOW THE DAY AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH, I WAS LOCKED AWAY AT KARNAK--
--STUDYING ALL THE RECORDED FOOTAGE OF THE EVENT, SEARCHING FOR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST HINT THAT THINGS WEREN'T WHAT THEY APPEARED TO BE--
TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY
--AND, TO MY EVERLASTING REGRET, FINDING NOTHING.
IN THE END, I RELUCTANTLY CAME TO REALIZE, NOT EVEN THE WORLD'S SMARTEST MAN IS ABLE TO PREDICT EVERYTHING.

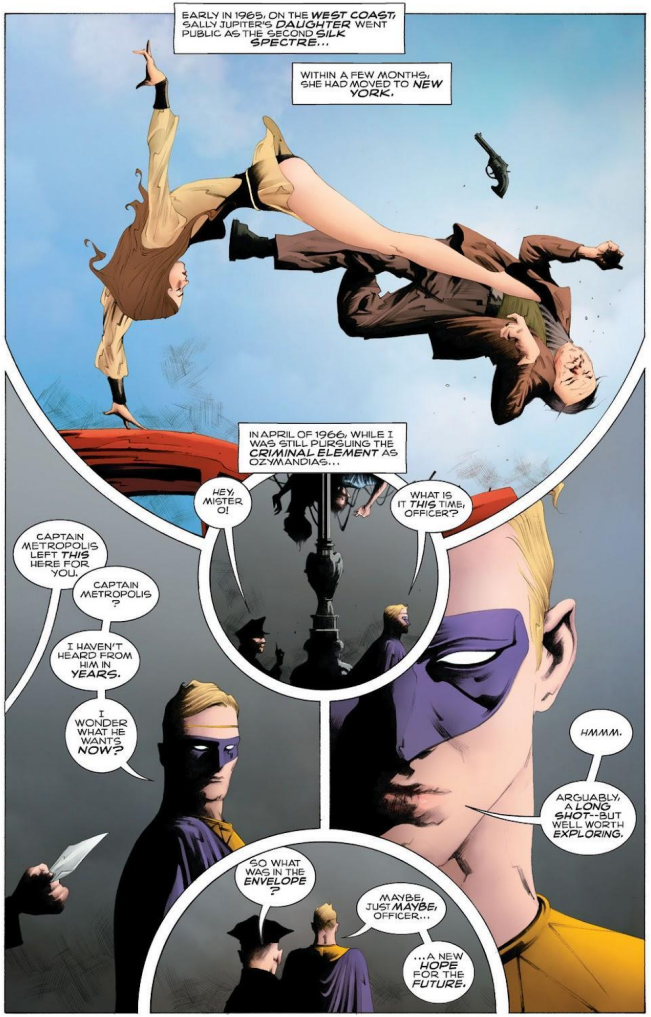
THE FOLLOWING SPRING, DURING A CITYWIDE BLACKOUT, HOLLIS MASON'S PROTÉGÉ MADE HIS PUBLIC DEBUT IN DRAMATIC FASHION--
--SINGLE-HANDEDLY TAKING ON AN ARMY OF LOOTERS AND WOULD-BE RAPISTS...
ARCHIMEDES --CLOUD!
GRAPPLING GUN SHOULD WRAP THINGS UP NICELY.
SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A SECOND GENERATION OF MASKED ADVENTURERS ON THE SCENE--

--SOME OF THEM FAR STRANGER THAN EVEN THE ODDEST OF THE MINUTEMEN HAD BEEN...
TAKE RORSCHACH, IF YOU WOULD....
BEAT A HIKE, FREAK-FACE-- OR WE'RE GONNA HURT YA!
BELIEVE ME, PUNKS-- YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.
THE ODDS WERE SIX TO ONE--
--CLEARLY IN RORSCHACH'S FAVOR...
ARRG GGHH!
UUNNFF!
ACK!
WHEN THE BATTLE WAS OVER, THE DAMAGE INCLUDED 14 MISSING TEETH, FIVE BROKEN RIBS, FOUR DISLOCATED LIMBS, AND THREE MAJOR CONCUSSIONS...
RORSCHACH HAD MADE HIS POINT THE HARD WAY...
HURM.


LATE AUTUMN OF 1964 WAS AN INTERESTING TIME FOR ME...
MY BUSINESS WAS THRIVING. MY PERSONAL FORTUNE WAS NOW QUITE LITERALLY MORE THAN I COULD POSSIBLY SPEND IN A SINGLE LIFETIME--
--AND I WAS ABOUT TO RECEIVE YET ANOTHER BLESSING...
MISTER VEIDT, A COUPLE OF THE LAB BOYS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.
WELL THEN, KINDLY SHOW THEM IN.
10 CENTS
New York G
ELECTED IN LA
STORIC POPULAR, ELECTORAL
WE'RE MAKING PERFUME NOW, SIR?
DIVERSIFICATION IS THE SECRET TO A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS, MARLA.
YOU'D BE AMAZED AT SOME OF THE THINGS I HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS COMPANY.
ADMITTEDLY, WITH SOME SMALL MEASURE OF TREPIDATION, I SQUEEZED THE PROFFERED ATOMIZER.
MISTER VEIDT, SIR? WE TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND ADDED SEVEN PERCENT MORE LILAC.
THIS TIME, WE THINK WE'VE FINALLY GOT IT.
KINDLY ALLOW ME TO BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.


...AND INHALED THE LINGERING FRAGRANCE.
FOR A MOMENT, I JUST LET THE SCENT WAFT OVER ME--
--THEN...
THAT'S IT. THAT'S FINALLY IT.
BEGIN MASS PRODUCTION ON THE PERFUME IMMEDIATELY.
I WANT IT ON STORE SHELVES IN TIME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
CONSIDER IT DONE, SIR.


UH, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING, MISTER VEIDT...
...JUST WHAT PRECISELY IS IT THAT YOU SMELLED?
SIMPLY, PUT, IT WAS...
...NOSTALGIA.


EARLY IN 1965, ON THE WEST COAST, SALLY JUPITER'S DAUGHTER WENT PUBLIC AS THE SECOND SILK SPECTRE...
WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, SHE HAD MOVED TO NEW YORK.
IN APRIL OF 1966, WHILE I WAS STILL PURSUING THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT AS OZYMANDIAS...
HEY, MISTER O!
WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, OFFICER?
CAPTAIN METROPOLIS LEFT THIS HERE FOR YOU.
CAPTAIN METROPOLIS?
I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN YEARS.
I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS NOW?
HMMM.
ARGUABLY, A LONG SHOT--BUT WELL WORTH EXPLORING.
SO WHAT WAS IN THE ENVELOPE?
MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, OFFICER...
...A NEW HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

METROPOLIS'S NOTE DIRECTED AS TO MEET HIM IN A WELL-APPOINTED TOWNHOUSE ON THE CITY'S EAST SIDE...
WHEN I ARRIVED, I FOUND I WAS NOT THE ONLY COSTUMED ADVENTURER HE HAD INVITED...
WELL, FIRSTLY, LET ME SAY I'M PLEASED TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU HERE.
VERY PLEASED.
SECONDLY, FOR THOSE WHO ONLY KNOW ME AS CAPTAIN METROPOLIS, THE NAME'S NELSON GARDNER. CALL ME NELSON.
THIRD, UH, I GUESS I SHOULD WELCOME EVERYBODY TO THE FIRST EVER MEETING OF THE CRIME-BUSTERS.
>BURRUP<

WHY "THE CRIME-BUSTERS"...?
WELL, AS YOU KNOW, THIS COUNTRY HASN'T HAD AN ORGANIZATION OF MASKED ADVENTURERS SINCE THE MINUTEMEN DISBANDED IN '49.
SPECIALIZED LAW ENFORCEMENT IS STANDING STILL... CRIME ISN'T.
NEW SOCIAL EVILS EMERGE EVERY DAY: PROMISCUITY, DRUGS, CAMPUS SUBVERSION, YOU NAME IT! NOW, BY BANDING TOGETHER AS THE CRIME-BUSTERS, WE--
BULLSHIT.

WHAT?
I SAID, BULLSHIT. THIS WHOLE IDEA, THIS CRIMEBUSTERS SHTICK, IT STINKS.
WHAT IT IS, NELLY, IS THAT YOU'RE GETTIN' OLD, AND YOU WANNA GO ON PLAYIN' COWBOYS AND INDIANS.

TH-THAT ISN'T TRUE...
UH, LISTEN, LET'S NOT THROW THE IDEA OUT RIGHT AWAY. AS AND RORSCHACH HAVE MADE HEADWAY INTO THE GANG PROBLEM BY POOLING OUR EFFORTS...

OBVIOUSLY, I AGREE-- BUT A GROUP THIS SIZE SEEMS MORE LIKE A PUBLICITY EXERCISE SOMEHOW.
IT'S TOO BIG AND UNWIELDY...

SURELY, THAT'S JUST AN ORGANIZATIONAL PROBLEM?
WITH THE RIGHT PERSON COORDINATING THE GROUP, I THINK...

OH, AN' I WONDER WHO THAT WOULD BE?
GOT ANY IDEAS, OZZY? I MEAN, YOU ARE THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE WORLD, RIGHT?
IT DOESN'T REQUIRE GENIUS TO SEE THAT AMERICA HAS PROBLEMS THAT NEED TACKLING...
DAMN STRAIGHT, AN' IT TAKES A MORON TO THINK THEY'RE SMALL ENOUGH FOR CLOWNS LIKE YOU GUYS TO HANDLE.
WHAT'S GOING DOWN IN THIS WORLD, YOU GOT NO IDEA.
BELIEVE ME.

I THINK I'M AS WELL-INFORMED AS ANYONE. GIVEN CORRECT HANDLING, NONE OF THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS ARE INSURMOUNTABLE.

ALL IT TAKES IS A LITTLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHICH YOU GOT IN SPADES, RIGHT?

YOU PEOPLE ARE A JOKE. YOU HEAR MOLOCH'S BACK IN TOWN, YOU THINK, "OH, BOY! LET'S GANG UP AND BUST HIM!"

YOU THINK THAT MATTERS? YOU THINK THAT SOLVES ANY-THING?

WELL, OF COURSE IT MATTERS IF...

IT DON'T MATTER SQUAT.

HERE ...LEMME SHOW YA WHY IT DON'T MATTER...

HEY! WH--WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

IT DON'T MATTER SQUAT BECAUSE, INSIDE THIRTY YEARS, THE NUKES ARE GONNA BE FLYIN' LIKE MAYBUGS...

MY DISPLAY...

...AND THEN OZZY HERE IS GOING TO BE THE SMARTEST MAN ON THE CINDER. NOW PARDON ME, BUT I GOT AN APPOINT-MENT.

SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS.

LISTEN, UH, NELSON ...THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT, MAYBE...

PLEASE! DON'T ALL LEAVE...

JON, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO HOME NOW, PLEASE.

SOME-BODY HAS TO DO IT, DON'T YOU SEE?

SOME-BODY HAS TO SAVE THE WORLD...

AND THAT WAS THE MOMENT I REALIZED:

THAT SOMEBODY HAD TO BE ME.

END CHAPTER FOUR

I SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN IN THIS PIT FOR AN ETERNITY, FIGHTING SATAN'S FAMILIARS, NOT ONLY FOR MY LIFE BUT ALSO FOR MY LOST SOUL!

BACK--SPAWN FROM HELL!

I WANT HIM!

GNNNGH!

A LOOP OF ROPE THROWN DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE PIT PULLED ME UP FROM A CERTAIN DEATH.

THE INSTIGATOR OF MY RESCUE HAD HER FACE COVERED, BUT I KNEW WHO IT WAS ...

N'TUNGA!

FORGIVE ME...

FORGIVE YOU? HI HI HA, HA.

A GIFT, FOR YOU, MY PET!

THE TATTOO FROM A DEAD MAN'S CHEST!

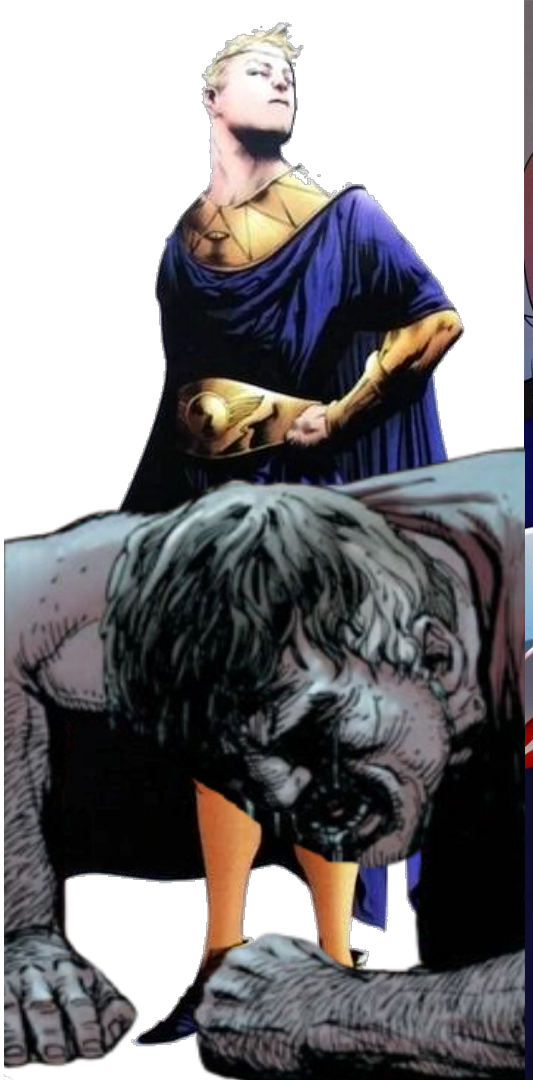
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR

WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS

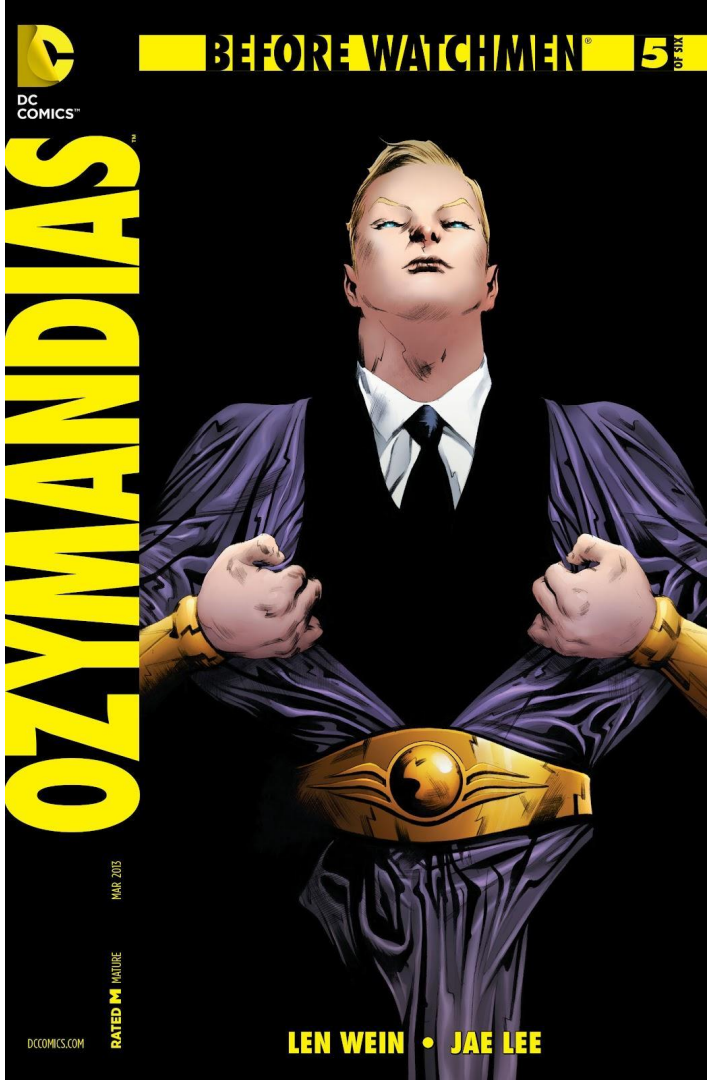
Part Five

BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO

ON A FROZEN SHORE BETWEEN WORLDS, THE CURSED FREIGHTER RESTED.
THE COLD ASH OF COUNTLESS FUNERAL PYRES DRIFTED DOWN FROM EBONY SKIES, MOMENTARILY COVERING ALL SURFACES IN A COLD WHITE GOWN.
BEFORE BEING WIPED CLEAR BY THE RESTLESS HOWLING WIND THAT SCREAMED THROUGH THE RIGGING.
THE SHIP'S TAUT SINEWS THRUMMED AS CRYING VOICES MINGLED WITH THE COLD WIND, CARRIED OVER FROM THE GAPING MOUTHS OF OPEN GRAVES AND BROKEN CRYPTS.
WHISPERING OF EVILS DONE, GOOD DEEDS UNFINISHED AND LIVES WASTED, FALLING ACROSS EARS DEAF TO ANY PLEADINGS FOR FORGIVENESS.
TOO LATE... MUCH TOO LATE.
THE ASH-SHROUDED FIGURE REMAINED UNMOVED, LISTENING FOR JUST ONE VOICE TO CROSS FROM THE LAND OF WARMTH INTO HIS COLD, DEAD DOMAIN.
TIME PASSED--ANOTHER MILLION PEOPLE DIED AND THE CRIMSON CORSAIR WAITED...
...WAITED AND LISTENED.
AND THEN IT CAME.
HERE, MCCLACHLAN, TAKE IT--YOUR SECOND TOKEN. JUST ONE MORE NEEDED TO RECOVER YOUR ETERNAL SOUL!
IF YOU LIVE TO FIND IT!
A GIFT, FOR YOU, MY PET!
TO BE CONTINUED...



MARVEL
HIT MONKEY
please watch this show
- randoapple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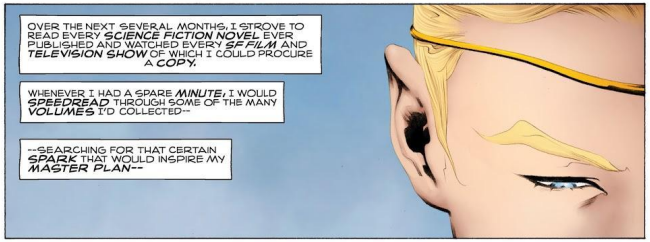
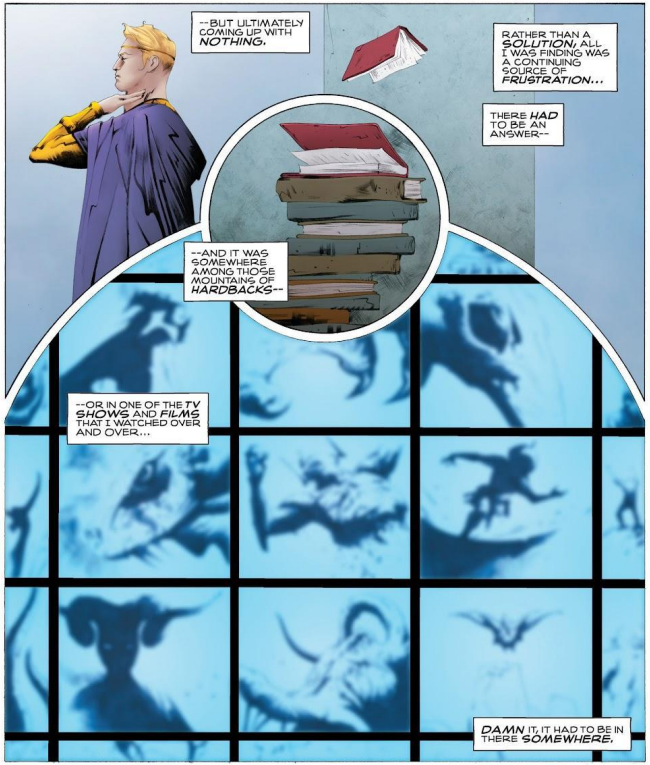
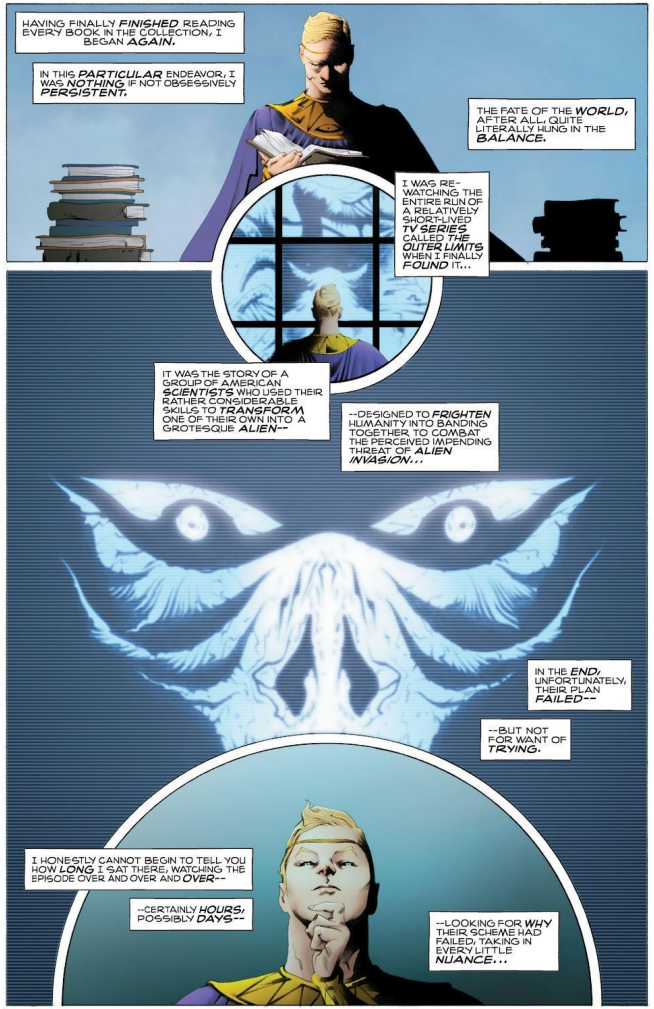
THESE LIFELESS THINGS...!






HAVING FINALLY FINISHED READING EVERY BOOK IN THE COLLECTION, I BEGAN AGAIN.
IN THIS PARTICULAR ENDEAVOR, I WAS NOTHING IF NOT OBSESSIVELY PERSISTENT.
THE FATE OF THE WORLD, AFTER ALL, QUITE LITERALLY HUNG IN THE BALANCE.
I WAS RE-WATCHING THE ENTIRE RUN OF A RELATIVELY SHORT-LIVED TV SERIES, CALLED THE OUTER LIMITS WHEN I FINALLY FOUND IT...
IT WAS THE STORY OF A GROUP OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS WHO USED THEIR RATHER CONSIDERABLE SKILLS TO TRANSFORM ONE OF THEIR OWN INTO A GROTESQUE ALIEN--
--DESIGNED TO FRIGHTEN HUMANITY INTO BANDING TOGETHER TO COMBAT THE PERCEIVED IMPENDING THREAT OF ALIEN INVASION...
IN THE END, UNFORTUNATELY, THEIR PLAN FAILED--
--BUT NOT FOR WANT OF TRYING.
I HONESTLY CANNOT BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW LONG I SAT THERE, WATCHING THE EPISODE OVER AND OVER AND OVER--
--CERTAINLY HOURS, POSSIBLY DAYS--
--LOOKING FOR WHY THEIR SCHEME HAD FAILED, TAKING IN EVERY LITTLE NUANCE...

IT BECAME AN OBSESSION.
I ACTUALLY FOUND MYSELF REPEATING DIALOGUE FROM THE EPISODE IN MY SLEEP...
STILL, I KEPT WATCHING FOR THE ANSWER I KNEW MUST BE THERE--
--AND THEN, AT LAST, I FOUND IT.
VIDEO OFF.
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THE SOLUTION WAS SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE:
THE SCIENTISTS ON THAT TV SHOW SIMPLY HADN'T THOUGHT BIG ENOUGH--
--AND THAT WAS SOMETHING WITH WHICH I HAD NO PROBLEM.
NO PROBLEM AT ALL.

FIRST THING THE FOLLOWING MORNING, I STARTED TO PUT MY PLAN INTO MOTION...
MARLA, I WANT ONE OF MY FACILITIES RETROFITTED AS A STATE-OF-THE-ART BIOLAB--
--AND I NEED IT DONE YESTERDAY.
IT WASN'T QUITE YESTERDAY, BUT SOON ENOUGH I HAD MY LAB--
--AND I IMMEDIATELY SET TO WORK DEVELOPING AN APPROPRIATE "ALIEN" TO SUIT MY PLAN...
I STARTED BY SPLICING TOGETHER WHAT SEEMED TO BE PROMISING STRANDS OF DNA TO SEE WHAT MIGHT DEVELOP--
--THE MORE HIDEOUS, I DECIDED, THE BETTER...
WHAT I GOT, HOWEVER, BORE LITTLE RESEMBLANCE TO WHAT I HAD INTENDED...
MROWER
AH, MARLA, COULD YOU PLEASE HAVE THIS LAB RESET AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE?
OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, I THINK I NEED YOU TO PICK ME UP A VERY LARGE SUPPLY OF KITTY LITTER.

I NAMED THE HYBRID LYNX BUBASTIS FOR THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CITY THAT WAS THE CENTER OF WORSHIP FOR THE CAT GOODESS BAST...
CLEARLY, I AM NOT KNOWLEDGEABLE ENOUGH TO DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE BY MYSELF.
BUT PART OF BEING THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS KNOWING WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW--
--YET KNOWING HOW TO FIND SOMEONE WHO DOES.
MARLA, WOULD YOU COME IN HERE, PLEASE?
I HAVE NEED OF YOU.
WHAT PARTICULAR NEED THIS TIME, BOSS?
REMEMBER THAT ISLAND I MENTIONED BUYING A FEW YEARS BACK?
ACTUALLY, I DO.
WELL, RIGHT NOW WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT TIME TO START SHOPPING.

SERIOUSLY?
I'M NOTED FOR MANY THINGS, MARLA.
MY SENSE OF HUMOR HAS NEVER BEEN ONE OF THEM.
IN THE MEANWHILE, COULD YOU HAVE MY PRIVATE PLANE READIED?? IT SEEMS I HAVE SOME BUSINESS IN LONDON.
OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, GET ME ANOTHER SILK SHIRT.
THE CAT HAS JUST USED ME AS A URINAL.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, 26 HOURS LATER...

I'LL GIVE YOU *CREDIT* FOR HAVING DECIDED THAT, IF YOU'RE GOING TO STEAL *ANTIQUITIES*--

--THE *BRITISH MUSEUM* WOULD BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO *DO* SO.

TOO BAD YOU *FORGOT* ONE THING.

YOU FORGOT TO CHECK THE PAPERS TO SEE IF *I* MIGHT BE VISITING.

THAT WAS *FAR* TOO EASY. ISN'T THERE ANYONE WHO CAN GIVE ME A REAL *CHALLENGE* THESE DAYS?

HELLO, ADRIAN.

YOU SHOULD'VE JOINED IN THE *FUN*.

THERE WAS NO POINT. YOU WERE WINNING. YOU HAD WON. YOU HAVE *ALWAYS* WON THIS FIGHT.

WE NEED TO TALK, BUT NOT *HERE*. I REQUIRE *PRIVACY*.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, WE WERE *ELSEWHERE*...

MUCH WAS *DISCUSSED* THAT DAY, INVOLVING *QUANTUM SINGULARITIES* AND INFINITE *ENDS OF THE WORLD*--

--BUT *NOW* IS NOT THE MOMENT TO *RECOUNT* THE CONVERSATION. TRUST ME, THE *SUBSTANCE* OF IT WILL BECOME ALL TOO *CLEAR* BEFORE WE'RE DONE.

SEVERAL MONTHS *LATER*, AFTER CONSIDERABLE *EFFORT* ON MARLA'S PART, WE STOOD ON THE SANDY SHORE OF MY LATEST *ACQUISITION*--

--A SECLUDED *TROPICAL ISLAND* FAR FROM THE NORMAL SHIPPING LANES...

THIS IS *PERFECT*, MARLA. ABSOLUTELY *PERFECT*.

YOU'VE TRULY *OUTDONE* YOURSELF ON THIS PARTICULAR PROJECT.

THANK YOU, SIR. I ASSUME YOUR *APPRECIATION* WILL BE REFLECTED IN MY ANNUAL *CHRISTMAS BONUS*.

WHEN WE RETURN HOME, KINDLY DO YOUR BEST TO HAVE THIS ISLAND *REMOVED* FROM AS MANY *PUBLIC RECORDS* AS YOU CAN.

I'D LIKE IT TO JUST QUIETLY *DISAPPEAR* OFF THE MAP IF HUMANLY POSSIBLE.

ALSO, I WILL NEED A NUMBER OF *BUILDINGS* CONSTRUCTED ON THIS ISLAND.

HERE IS A *LIST*.

YOU CAN USE *LOCAL LABOR* TO DO THE *MAJORITY* OF THE WORK. GIVE EACH OF THEM ONLY A *SMALL PIECE* OF THE BIG PICTURE--

--AND *PAY* THEM ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM *QUIET*.

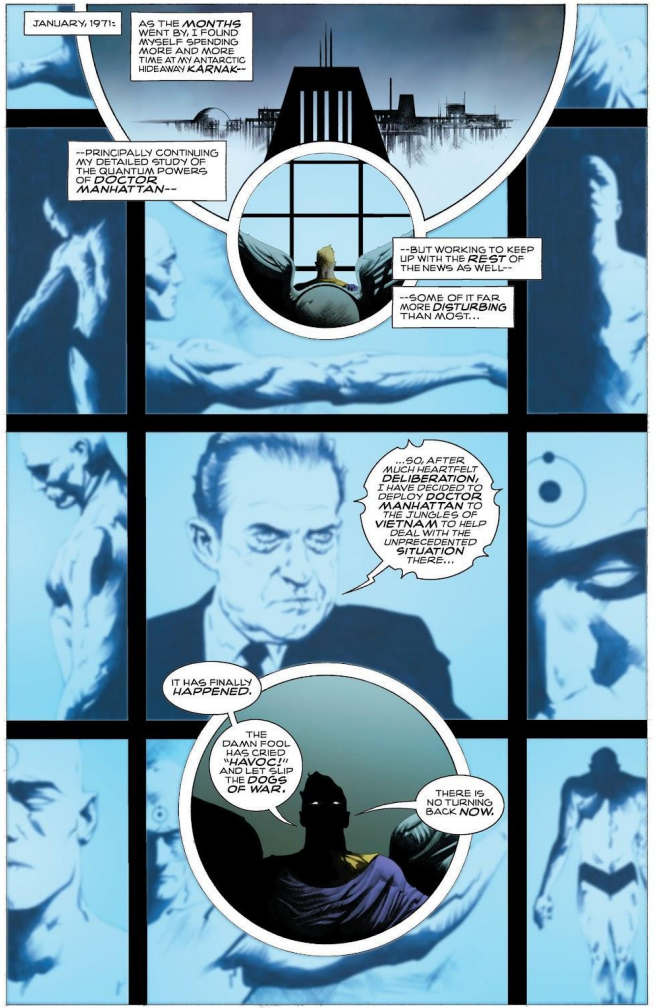
OF COURSE, SIR, I--

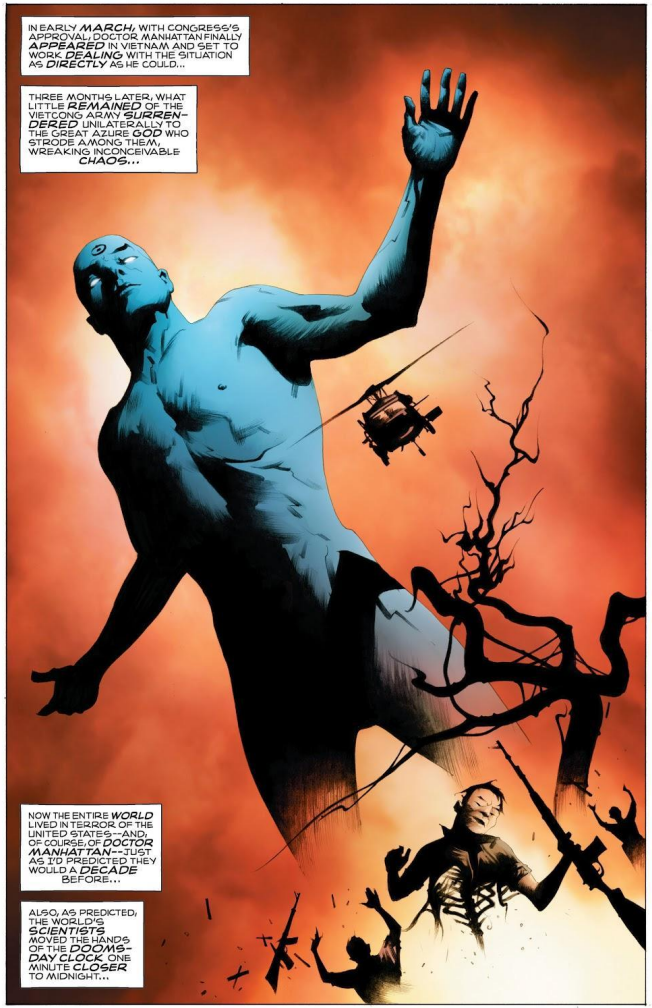
WOW.

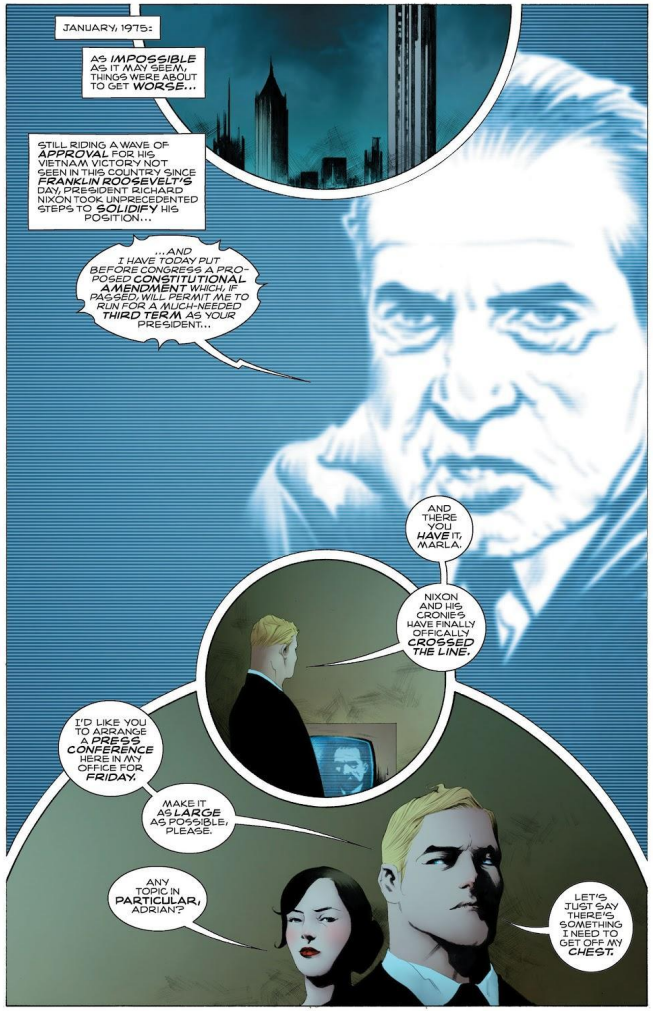
YOU DO *REALIZE* THAT TO *ACCOMPLISH* ALL THIS COULD TAKE *YEARS*?

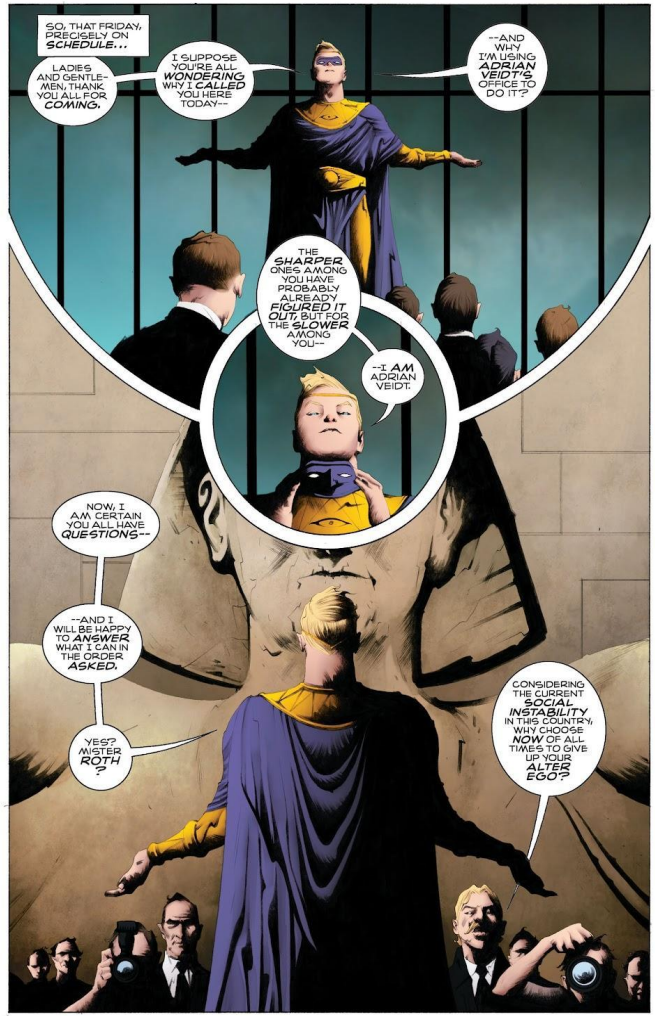
SO LONG AS THE *DOOMSDAY CLOCK* STANDS *STILL*, MARLA--

--WE HAVE ALL THE *TIME* IN THE WORLD.


JANUARY, 1971:
AS THE MONTHS WENT BY, I FOUND MYSELF SPENDING MORE AND MORE TIME AT MY ANTARCTIC HIDEAWAY KARNAK--
--PRINCIPALLY CONTINUING MY DETAILED STUDY OF THE QUANTUM POWERS OF DOCTOR MANHATTAN--
--BUT WORKING TO KEEP UP WITH THE REST OF THE NEWS AS WELL--
--SOME OF IT FAR MORE DISTURBING THAN MOST...
...SO, AFTER MUCH HEARTFELT DELIBERATION, I HAVE DECIDED TO DEPLOY DOCTOR MANHATTAN TO THE JUNGLES OF VIETNAM TO HELP DEAL WITH THE UNPRECEDENTED SITUATION THERE...
IT HAS FINALLY HAPPENED.
THE DAMN FOOL HAS CRIED "HAVOC!" AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR.
THERE IS NO TURNING BACK NOW.


IN EARLY MARCH, WITH CONGRESS'S APPROVAL, DOCTOR MANHATTAN FINALLY APPEARED IN VIETNAM AND SET TO WORK DEALING WITH THE SITUATION AS DIRECTLY AS HE COULD...
THREE MONTHS LATER, WHAT LITTLE REMAINED OF THE VIETCONG ARMY SURRENDERED UNILATERALLY TO THE GREAT AZURE GOD WHO STRODE AMONG THEM, WREAKING INCONCEIVABLE CHAOS...
NOW THE ENTIRE WORLD LIVED IN TERROR OF THE UNITED STATES--AND, OF COURSE, OF DOCTOR MANHATTAN--JUST AS I'D PREDICTED THEY WOULD A DECADE BEFORE...
ALSO, AS PREDICTED, THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS MOVED THE HANDS OF THE DOOMSDAY CLOCK, ONE MINUTE CLOSER TO MIDNIGHT...


JANUARY, 1975:
AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, THINGS WERE ABOUT TO GET WORSE...
STILL RIDING A WAVE OF APPROVAL FOR HIS VIETNAM VICTORY NOT SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S DAY, PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON TOOK UNPRECEDENTED STEPS TO SOLIDIFY HIS POSITION...
...AND I HAVE TODAY PUT BEFORE CONGRESS A PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT WHICH, IF PASSED, WILL PERMIT ME TO RUN FOR A MUCH-NEEDED THIRD TERM AS YOUR PRESIDENT...
AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, MARLA.
NIXON AND HIS CRONIES HAVE FINALLY OFFICIALLY CROSSED THE LINE.
I'D LIKE YOU TO ARRANGE A PRESS CONFERENCE HERE IN MY OFFICE FOR FRIDAY.
MAKE IT AS LARGE AS POSSIBLE, PLEASE.
ANY TOPIC IN PARTICULAR, ADRIAN?
LET'S JUST SAY THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED TO GET OFF MY CHEST.


SO, THAT FRIDAY, PRECISELY ON SCHEDULE...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ALL WONDERING WHY I CALLED YOU HERE TODAY--
--AND WHY I'M USING ADRIAN VEIDT'S OFFICE TO DO IT?
THE SHARPER ONES AMONG YOU HAVE PROBABLY ALREADY FIGURED IT OUT, BUT FOR THE SLOWER AMONG YOU--
--I AM ADRIAN VEIDT.
NOW, I AM CERTAIN YOU ALL HAVE QUESTIONS--
--AND I WILL BE HAPPY TO ANSWER WHAT I CAN IN THE ORDER ASKED.
YES? MISTER ROTH ?
CONSIDERING THE CURRENT SOCIAL INSTABILITY IN THIS COUNTRY, WHY CHOOSE NOW OF ALL TIMES TO GIVE UP YOUR ALTER EGO?

IT'S RATHER SIMPLE, ACTUALLY...
ONCE PRESIDENT NIXON UNLEASHED DOCTOR MANHATTAN ON VIETNAM, THE REST OF US MASKS QUITE HONESTLY BECAME SUPER-FLUOUS.
I'VE DECIDED I CAN DO A LOT MORE GOOD FOR THE WORLD AS THE HEAD OF A MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS THAN I CAN AS ONE LONE COSTUMED ADVENTURER.
SO THIS IS ALL ABOUT THE MONEY?
LET'S BE UTTERLY FRANK HERE, DOUGLAS.
IN THE END... ISN'T EVERY-THING?
WITH MY NO LONGER HAVING TO SPLIT MY ATTENTION, I EXPECT THAT VEIDT ENTERPRISES IS ABOUT TO BECOME AN EVEN BIGGER PLAYER ON THE ECONOMIC SCENE.

WHILE I FOUND SOME PERVERSE FORM OF RELIEF IN GIVING UP MY LIFE AS OZYMANDIAS, MY ERSTWHILE COMPANIONS CONTINUED THE GOOD FIGHT...
YOU'RE ALL SCUM--
--AND DESERVE TO SUFFER.
AND, WHEN THE POLICE FINALLY ARRIVED...
NOT MUCH FOR US TO DO--
--EXCEPT HELP SET THE BROKEN BONES.
D-DON'T HURT ME! I SURRENDER!
NOT QUITE SO BRAVE WITH YOUR WEAPON ATOMICALLY DISASSEMBLED, ARE YOU?
I'M GUESSING DOCTOR MANHATTAN'S BEEN HERE.
YA THINK...?

JUST CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY MY BOYFRIEND ISN'T WITH ME.
UUNNFF!
SOMEBODY BETTER CALL THE WAGON.
THE COMEDIAN HAS BEEN AT IT AGAIN.

35 CENTS or SUBSCRIBE for home delivery
New York Gazette
SPORTS Latest YANKEE News
Metropolitan Edition • April 12, 1977 • Local, National, and World Coverage

CITY COUNCIL DENIES COPS RAISE!

IN THE SPRING OF 1977, THE POLICE UNION STARTED NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CITY COUNCIL TO PROCURE THEIR ANNUAL *RAISE*...

THE CITY COUNCIL PRACTICALLY *LAUGHED* IN THE COPS' COLLECTIVE FACES...

INTERESTING.

APPARENTLY, MY COSTUMED EX-COMPATRIOTS HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO *CONTROL* THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT IN THIS CITY--

--THE CITY COUNCIL DOESN'T FEEL THAT THE POLICE PROPER *DESERVE* THEIR ANNUAL RAISE.

WELL, *THIS* CAN'T POSSIBLY *END* WELL.

I'M MORE THAN INCLINED TO *AGREE* WITH YOU, MARLA.

THE CITY COUNCIL IS BEING EXTRAORDINARILY *SHORTSIGHTED* IN ALL THIS.

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN *NEXT*?

I HAVE MY *GUESSES*.

NONE OF THEM *GOOD*.

35 CENTS or SUBSCRIBE for home delivery
New York Gazette
SPORTS Latest YANKEE News
Metropolitan Edition • April 17, 1977 • Local, National, and World Coverage

COPS SAY "LET THEM DO IT!"

TWO DAYS LATER, THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE FORCE ACTIVELY WENT ON *STRIKE*.

THEIR *OFFICIAL* POSITION WAS THAT, SINCE THE CITY COUNCIL PUT SO MUCH STOCK IN THE CITY'S *COSTUMED COMMUNITY*, IT SHOULD FALL TO *THEM* TO KEEP ORDER IN NEW YORK.

IT TOOK LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS FOR *RIOTING* TO BREAK OUT ALL OVER THE CITY.

ALL IN ALL, IT WAS A VERY *UGLY* NIGHT.

THE COSTUMES SPREAD THEMSELVES OUT ACROSS THE CITY TO DO WHAT THEY *COULD*--

--BUT, FRANKLY, IT WAS NOT NEARLY *ENOUGH*.

PLEASE...IF EVERYBODY WILL JUST CLEAR THE STREETS...

IN THE SOHO SECTION OF SOUTHERN MANHATTAN, THE RIOTING WAS PARTICULARLY NASTY...
THERE WAS WHOLESALE LOOTING, MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF VANDALISM, YOU NAME IT--
--AND, SINCE NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO BE COVERING THAT NEIGHBORHOOD, I DECIDED THE RESPONSIBILITY WAS UP TO ME...
Who Watches The Watchmen
I WOULDN'T NECESSARILY FINISH THAT IF I WERE YOU.
HUH ?
I MEAN, IT IS A REASONABLE QUESTION--
--BUT YOU'RE DOING MORE DAMAGE THAN IT'S WORTH.
THE PHRASE COMES FROM THE LATIN: QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?
THE CONCEIT IS THAT EVEN A CITY'S GUARDIANS REQUIRE SUPERVISION TO KEEP THEM IN LINE.
NOW WHAT SAY YOU PUT DOWN THAT SPRAY CAN?
DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER, OR WHAT THE HELL YER TALKIN' ABOUT--
--BUT YOU COME ANY CLOSER, YER GONNA REGRET IT.
HOW SAD. OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT LESS THAN TWO YEARS--
--AND ALREADY PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO FORGET ABOUT ME.
THEY CALLED ME OZYMANDIAS.

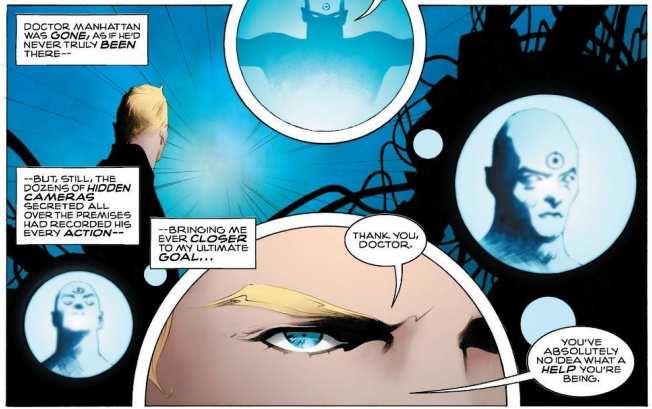
AS I CONTINUED SPEAKING TO DISTRACT THE BOY, I SLIPPED MY TRUSTY STILETTO FROM ITS GAUNTLET--
--AND LET FLY...
I WILL TOLERATE MANY THINGS, SON--
--BUT BOLDFACED THREATS ARE NOT ONE OF THEM!
THE STILETTO STRUCK THE SPRAY CAN DEAD CENTER--
--AND IT EXPLODED RIGHT IN THE BOY'S FACE, AS I'D INTENDED...
AAGGHH!
MY EYES--! CAN'T SEE--!
YOU MIGHT REMEMBER THIS MOMENT THE NEXT TIME YOU CONSIDER COMMITTING PUBLIC VANDALISM.
RIGHT NOW, I HAVE OTHER PLACES TO BE.

I'D PUT ON THE COSTUME AGAIN BECAUSE I FIGURED OZYMANDIAS WOULD BE A MORE EFFECTIVE TOOL AGAINST THE RIOTERS THAN WOULD ADRIAN VEIDT.
BESIDES, WEARING THAT COSTUME TONIGHT COULD POSSIBLY PROVIDE OTHER BENEFITS.
A BLOCK FROM THE TAGGER, I CAME ACROSS A GANG OF LOOTERS EMPTYING AN APPLIANCE STORE--
--AND DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...
GENTLEMEN, I'M GIVING YOU EXACTLY 30 SECONDS TO RETURN THAT MERCHANDISE TO WHERE YOU FIRST FOUND IT.
OH?
AND IF WE DON'T, PRETTY BOY?
THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO FORCE YOU!
UUN NFF!
NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE REMAINING LOOTERS RE-STOCKED THE STORE'S SHELVES IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES...

AND, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
WELL, NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE STRIKE IS OVER. THE CITY COUNCIL CAVED.
IRONICALLY, THE DAMAGES FROM THE RIOTING ARE GOING TO COST THE CITY GOD KNOWS HOW MANY TIMES MORE THAN JUST GIVING THE POLICE THEIR RAISE WOULD HAVE.
A DOLLAR SAYS THE IRONY IS TOTALLY LOST ON THEM.
FIRST RULE: NEVER BET AGAINST A SURE THING.
AND WHAT ABOUT ALL THE RUMORS GOING AROUND ABOUT OZYMANDIAS BEING SEEN AROUND TOWN DURING THE RIOTING?
AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO REMAIN...
...MERELY RUMORS.
OF COURSE, SHOULD THOSE RUMORS HELP TO INCREASE THE SALES OF OUR NEW OZYMANDIAS ACTION FIGURE LINE THAT HITS STORE SHELVES TOMORROW...
WELL, SO MUCH THE BETTER THEN, ISN'T IT?

AND, THE FOLLOWING WEEK...
THANK YOU FOR COMING, DOCTOR.
NONSENSE. THESE SESSIONS ARE DESIGNED TO BENEFIT ALL MANKIND.
HAVE YOU MADE ANY PROGRESS IN DUPLICATING MY TELEPORTATIONAL ABILITIES?
NO. BUT I HONESTLY DO BELIEVE WE'RE GETTING CLOSER.
THIS MACHINE IS OUR LATEST STEP.
ALLOW ME TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

EXTRAORDINARY.
ELEMENTARY.
YOU ARE INDEED CLOSER-- BUT NOT YET CORRECT.
KEEP WORKING AT IT, THOUGH. WITH YOUR DETERMINATION, I'VE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE YOU WILL GET IT RIGHT EVENTUALLY.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...


DOCTOR MANHATTAN WAS GONE, AS IF HE'D NEVER TRULY BEEN THERE--
--BUT, STILL, THE DOZENS OF HIDDEN CAMERAS SECRETED ALL OVER THE PREMISES HAD RECORDED HIS EVERY ACTION--
--BRINGING ME EVER CLOSER TO MY ULTIMATE GOAL...
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
YOU'VE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT A HELP YOU'RE BEING.

WHILE I HADN'T YET BEEN ABLE TO DUPLICATE MANHATTAN'S TELEPORTATIONAL POWERS, I HAD MADE USE OF OTHER THINGS I'D LEARNED FROM HIM...
LIGHTER-THAN-AIR SHIPS NOW FILLED THE SKIES, ELECTRIC CARS NOW CRUISED OUR STREETS--
--ALL THANKS TO THE INCREDIBLE BLUE-SKINNED BEING TO WHOM THE RULES OF NATURE SEEMED LITTLE MORE THAN SUGGESTIONS...
PARK DR.
AMAZING, ISN'T IT?
YOU LOOK AROUND THIS CITY AND SEE VERY LITTLE THAT HASN'T HAD YOUR HAND IN IT.
ALL FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MANKIND, MARLA.

UNLIKE THE PASSAGE OF THE KEENE ACT, I'M AFRAID.
I CAN'T HELP BELIEVING THAT OUTLAWING ALL COSTUMED VIGILANTES WHO AREN'T UNDER THE GOVERNMENT'S DIRECT CONTROL IS GOING TO COME BACK TO BITE US ON THE BUTT SOMEDAY.
GUESS YOU GOT OUT WHILE THE GETTING WAS GOOD, HUH, MR. V?
THAT, MY GOOD FELLOW, REMAINS TO BE SEEN.
NEWS
KEENE ACT PASSES!
END CHAPTER FIVE

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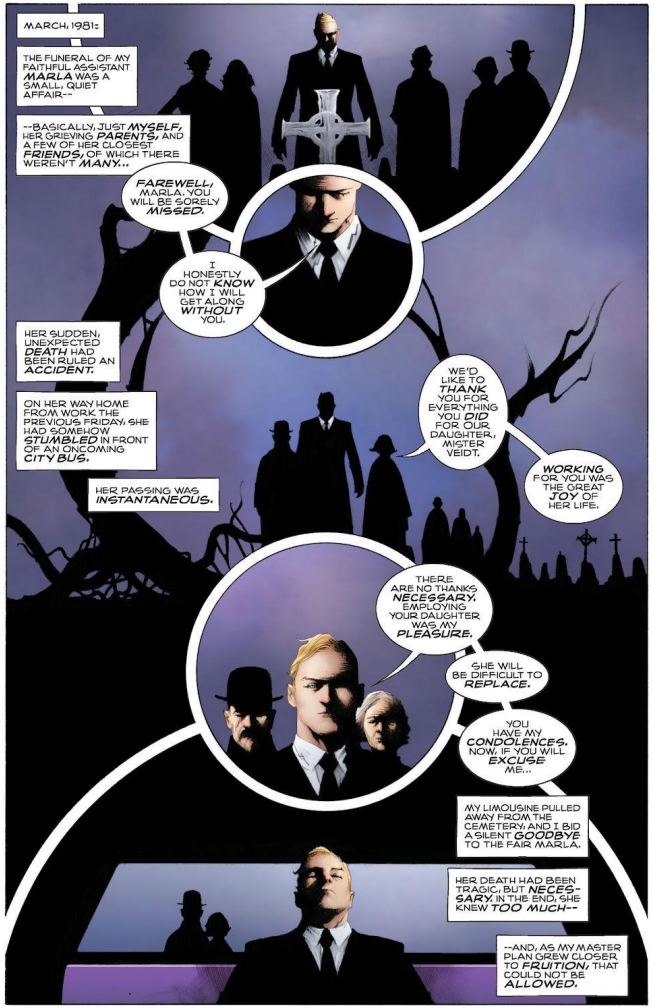
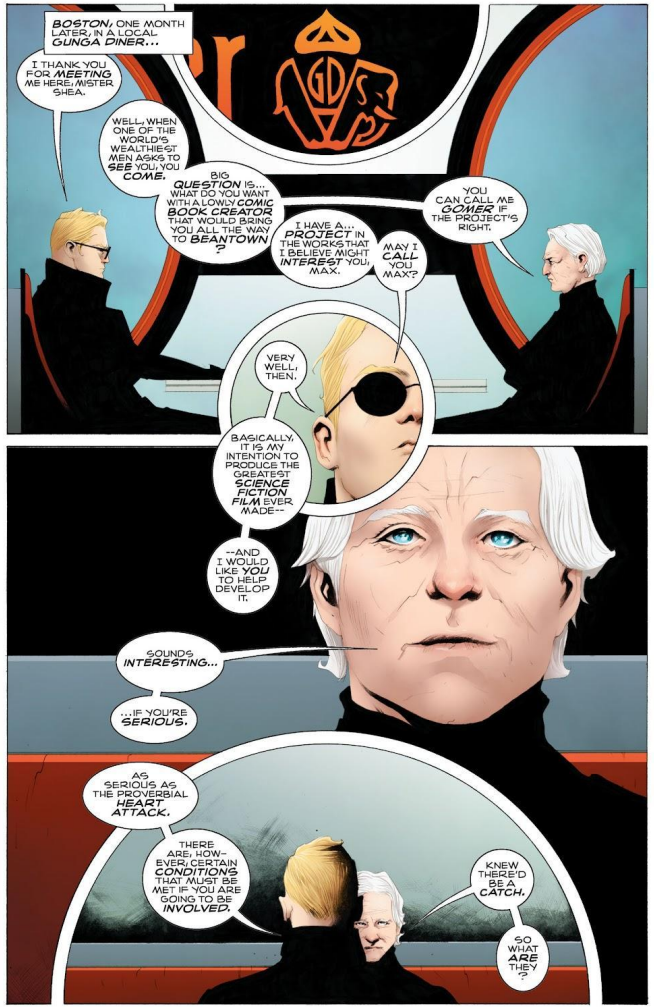
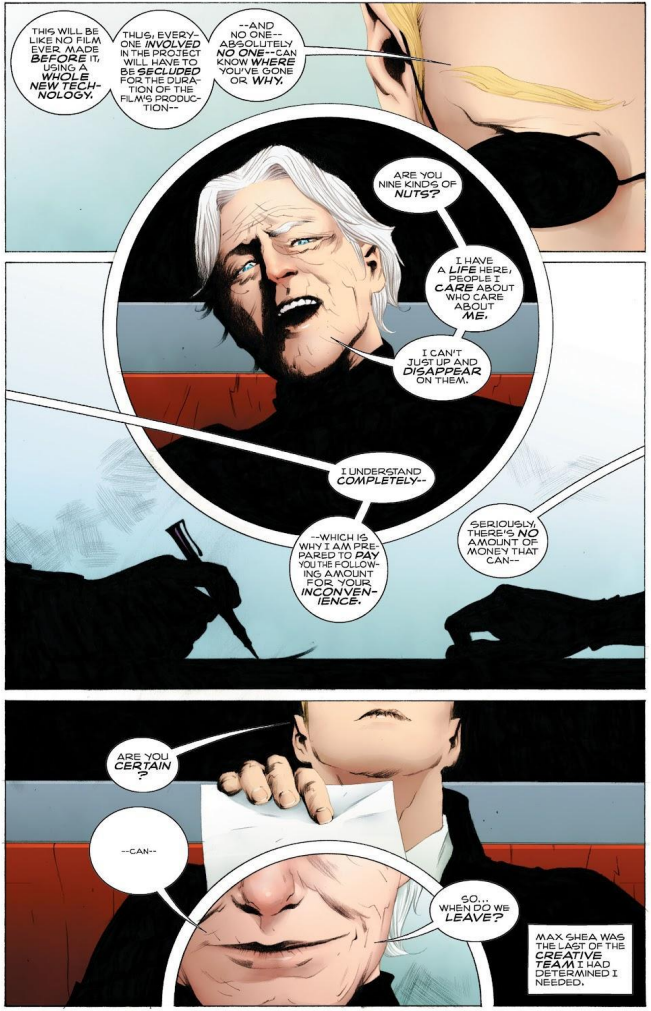
NOTHING BESIDE REMAINS

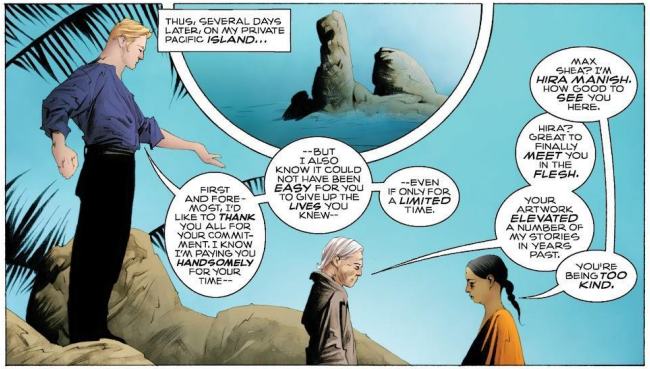
LEN WEIN: WRITER
JAE LEE: ARTIST/COVER ARTIST
JOHN WORKMAN: LETTERER
JUNE CHUNG: COLORIST
RYAN SOOK: VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK DOYLE: ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WILL DENNIS: EDITOR

WATCHMEN CREATED BY
ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS




BOSTON, ONE MONTH LATER, IN A LOCAL GUNGA DINER...
I THANK YOU FOR MEETING ME HERE, MISTER SHEA.
WELL, WHEN ONE OF THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST MEN ASKS TO SEE YOU, YOU COME.
BIG QUESTION IS... WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A LOWLY COMIC BOOK CREATOR THAT WOULD BRING YOU ALL THE WAY TO BEANTOWN?
I HAVE A... PROJECT IN THE WORKS THAT I BELIEVE MIGHT INTEREST YOU, MAX.
MAY I CALL YOU MAX?
YOU CAN CALL ME GOMER IF THE PROJECT'S RIGHT.
VERY WELL, THEN.
BASICALLY, IT IS MY INTENTION TO PRODUCE THE GREATEST SCIENCE FICTION FILM EVER MADE--
--AND I WOULD LIKE YOU TO HELP DEVELOP IT.
SOUNDS INTERESTING...
...IF YOU'RE SERIOUS.
AS SERIOUS AS THE PROVERBIAL HEART ATTACK.
THERE ARE, HOWEVER, CERTAIN CONDITIONS THAT MUST BE MET IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE INVOLVED.
KNEW THERE'D BE A CATCH.
SO WHAT ARE THEY?


THIS WILL BE LIKE NO FILM EVER MADE BEFORE IT, USING A WHOLE NEW TECHNOLOGY.
THUS, EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THE PROJECT WILL HAVE TO BE SECLUDED FOR THE DURATION OF THE FILM'S PRODUCTION--
--AND NO ONE--ABSOLUTELY NO ONE--CAN KNOW WHERE YOU'VE GONE OR WHY.
ARE YOU NINE KINDS OF NUTS?
I HAVE A LIFE HERE, PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT WHO CARE ABOUT ME.
I CAN'T JUST UP AND DISAPPEAR ON THEM.
I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY--
--WHICH IS WHY I AM PREPARED TO PAY YOU THE FOLLOWING AMOUNT FOR YOUR INCONVENIENCE.
SERIOUSLY, THERE'S NO AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT CAN--
ARE YOU CERTAIN?
--CAN--
SO... WHEN DO WE LEAVE?
MAX SHEA WAS THE LAST OF THE CREATIVE TEAM I HAD DETERMINED I NEEDED.


THUS, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ON MY PRIVATE PACIFIC ISLAND...
MAX SHEA? I'M HIRA MANISH. HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU HERE.
HIRA? GREAT TO FINALLY MEET YOU IN THE FLESH.
YOUR ARTWORK ELEVATED A NUMBER OF MY STORIES IN YEARS PAST.
YOU'RE BEING TOO KIND.
--BUT I ALSO KNOW IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN EASY FOR YOU TO GIVE UP THE LIVES YOU KNEW--
--EVEN IF ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME.
FIRST AND FOREMOST, I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR COMMITMENT. I KNOW I'M PAYING YOU HANDSOMELY FOR YOUR TIME--

INTERESTING GROUP MISTER VEIDT HAS ASSEMBLED HERE.
AS WELL AS VARIOUS OTHER ARTISTS AND WRITERS, I RECOGNIZE SOME PROMINENT SCIENTIFIC MINDS WALKING ABOUT.
JUST WHAT SORT OF MOVIE IS HE MAKING, ANYWAY?

DAMNED IF I CAN FIGURE IT OUT--
--BUT IF VEIDT IS PAYING EVERYONE ELSE HERE WHAT HE'S PAYING ME, THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL HIS MOVIE WILL EVER TURN A PROFIT.

YEAH, IT'S A LOT LIKE HOWARD HUGHES MAKING THAT "HELL'S ANGELS" FILM BACK IN THE '20S.
WELL, THEY DON'T CALL THEGE GUYS INSANELY WEALTHY WITHOUT REASON.
AND...

...NOW THAT YOU'VE ALL MET ONE ANOTHER--
--I SUGGEST THAT YOU GET PROMPTLY TO WORK.
I AM, AFTER ALL, NOT PAYING YOU TO SOCIALIZE.
MISTER VEIDT, SIR, IF I MIGHT HAVE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME...?
CERTAINLY, PROFESSOR WICKSTEIN.

IS THERE A PROBLEM I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?
QUITE POSSIBLY, SIR.
TH-THAT BRAIN YOU GAVE US TO CLONE...
YOU DO REALIZE IT'S--

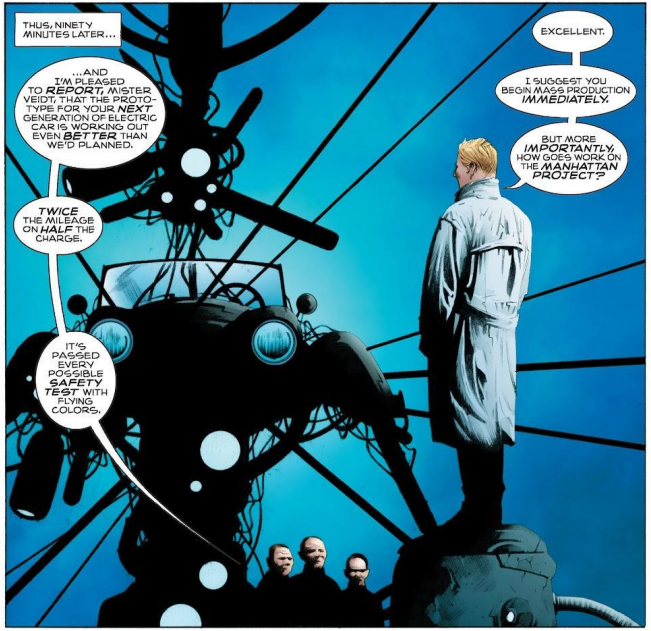
--IT'S A HUMAN BRAIN.

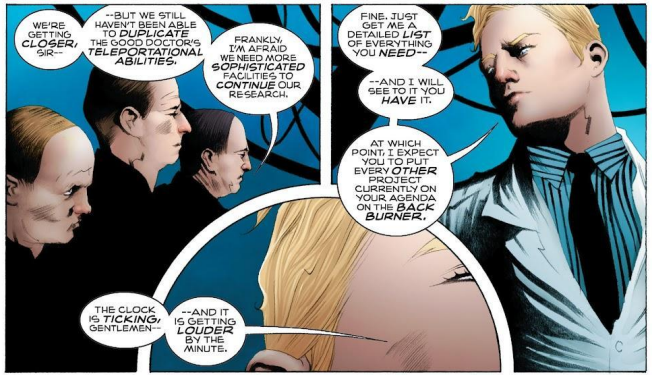
AS EASY TO OBTAIN FROM A DONATED CADAVER AS ANY OTHER.
HAVE YOU SOME CONCERN WITH THAT?
I AM LOOKING FOR VERISIMILITUDE ON THIS FILM, PROFESSOR.
I EXPECT YOU TO GIVE IT TO ME.

NO, I--I SUPPOSE NOT...
...SINCE IT CAME FROM ONE ALREADY DEAD.
BUT WHY WOULD YOU--

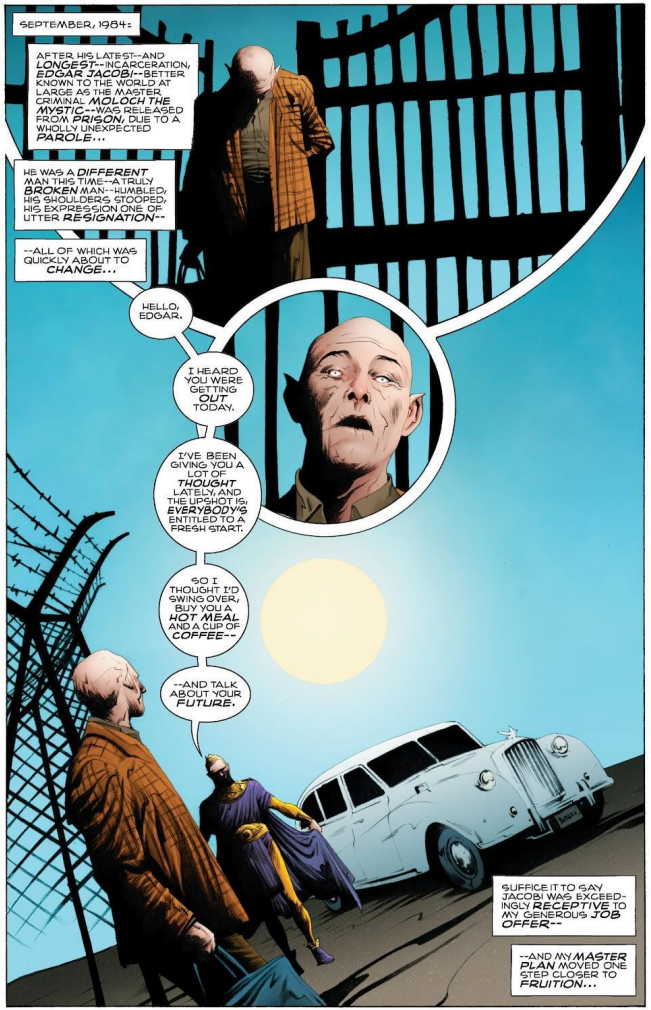
LEAVING MY ASSEMBLED "FILM CREW" TO THEIR DESIGNATED TASKS, I RETURNED TO NEW YORK--
--AND MY SO-CALLED "NORMAL" LIFE...
YOU WANTED COPIES OF ALL THE MORNING PAPERS, MISTER VEIDT?
YES, TODAY AND EVERY DAY ...YVONNE, WAS IT?
YES, SIR.
AND THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE YOUR ASSISTANT.
JUST REMEMBER YOU HAVE EXCEPTIONAL SHOES TO FILL.
MY PREVIOUS ASSISTANT... MARLA... WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG WOMAN.
SO YOU'VE TOLD ME SEVERAL TIMES ALREADY, SIR.
WELL, THIS IS DISTRESSING.
WHAT IS, SIR?
THIS HEADLINE IN THE GAZETTE...

I'VE BEEN ANTICIPATING THIS.
olitan Edition • April 28, 1981 • Local, National, and World Coverage
SCIENTISTS MOVE DOOMSDAY CLOCK ONE MINUTE CLOSER TO MIDNIGHT!
TELL MY RED TEAM I'LL BE BY TO SEE THEM LATER THIS MORNING.
TIME, IT APPEARS, IS SUDDENLY OF THE ESSENCE.


THUS, NINETY MINUTES LATER...
...AND I'M PLEASED TO REPORT, MISTER VEIDT, THAT THE PROTOTYPE FOR YOUR NEXT GENERATION OF ELECTRIC CAR IS WORKING OUT EVEN BETTER THAN WE'D PLANNED.
TWICE THE MILEAGE ON HALF THE CHARGE.
IT'S PASSED EVERY POSSIBLE SAFETY TEST WITH FLYING COLORS.
EXCELLENT.
I SUGGEST YOU BEGIN MASS PRODUCTION IMMEDIATELY.
BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW GOES WORK ON THE MANHATTAN PROJECT?

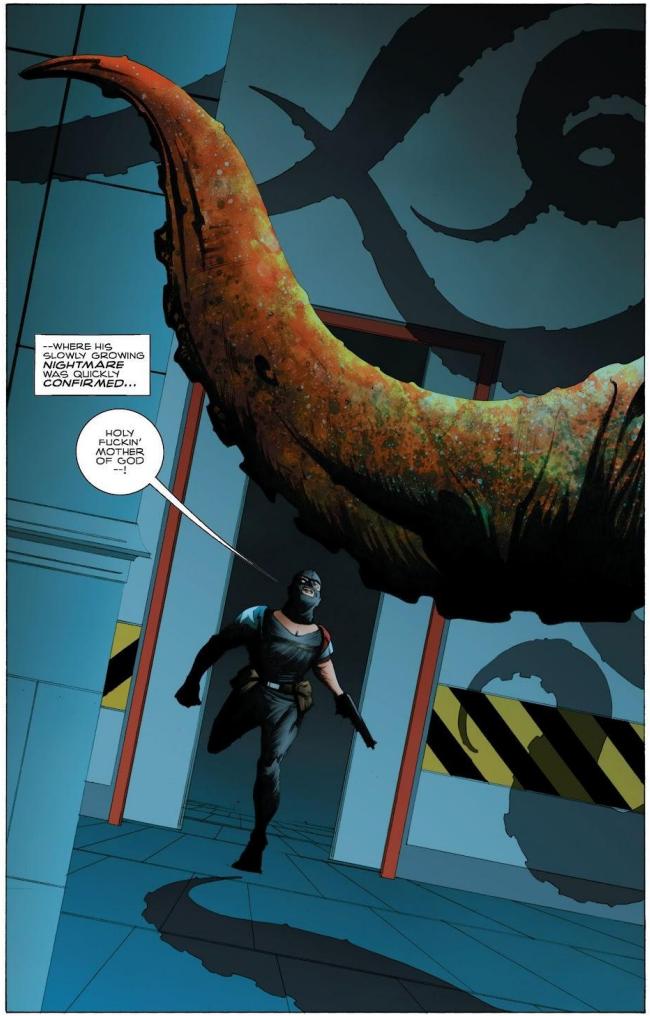

WE'RE GETTING CLOSER, SIR--
--BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DUPLICATE THE GOOD DOCTOR'S TELEPORTATIONAL ABILITIES.
FRANKLY, I'M AFRAID WE NEED MORE SOPHISTICATED FACILITIES TO CONTINUE OUR RESEARCH.
FINE. JUST GET ME A DETAILED LIST OF EVERYTHING YOU NEED--
--AND I WILL SEE TO IT YOU HAVE IT.
AT WHICH POINT, I EXPECT YOU TO PUT EVERY OTHER PROJECT CURRENTLY ON YOUR AGENDA ON THE BACK BURNER.
THE CLOCK IS TICKING, GENTLEMEN--
--AND IT IS GETTING LOUDER BY THE MINUTE.

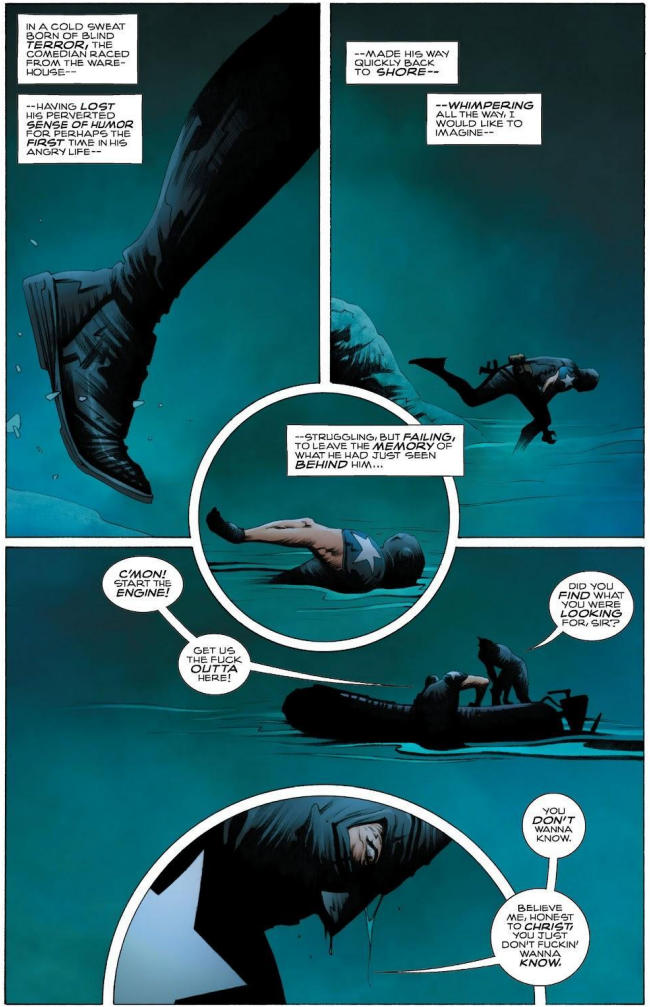
SEVEN MONTHS LATER, IN THE HEART OF MIDTOWN MANHATTAN...
INSTITUTE FOR EXTRASPATIAL STUDIES
...AND IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE THAT I HEREBY DECLARE OPEN THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE FOR EXTRASPATIAL STUDIES--
--WHERE TODAY'S GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MINDS CAN DEVOTE THEIR TIME AND ENERGIES TO SOLVING THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'D LIKE--
--I WILL ANSWER A FEW OF YOUR QUESTIONS.
MISTER VEIDT, IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS THAT YOU HAD THIS FACILITY BUILT SPECIFICALLY IN AN EFFORT TO DUPLICATE THE QUANTUM POWERS OF DOCTOR MANHATTAN?
HAVE YOU EVER MET DOCTOR MANHATTAN?
WELL, I'VE ACTUALLY WORKED WITH HIM, AND--
--TRUST ME ON THIS--
--IT WOULD BE LIKE ATTEMPTING TO DUPLICATE THE DETAILS OF YOUR MOST SURREAL DREAM.
AN ENTERTAINING EXERCISE--BUT, ULTIMATELY AN EXTRAORDINARY WASTE OF ONE'S TIME.
IT'S WHY THEY'RE CALLED RUMORS.
NEXT QUESTION?


SEPTEMBER, 1984:
AFTER HIS LATEST--AND LONGEST--INCARCERATION, EDGAR JACOBI--BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AT LARGE AS THE MASTER CRIMAL MOLOCH THE MYSTIC--WAS RELEASED FROM PRISON, DUE TO A WHOLLY UNEXPECTED PAROLE...
HE WAS A DIFFERENT MAN THIS TIME--A TRULY BROKEN MAN--HUMBLED, HIS SHOULDERS STOOPED, HIS EXPRESSION ONE OF UTTER RESIGNATION--
--ALL OF WHICH WAS QUICKLY ABOUT TO CHANGE...
HELLO, EDGAR.
I HEARD YOU WERE GETTING OUT TODAY.
I'VE BEEN GIVING YOU A LOT OF THOUGHT LATELY, AND THE UPSHOT IS, EVERYBODY'S ENTITLED TO A FRESH START.
SO I THOUGHT I'D SWING OVER, BUY YOU A HOT MEAL AND A CUP OF COFFEE--
--AND TALK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.
SUFFICE IT TO SAY JACOBI WAS EXCEEDINGLY RECEPTIVE TO MY GENEROUS JOB OFFER--
--AND MY MASTER PLAN MOVED ONE STEP CLOSER TO FRUITION...

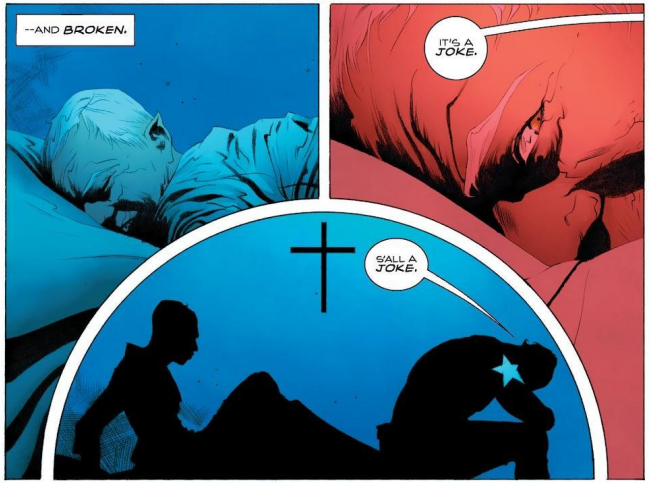
I PUT TOGETHER THE DETAILS OF THE PRECIPITATING PIECE OF THE PUZZLE MOSTLY THROUGH SUPPOSITION AND SNATCHES OF CAPTURED CONVERSATION...
APPARENTLY, A FEW WEEKS AGO, THE COMEDIAN--STILL IN THE EMPLOY OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT--WAS RETURNING FROM SOME SECRET WETWORK OPERATION IN NICARAGUA...
HE WAS SITTING ALONE IN THE AIRSHIP THAT WAS TRANSPORTING HIM, CLEANING HIS WEAPONS, WHEN HE HAD THE UNFORTUNATE CHANCE TO GLANCE OUT THE WINDOW--
--AND SPOTTED A LARGE FREIGHTER DELIVERING SUPPLIES TO MY PRIVATE ISLAND...
THE FUCK ...?
SURPRISED TO EVEN SEE THE ISLAND, SINCE IT WAS NO LONGER DETAILED ON ANY MAP, HE SUSPECTED IT WAS A POSSIBLE SANDINISTA BASE--
--AND RESOLVED TO INVESTIGATE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, APPARENTLY, THE COMEDIAN RETURNED TO THE ISLAND IN A SMALL DINGHY--
--AND SILENTLY MADE HIS WAY ASHORE...
SINCE HE EXPECTED TO FIND A SECRET SANDINISTA BASE THERE, I'M CERTAIN HE WISHED LEAVING A CONSIDERABLE BODY COUNT IN HIS WAKE...
I ENVISION HIM MOVING STEALTHILY ACROSS THE CAMPGROUND, CAREFULLY AVOIDING ANY RANDOM SHAFTS OF MOONLIGHT--
--MAKING HIS WAY TO ONE OF THE MORE IMPORTANT-LOOKING BUILDINGS...
MY LATER INVESTIGATION CONFIRMS THAT HE RIFLED THROUGH MY PRIVATE FILES--
--READ DOCUMENTS THAT WERE INTENDED FOR MY EYES ONLY--
--AND, UNABLE TO BELIEVE, LET ALONE FULLY COMPREHEND, WHAT HE'D JUST READ, HE MOVED ON TO THE ISLAND'S LARGEST WAREHOUSE--


--WHERE HIS SLOWLY GROWING NIGHTMARE WAS QUICKLY CONFIRMED...
HOLY FUCKIN' MOTHER OF GOD --!


IN A COLD SWEAT BORN OF BLIND TERROR, THE COMEDIAN RACED FROM THE WAREHOUSE--
--HAVING LOST HIS PERVERTED SENSE OF HUMOR FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME IN HIS ANGRY LIFE--
--MADE HIS WAY QUICKLY BACK TO SHORE--
--WHIMPERING ALL THE WAY, I WOULD LIKE TO IMAGINE--
--STRUGGLING, BUT FAILING, TO LEAVE THE MEMORY OF WHAT HE HAD JUST SEEN BEHIND HIM...
C'MON! START THE ENGINE!
GET US THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!
DID YOU FIND WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR, SIR?
YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW.
BELIEVE ME, HONEST TO CHRIST! YOU JUST DON'T FUCKIN' WANNA KNOW.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, BACK HOME IN NEW YORK, THE COMEDIAN SOMEHOW FOUND HIMSELF STANDING OUTSIDE THE MEAGER WESTSIDE APARTMENT OF EDGAR JACOBI...
HOW LONG HE MUST HAVE STOOD THERE, CONSIDERING, UNMOVING, EVEN I WILL NEVER KNOW--
--BUT THE SHEER WEIGHT OF HIS KNOWLEDGE HAD CLEARLY LEFT HIM BENT--


--AND BROKEN.
IT'S A JOKE.
S'ALL A JOKE.

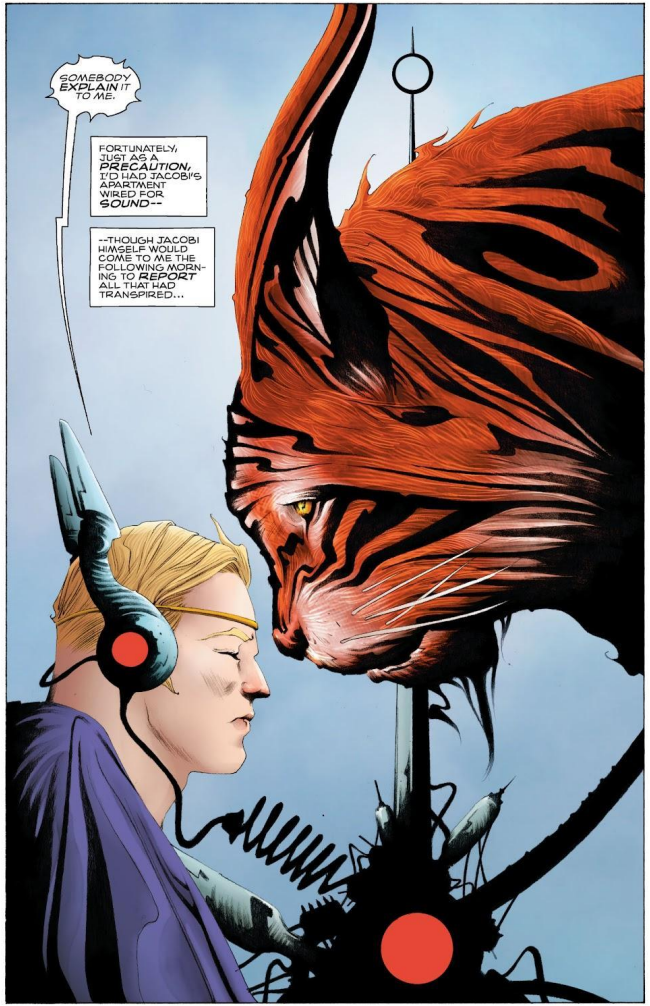
I MEAN, I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW THE WORLD WAS, BUT THEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS GAG, THIS JOKE...
YOU'RE PART OF IT, MOLOCH OL' PAL, Y'KNOW THAT?
IF I THOUGHT YOU DID KNOW... I'D KILL YOU, YOU UNDERSTAND.
KILL YOU.

I MEAN, YOU FOUGHT THAT BIG BLUE GEEK! YOU KNOW WHAT HIS HEAD'S LIKE!
I TELL YA, WHO KNOWS WHICH WAY HE'LL JUMP IF ANYBODY MESSES WITH HIM...
HE MIGHT ...HE JUST MIGHT...
NAH. I DON'T WANNA THINK ABOUT IT.
DON'CHA GOT ANY BOOZE IN THIS PLACE?

OH, GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY WOULD DO THAT...
I MEAN, I DONE SOME BAD THINGS ...BUT I NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE...LIKE...

I MEAN, WHAT'S FUNNY? WHAT'S SO GODDAMNED FUNNY?
I DON'T GET IT. SOMEBODY EXPLAIN...

I MEAN, WHAT GETS ME, I NEED NEVER HAVE LOOKED OUT THE AIRSHIP WINDOW, NEVER SEEN THE GODDAMN ISLAND, NEVER GOTTEN INVOLVED...
I MEAN, THIS JOKE, I MEAN, I THOUGHT I WAS THE COMEDIAN, Y'KNOW?


SOMEBODY EXPLAIN IT TO ME.
FORTUNATELY, JUST AS A PRECAUTION, I'D HAD JACOBI'S APARTMENT WIRED FOR SOUND--
--THOUGH JACOBI HIMSELF WOULD COME TO ME THE FOLLOWING MORNING TO REPORT ALL THAT HAD TRANSPIRED...

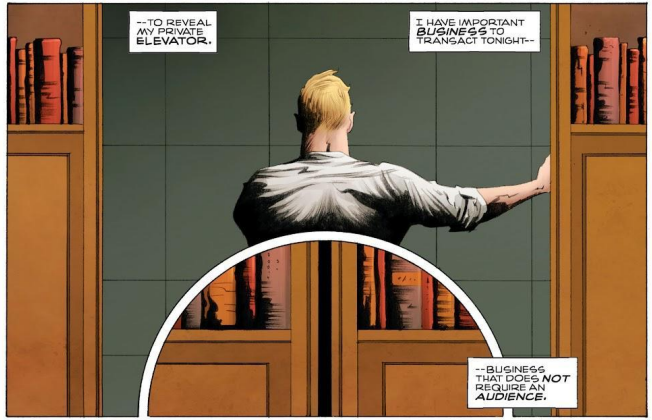
--BUT EDWARD BLAKE IS THE ORIGINAL LOOSE CANNON--
--AND, KNOWING WHAT HE NOW KNOWS, POSES A CONSIDERABLE THREAT TO THE ULTIMATE SUCCESS OF OUR ENDEAVOR.
WELL, THAT RATHER PUTS A LARGE KINK IN OUR PLANS, DOESN'T IT, MY SWEET BUBASTIS?
UNTIL NOW, THE COMEDIAN HAD BEEN AT BEST AN AFTERTHOUGHT--
POOR EDGAR, LIKE WALLY WEAVER AND JANEY SLATER BEFORE HIM, HAS ALREADY BEEN SEEN TO--
--THOUGH I MAY HAVE TO MOVE UP MY TIME-TABLE ON TRUSTING, SAD JACOBI NOW.

I SUPPOSE THERE'S REALLY NO CHOICE BUT TO DEAL WITH BLAKE ONCE AND FOR ALL.
WE'VE COME TOO FAR TO LET HIM SPOIL THINGS NOW.
IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE STEP--BUT NECESSARY.
BELIEVE ME, BUBASTIS... UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

OCTOBER 11, 1985:
I HAVE RETURNED TO NEW YORK FROM MY BELOVED KARNAK.
ANYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TONIGHT, MR. VEIDT?
NO, THANK YOU, YVONNE. JUST SEE THAT THESE PAPERS ARE PROPERLY FILED.
THEN YOU'RE WELCOME TO GO HOME FOR THE EVENING.

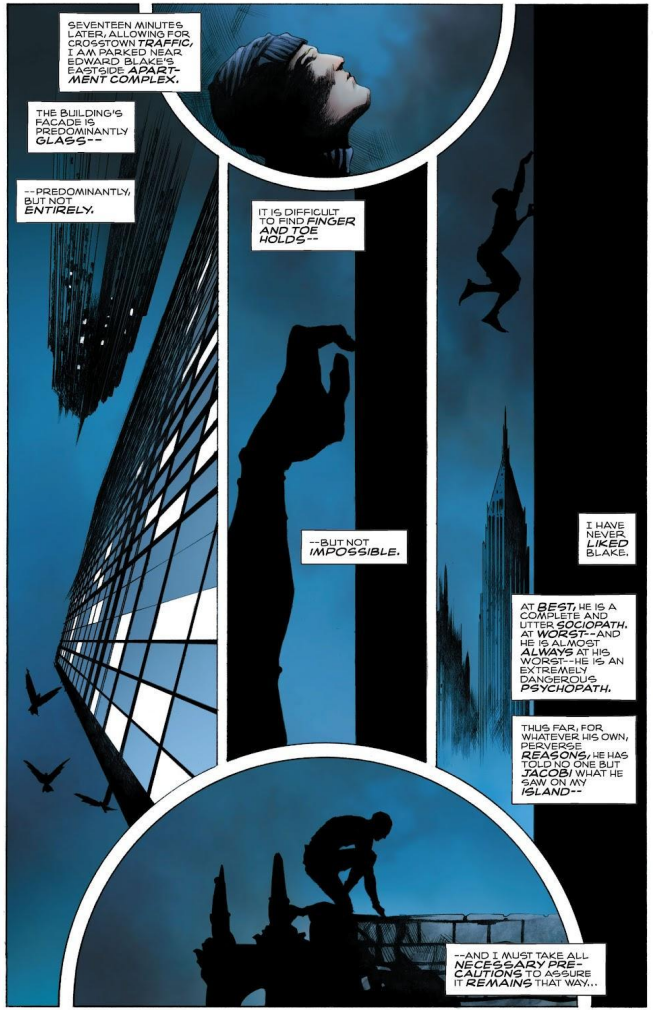
DONE AND DONE, SIR.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

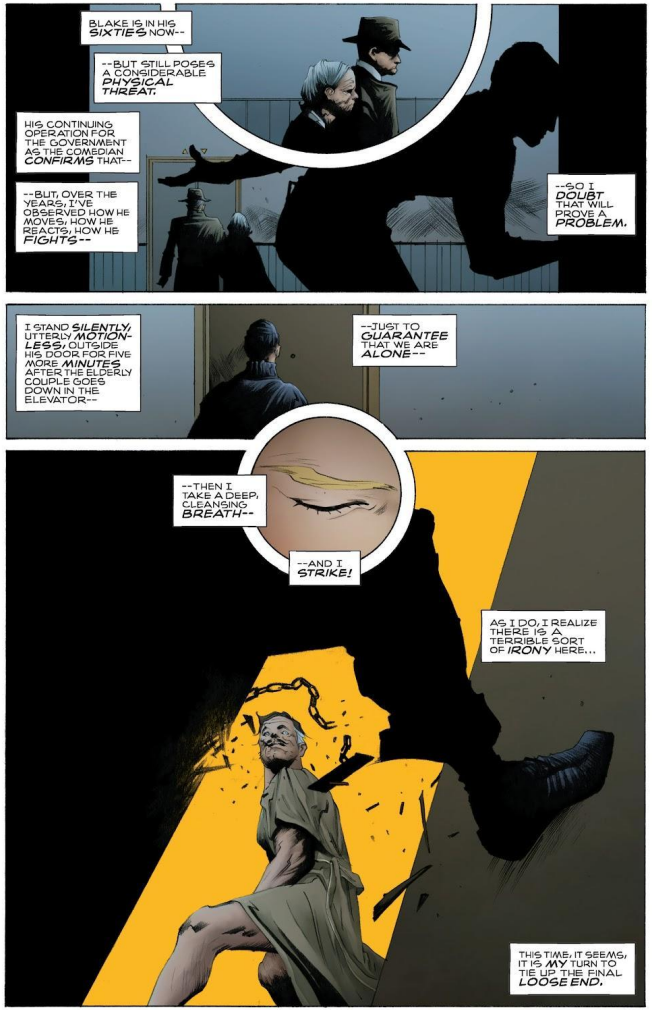
AS SOON AS I AM CERTAIN YVONNE IS GONE--
--I WALK OVER TO MY PERSONAL BOOK-CASE--
--PULL FORWARD ONE PARTIC-ULAR BOOK--
--THEN WAIT AS THE STRUCTURE SLIDES ASIDE--

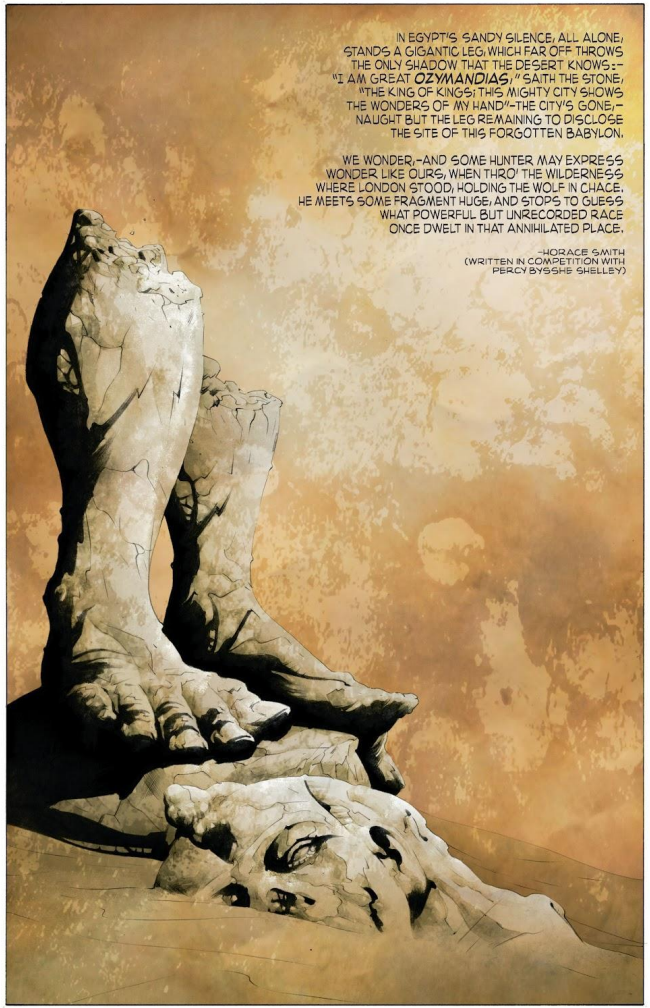

--TO REVEAL MY PRIVATE ELEVATOR.
I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TRANSACT TONIGHT--
--BUSINESS THAT DOES NOT REQUIRE AN AUDIENCE.

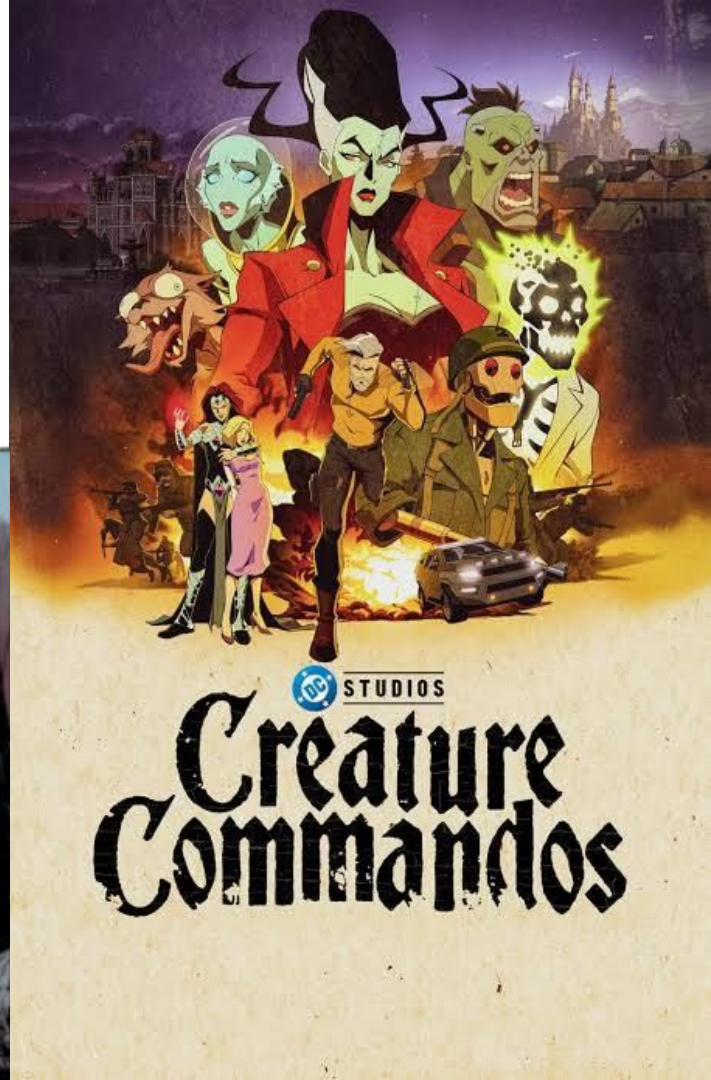
AS FAR AS ANYONE IS CONCERNED, I AM IN MY PRIVATE OFFICE TONIGHT--
--WORKING LATE AGAIN, AS USUAL.
WHERE I AM ACTUALLY GOING--
--WHAT I FIND IT ESSENTIAL TO DO--
--REMAINS FOR ME ALONE TO KNOW.

WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO, I DO WITH SOME RELUCTANCE, DESPITE THE LONG AND RATHER UNPLEASANT HISTORY BETWEEN US.
I DO IT BECAUSE, TO NOT DO IT, POSES A CONSIDER-ABLE--AND WHOLLY UN-NECESSARY--THREAT TO MY ULTIMATE PLAN--
--AND THAT SIMPLY CANNOT BE ALLOWED.


SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER, ALLOWING FOR CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC, I AM PARKED NEAR EDWARD BLAKE'S EASTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX.
THE BUILDING'S FACADE IS PREDOMINANTLY GLASS--
--PREDOMINANTLY, BUT NOT ENTIRELY.
IT IS DIFFICULT TO FIND FINGER AND TOE HOLDS--
--BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.
I HAVE NEVER LIKED BLAKE.
AT BEST, HE IS A COMPLETE AND UTTER SOCIOPATH. AT WORST--AND HE IS ALMOST ALWAYS AT HIS WORST--HE IS AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH.
THUS FAR, FOR WHATEVER HIS OWN, PERVERSE REASONS, HE HAS TOLD NO ONE BUT JACOB WHAT HE SAW ON MY ISLAND--
--AND I MUST TAKE ALL NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS TO ASSURE IT REMAINS THAT WAY...


BLAKE IS IN HIS SIXTIES NOW--
--BUT STILL POSES A CONSIDERABLE PHYSICAL THREAT.
HIS CONTINUING OPERATION FOR THE GOVERNMENT AS THE COMEDIAN CONFIRMS THAT--
--BUT, OVER THE YEARS, I'VE OBSERVED HOW HE MOVES, HOW HE REACTS, HOW HE FIGHTS--
--SO I DOUBT THAT WILL PROVE A PROBLEM.
I STAND SILENTLY, UTTERLY MOTIONLESS, OUTSIDE HIS DOOR FOR FIVE MORE MINUTES AFTER THE ELDERLY COUPLE GOES DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR--
--JUST TO GUARANTEE THAT WE ARE ALONE--
--THEN I TAKE A DEEP, CLEANSING BREATH--
--AND I STRIKE!
AS I DO, I REALIZE THERE IS A TERRIBLE SORT OF IRONY HERE...
THIS TIME, IT SEEMS, IT IS MY TURN TO TIE UP THE FINAL LOOSE END.


IN EGYPT'S SANDY SILENCE, ALL ALONE,
STANDS A GIGANTIC LEG, WHICH FAR OFF THROWS
THE ONLY SHADOW THAT THE DESERT KNOWS:–
"I AM GREAT OZYMANDIAS," SAITH THE STONE,
"THE KING OF KINGS; THIS MIGHTY CITY SHOWS
THE WONDERS OF MY HAND"–THE CITY'S GONE,–
NAUGHT BUT THE LEG REMAINING TO DISCLOSE
THE SITE OF THIS FORGOTTEN BABYLON.
WE WONDER,–AND SOME HUNTER MAY EXPRESS
WONDER LIKE OURS, WHEN THRO' THE WILDERNESS
WHERE LONDON STOOD, HOLDING THE WOLF IN CHACE,
HE MEETS SOME FRAGMENT HUGE, AND STOPS TO GUESS
WHAT POWERFUL BUT UNRECORDED RACE
ONCE DWELT IN THAT ANNIHILATED PLACE.
–HORACE SMITH
(WRITTEN IN COMPETITION WITH
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY)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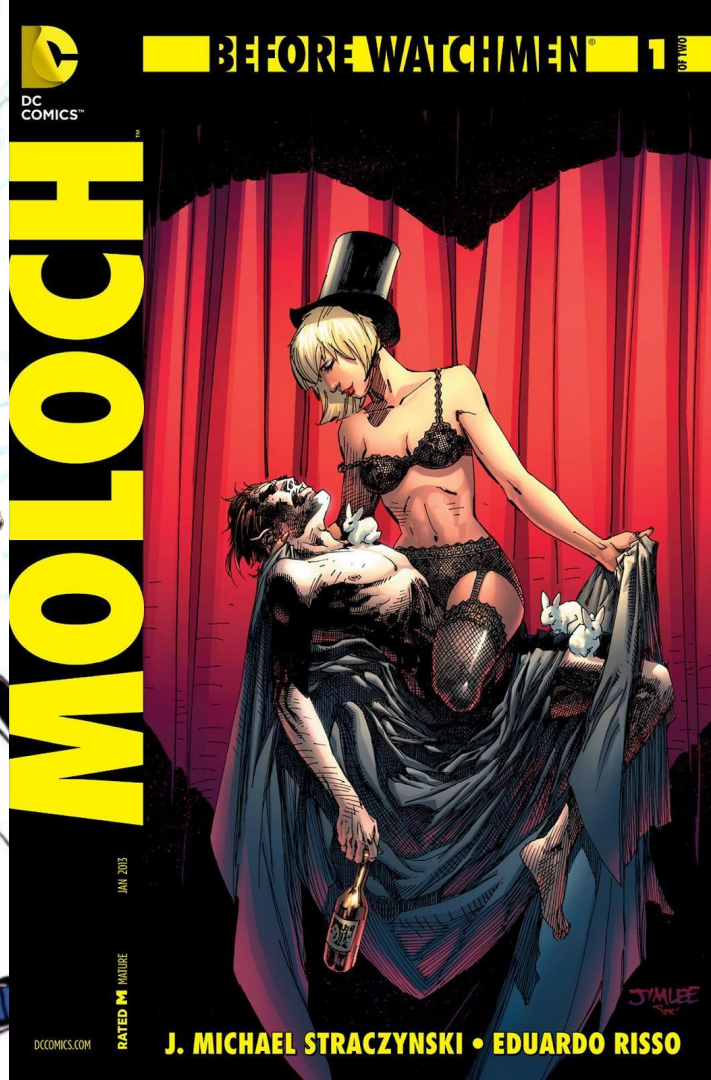
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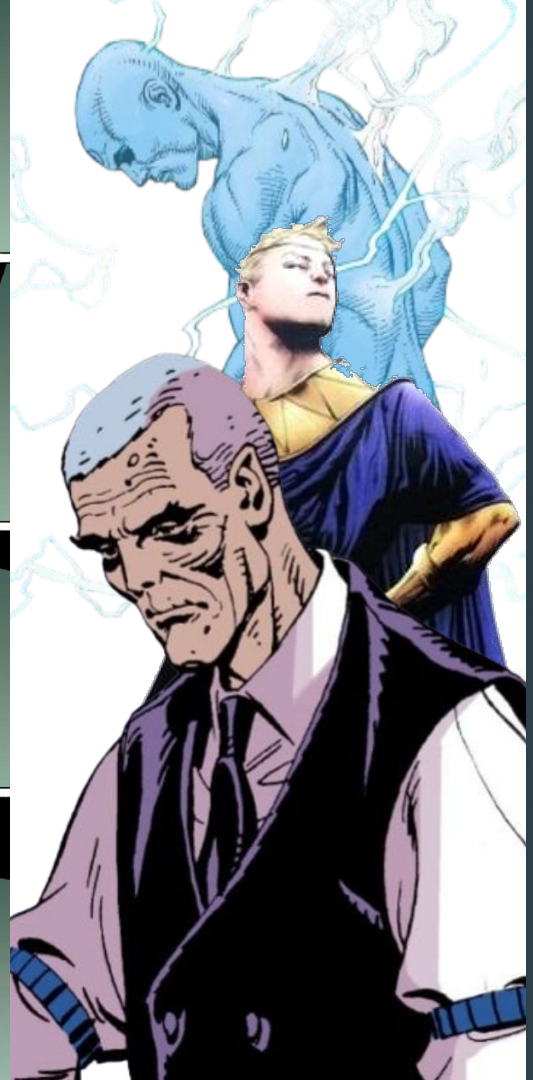
IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME--
--A VERY LONG TIME--
--SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.
GO ON, MY SON, IF--
--AND ONLY IF--
--YOUR CONTRITION, CONFESSION AND REPENTANCE ARE SINCERE.

THEY ARE, FATHER. THEY ARE. I'VE--
--I'VE DONE TERRIBLE THINGS.
I WANT TO CHANGE; I WANT TO BE A BETTER PERSON, AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, I WANT--
--I WANT TO SEE GOD WITHOUT FEAR.
THEN YOU MAY CONTINUE.

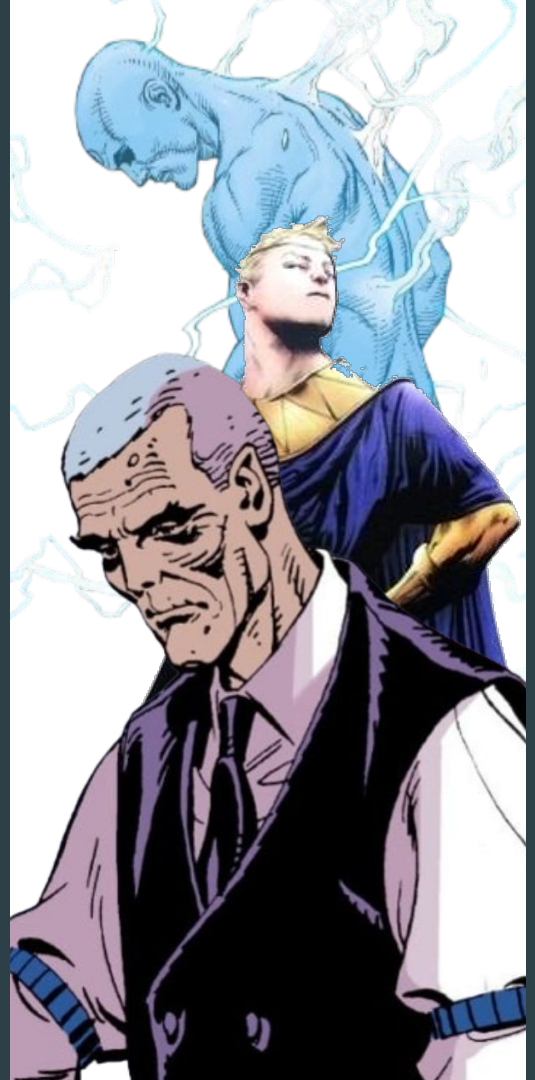
THE THING IS... I MEAN...THERE'S SO MUCH TO COVER... WHERE DO I START?
YOU START WHERE ALL STORIES START.
AT THE BEGINNING.

THE BEGINNING...
"IT'S... IT'S A BOY, BUT--"
"BUT WHAT?"



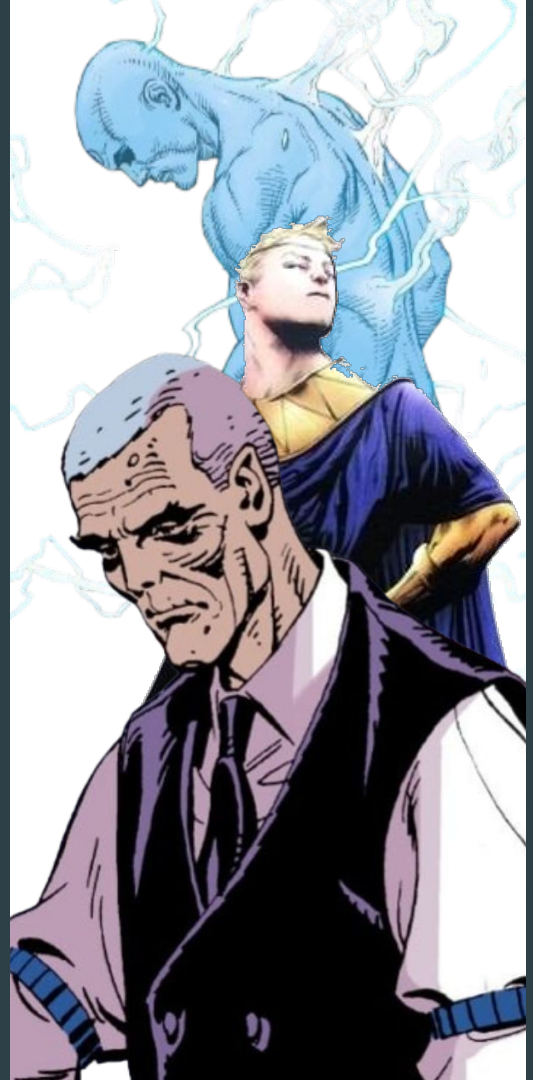
MRS. JACOBI, I--
LET ME SEE.
--DON'T THINK THAT'S A--
WE WANT TO SEE HIM.
THEY LOOKED AWAY.
THEY RAISED ME. FED ME. CLOTHED ME.
BUT THEY NEVER LOOKED BACK.
WHILE OTHERS COULDN'T STOP LOOKING AT ME.
HEY... GET A LOAD OF THE CIRCUS FREAK.
SCHOOL
OVER THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS I STUDIED ENGLISH, MATHEMATICS, HISTORY--
--BUT I LEARNED BRUTALITY, CRUELTY AND VIOLENCE.

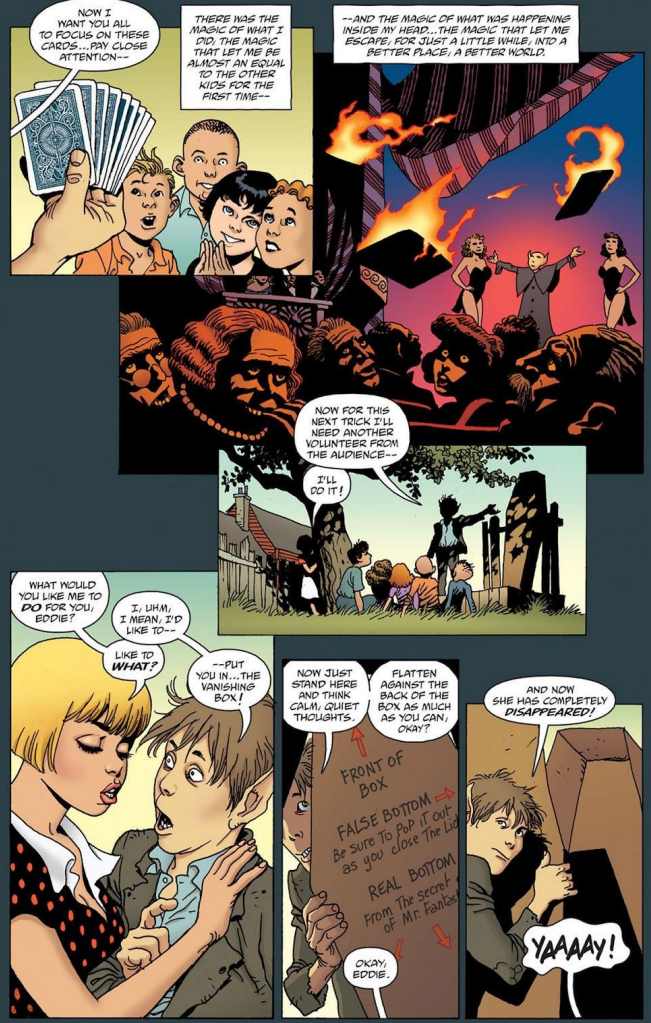
BUT WHAT I LONGED FOR, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, WAS FOR JUST ONE PERSON TO CARE FOR ME... TO ACCEPT ME AS I WAS.
--SO NOW THAT YOU'VE ALL FILLED OUT YOUR VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS, JIMMY WILL PLAY MAIL-MAN AND HAND THEM OUT TO THE PERSON TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED.
February 14, 1932
VALENTINE'S DAY
JUST ONE.
HUCCCHHHH--
Be my Valen
Eddie Jacob
EWWW! EWWW! EWWW! EWWWWWWW!
IT DIDN'T EXACTLY GO AS I'D HOPED.
HOW DARE YOU SEND ME A VALENTINE? YOU'RE DISGUSTING! YOU HEAR ME?
DISGUSTING!!
I COULD HAVE FOUGHT BACK, BUT I'D BEEN TAUGHT NEVER TO HIT A GIRL, SO I JUST TOOK IT.
AND CONTINUED MY EDUCATION.



THEN ONE DAY A CARNIVAL CAME TO TOWN, AND AFTER STEALING A QUARTER FROM MY FATHER'S DRESSER--
--MY FIRST CRIMINAL ACT, WHICH WAS NECESSARY BECAUSE THEY NEVER GAVE ME ANY MONEY, NEVER DID ANYTHING MORE THAN THEY ABSOLUTELY HAD TO DO--
--I DISCOVERED SOMETHING AMAZING.
STEP RIGHT THIS WAY!
HE MAKES WOMEN VANISH RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES; SOMETHING WE'VE ALL WISHED FOR, RIGHT, GENTLEMEN? HE READS MINDS AND TURNS FIRE INTO LIVE ANIMALS! KNIVES WON'T CUT HIM! BULLETS WON'T HURT HIM!
THE AMAZING, THE STUPENDOUS FANTASTICO THE MAGICIAN!
DON'T JUST SETTLE FOR THE PREVIEW. FIVE CENTS FOR THE WHOLE SHOW, RIGHT THIS WAY.
WITH TWENTY-FIVE CENTS I COULD'VE SEEN FIVE NICKEL SHOWS...OR PLAYED TWENTY-FIVE PENNY ARCADES.
INSTEAD I WATCHED ALL FIVE SHOWS BY FANTASTICO THE MAGICIAN.
I WAS HOOKED.

MAYBE IT WAS THE IDEA OF MAGIC. MAYBE IT WAS THAT HE HAD A PRETTY GIRL WITH HIM WHO SEEMED TO LIKE HIS TRICKS. MAYBE IT WAS THE CROWD, OR THE IDEA THAT WITH MAGIC YOU COULD DO ANYTHING... AND IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE.
AND MAYBE WHAT GOT ME THE MOST WAS THE IDEA OF BEING ABLE TO JUST...DISAPPEAR.
I RESOLVED TO LEARN MAGIC, TO SEE WHAT HE COULD TEACH ME.
MR. FANTASTICO? ARE YOU IN THERE? MR. FANTASTICO...?
UNNNHHHH...
COME BACK--
--DAMN IT--
--COME BACK LATER, KID! I'M BUSY!
YEAH... WHY DON'T YOU COME ON BACK A LITTLE LATER, KID? WE CAN HAVE SOME FUN.
HER I STAYED AWAY FROM, BUT FROM MR. FANTASTICO I LEARNED MAGIC.
MAGIC!




NOW I WANT YOU ALL TO FOCUS ON THESE CARDS...PAY CLOSE ATTENTION--
THERE WAS THE MAGIC OF WHAT I DID, THE MAGIC THAT LET ME BE ALMOST AN EQUAL TO THE OTHER KIDS FOR THE FIRST TIME--
--AND THE MAGIC OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING INSIDE MY HEAD...THE MAGIC THAT LET ME ESCAPE, FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE, INTO A BETTER PLACE, A BETTER WORLD.
NOW FOR THIS NEXT TRICK I'LL NEED ANOTHER VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE--
I'LL DO IT!
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO FOR YOU, EDDIE?
I, UHM, I MEAN, I'D LIKE TO--
LIKE TO WHAT?
--PUT YOU IN...THE VANISHING BOX!
NOW JUST STAND HERE AND THINK CALM, QUIET THOUGHTS.
FLATTEN AGAINST THE BACK OF THE BOX AS MUCH AS YOU CAN, OKAY?
FRONT OF BOX
FALSE BOTTOM
REAL BOTTOM
OKAY, EDDIE.
AND NOW SHE HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!
YAAAAY!

I REALLY WANT TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING OUT, IT WAS--

IT WAS AMAZING. YOU'RE AMAZING.

I WAS SO WRONG ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. YOU'RE TALENTED. AND THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO YOU ARE--

--VERY, VERY NAUGHTY.

NOW? I MEAN HERE? I MEAN--

NO, NOT NOW...NOT HERE. BUT SOON.

VERY, VERY SOON.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FELT LIKE I BELONGED... LIKE I WASN'T UGLY. I LET MYSELF BELIEVE I COULD BE HAPPY, THAT AT LAST I HAD FOUND LOVE.

UNTIL I DECIDED TO TAKE A DIFFERENT WAY HOME.

♫♫♫ ?

THE LITTLE CREEP REALLY--

--LNNH--

--BELIEVED YOU?

FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND--

--SSSSINKER.

HOW MUCH LONGER YOU--

--YEAH, LIKE THAT--

--GONNA KEEP HIM ON THE HOOK?

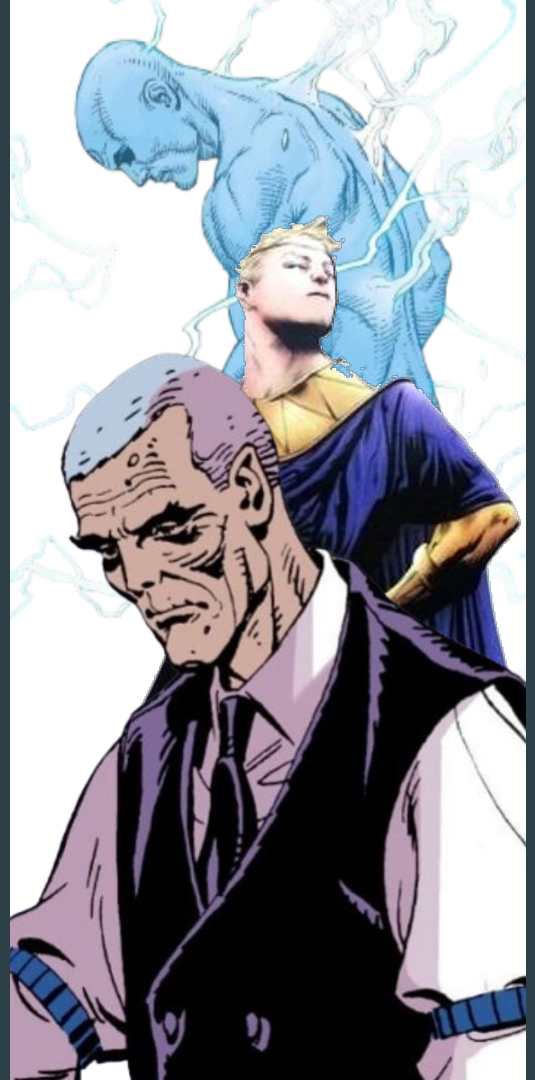
UNTIL I CAN FIGURE OUT THE BEST WAY TO EMBARRASS HIM IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY.

THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME WITH THOSE PUPPY-DOG EYES, I THINK HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME.

HOW STUPID DOES HE HAVE TO BE TO THINK I'D EVER GIVE HIM A LOOK, LET ALONE A TUMBLE?

DISGUSTING LITTLE CREEP... THIS'LL STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT.

AND IT DID.



DAVE... HEY, DAVID, COULD YOU GIVE ME A HAND?

YOU TALKING TO ME?

YEAH... THIS ISN'T CLOSING RIGHT. YOU'LL SEE HOW THE TRICK IS DONE, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE--

YEAH? I'LL SEE HOW IT'S DONE?

YES, SO PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE. JUST STEP INSIDE.

OKAY.

CAN YOU SEE ANY LIGHT COMING THROUGH?

NO.

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING?

ANYTHING AT ALL?

NO, NOTHING.

GOOD.

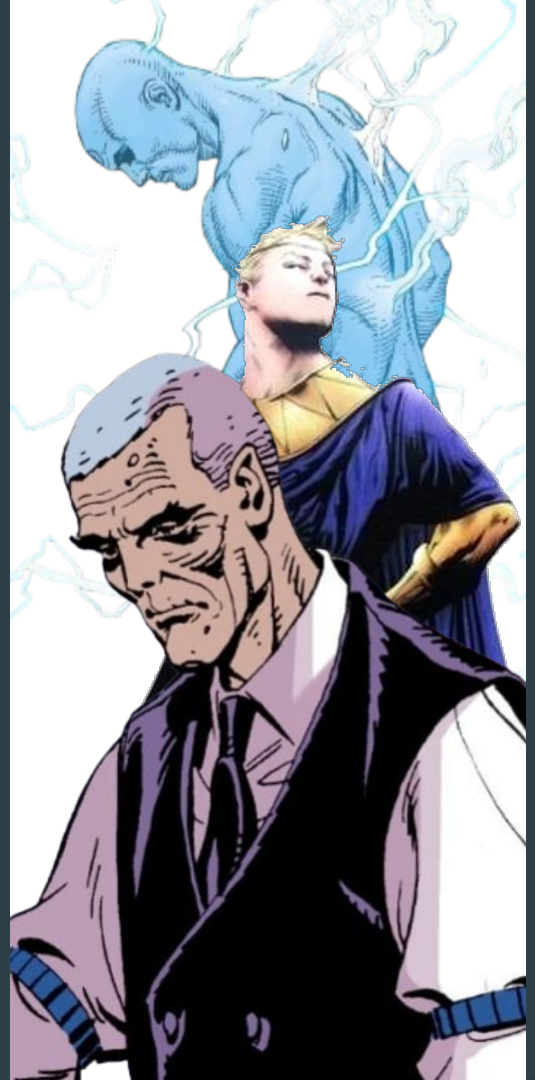
SLISH!

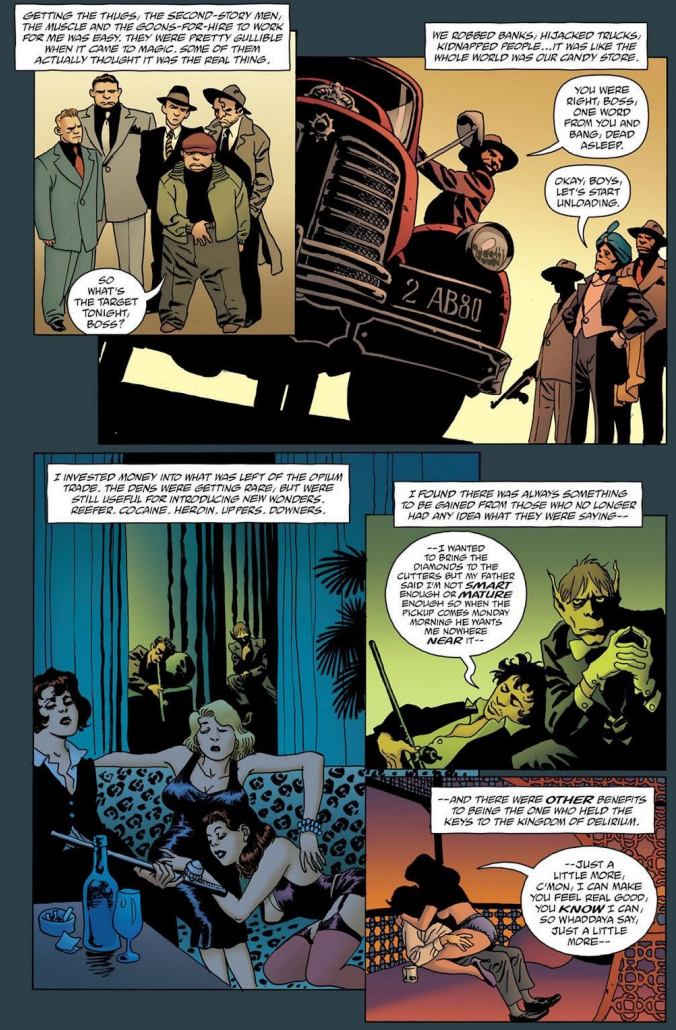
AAAAAAAGGHH!

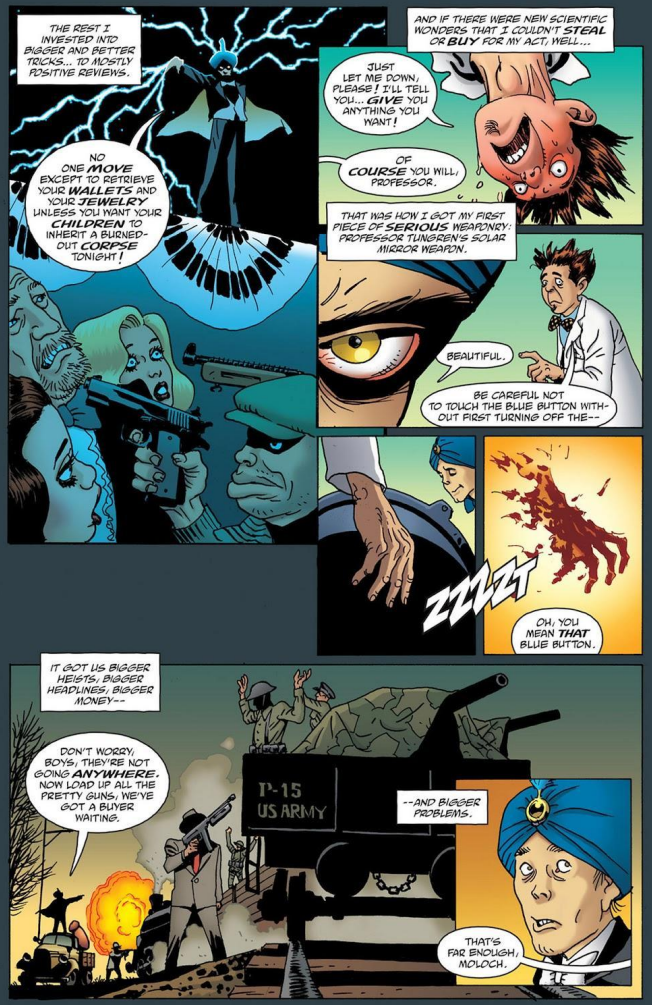
SLISH! SLISH! SLISH!

THEN I PULLED OFF ONE OF MY VERY BEST TRICKS.
MARIE... TIME TO GET UP....
JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES, MOM.
HAD THE WEIRDEST DREAMS...SO HARD TO WAKE UP--
I--
WHAT WAS THAT, MARIE?
--HUUUHHRRR!
EEEE

I REALIZED THAT THE TRICKS I USED IN MY ACT COULD GET ME IN AND OUT OF BANKS AND OTHER PLACES WHERE MONEY COULD BE FOUND.
DROP IT! WE GOT YOU!
IF YOU CAN FIND ME!
FUOM!
COUGH-- HACK!
WHERE'D HE GO?
Daily Mail
YSTERY MAN ROBS
TERNATIONAL BANK
POLICE
I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE WITH THE TUXEDO. IN THE END IT HELPED THE POLICE FIGURE OUT WHO I WAS, BUT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE A STATEMENT. I WAS TRYING TO SHOW SOME STYLE.
PRETTY SOON I WAS MAKING MORE MONEY AND BIGGER HEADLINES AS A BANK ROBBER THAN I WAS AS A STAGE MAGICIAN. AND I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
I LIKED IT. I LIKED IT A LOT.
SO I DECIDED TO GO FOR IT, FULL-TIME.

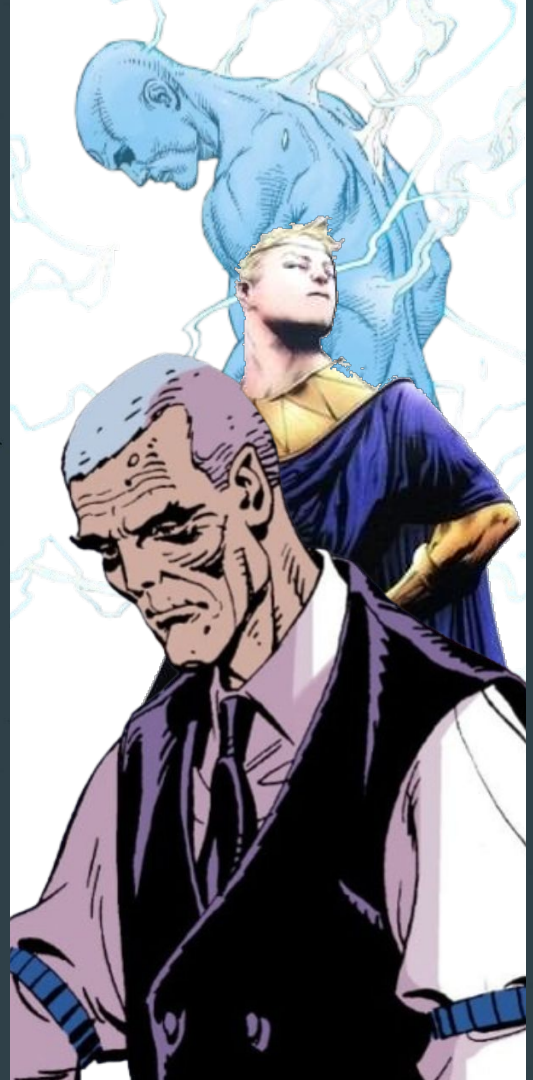



GETTING THE THUGS, THE SECOND-STORY MEN, THE MUSCLE AND THE GOONS-FOR-HIRE TO WORK FOR ME WAS EASY. THEY WERE PRETTY GULLIBLE WHEN IT CAME TO MAGIC. SOME OF THEM ACTUALLY THOUGHT IT WAS THE REAL THING.
SO WHAT'S THE TARGET TONIGHT, BOSS?
WE ROBBED BANKS, HIJACKED TRUCKS, KIDNAPPED PEOPLE...IT WAS LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD WAS OUR CANDY STORE.
YOU WERE RIGHT, BOSS, ONE WOOD FROM YOU AND BANG, DEAD ASLEEP.
OKAY, BOYS, LET'S START UNLOADING.
2 AB80
I INVESTED MONEY INTO WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE OPIUM TRADE. THE DENS WERE GETTING RARE, BUT WERE STILL USEFUL FOR INTODUCING NEW WONDERS. REEFER. COCAINE. HEROIN. UPPERS. DOWNERS.
I FOUND THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO BE GAINED FROM THOSE WHO NO LONGER HAD ANY IDEA WHAT THEY WERE SAYING--
--I WANTED TO BRING THE DIAMONDS TO THE CUTTERS BUT MY FATHER SAID I'M NOT SMART ENOUGH OR MATURE ENOUGH SO WHEN THE PICKUP COMES MONDAY MORNING HE WANTS ME NOWHERE NEAR IT--
--AND THERE WERE OTHER BENEFITS TO BEING THE ONE WHO HELD THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM OF DELIRIUM.
--JUST A LITTLE MORE, C'MON, I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL REAL GOOD, YOU KNOW I CAN, SO WHADDAYA SAY, JUST A LITTLE MORE--


THE REST I INVESTED INTO BIGGER AND BETTER TRICKS... TO MOSTLY POSITIVE REVIEWS.
NO ONE MOVE EXCEPT TO RETRIEVE YOUR WALLETS AND YOUR JEWELRY UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR CHILDREN TO INHERIT A BURNED-OUT CORPSE TONIGHT!
AND IF THERE WERE NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDERS THAT I COULDN'T STEAL OR BUY FOR MY ACT, WELL...
JUST LET ME DOWN, PLEASE! I'LL TELL YOU... GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!
OF COURSE YOU WILL, PROFESSOR.
THAT WAS HOW I GOT MY FIRST PIECE OF SERIOUS WEAPONRY: PROFESSOR TUNGREN'S SOLAR MIRROR WEAPON.
BEAUTIFUL.
BE CAREFUL NOT TO TOUCH THE BLUE BUTTON WITHOUT FIRST TURNING OFF THE--
ZZZZT
OH, YOU MEAN THAT BLUE BUTTON.
IT GOT US BIGGER HEISTS, BIGGER HEADLINES, BIGGER MONEY--
DON'T WORRY, BOYS, THEY'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE. NOW LOAD UP ALL THE PRETTY GUNS, WE'VE GOT A BUYER WAITING.
T-15 US ARMY
--AND BIGGER PROBLEMS.
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, MOLOCH.

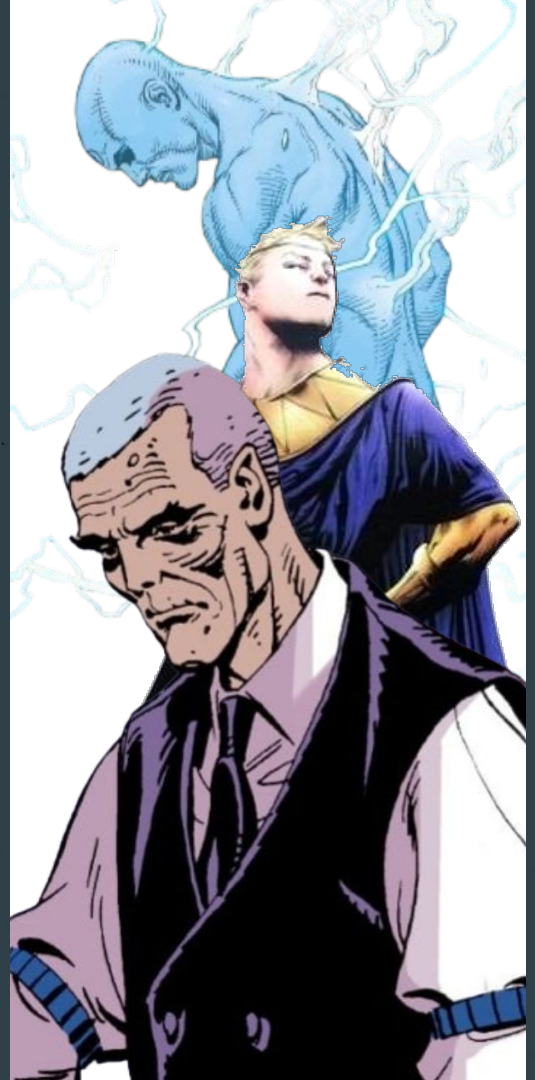
THAT WAS HOW I MET THE MINUTEMEN.
ALL OF THEM.
AT THE SAME TIME.
THEY THREW EVERYTHING AT ME BUT THE KITCHEN SINK...ONLY BECAUSE NOBODY WANTED TO CARRY THE DAMNED THING.

ON AND OFF FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS WE CONTINUED TO BATTLE IT OUT. BUT THE PROGRESSION WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.
ONE: I STARTED AN OPERATION.
TWO: THEY HEARD ABOUT IT.
THREE: IF THEY GOT THERE IN TIME, THEY ARRESTED ME AND SENT ME TO PRISON, FROM WHICH, SOONER OR LATER, I COULD ESCAPE.
FOUR: IF THEY DIDN'T GET THERE IN TIME, SKIP STEP THREE.
AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
BUT SOONER OR LATER THEY WOULD SHOW UP IN TIME, AND WE'D BE RIGHT BACK AT STEP THREE AGAIN.



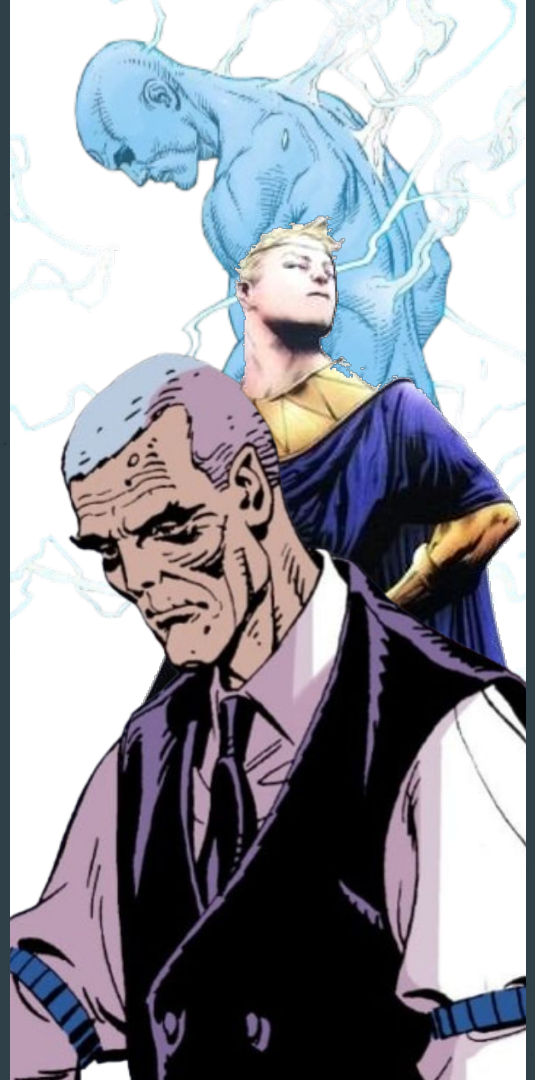
I LEARNED TO LIE LOW FOR A FEW WEEKS BEFORE EACH PRISON BREAK, SO THEY WOULDN'T KNOW WHEN I'D MAKE MY MOVE.
WHILE I WAS IN WHATEVER PRISON THEY'D STUCK ME IN THAT TIME, I OFTEN FOUND MYSELF WANDERING OVER TO THE CHAPEL, ESPECIALLY WHEN I KNEW THEY WERE SLATED TO HOLD A CATHOLIC MASS.
WHY THAT ONE INSTEAD OF THE OTHERS? AT THE TIME I FIGURED IT WAS ABOUT THE RITUAL, OR THE UNEXPECTED BEAUTY OF THE LATIN LITURGY, OR MAYBE--
--MAYBE EVEN--
CHAPEL
NO.
I TURNED MY BACK. WALKED AWAY.
1378
EVERY TIME.

WHEN I BROKE BACK OUT ONTO THE STREETS AGAIN--A COMBINATION OF LOYAL THUGS AND THE MONEY I HAD STASHED AWAY IN SEVERAL OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS--I WENT RIGHT BACK TO THE WORLD I KNEW.
RUNNING HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION. FETISH CLUBS. DRUG DENS.
ANYTHING THAT SERVED TO PROVE THAT THE SO-CALLED RESPECTABLE WORLD WAS EVERY BIT AS CORRUPT AS I WAS.
IT WAS A WORLD THAT ACCEPTED ME, THAT NEEDED ME, AND WHAT I COULD PROVIDE. A WORLD THAT ACTUALLY FOUND ME ATTRACTIVE--
--EVEN IF THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE IT COULDN'T SEE STRAIGHT HALF THE TIME.
G'NNA MAKE YOU FEEL REEEAL GOOD, MR. M.
G'NNA BE NAUGHTY--
I WAS SO WRONG ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL. YOU'RE TALENTED. AND THE THINGS I WANT TO DO TO YOU ARE--
--VERY, VERY NAUGHTY.



I ALWAYS THREW THEM OUT OF THE ROOM AFTERWARD. COULDN'T BEAR WAKING UP TO SEE THEM.
BUT THAT WAS ONLY FAIR. I COULDN'T BEAR LOOKING AT MYSELF, EITHER.
FOR EVERYTHING I DID, EVERYTHING I STOLE, EVERYONE I KILLED, NOTHING CHANGED. I WAS STILL ME.
BUT I DIDN'T LIKE THINKING ABOUT THAT. SO I DROWNED THE THOUGHT IN BOOZE AND BUSINESS.
LET'S GO.
--YEAH, TOOK A WHILE; BUT I'M BETTER NOW. HADDA COME BACK, RIGHT? I MEAN, WHERE ELSE AM I GONNA GO?
DID IT HURT MUCH?
IT LAID ME OUT FOR A WHILE, HON; BUT BETTER THAT THAN GIVE BIRTH TO--
--GOD, WHO KNOWS WHAT?
DOES MR. M KNOW?
I'M SORRY, MR. M...I'M SORRY--
I HAD THE BOYS GIVE HER TWO GRAND AND PUT HER ON THE FIRST TRAIN OUT. I COULDN'T BLAME HER. I WAS UGLY, A FREAK.
BUT THE WORLD...THE WORLD WAS UGLIER.
YOU KIDDING? HE--

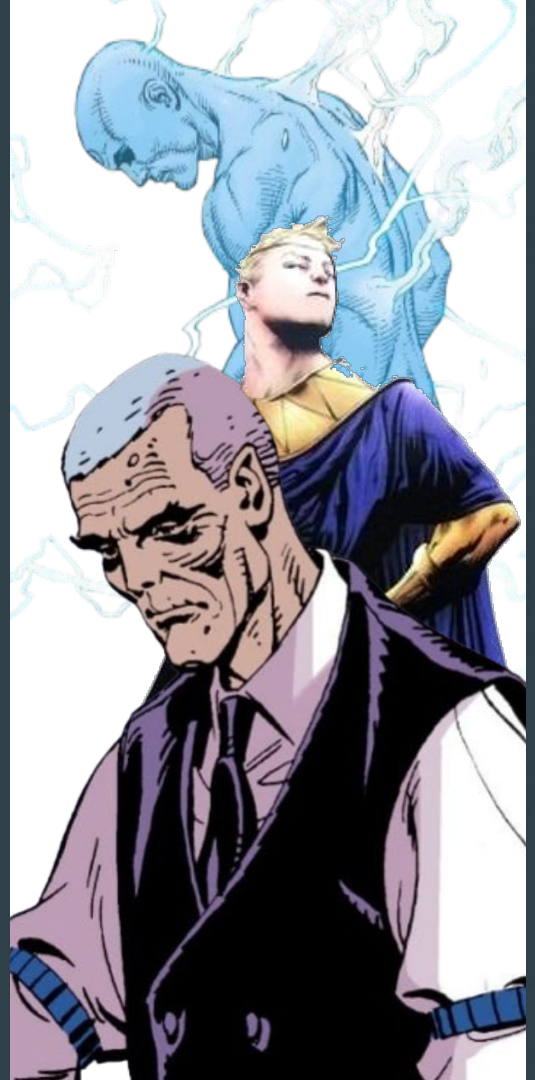
SO I HURT IT.
AND I HURT IT AGAIN--
--AND AGAIN--
--AND AGAIN--
--AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAINAGAINAGAINAGAIN--
BUT EVERY NIGHT, AND EVERY MORNING, I WAS STILL ME.
STILL...ME.
AND NO TRICK I COULD PULL WAS EVER GOING TO CHANGE THAT.



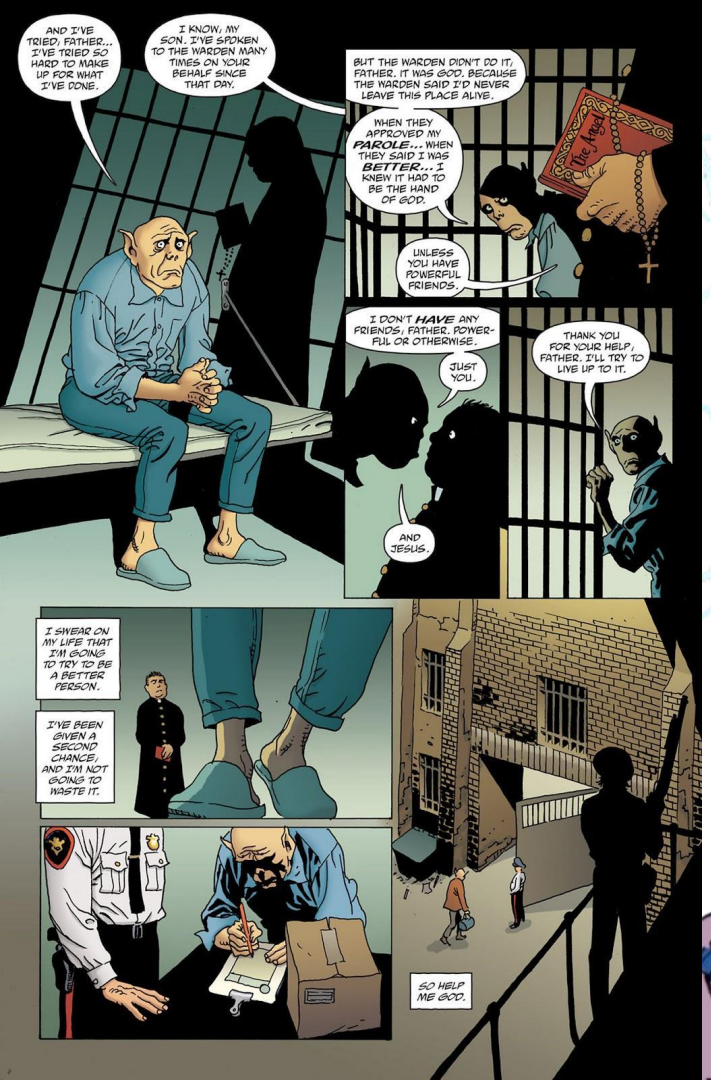
THEN CAME THE DAY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING.
--SO TURNS OUT OUR LATEST CUSTOMER IS THE SON OF SENATOR WENTWORTH. WE CAN USE HIM TO--
--GET WHAT WE WANT AND--
WHAT? YOU GUYS LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A--
AND THERE HE WAS.
THE KITCHEN SINK HAD FINALLY SHOWN UP, AND IT HIT ME RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GO THAT I CANNOT FOLLOW YOU?

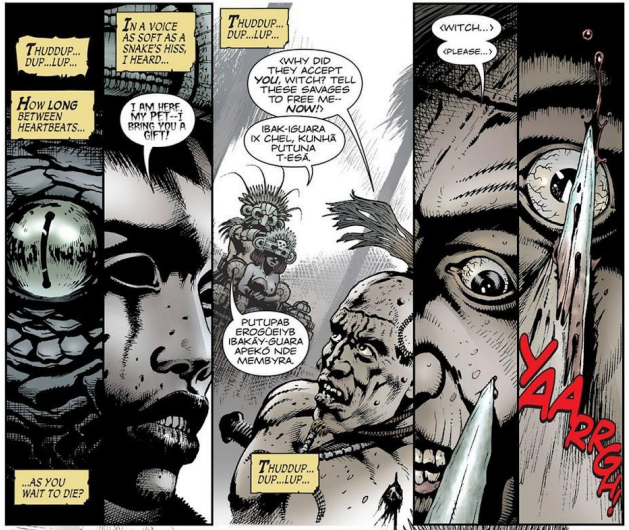
YOU ARE STANDING IN AN ALLEY.
YOU ARE SITTING IN A JAIL CELL.
WHERE I HAVE NOT ALREADY FOLLOWED YOU?
IT'S ALREADY DONE.

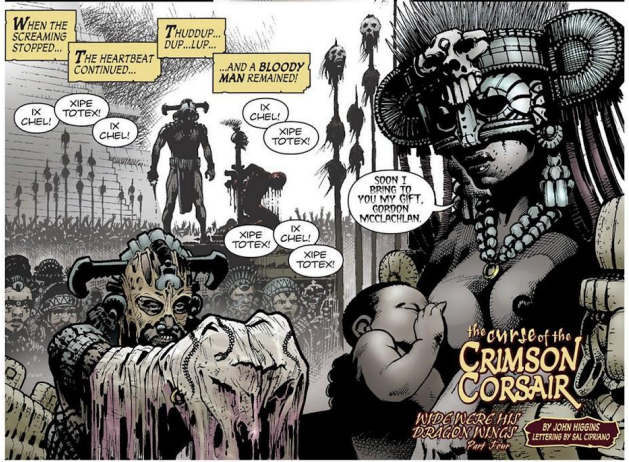


THEY PUT ME AWAY, AND OF COURSE I JUST BROKE OUT AGAIN...SPENT THE NEXT TEN YEARS TANGLING ON AND OFF WITH OZYMANDIAS AND THE COMEDIAN...BUT IT WASN'T THE SAME.
NOT AFTER HE SHOWED UP.
WHAT WAS THE POINT OF GOING UP AGAINST SOMEONE YOU KNEW YOU COULD NEVER ESCAPE, WHO COULD TAKE YOU APART INTO YOUR COMPONENT MOLECULES WITH JUST A THOUGHT? HE WHO DIDN'T USE TRICKS, HE WAS THE REAL THING, AS POWERFUL AS--
--AS--
INRI
I'M SORRY... I'M SO SORRY...
HELP ME.
PLEASE... HELP ME...

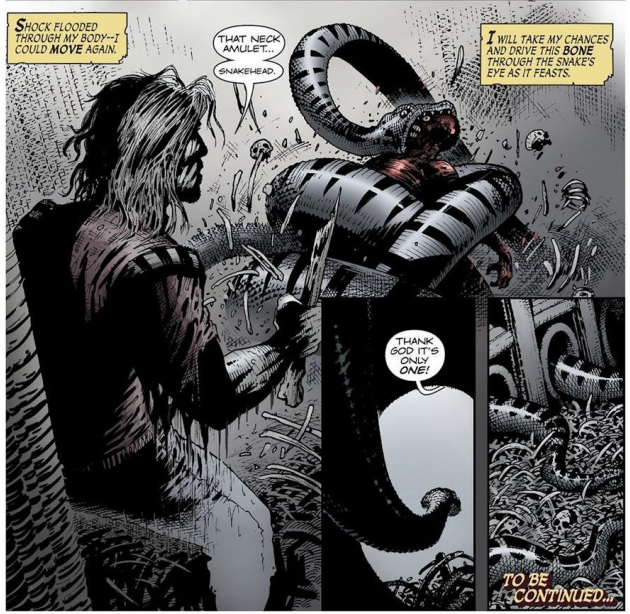

AND I'VE TRIED, FATHER... I'VE TRIED SO HARD TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT I'VE DONE.
I KNOW, MY SON. I'VE SPOKEN TO THE WARDEN MANY TIMES ON YOUR BEHALF SINCE THAT DAY.
BUT THE WARDEN DIDN'T DO IT, FATHER. IT WAS GOD. BECAUSE THE WARDEN SAID I'D NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE.
WHEN THEY APPROVED MY PAROLE... WHEN THEY SAID I WAS BETTER... I KNEW IT HAD TO BE THE HAND OF GOD.
UNLESS YOU HAVE POWERFUL FRIENDS.
I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS, FATHER. POWERFUL OR OTHERWISE.
JUST YOU.
AND JESUS.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, FATHER. I'LL TRY TO LIVE UP TO IT.
I SWEAR ON MY LIFE THAT I'M GOING TO TRY TO BE A BETTER PERSON.
I'VE BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE IT.
SO HELP ME GOD.

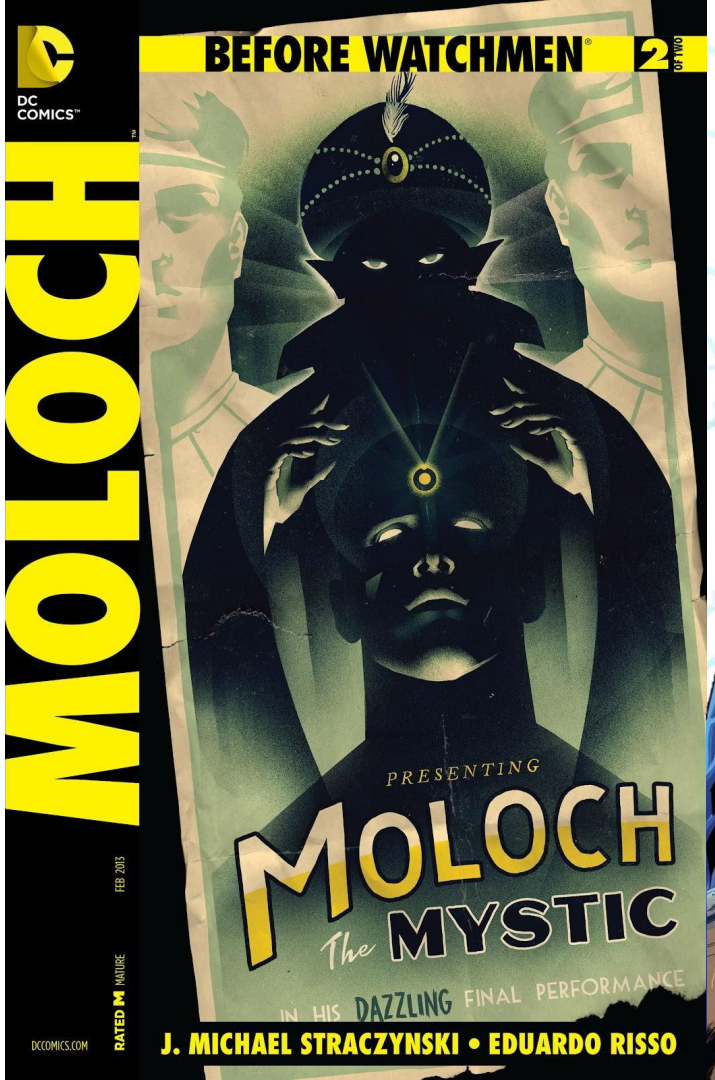
SO HELP ME--
NO PARKING
YOU WILL BE TOWED
HELLO, EDGAR. I HEARD YOU WERE GETTING OUT TODAY.
I'VE BEEN GIVING YOU A LOT OF THOUGHT LATELY, AND THE UPSHOT IS, EVERYBODY'S ENTITLED TO A FRESH START.
SO I THOUGHT I'D SWING OVER, BUY YOU A HOT MEAL AND A CUP OF COFFEE--
--AND TALK ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.
--GOD.
FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED
J. Michael Straczynski writer Eduardo Risso artist
Trish Mulvihill color Clem Robins letters Eduardo Risso cover artist
Matt & Brennan Wagner, Jim Lee & Alex Sinclair variant covers
Camilla Zhang assistant editor Mark Chiarello editor
Watchmen created by Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons


THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
HOW LONG BETWEEN HEARTBEATS...
...AS YOU WAIT TO DIE?
IN A VOICE AS SOFT AS A SNAKE'S HISS, I HEARD...
I AM HERE, MY PET--I BRING YOU A GIFT!
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
<WHY DID THEY ACCEPT YOU, WITCH? TELL THESE SAVAGES TO FREE ME--NOW!>
IBAK-IGUARA IX CHEL, KUNHÃ PUTUNA T-ESÁ.
PUTUPAS EROSÚEIVB IBAKAY-GUARA APEKO NDE MEMBYRA.
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
<WITCH...>
<PLEASE...>
YAARRGH!


WHEN THE SCREAMING STOPPED...
THE HEARTBEAT CONTINUED...
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
...AND A BLOODY MAN REMAINED!
IX CHEL!
XIPE TOTEX!
IX CHEL!
IX CHEL!
XIPE TOTEX!
XIPE TOTEX!
IX CHEL!
XIPE TOTEX!
SOON I BRING TO YOU MY GIFT, GORDON MCCLACHLAN.
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS!
Part Four
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO

FROM DEATH...
...AN OFFER.
ONE I GLADLY ACCEPT!
BUT NOT JUST YET!
A WET SHAPE DROPPED INTO THE PIT, TAKING THE SNAKE'S ATTENTION AWAY.
SOMETHING THAT WAS ONCE HUMAN STOOD!
SPIEL...FRIO... DEVOLVEDME... MI PIEL.


SHOCK FLOODED THROUGH MY BODY--I COULD MOVE AGAIN.
THAT NECK AMULET...
SNAKEHEAD.
I WILL TAKE MY CHANCES AND DRIVE THIS BONE THROUGH THE SNAKE'S EYE AS IT FEASTS.
THANK GOD IT'S ONLY ONE!
TO BE CONTINUED...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BEFORE WATCHMEN®
2 OF 10
MOLOCH™
PRESENTING
MOLOCH
The MYSTIC
IN HIS DAZZLING FINAL PERFORMANCE
J. MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI • EDUARDO RISSO
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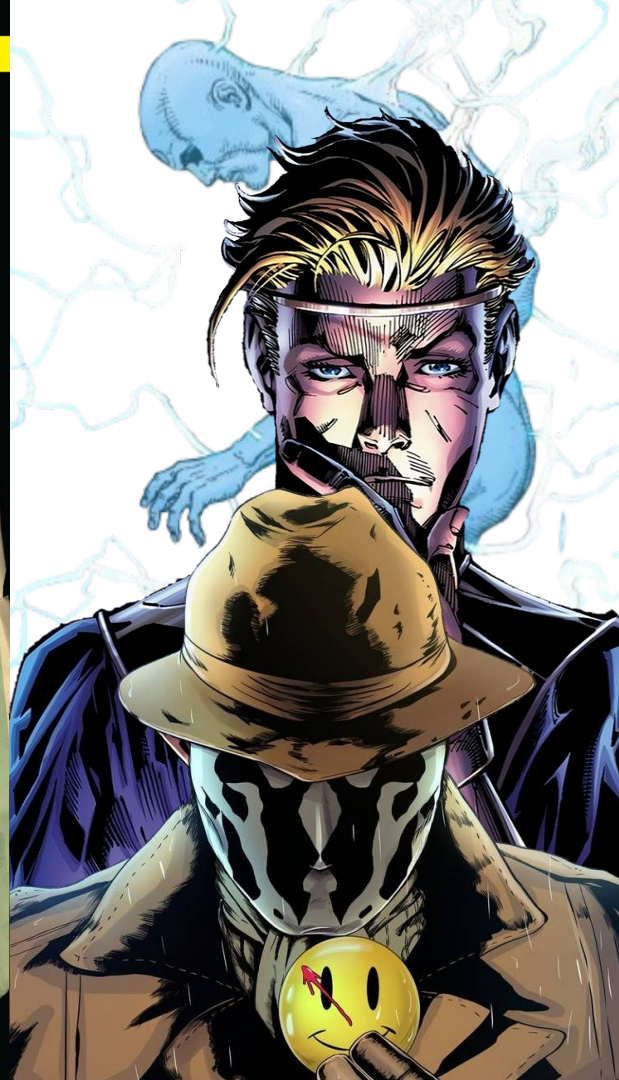

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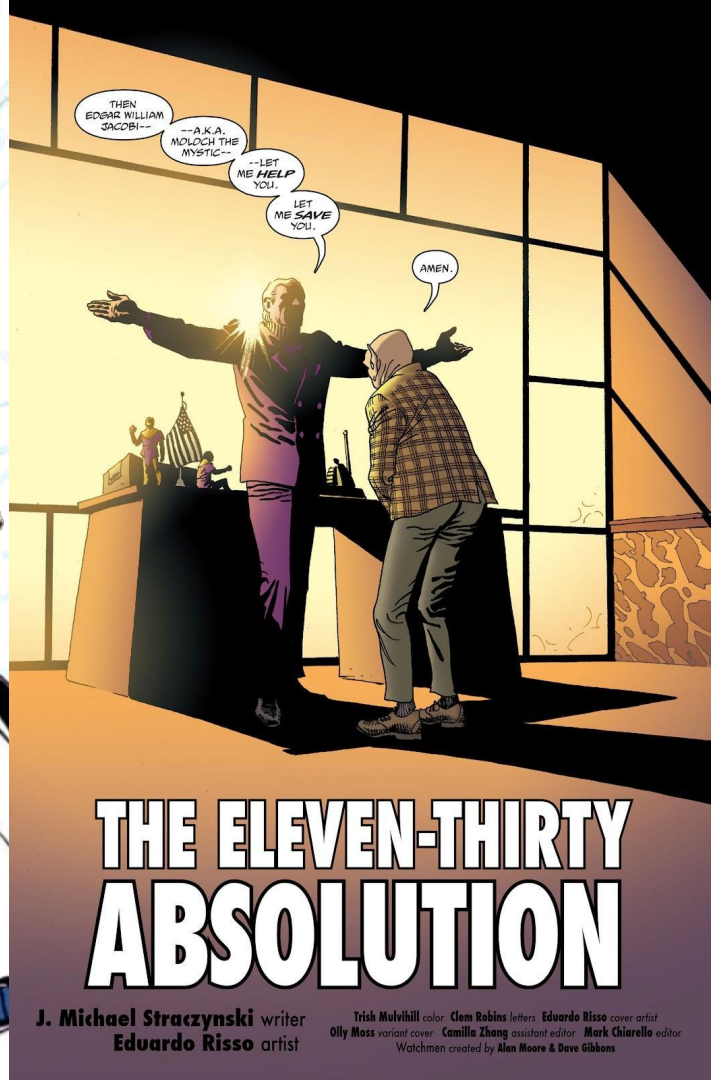


THE ELEVEN-THIRTY
ABSOLUTION

J. Michael Straczynski writer
Eduardo Risso artist

Trish Mulvihill *color* **Clem Robins** *letters* **Eduardo Risso** *cover artist*
Olly Moss *variant cover* **Camilla Zhang** *assistant editor* **Mark Chiarello** *editor*
Watchmen *created by* **Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons**

"WE ARE DOING GREAT THINGS HERE, EDGAR, *AMAZING* THINGS."

THINGS BEYOND THE UNDERSTANDING OF ANYONE WHO--

--WELL, WHO ISN'T *ME*.

WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE?

BIRTHDAY PARTY. THIRD FLOOR. I FIND THEM FAIRLY TEDIOUS, BUT THE STAFF ENJOYS THEM, SO I ALLOW IT.

I WANTED YOU TO SEE ALL THIS FOR YOURSELF, BUT ON A DAY-TO-DAY BASIS, I'VE ARRANGED FOR A PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO YOUR OFFICE SO YOU CAN COME AND DO YOUR WORK WITHOUT BEING *DISTURBED*.

PRIVATE

NO ONE HERE CARES ABOUT YOUR RECORD, OR YOUR PAST, OR--

HOW I LOOK--

--*ANY* OF THAT. THIS IS A FRESH START. MY ONLY CONDITION IS THAT YOU MUST KEEP THIS ARRANGEMENT JUST BETWEEN US. YOU HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO CHANGE, WHICH I CANNOT SAY FOR OTHERS WHO MIGHT HEAR ABOUT THIS.

NOW COME SEE YOUR OFFICE.

THANK YOU, THAT'S VERY KIND GIVEN MY--

--THAT IS--

IT'S NOT MUCH, I ADMIT, BUT ITS SPARE DESIGN AND MINIMALIST DECOR HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE: TO KEEP YOU FOCUSED ON THE TASK AT HAND. AS I SAID, THERE CAN BE NO DISTRACTIONS.

SO WHAT IS IT I'M SUPPOSED TO *DO?* YOU HAVEN'T REALLY TOLD ME. A PLACE LIKE THIS, YOU MUST HAVE ALL *KINDS* OF QUALIFIED PEOPLE.

YOU ARE UNIQUELY SUITED FOR THIS TASK. THERE IS NO ONE ELSE IN THE WORLD WHO COULD DO FOR ME WHAT I NEED DONE AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A NEW ENERGY SOURCE WITH STAGGERING IMPLICATIONS FOR THE WORLD. IF I CAN DO WHAT I *BELIEVE* I CAN--

--AND I'VE FOUND I CAN *ALWAYS* DO WHAT I BELIEVE I CAN--

--IT WILL LITERALLY TRANSFORM THE FUTURE.

TO EXPEDITE THE PROCESS, I HAVE THREE TEAMS WORKING INDEPENDENTLY TO TEST THE SYSTEM. AS THEY REACH THE END OF EACH STAGE, THEIR FINDINGS SHOULD BE *IDENTICAL*.

IF THERE ARE *ANY* VARIANCES BETWEEN THEM, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, THE RESULTS COULD BE CATASTROPHIC DURING THE TESTING PHASE. LIVES COULD BE LOST.

THROUGHOUT EACH DAY, I WILL HAVE PRINTOUTS OF THEIR DATA BROUGHT HERE.

YOU WILL SIT AT THIS DESK FROM NINE TO FIVE AND REVIEW THEM SIDE BY SIDE, PAGE BY PAGE, LINE BY LINE, LOOKING FOR ANY DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THEM. ANY DISCREPANCIES YOU DO FIND MUST BE CIRCLED IN RED SO WE CAN ADJUST THE TESTS ACCORDINGLY.

EACH DIFFERENCE FOUND IS A LIFE SAVED.

COULDN'T THIS BE DONE BY SOME KIND OF MACHINE?

MACHINES MAKE MISTAKES.

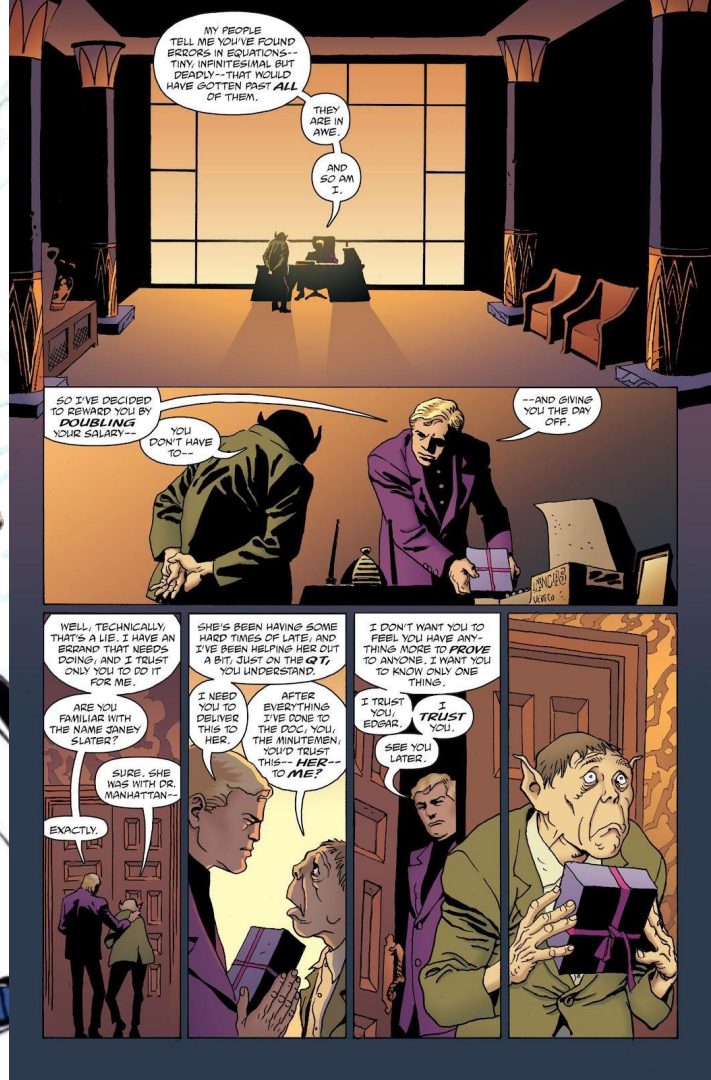
I CHOSE YOU FOR THIS BECAUSE DURING YOUR CAREER AS MOLOCH THE MYSTIC YOU DEMONSTRATED INCREDIBLE POWERS OF CONCENTRATION. I TRUST THEM MORE THAN ANY MACHINE.

IN SHORT: I TRUST *YOU*, EDGAR, BOTH WITH THIS *AND* SOME OTHER SMALL BUT ESSENTIAL TASKS I MAY ASK OF YOU FROM TIME TO TIME.

YOU HAVE *EARNED* MY TRUST. DON'T LET ME DOWN. GOOD LUCK.

F (x) = Ln (x-3) + Ln (x+6)-Ln (2x +25)
F (x) = Ln (x-3) + Ln (x-2)-Ln (2x +24)
F (x) = Ln (x-3) + Ln (x+6)-Ln (2x +25)
F (x) = Ln (x-3) + Ln (x-2)-Ln (2x +25)
AHA!
Ln (2x +25)
GOT YOU!

PRIZE
WHERE MICHAEL JACKSON DAZZLED AUDIENCES WITH A NEW DANCE MOVE HE CALLS THE MOONWALK--
"YOU'RE DOING EXCELLENT WORK, EDGAR."


MY PEOPLE TELL ME YOU'VE FOUND ERRORS IN EQUATIONS--TINY, INFINITESIMAL BUT DEADLY--THAT WOULD HAVE GOTTEN PAST ALL OF THEM.
THEY ARE IN AWE.
AND SO AM I.
SO I'VE DECIDED TO REWARD YOU BY DOUBLING YOUR SALARY--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO--
--AND GIVING YOU THE DAY OFF.
WELL, TECHNICALLY, THAT'S A LIE. I HAVE AN ERRAND THAT NEEDS DOING, AND I TRUST ONLY YOU TO DO IT FOR ME.
ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE NAME JANEY SLATER?
EXACTLY.
SURE, SHE WAS WITH DR. MANHATTAN--
SHE'S BEEN HAVING SOME HARD TIMES OF LATE, AND I'VE BEEN HELPING HER OUT A BIT, JUST ON THE QT, YOU UNDERSTAND.
I NEED YOU TO DELIVER THIS TO HER.
AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE TO THE DOC, YOU, THE MINUTEMEN, YOU'D TRUST THIS--HER--TO ME?
I DON'T WANT YOU TO FEEL YOU HAVE ANYTHING MORE TO PROVE TO ANYONE. I WANT YOU TO KNOW ONLY ONE THING.
I TRUST YOU, EDGAR.
I TRUST YOU.
SEE YOU LATER.

HUH-HUCH!
THANK YOU, GOD. THANK YOU.
HUCH!
OZYMANDIAS
VEIDT Co
ADRIAN VEIDT PRESIDENT

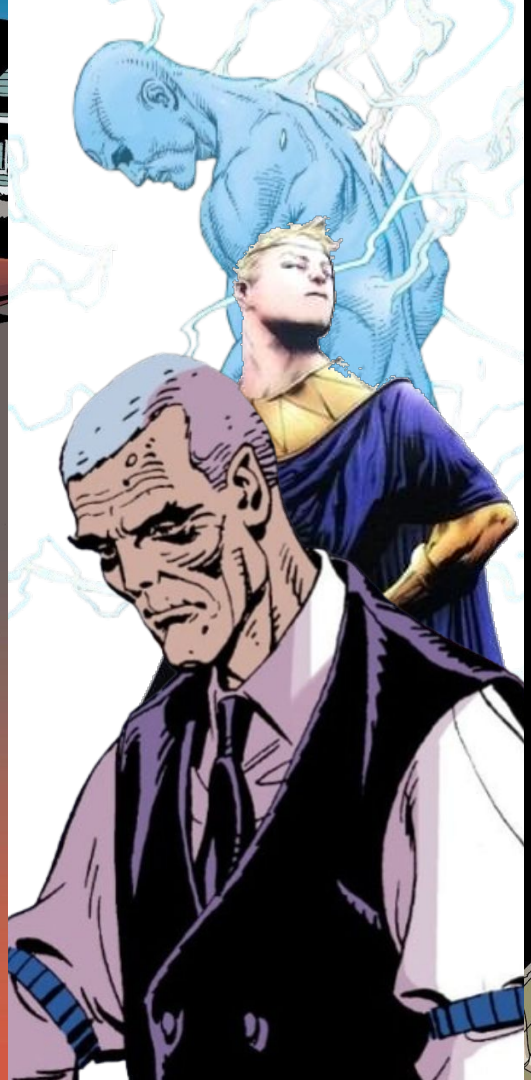
LET'S MAKE THIS ONE REALLY HARD TO FIND.
+ Ln (x-3)-Log2 (x+6)
+ Ln (x-3)-Log2 (x+6)
+ Ln (x-3)-Log2 (x-6)
MARLA--
YES, MR. VEIDT?
--I'VE JUST SENT YOU THREE MORE FILES. PLEASE PRINT THEM UP AND HAVE THEM DROPPED OFF AT MR. JACOBI'S DESK.
OF COURSE.

DING DONG
JUST A MINUTE.

YES...?
PACKAGE FOR YOU FROM MR. VEIDT.
OH, GOOD, I WAS GETTING WORRIED. PLEASE, COME IN.

IT'S PRETTY HOT OUT THERE, WOULD YOU LIKE A COKE OR--
NO, I'M FINE, THANKS.
THESE THINGS ARE REAL LIFE-SAVERS.

CIGARETTES?
YES...AND NO. AFTER YOU-KNOW-WHO UP AND LEFT ME I STARTED IN ON THREE PACKS OF CIGARETTES A DAY. I WAS HURTING MYSELF BECAUSE I WAS MAD AT HIM.



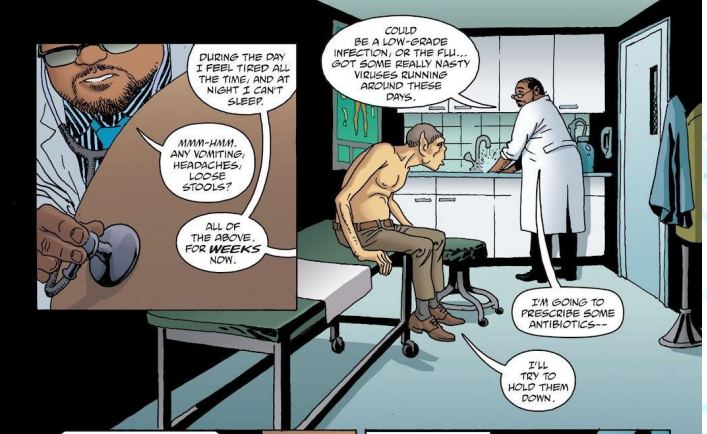
I GOT SMART AND QUIT. GOT A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH IN EVERY WAY EXCEPT THIS DARNED COUGH. RECURRING BRONCHITIS, MY DOC CALLS IT.
A PAIN IN THE ASS IS WHAT I CALL IT SINCE MY HEALTH INSURANCE WON'T COVER IT AS A PRE-EXISTING CONDITION.
SO ADRIAN USED HIS CONTACTS IN THE MEDICAL FIELD TO FIND SOME HOLISTIC TREATMENTS AVAILABLE ONLY OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY. HERBS AND ALL THAT.

HE'S TRAVELED THE WHOLE WORLD, YOU KNOW... BEEN PLACES NOBODY'S EVEN HEARD OF.
SINCE I GOT INTO THE HABIT OF SMOKING YEARS AGO, HE DESIGNED THE DELIVERY SYSTEM SO I'D USE IT EVERY DAY WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT.

PFFFFFF--
MAKES MY LUNGS FEEL ALL WARM AND TINGLY.
SMOKING TO GET BETTER, ISN'T THAT A KICK?

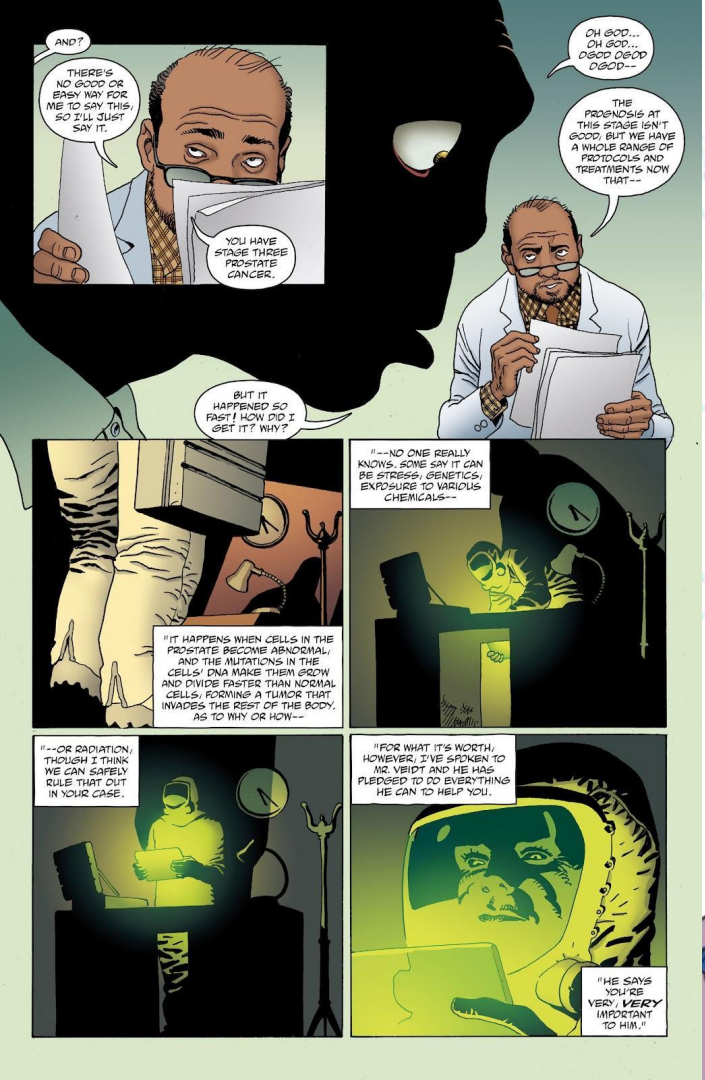
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT A COKE?
NO, I'M FINE, THANKS.

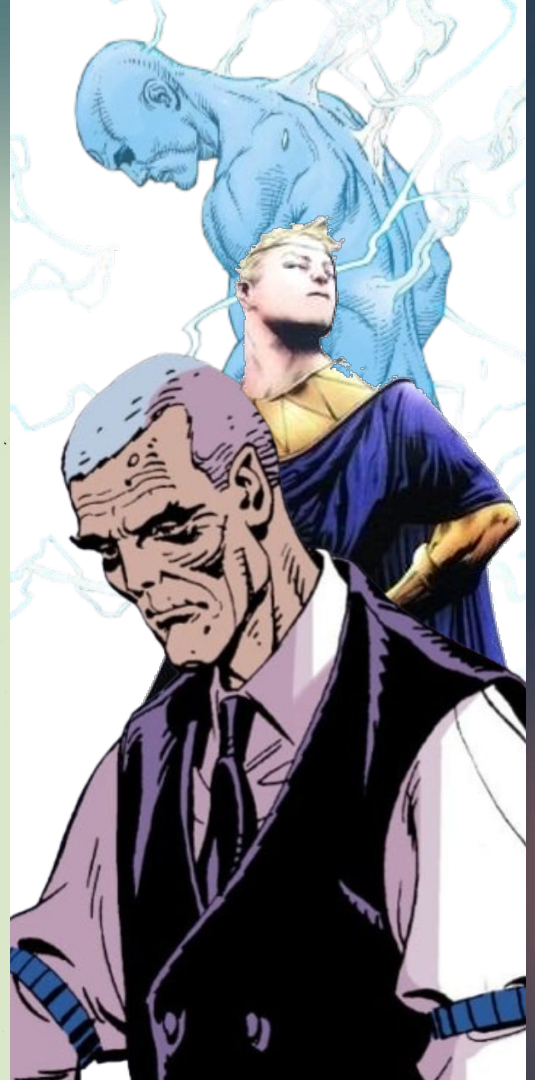
GOD BLESS ADRIAN VEIDT, EH?
GOD BLESS HIM INDEED.
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME."



"BARRING A BIOPSY, WHICH WE'LL DO WHEN YOU GIVE THE OKAY, I'D SAY YES.

"WE HAVE IGNITION."


AND?
THERE'S NO GOOD OR EASY WAY FOR ME TO SAY THIS, SO I'LL JUST SAY IT.
YOU HAVE STAGE THREE PROSTATE CANCER.
OH GOD... OH GOD... DGOD DGOD DGOD--
THE PROGNOSIS AT THIS STAGE ISN'T GOOD, BUT WE HAVE A WHOLE RANGE OF PROTOCOLS AND TREATMENTS NOW THAT--
BUT IT HAPPENED SO FAST! HOW DID I GET IT? WHY?
"IT HAPPENS WHEN CELLS IN THE PROSTATE BECOME ABNORMAL, AND THE MUTATIONS IN THE CELLS' DNA MAKE THEM GROW AND DIVIDE FASTER THAN NORMAL CELLS, FORMING A TUMOR THAT INVADES THE REST OF THE BODY. AS TO WHY OR HOW--
"--NO ONE REALLY KNOWS. SOME SAY IT CAN BE STRESS, GENETICS, EXPOSURE TO VARIOUS CHEMICALS--
"--OR RADIATION, THOUGH I THINK WE CAN SAFELY RULE THAT OUT IN YOUR CASE.
"FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, HOWEVER, I'VE SPOKEN TO MR. VRIDT AND HE HAS PLEDGED TO DO EVERYTHING HE CAN TO HELP YOU.
"HE SAYS YOU'RE VERY, VERY IMPORTANT TO HIM."



I WANT YOU TO TAKE SOME TIME OFF, BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF--
I NEED THE WORK--
NONSENSE. I'LL PERSONALLY SEE TO ALL YOUR MEDICAL COSTS AND PROCEDURES. NO CHARGE.
I CAN'T JUST TAKE CHARITY--
YOU'RE NOT. I'LL FIND THINGS FOR YOU TO DO, WORTHWHILE THINGS. LIKE KEEPING THE TREATMENTS COMING TO JANEY. SHE CAN USE BOTH OUR HELP.
AFTER ALL THE THINGS I'VE DONE--
EDGAR--
--THE TERRIBLE THINGS... FOR YOU TO DO ALL THIS FOR ME, I JUST--
--I CAN'T--
SHHH...SHHH-SHHH-SHHH...IT'S ALL RIGHT, EDGAR. IT'S OKAY. I'M HERE TO HELP. I WANT TO HELP.
YOU CAME HERE TO ATONE... TO FIND SOME WAY TO REPAY SOCIETY FOR THE CRIMES YOU'VE COMMITTED.....AND YOU HAVE, EDGAR.
WITH MY HELP, YOU HAVE.
AND I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DESERTING YOU NOW.

178
THANKS.
:KAF-KAF:
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS STUFF IS HELPING ANYMORE, BUT I GUESS I GOTTA KEEP TRYING, RIGHT?
"I MEAN, YOU CAN'T JUST GIVE UP HOPE, RIGHT?"
LAETRIL
CREEEAK
IT'S A JOKE.
S'ALL A JOKE.
"AND WHAT ELSE DID HE SAY?"

VEIDT
JUST WHAT I TOLD YOU; HE KEPT GOING ON AND ON AND--
I SEE, AND YOU TOLD NO ONE ELSE ABOUT THIS?
WHO COULD I TELL? WHO'D BELIEVE ME?
I BELIEVE YOU.
I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TO DO WITH THE COMEDIAN IN RECENT YEARS, BUT I'VE HEARD--
--DISTURBING REPORTS--
--THAT HIS DRINKING AND ABERRANT BEHAVIOR ARE REACHING NEW DEPTHS, EVEN FOR HIM. HE'S ON A DOWNWARD SPIRAL.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHY HE WOULD COME TO YOU?
WELL, PARTLY, I THINK IT'S--
--I MEAN, AFTER JFK GOT SHOT, WE KIND OF BONDED IN A STRANGE WAY, LIKE AFTER THAT HE KNEW HE COULD TALK TO ME, AND--
--BUT THE OTHER PART IS--
--HE SAID MY NAME WAS ON A LIST. ME AND JANEY.
DID HE SAY WHAT KIND OF LIST?
NO. LIKE I SAID, HE WAS PRETTY MUCH OUT OF IT... INCOHERENT.
I FELT SO BAD FOR HIM.
CLEARLY HE'S BECOMING INCREASINGLY DELUSIONAL...PARANOID. BUT HE'S NOT YOUR PROBLEM. YOU NEED TO CONCENTRATE ON GETTING BETTER.
I'LL ASSIGN SOMEONE TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR PLACE, SO WE CAN SEE IF ANYONE GOES INSIDE; JUST FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE COMEDIAN?
"DON'T THINK TWICE ABOUT HIM.
"I'LL MAKE SURE HE'S TAKEN CARE OF."

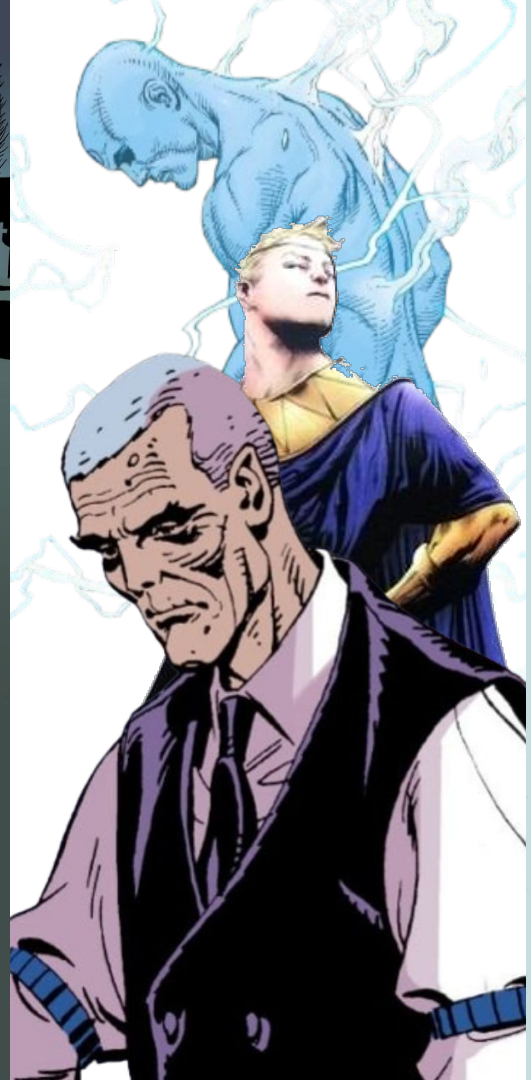
ORGAN
BLAKE
24 - 1985

AAAAAAAAA!

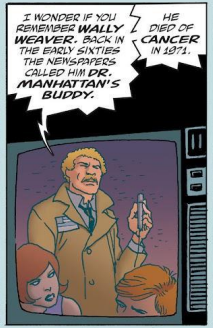
OH GOD, PLEASE...
PLEASE, THIS MUST BE A MISTAKE. YOU HAVE THE WRONG PERSON.

GOOD THING I DECIDED TO STAY ON THE JOB ANOTHER DAY, MR. VEIDT.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR TARGET JUST HAD ANOTHER VISITOR. AND YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO.
"NO ONE CAN GUESS HOW LONG DR. MANHATTAN WILL REMAIN IN HIDING ON THE PLANET MARS."

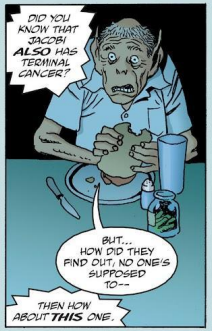


THE MAN DESCRIBED AS THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE WAS LAST SEEN ERUPTING IN A RAGE DURING A TALK SHOW ON ABC.
FOR THOSE WHO MISSED IT, HERE'S ANOTHER LOOK.

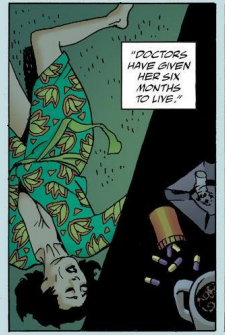

I WONDER IF YOU REMEMBER WALLY WEAVER. BACK IN THE EARLY SIXTIES THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED HIM DR. MANHATTAN'S BUDDY.
HE DIED OF CANCER IN 1971.

I BELIEVE IT WAS SUDDEN AND QUITE PAINFUL.

I REMEMBER WALLY AS A GOOD FRIEND. I ATTENDED HIS FUNERAL.
HOW ABOUT EDWARD W. JACOBI, ALSO KNOWN AS MOLOCH? YOU ENCOUNTERED HIM SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE SIXTIES IN BATTLES, CONFLICTS, WHATEVER IT IS YOU SUPER-PEOPLE DO.


DID YOU KNOW THAT JACOBI ALSO HAS TERMINAL CANCER?
BUT... HOW DID THEY FIND OUT, NO ONE'S SUPPOSED TO--
THEN HOW ABOUT THIS ONE.

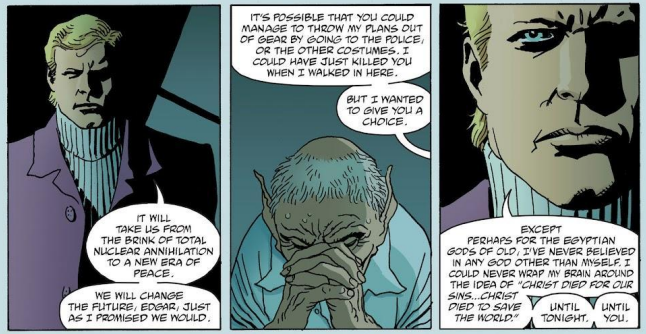
DID YOU KNOW THAT MISS JANEY SLATER, LINKED ROMANTICALLY WITH YOU IN THE SIXTIES, IS CURRENTLY SUFFERING FROM LUNG CANCER?


"DOCTORS HAVE GIVEN HER SIX MONTHS TO LIVE."

BUT SHE SAID SHE HAD A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH, SHE--
THE CIGARETTES... OH GOD...OH GOD, NO--
NOTICE ANY CONNECTION?

BECAUSE FROM WHERE I'M STANDING, IT'S STARTING TO LOOK PRETTY CONCLUSIVE.
HELLO, EDGAR.
DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M HERE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
SO HELP ME GOD.

--AND USING DR. MANHATTAN'S TELEPORTATION ENERGIES TO CREATE A FALSE FLAG ATTACK WILL UNITE THE PLANET.
IT WILL MEAN AN END TO WAR.
AN END TO FIGHTING.


IT WILL TAKE US FROM THE BRINK OF TOTAL NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION TO A NEW ERA OF PEACE.
WE WILL CHANGE THE FUTURE, EDGAR, JUST AS I PROMISED WE WOULD.
IT'S POSSIBLE THAT YOU COULD MANAGE TO THROW MY PLANS OUT OF GEAR BY GOING TO THE POLICE, OR THE OTHER COSTUMES. I COULD HAVE JUST KILLED YOU WHEN I WALKED IN HERE.
BUT I WANTED TO GIVE YOU A CHOICE.
EXCEPT PERHAPS FOR THE EGYPTIAN GODS OF OLD, I'VE NEVER BELIEVED IN ANY GOD OTHER THAN MYSELF. I COULD NEVER WRAP MY BRAIN AROUND THE IDEA OF "CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS...CHRIST DIED TO SAVE THE WORLD."
UNTIL TONIGHT.
UNTIL YOU.

YOU'RE DYING, EDGAR. WE BOTH KNOW THAT. SOONER OR LATER, WE ALL DIE. BUT WHAT'S UNSPEAKABLY RARE IS THE CHANCE FOR ONE'S DEATH TO SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE.
YOU WANTED TO ATONE...AND AS IT SAYS IN THE BIBLE, "AN EYE FOR AN EYE," A LIFE FOR A LIFE. MANY DIED AT YOUR HANDS, EDGAR. YOUR DEATH IS YOUR ATONEMENT.
BUT IT CAN BE MORE THAN THAT... MUCH MORE.
YOU BELIEVE THAT CHRIST DIED TO SAVE THE WORLD. YOU HAVE THAT POWER, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.
DO YOU BELIEVE THAT MY STRATEGY WILL WORK?
YES...YES, I DO. IT WILL SAVE THE WORLD. IT'S TERRIBLE...IT'S BEAUTIFUL...IT WILL WORK...AND--

--AND IT'S A MAGIC TRICK. DEAR SWEET GOD IN HEAVEN, IT'S THE MOST AMAZING MAGIC TRICK IN HISTORY.
THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES, EDGAR... AND IN SO DOING, HELP ME SAVE THE WORLD.

"FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON."

"INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT."

"SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... SO BEAUTIFUL, I LOVED HER SO MUCH, I..."

BLAM

ELEVEN-THIRTY.
GOOD EVENING, JACOBI.

JACOBI...?
END

The Curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS
Conclusion
FROM A COLD AND DEAD PLACE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN SET SAIL.
CORDS SLAPPING HARD ON FROZEN CANVAS--ICE CASCADING DOWN INTO THE BLACK WATERS.
SHOW THE WAY MISTER NAVIGATOR!
WHAT NOW, GORDON MCCLACHLAN, CAN YOU SEE IT?
A BITTER AND ICY WIND BLEW INTO THE SUN ROOM'S FURNACE HEAT ...
...BRINGING SMELLS OF A CHARNEL HOUSE.
CAN YOU SEE IT, MCCLACHLAN? THE FINAL CLUE?
THE SILENT WATCHER! SO YOU SPEAK.
SHOULD I STAY SILENT--NOW?
I SEE THE FROZEN SCREAM OF THE BLOODY MAN--
IT'S THE FACE OF THE SOUL CASKET!
THAT IS THE FINAL TOKEN!
SO IT COMES FULL CIRCLE--WHY... WHY DID YOU CURSE ME SO?

LOOK INTO YOUR REFLECTION, MCCLACHLAN--LOOK INTO YOUR EYES!
I NEVER TOOK YOUR SOUL, GORDON MCCLACHLAN--YOU LOST IT ON YOUR JOURNEY!
ALL A MAN REAPS IS THAT WHICH HE SOWS!
MY EVIL TASKMASTER FADED AWAY TILL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THE WHISPER ...
THE CRIMSON CORSAIR IS DEAD--LONG LIVE THE CRIMSON CORSAIR!
REMEMBER, MCCLACHLAN...
...IT'S IN THE BLOOD...
REMEMBER!
BY JOHN HIGGINS LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
ASST. EDITOR: CAMILLA ZHANG ASSOC. EDITOR: WIL MOSS EDITOR: MARK CHIARELLO
THE END

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I WAS PLANNING TO LABEL THIS A CAUTIONARY TALE, BUT IT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE, SO HOW COULD I?
MY NAME IS WILLIAM BENJAMIN BRADY. SUFFICE IT TO SAY I WAS BORN UNDER UTTERLY ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES ON JULY 4th, 1917 IN A SMALL FARMING TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF NEBRASKA, BUT THE TWISTS AND TURNS MY LIFE TOOK FROM THERE...
WELL, THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY...
"I WANT TO BE IN PICTURES"
Writer: LEN WEIN
Artist/Letterer: STEVE RUDE
Colorist: Glen Whitmore
VARIANT COVERS BY DARWYN COOKE AND JIM LEE WITH SCOTT WILLIAMS AND ALEX SINCLAIR
ASSISTANT EDITOR: CAMILLA ZHANG
EDITOR: MARK CHIARELLO
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE AND DAVE GIBBONS
1

THROUGHOUT GRADE SCHOOL, I SUFFERED THE TORMENTS OF ANY OTHER KID MY AGE--
--BUT IN HIGH SCHOOL, I BLOSSOMED.
THERE WASN'T A SPORT I COULDN'T PLAY, LET ALONE PLAY WELL. I QUICKLY BECAME A LOCAL LEGEND.
TO MY PARENTS' OVERWHELMING JOY, MY SCHOLARSHIP TO COLLEGE WAS VIRTUALLY ASSURED. IN FACT, I HAD MY CHOICE OF SCHOOLS.
I CHOSE DARTMOUTH, THE "BIG GREEN," BECAUSE OF ITS EXTENSIVE SPORTS PROGRAM, AND I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HAPPIER.
I EXCELLED AT EVERYTHING I PUT MY HAND TO--
--EVERYTHING, THAT IS, EXCEPT MY STUDIES.
2

ALL OF THAT CHANGED DURING THE FINAL GAME OF THE 1938 SEASON. WE WERE TAKING ON THE HORNED FROGS OF TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY.
H. FROGS
DARTMOUTH
THERE WERE EVEN SEVERAL PRO RECRUITING SCOUTS AT THE GAME, SPECIFICALLY THERE TO CHECK ME OUT...
IT HAPPENED LATE IN THE FOURTH QUARTER.
THAT WINNING PASS WAS IN MY HANDS--
I NEVER EVEN SAW HIM COMING--
--ONLY FELT HIM AS HE HIT ME WITH THE FORCE OF A FULL-ON FREIGHT TRAIN.
--WHEN DISASTER STRUCK OUT OF LEFT FIELD...
I COULD FEEL MY KNEE GOING OUT EVEN BEFORE I HIT THE TURF--
--AND I KNEW THEN THAT IT WAS OVER...
DESPITE OUR OTHERWISE WINNING SEASON, WITH ME BENCHED, DARTMOUTH DECLINED THE INVITATION TO PLAY IN THE ROSE BOWL...
AFTER THE GAME, THE TEAM DOC CONFIRMED WHAT I ALREADY KNEW IN MY HEART...
AS THEY CARRIED ME FROM THE FIELD, I WATCHED THE TALENT SCOUTS SHAKE THEIR HEADS SADLY, THEN TURN TO LEAVE.
MY FOOTBALL CAREER WAS OVER.
THEY NEVER EVEN BOTHERED SPEAKING TO ME.
I'D NEVER PLAY SPORTS AGAIN.
I THINK THAT PROBABLY HURT MOST OF ALL.
3

WITH CONSIDERABLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS, I BARELY MANAGED A HIGH ENOUGH GRADE AVERAGE TO GRADUATE THE FOLLOWING SPRING...

I PROMPTLY MOVED TO A SMALL MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING TO TRY AND FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT WITH MY LIFE...

ALMOST EVERY WANT AD I LOOKED AT REQUIRED SKILLS I DIDN'T HAVE...

NEW YORK Daily Gazette

RUMORS OF WAR

I WAS STARTING TO THINK I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP AND MOVE BACK TO NEBRASKA WHEN ONE PARTICULAR AD CAUGHT MY EYE...

A NEW BROADWAY REVUE WAS CASTING FOR KIDS IN THE CHORUS. I'D NEVER TRIED SINGING OR DANCING BEFORE, BUT ALL THE GIRLS BACK IN SCHOOL HAD REPEATEDLY TOLD ME I HAD MOVIE STAR LOOKS--

--SO I FIGURED, WHAT THE HECK... IT WAS CERTAINLY WORTH THE TRY.

BROADWAY BILL DOES IT AGAIN!

IF THIS WORKED AS I IMAGINED, THE SKY WOULD BE MY LIMIT.

PUTTING ON MY BEST CHEAP SUIT, I HEADED FOR THE RIALTO THEATRE, TO GIVE CLARK GABLE A RUN FOR HIS MONEY...

ALL RIGHT ALREADY-- NEXT!

I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY HERE, Y'KNOW.

TIME IS MONEY.

WELL, YA GOT THE LOOKS, KID, I'LL GIVE YA THAT.

NOW IMPRESS ME. I'VE SEEN A LOT 'A LOXES TODAY. MAKE ME PROUD.

MY NAME'S BILL BRADY, SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST.

FOR THE SAKE OF MY POOR ULCER, PLEASE DO.

I HELD MY BREATH AND HIT THE STAGE.

I'D SPENT THE WHOLE LAST DAY LISTENING TO THE SAME RECORD OVER AND OVER. I FIGURED I HAD THE ACT DOWN PAT BY NOW.

SO I EXHALED SLOWLY-- AND GAVE IT MY ALL.

I WORKED IT LIKE I'D NEVER WORKED BEFORE--

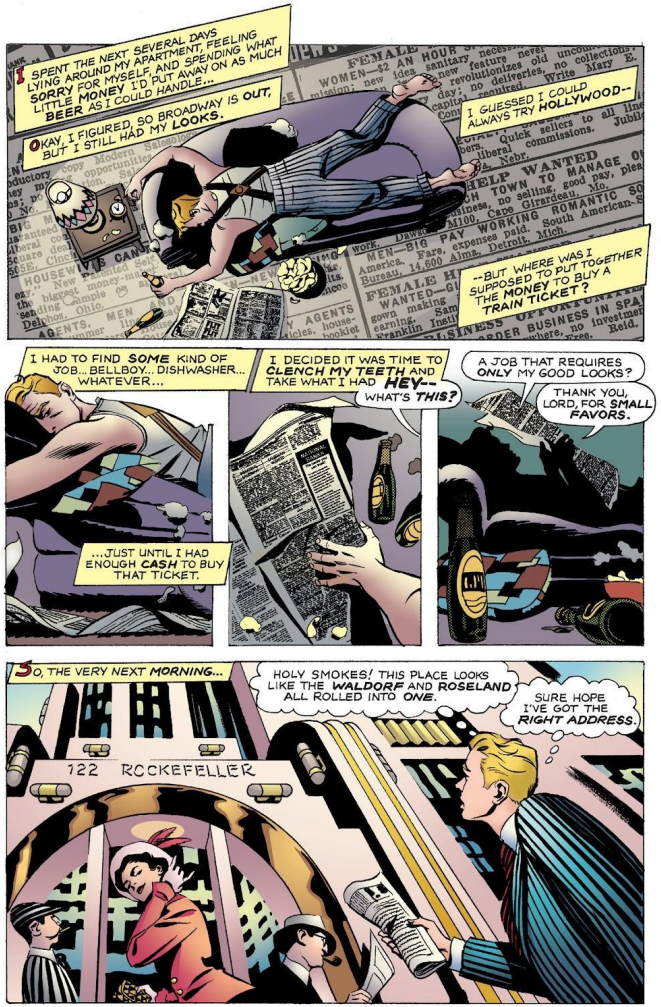
--BUT, IN THE END...

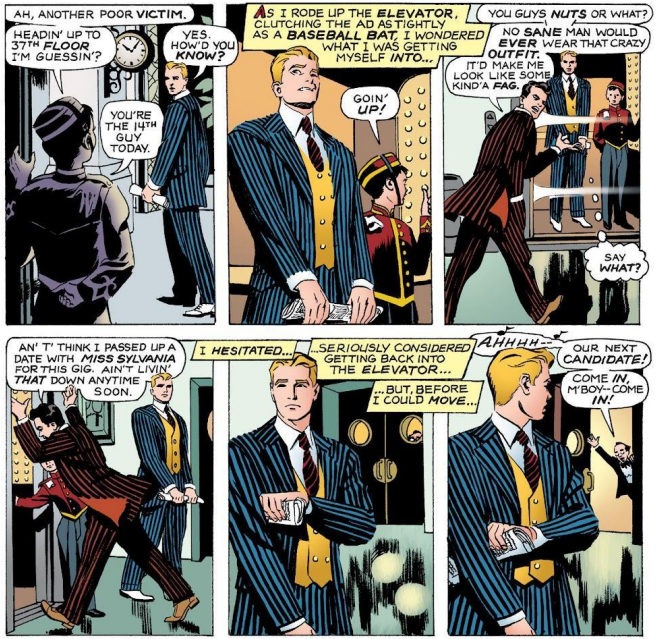
OY! I HAVE GOT TO GET INTA SOME OTHER LINE 'A WORK.

TELL YA WHAT, KID-- DON'T EVEN BOTHER LEAVIN' YER RESUME.

OH, AN' FOR THE LOVE 'A GOD, DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU.

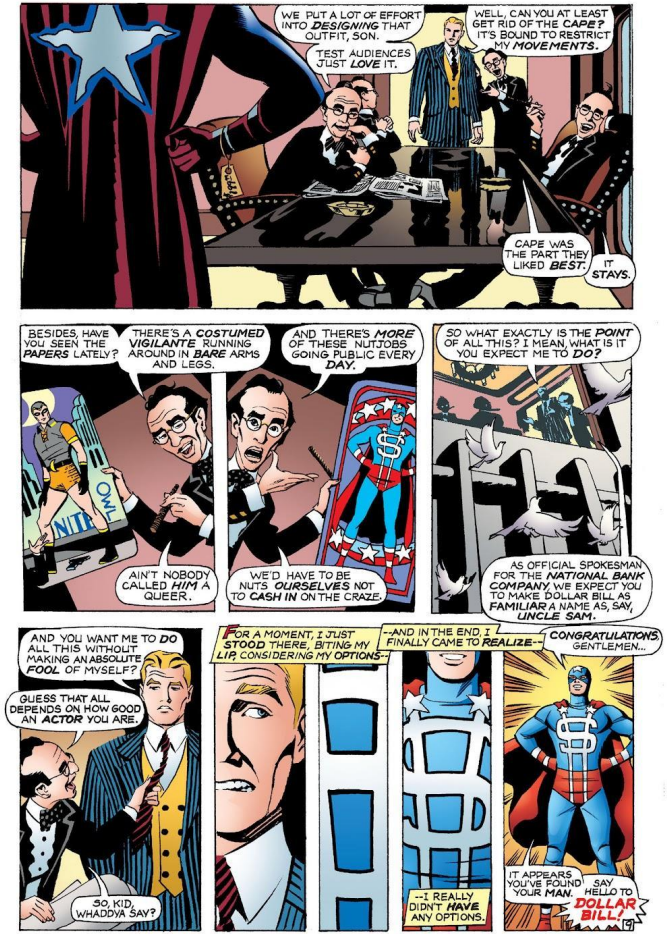
NEXT.


I SPENT THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS LYING AROUND MY APARTMENT, FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, AND SPENDING WHAT LITTLE MONEY I'D PUT AWAY ON AS MUCH BEER AS I COULD HANDLE...
OKAY, I FIGURED, SO BROADWAY IS OUT, BUT I STILL HAD MY LOOKS.
I GUESSED I COULD ALWAYS TRY HOLLYWOOD--
--BUT WHERE WAS I SUPPOSED TO PUT TOGETHER THE MONEY TO BUY A TRAIN TICKET?
I HAD TO FIND SOME KIND OF JOB... BELLBOY... DISHWASHER... WHATEVER...
...JUST UNTIL I HAD ENOUGH CASH TO BUY THAT TICKET.
I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO CLENCH MY TEETH AND TAKE WHAT I HAD
HEY--
WHAT'S THIS?
A JOB THAT REQUIRES ONLY MY GOOD LOOKS?
THANK YOU, LORD, FOR SMALL FAVORS.
SO, THE VERY NEXT MORNING...
HOLY SMOKES! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE WALDORF AND ROSELAND ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.
SURE HOPE I'VE GOT THE RIGHT ADDRESS.
122 ROCKEFELLER


AH, ANOTHER POOR VICTIM.
HEADIN' UP TO 37TH FLOOR I'M GUESSIN'?
YES. HOW'D YOU KNOW?
YOU'RE THE 14TH GUY TODAY.
AS I RODE UP THE ELEVATOR, CLUTCHING THE AD AS TIGHTLY AS A BASEBALL BAT, I WONDERED WHAT I WAS GETTING MYSELF INTO...
GOIN' UP!
YOU GUYS NUTS OR WHAT?
NO SANE MAN WOULD EVER WEAR THAT CRAZY OUTFIT.
IT'D MAKE ME LOOK LIKE SOME KIND'A FAG.
SAY WHAT?
AN' T' THINK I PASSED UP A DATE WITH MISS SYLVANIA FOR THIS GIG. AIN'T LIVIN' THAT DOWN ANYTIME SOON.
I HESITATED...
...SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED GETTING BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR...
...BUT, BEFORE I COULD MOVE...
AHHHH--
OUR NEXT CANDIDATE!
COME IN, M'BOY--COME IN!

FELLAS, I WANT YOU TO MEET MR....
BRADY. BILL BRADY.
HEY, PERFECT NAME, RIGHT?
THIS IS OUR GUY, I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES.
SEZ YOU, ABIE.
7

BILLY BOY, LET ME INTRODUCE MISTERS HOWE, CHEATEM, AND DEWEY. THEY'RE REPRESENTING NATIONAL BANK IN THIS LITTLE ENTERPRISE.
FEH?
I'VE LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY PRETTY BOYS WE'VE SEEN.
WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE THIS ONE WILL WORK OUT?
WELL, FOR ONE THING, I'M STILL HERE, UNLIKE THAT LAST GUY YOU INTERVIEWED.
YEAH, THERE IS ONE ASPECT OF THE PROMOTION WE'RE PLANNING THAT SEEMS TO PUT SOME PEOPLE OFF.
AND THAT WOULD BE?
SHEILA, BRING IT OUT AND SHOW THE MAN.
ISN'T IT JUST T' DIE FOR? WE CALL HIM DOLLAR BILL. WE'RE PLANNING T' INTRODUCE HIM AS NATIONAL BANK'S NEW CRIME-FIGHTING SPOKESMAN.
OH, C'MON. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE SERIOUS.
AND YOU MY BOY, WOULD FIT THE SUIT PERFECTLY.
I DON'T KNOW ANY STRAIGHT GUY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WHO WOULD EVER WEAR THAT OUTFIT.
IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY VOMITED UP THE AMERICAN FLAG.
8


WE PUT A LOT OF EFFORT INTO DESIGNING THAT OUTFIT, SON.
TEST AUDIENCES JUST LOVE IT.
WELL, CAN YOU AT LEAST GET RID OF THE CAPE? IT'S BOUND TO RESTRICT MY MOVEMENTS.
CAPE WAS THE PART THEY LIKED BEST.
IT STAYS.
BESIDES, HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS LATELY?
THERE'S A COSTUMED VIGILANTE RUNNING AROUND IN BARE ARMS AND LEGS.
AND THERE'S MORE OF THESE NUTJOBS GOING PUBLIC EVERY DAY.
SO WHAT EXACTLY IS THE POINT OF ALL THIS? I MEAN, WHAT IS IT YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?
AIN'T NOBODY CALLED HIM A QUEER.
WE'D HAVE TO BE NUTS OURSELVES NOT TO CASH IN ON THE CRAZE.
AS OFFICIAL SPOKESMAN FOR THE NATIONAL BANK COMPANY, WE EXPECT YOU TO MAKE DOLLAR BILL AS FAMILIAR A NAME AS, SAY, UNCLE SAM.
AND YOU WANT ME TO DO ALL THIS WITHOUT MAKING AN ABSOLUTE FOOL OF MYSELF?
GUESS THAT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW GOOD AN ACTOR YOU ARE.
SO, KID, WHADDYA SAY?
FOR A MOMENT, I JUST STOOD THERE, BITING MY LIP, CONSIDERING MY OPTIONS--
--AND IN THE END, I FINALLY CAME TO REALIZE--
--I REALLY DIDN'T HAVE ANY OPTIONS.
CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN...
IT APPEARS YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MAN.
SAY HELLO TO DOLLAR BILL!
7

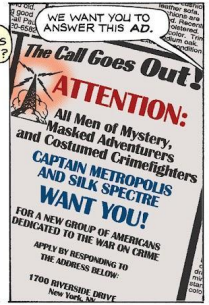
WITHIN WEEKS, MY--THAT IS, DOLLAR BILL'S--IMAGE ADORNED THE FRONT OF EVERY NATIONAL BANK BRANCH IN THE STATE--
--AND HIS LEGEND HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO GROW...
WELCOME TO NATIONAL BANK, THE ONLY BANK WHERE YOUR MONEY IS PROTECTED BY THE INCREDIBLE DOLLAR BILL.
YA CAN HAND OVER ALL YER CASH, SISTER--
AND HOW MAY WE HELP YOU THIS FINE MORNING?
AN' YA BETTER BE QUICK ABOUT IT--
--BEFORE MY BOYS AN' ME TURN YA INTA SO MUCH SWISS CHEESE!
Y-Y-YES, SIR WHATEVER YOU--
OH, THANK THE STARS! HE'S HERE.
WHO'S HERE?
CHECK THE STATUE OVER THE DOOR, PUNK...
THE NAME IS DOLLAR BILL!
UUNNFF!
10

CRASH!
HEY! WATCH--
AAAGGHH!
UUNFF!
WH-WHAT IS THAT GUY?!?
I AM THE OFFICIAL DEFENDER OF THE NATIONAL BANK CHAIN!
THE MAN WITH THE PLAN!
SPEOW
THE HERO AGAINST ZEROES!
THREATEN EVEN ONE DIME OF OUR DEPOSITORS' PRECIOUS SAVINGS AND YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME!
UUNNHH!
ACKK!
GET THE POINT, PUNKS?
UUNNHHHHHH
IF YOU'RE EVER FOOLISH ENOUGH TO EVEN TRY ROBBING A NATIONAL BANK--
--YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FACE THE POWER OF--
--DOLLAR BILL!
CUT!
11

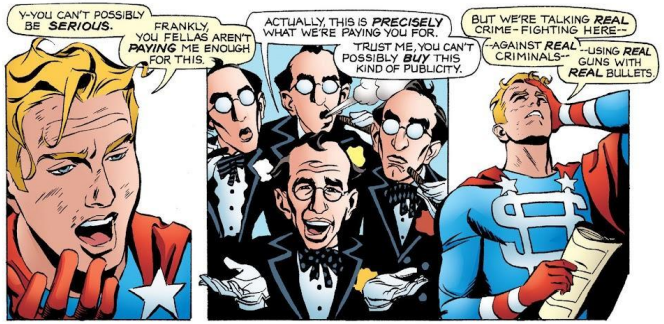
OKAY, EVERYONE, LET'S RESET AND WE'LL GO AGAIN IN TEN MINUTES.
YOU OKAY, IRWIN?
JUST FINE, TOOTS. THIS IS WHAT I GET PAID FOR.
BOY, THAT SCENE STRAINED MUSCLES I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD.
WHAT WE GET PAID FOR, YOU MEAN.
GIVES YOU NEW RESPECT FOR THE REAL COSTUMED CRAZIES, DON'T IT?
YER DOING A GREAT JOB, KIDDO.

LET'S MOVE, PEOPLE! TIME IS MONEY!
WE'RE PROUD OF YA, BOYCHIK.
FRANKLY, YOU'VE EXCEEDED EXPECTATIONS.
YOU'RE A NATURAL AT THIS, M'BOY.
BUT DON'T GET A SWELLED HEAD. YOU'RE NO MICKEY ROONEY, Y'KNOW.
SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU GENTLEMEN?

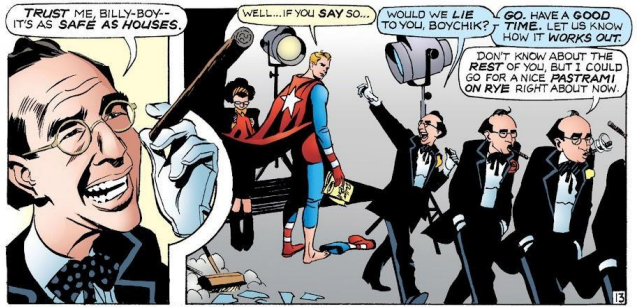
AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE IS.
HAVE YOU SEEN TODAY'S NEWSPAPER, SON?

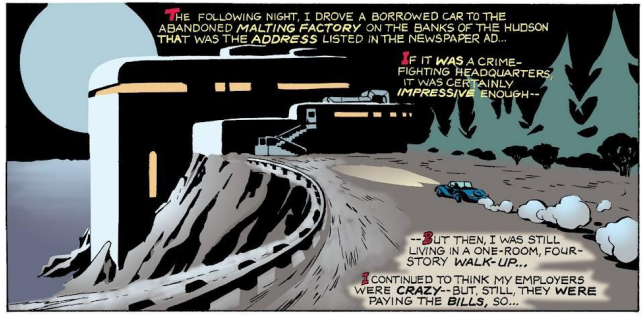

WE WANT YOU TO ANSWER THIS AD.
The Call Goes Out!
ATTENTION:
All Men of Mystery, Masked Adventurers and Costumed Crimefighters
CAPTAIN METROPOLIS AND SILK SPECTRE
WANT YOU!
FOR A NEW GROUP OF AMERICANS DEDICATED TO THE WAR ON CRIME
APPLY BY RESPONDING TO THE ADDRESS BELOW:
1700 RIVERSIDE DRIVE New York, NY

YOU DO REMEMBER I'M ONLY AN ACTOR, RIGHT?
NOT A REAL CRIME-FIGHTER.
PRECISELY. WE JUST WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND ACT LIKE A REAL CRIME-FIGHTER.
12


Y-YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE SERIOUS.
FRANKLY, YOU FELLAS AREN'T PAYING ME ENOUGH FOR THIS.
ACTUALLY, THIS IS PRECISELY WHAT WE'RE PAYING YOU FOR.
TRUST ME, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BUY THIS KIND OF PUBLICITY.
BUT WE'RE TALKING REAL CRIME-FIGHTING HERE--
--AGAINST REAL CRIMINALS--
--USING REAL GUNS WITH REAL BULLETS.

WHADDA YOU, FIVE KINDS OF CRAZY?
IT'S ALL JUST FLASH AND MIRRORS, NO DIFFERENT THAN WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW.
WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD PUT THEMSELVES IN THAT KIND OF DANGER FOR REAL?


TRUST ME, BILLY-BOY-- IT'S AS SAFE AS HOUSES.
WELL....IF YOU SAY SO...
WOULD WE LIE TO YOU, BOYCHIK?
GO. HAVE A GOOD TIME. LET US KNOW HOW IT WORKS OUT.
DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT I COULD GO FOR A NICE PASTRAMI ON RYE RIGHT ABOUT NOW.
13


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, I DROVE A BORROWED CAR TO THE ABANDONED MALTING FACTORY ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON THAT WAS THE ADDRESS LISTED IN THE NEWSPAPER AD...
IF IT WAS A CRIME-FIGHTING HEADQUARTERS, IT WAS CERTAINLY IMPRESSIVE ENOUGH--
--BUT THEN, I WAS STILL LIVING IN A ONE-ROOM, FOUR-STORY WALK-UP...
I CONTINUED TO THINK MY EMPLOYERS WERE CRAZY--BUT, STILL, THEY WERE PAYING THE BILLS, SO...

AS I ENTERED THE OLD WIRE-CAGE ELEVATOR, I BRIEFLY WONDERED IF THESE REAL HEROES HAD SEEN ANY OF MY ADS IN THEIR LOCAL THEATRES--
--OR IF THEY WOULD LOOK AT ME LIKE THE POSER I FELT I WAS...
WALKING INTO THE WAITING ROOM, I QUICKLY REALIZED--

--I HAD BEEN WORRYING FOR NOTHING...
YOU'RE ALL HERE TO TRY OUT?
JUST GET IN LINE, BUSTER--
--AND WAIT YOUR TURN.
14

IGNORE HIM, CUTIE. COME STAND UP HERE BY ME.
FORGET IT, BUSTER. NO CUTTING IN LINE.
IT'S OKAY. I'M MORE THAN WILLING TO WAIT MY TURN.
BUT I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM THE MOVIES. YOU'RE A REAL CELEBRITY.
WHY ARE YOU EVEN WAITING IN LINE?
BECAUSE EVERYONE HERE DESERVES THEIR FAIR CHANCE.

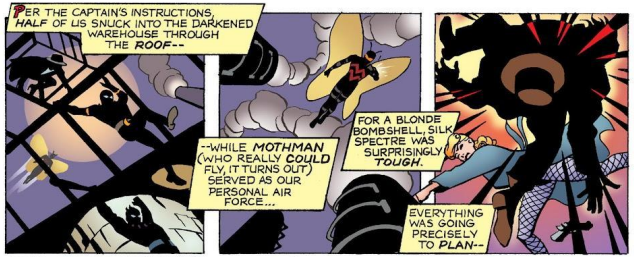
UNDER THIS OUTFIT, I'M JUST A WORKING JOE LIKE THE REST OF YOU--
--TRYING TO DO MY BIT TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY A SAFER, MORE WHOLESOME PLACE.
ISN'T THAT WHY THE REST OF YOU ARE HERE?

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR ME. I AIN'T GOT A PRAYER OF COMPETIN' AGAINST A GOODY TWO-SHOES LIKE YOU.
SEE YOU CLOWNS IN THE FUNNY PAPERS.
SERIOUSLY?
THIS MEANS THAT LITTLE TO YOU?
I JUST FIGURED THERE WOULD BE A CHECK INVOLVED SOMEHOW.

THREE HOURS AND SEVENTEEN MINUTES LATER...
NEXT!
ABOUT TIME.
I WAS AFRAID THEY'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME.
15

EVENING, LADY AND GENTLEMEN. MY NAME IS--
DOLLAR BILL. YES, WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU CAN DO.
HELL, ANYONE WHO'S BEEN TO THE MOVIES LATELY KNOWS WHAT YOU CAN DO.
THANKS, LARRY.
HANG IN THERE, SALLY. HE'S THE LAST ONE TONIGHT.
YOU DO REALIZE THAT'S ALL JUST STUNTWORK AND HOLLYWOOD MOVIE MAGIC, RIGHT?
EVERYTHING I DO IS JUST SPECIAL EFFECTS.
OF COURSE WE DO.
WE'RE NOT A BUNCH OF IDIOTS, YOU KNOW.
BUT, REAL OR IMAGINED, THERE'S NOT A PERSON IN AMERICA WHO DOESN'T RECOGNIZE YOU ON SIGHT.
WAY WE FIGURE IT, ADDING YOU TO THE TEAM WILL RAISE OUR PUBLIC PROFILE CONSIDERABLY.
SO, BASICALLY, BUDDY, YOU'RE IN.
WELCOME TO THE MINUTEMEN.
FAIR ENOUGH.
JUST SO LONG AS YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS YOU'RE REALLY GETTING.
WE DO-- AND WE'RE THRILLED TO HAVE YOU.
16

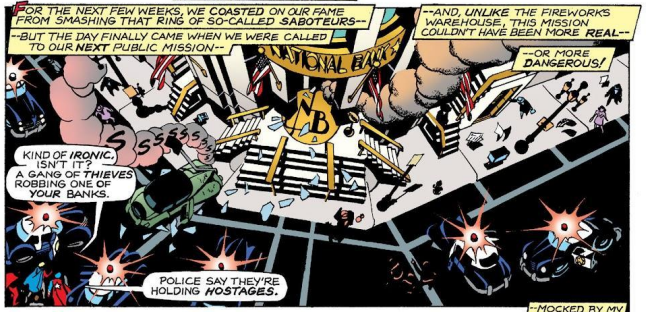
OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, THE MINUTEMEN MADE THE COVER OF EVERY MAGAZINE ON THE RACKS, EXCEPT PERHAPS FOR GOOD HOUSEKEEPING...
THAT WAS GREAT.
NOW LET'S TRY ONE WITH JUST THE LADIES.
THAT'S IT, GIRLS.
VERY SEXY.
IT HADN'T TAKEN MUCH LONGER TO ASSEMBLE THE ENTIRE TEAM...
...THE FELLA IN THE BARE-LEGGED BIRD-SUIT EVERYONE CALLED NITE OWL...
...A RATHER MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN BLACK, WHO CALLED HERSELF THE SILHOUETTE...
...A NERVOUS NELLY NAMED MOTHMAN, WHO SAID HE COULD FLY...
...MYSELF, OF COURSE...
...A FLASHY SHOWGIRL CALLED SILK SPECTRE, NOT ALL THAT DIFFERENT FROM ME...
...CAPTAIN METROPOLIS, AN EX-MILITARY MAN, STILL DETERMINED TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE...
...A CERTIFIABLE TEENAGED PSYCHOPATH WHO FANCIED HIMSELF A COMEDIAN...
...AND A STOIC SLAB OF BEEF KNOWN AS HOODED JUSTICE.
FOUR WEEKS AFTER THE GROUP'S FORMATION, CAPTAIN METROPOLIS DEEMED US READY FOR OUR FIRST OFFICIAL MISSION...
KEEP OUT
OUR TARGET WAS A GROUP OF ITALIAN FIFTH COLUMNISTS WHO WERE RUMORED TO BE SMUGGLING WEAPONS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR...
THERE GOES SALLY, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
HANG ON, MEN!
THE TIME IS NIGH!
17

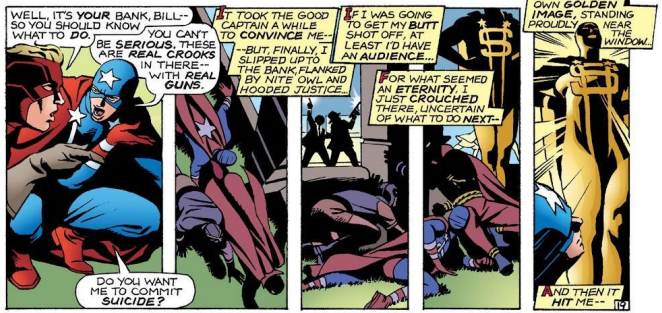

PER THE CAPTAIN'S INSTRUCTIONS, HALF OF US SNUCK INTO THE DARKENED WAREHOUSE THROUGH THE ROOF--
--WHILE MOTHMAN (WHO REALLY COULD FLY, IT TURNS OUT) SERVED AS OUR PERSONAL AIR FORCE...
FOR A BLONDE BOMBSHELL, SILK SPECTRE WAS SURPRISINGLY TOUGH.
EVERYTHING WAS GOING PRECISELY TO PLAN--

--WITH ONE SMALL EXCEPTION:
SPUK
UNFORTUNATELY, CAPTAIN METROPOLIS HAD FAILED TO VERIFY HIS INFORMATION.
WHAT THE GOOD CAPTAIN HAD ASSUMED TO BE A WAREHOUSE FULL OF MUNITIONS--
SPOK
SPUK
--WAS INSTEAD A WAREHOUSE FILLED WITH ILLEGAL FIREWORKS--
POK
KLUK
POK
FLAMMABLE
--WHICH DID NOT RESPOND WELL TO A SPARKING SMOKE GRENADE DROPPED IN AMONG THEM.

NOT VERY WELL AT ALL.

INSTEAD OF STANDING UP AND ADMITTING OUR MISTAKE, WE CALLED A PRESS CONFERENCE TO ANNOUNCE:
OUR DESTRUCTION OF THIS RING OF SABOTEURS WILL KEEP THESE DEADLY WEAPONS OUT OF ENEMY HANDS.
LAST NIGHT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING.
LET AMERICA'S ENEMIES KNOW THAT THE MINUTEMEN STAND AGAINST THEM.
APPARENTLY, MY EMPLOYERS HAD BEEN RIGHT: EVEN THE MINUTEMEN WERE NOTHING MORE THAN ONE BIG SHOW.


FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, WE COASTED ON OUR FAME FROM SMASHING THAT RING OF SO-CALLED SABOTEURS--
--BUT THE DAY FINALLY CAME WHEN WE WERE CALLED TO OUR NEXT PUBLIC MISSION--
--AND, UNLIKE THE FIREWORKS WAREHOUSE, THIS MISSION COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE REAL--
--OR MORE DANGEROUS!
NATIONAL BANK
KIND OF IRONIC, ISN'T IT? A GANG OF THIEVES ROBBING ONE OF YOUR BANKS.
POLICE SAY THEY'RE HOLDING HOSTAGES.


WELL, IT'S YOUR BANK, BILL--SO YOU SHOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO.
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. THESE ARE REAL CROOKS IN THERE--WITH REAL GUNS.
DO YOU WANT ME TO COMMIT SUICIDE?
IT TOOK THE GOOD CAPTAIN A WHILE TO CONVINCE ME--
--BUT, FINALLY, I SLIPPED UP TO THE BANK, FLANKED BY NITE OWL AND HOODED JUSTICE...
IF I WAS GOING TO GET MY BUTT SHOT OFF, AT LEAST I'D HAVE AN AUDIENCE...
FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, I JUST CROUCHED THERE, UNCERTAIN OF WHAT TO DO NEXT--
--MOCKED BY MY OWN GOLDEN IMAGE, STANDING PROUDLY NEAR THE WINDOW...
AND THEN IT HIT ME--

--JUST SECONDS BEFORE HOODED JUSTICE USED THE STATUE TO HIT THEM!
CRASSH
UUNNFFF!
AARRGHH!
THIS TIME THE DANGER WAS ALL TOO TERRIBLY REAL!
I FROZE, UTTERLY UNABLE TO MOVE--
--UTTERLY TERRIFIED!
I STAYED PUT AS NITE OWL AND JUSTICE RUSHED PAST ME INTO THE FRAY--
--AND I FELT DISGUSTED WITH MYSELF!
I THOUGHT BACK--TO MY GLORY DAYS--TO THAT ADRENALINE RUSH THAT ALWAYS CARRIED ME ACROSS THE GOAL LINE...
SUDDENLY, I WAS THAT YOUNG ATHLETE AGAIN--
--KNOWING NOTHING COULD STOP ME UNLESS I LET IT--
--AND FILLED WITH A PASSION I HADN'T KNOWN IN YEARS!
NITE OWL AND HOODED JUSTICE WADED THROUGH THE THUGS AS THEY'D DONE DOZENS OF TIMES IN THE PAST--
--WHILE I RELIED ON SOME OF MY OLD COLLEGE WRESTLING MOVES TO HELP EVEN UP THE FIGHT.
I CANNOT REMEMBER WHEN I LAST FELT SO ALIVE!
20

UNTIL, AT LAST...
WE WATCHED THE ENTIRE INCIDENT THROUGH THE WINDOWS, BILL.
GREAT JOB, BUDDY.
ACTUALLY, WE EXPECTED THE REST OF YOU TO BACK US UP.
YOU WERE TERRIFIC!
AND STEAL YOUR THUNDER? NOT A CHANCE!
ACTUALLY...
I THINK I WET MYSELF A LITTLE.
OFFICIALLY FAMOUS NOW, I DECIDED TO TAKE SOME OF THE MONEY I'D BEEN PUTTING ASIDE--
--AND FINALLY TRY MY HAND AT MAKING IT IN HOLLYWOOD...
I FIGURED MY CONSIDERABLE REPUTATION WOULD OPEN EVERY DOOR FOR ME...
BUT...
WELL, YOU'VE DEFINITELY GOT THE LOOKS, KID--
--BUT AFTER ALL THOSE NEWSREEL COMMERCIALS YOU'VE DONE, YOU'RE TYPE-CAST AS DOLLAR BILL.
I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T USE YOU.
FRUSTRATED, I WENT OFF SUNSET BOULEVARD--
YES, YOU'VE SURE GOT THE RIGHT LOOK TO YOU--
--THEN, OFF OFF SUNSET--
--BUT YOU'VE BEEN TYPECAST AS DOLLAR BILL--
--THEN... WELL, YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO KNOW...
--SORRY, BUT WE JUST CAN'T USE YA.
ABSOLUTELY CRESTFALLEN, I FINALLY GAVE UP ON MY DREAM--
--AND, TAIL BETWEEN MY LEGS, I RETURNED TO NEW YORK--
21

--AND THE ONLY JOB AT WHICH I'D EVER TRULY BEEN SUCCESSFUL...

...AND, WITH THE CUTTING OF THIS BRIGHT RED RIBBON, I HEREBY DECLARE THIS NEWEST BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL BANK CHAIN OFFICIALLY OPEN!

ALWAYS REMEMBER, FOLKS, BANK WITH NATIONAL--

--AND YOUR SAVINGS ARE PERSONALLY PROTECTED BY ME!

AND DON'T FORGET THAT EVERY NEW ACCOUNT STARTED THIS WEEK COMES WITH A FREE TOASTER.

NOW, IF ALL OF YOU WHO WANT BILL'S AUTOGRAPH WOULD KINDLY LINE UP ON THE LEFT...

HAVING RESIGNED MYSELF TO LIVING IN NEW YORK, I'D STARTED RENTING A SOMEWHAT MORE UPSCALE APARTMENT.

I WAS HOME ALONE, ENJOYING A COLD BEER, WHEN I HEARD THE TERRIBLE NEWS...

...AND THE BODIES OF THE COSTUMED ADVENTURESS KNOWN AS THE SILHOUETTE AND... A CLOSE FRIEND WERE FOUND MURDERED THIS EVENING IN AN UPTOWN APARTMENT...

THUS FAR, THE POLICE HAVE ANNOUNCED NO SOLID LEADS AS TO THE KILLER...

IN MY HEART, I'D ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT THE GOOD LORD WOULD SOMEDAY PUNISH URSULA FOR HER DEVIANT LIFESTYLE--

--BUT, STILL, THROUGH IT ALL SHE HAD BEEN MY LOYAL TEAMMATE AND HAD ALWAYS HAD MY BACK--

--SO I DRANK A FINAL TOAST TO SILHOUETTE'S MEMORY--

--AND WISHED HER WELL ON HER JOURNEY TO THE AFTERLIFE...

AS I CONTINUED TO WORK WITH THE MINUTEMEN, I SLOWLY STARTED TO BECOME THE HERO I'D LONG BEEN PRETENDING TO BE...

MY CONFIDENCE BEGAN TO GROW EXPONENTIALLY

EVENTUALLY, I BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE I WAS RELIVING MY SCHOLASTIC GLORY DAYS ALL OVER AGAIN.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW EMPOWERED I STARTED TO FEEL...

BUT THEN, OF COURSE, CAME THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN EVERYTHING CHANGED...

I SAID, WE WANT ALL THE CASH, SISTER--

--OR YER GONNA BE MISSIN' YER HEAD!

Y-Y-YOU DO KNOW WHAT KIND OF BANK THIS IS, DON'T YOU?

YEAH, THE KIND THAT'S ABOUT TO BE SHORT A FEW HUNDRED GRAND.

N-NO, IT--IT'S A NATIONAL BANK--!

EXACTLY. THE CHAIN WHERE ALL THE MONEY IS PROTECTED BY ME!

HEY, IT'S THAT DOLLAR BILL GUY!

Y'MEAN HE'S FOR REAL?!?

NOT FOR MUCH LONGER!

DRILL THE SUCKER!

HOLY--! THE GUY IS BULLETPROOF!

NO, BUT MY STATUE IS!

IT'S PRETTY HEAVY, TOO!

SPEW

SPEW

SPEW

SPEW

HHUNFF!

LIKE COUNTLESS THUGS BEFORE THEM, THIS CREW TURNED AND RAN...
AND, FOR A MOMENT-- BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT-- I FELT A SUDDEN, BIZARRE PANG OF DÉJÀ VU...
I COULDVE SWORN THE THUG WHO FELL LOOKED JUST LIKE THE CREEP WHO'D KNEECAPPED ME IN COLLEGE...

THE REMAINING TWO THIEVES RACED THROUGH THE BANK'S REVOLVING DOOR, WITH ME CLOSE BEHIND THEM--
GIVE IT UP, GUYS!
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HOPE TO OUTRUN--

URRKKK!
AND THAT'S WHEN THE PROVERBIAL SPIT HIT THE FAN...

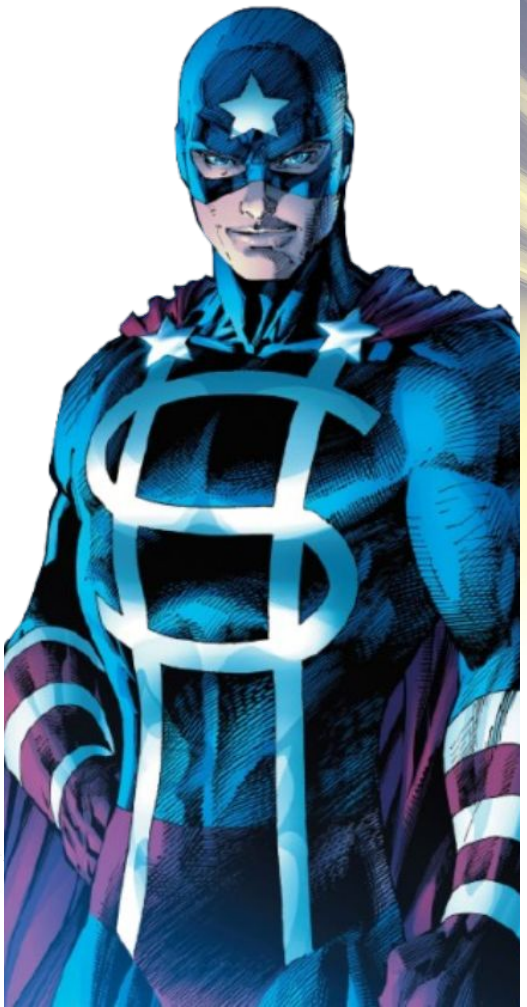
DAMN CAPE--!
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE TOSSED IT--!

WILL YA LOOK AT THAT--?!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--!

GOT TO DETACH THIS CAPE BEFORE IT'S--
TOO LATE!

NO!!

AND, JUST LIKE THAT, BLINKING IN ASTONISHMENT--
--I DIED.



THEY SAY MY FUNERAL WAS ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR.
DOLLAR BILL SLAIN
ALL THE REMAINING MINUTEMEN WERE THERE, OF COURSE-- SALLY JUPITER, MOTHMAN, CAPTAIN METROPOLIS, HOODED JUSTICE, AND NITE OWL (THE CLEARLY PSYCHOTIC COMEDIAN HAVING BEEN EXPELLED FROM THE GROUP SEVERAL YEARS EARLIER)--
--PLUS A PROPER POLICE CONTINGENT AND, OF COURSE, REPRESENTATIVES FROM NATIONAL BANK...
THE GOOD CAPTAIN, IN PARTICULAR, GAVE A EULOGY THAT WAS ABSOLUTELY STIRRING IN ITS SIGNIFICANCE...
"REST IN PEACE, BROTHER."

YOUR LEGACY WILL LIVE ON IN THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE WHOSE LIVES YOU TOUCHED.
AND THAT ONE WOULD THINK SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT...

FIRST, SILHOUETTE, NOW BILL. IT'S...IT'S JUST WRONG, I TELL YOU.
I ALWAYS FIGURED THAT I'D BE THE FIRST TO GO.
DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU LIKE THIS, BYRON.
IT'S JUST THE LUCK OF THE DRAW.
IT JUST ALL SEEMS SO POINTLESS SOMEHOW.
SIX MONTHS FROM NOW, WHO'S EVEN GOING TO REMEMBER DOLLAR BILL?
HAHAHA--
ACTUALLY, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, BYRON.
NOPE.
I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT AT ALL.
HEY, CAN I PLAY?
POW POW POW!
TAKE THAT, DOLLAR BILL!
DON'T WASTE YOUR AMMO, BOYS!
DOLLAR BILL CANNOT BE BEATEN!

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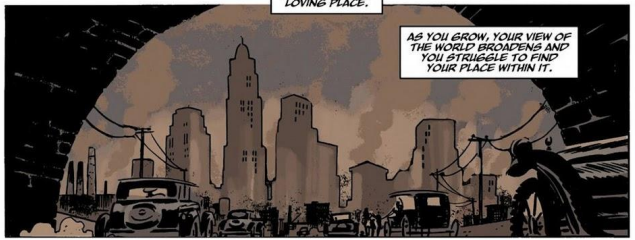
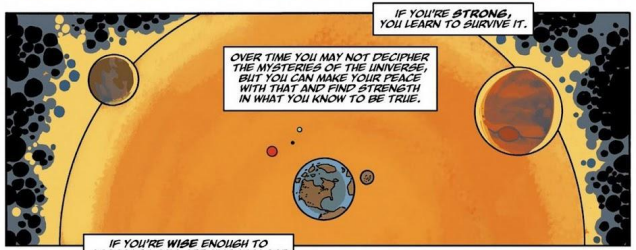
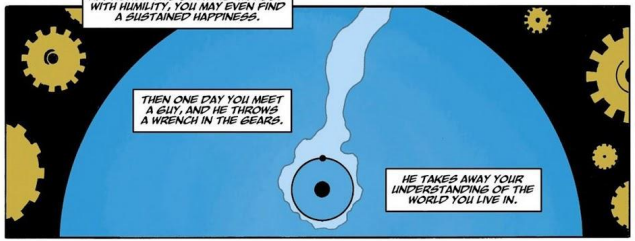
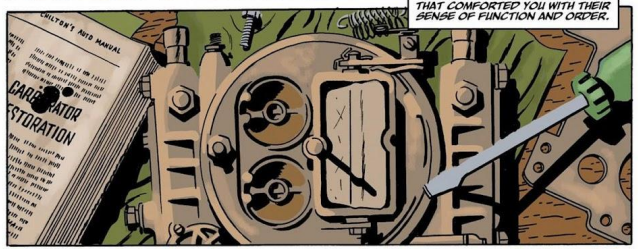
YOU COME INTO THIS WORLD, AND YOUR POINT OF VIEW IS NARROW.

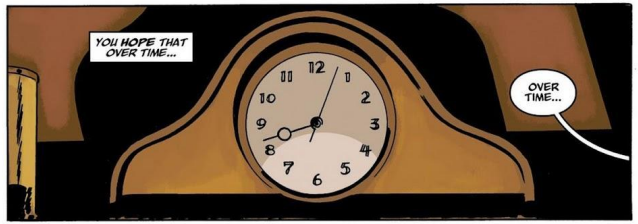

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, IT'S A SAFE AND LOVING PLACE.
AS YOU GROW, YOUR VIEW OF THE WORLD BROADENS AND YOU STRUGGLE TO FIND YOUR PLACE WITHIN IT.

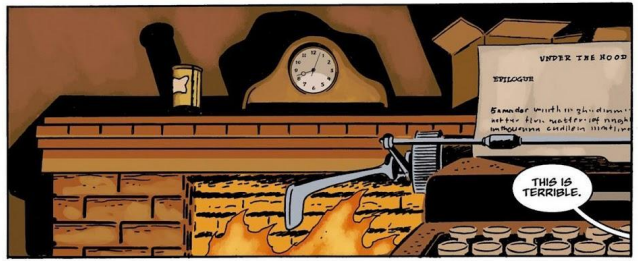

IF YOU'RE STRONG, YOU LEARN TO SURVIVE IT.
OVER TIME YOU MAY NOT DECIPHER THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE, BUT YOU CAN MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH THAT AND FIND STRENGTH IN WHAT YOU KNOW TO BE TRUE.


IF YOU'RE WISE ENOUGH TO APPROACH THIS SEEMING IMPASSE WITH HUMILITY, YOU MAY EVEN FIND A SUSTAINED HAPPINESS.
THEN ONE DAY YOU MEET A GUY, AND HE THROWS A WRENCH IN THE GEARS.
HE TAKES AWAY YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF THE WORLD YOU LIVE IN.

HE TAKES AWAY YOUR BELIEF OF WHAT YOU KNEW TO BE TRUE.
SUCH A THING IS BOUND TO BRING YOU LOW.


SO YOU SEARCH FOR THE THINGS THAT BROUGHT YOU HAPPINESS IN THE PAST. PERHAPS THE THINGS THAT COMFORTED YOU WITH THEIR SENSE OF FUNCTION AND ORDER.


YOU HOPE THAT OVER TIME...
OVER TIME...


UNDER THE HOOD
EPILOGUE
THIS IS TERRIBLE.

I'LL JUST HAVE TO FACE FACTS, GIRL. I'M NO TOLSTOY.
GOING FOR A DEEP, PHILOSOPHICAL ENDING HERE ISN'T GOING TO WORK.

I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO STICK TO BEING OURSELVES, HUH?
WHAT SAY WE START UNPACKING SOME OF OUR STUFF?
LIVING ROOM

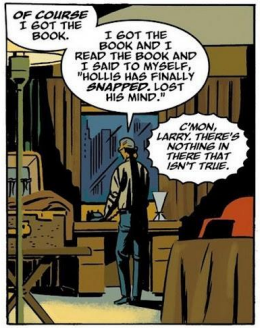
I KNOW. RETIRED FOUR DAYS AND ALREADY TALKING TO THE DOG. SO I'M CRAZY.

HUH. THIS THING.

THE MYSTERY MAN'S EQUIVALENT TO A GOLD WATCH.
BRRLING

HELLO.
OH, HEY, LARRY. DID YOU GET THE DRAFT OF MY BOOK?

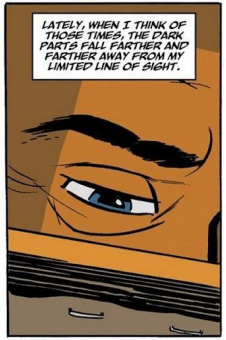
DID I GET THE BOOK? WHAT ARE YOU ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE FUNNY MAN?


OF COURSE I GOT THE BOOK.
I GOT THE BOOK AND I READ THE BOOK AND I SAID TO MYSELF, "HOLLIS HAS FINALLY SNAPPED. LOST HIS MIND."
C'MON, LARRY. THERE'S NOTHING IN THERE THAT ISN'T TRUE.

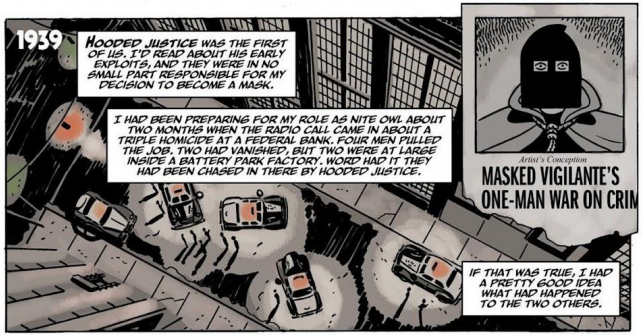
THAT'S THE PROBLEM, BOYCHICK.
I TOOK THE TRAIN UP HERE TO TALK YOU OUT OF THIS CRAZINESS. I'M AT THE STILTON. COME BY AT NINE TOMORROW. WE'LL HAVE BREAKFAST.
FAIR ENOUGH, LARRY. SEE YOU THEN.

WELL, GIRL, I DON'T THINK HE LIKED OUR BOOK.
UNDER THE HOOD, MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. SOME FOLKS REFER TO THIS TYPE OF BOOK AS A TELL-ALL, AND I SUPPOSE IT IS.

OVER THE MONTHS IT TOOK ME TO COMPLETE, I FOUND THE ACT OF WRITING SEEMED TO PURGE ME OF THE DARKER ASPECTS OF MY SECRET LIFE.
AS IF I TRAPPED ALL OF IT IN A BOTTLE I COULD NOW TOSS AWAY INTO THE SURF.
FRAGI


LATELY, WHEN I THINK OF THOSE TIMES, THE DARK PARTS FALL FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY FROM MY LIMITED LINE OF SIGHT.

THE MINUTEMEN
FROM DOWN HERE ON EARTH, I CAN ONLY SEE WHAT I WANT TO SEE.
FROM HERE, IN MY EMPTY APARTMENT, I CAN ONLY SEE THE GOOD.
THE MINUTE OF TRUTH
DARWYN COOKE WRITER & ARTIST
PHIL NOTO COLORIST JARED K. FLETCHER LETTERER DARWYN COOKE COVER ARTIST
MICHAEL GOLDEN, JIM LEE WITH SCOTT WILLIAMS & ALEX SINCLAIR VARIANT COVERS
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR WIL MOSS ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARK CHIARELLO EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS



CHAPTER ONE: EIGHT MINUTES

WHAT BROKE THE SILENCE WAS LESS A SCREAM AND MORE A MOURNFUL, WAILING CRY.
IT SEEMED TO GAIN AND GROW CLOSER, CUTTING THROUGH OUR BLUE SERGE TO THE SKIN AND BONES BENEATH.
POLICE

AND THEN IT BURST INTO FLIGHT ABOVE US.

I KNOW A GUY THAT WAS BESIDE THE CAR HE LANDED ON. HE SAW IT ALL. HECK, HE WORE IT ALL.
HE HANDED IN HIS BADGE A FEW DAYS LATER.

EVERYONE WAS GLUED TO THE HORROR SHOW ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR. I'M PRETTY SURE I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW HIM UP THERE.

IN A FLASH OF RED, HE MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS.
TERRIFYING.

NOW SALLY JUPITER WAS A WHOLE DIFFERENT STORY. NOT SO MUCH FEARSOME JUSTICE AS UNBRIDLED CAPITALISM.
AND YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT SALLY WITHOUT TALKING ABOUT LARRY SCHEXNAYDER, HER MANAGER. LARRY SAW THE MASKED ADVENTURER THING AS A SOCIAL FAD TO CASH IN ON.
IN THAT REGARD, HE WAS ENDLESSLY CREATIVE. FOR EXAMPLE, LET'S SAY YOU KNEW ABOUT AN UPTOWN JEWELER FALLEN ON HARD TIMES WHO COULD USE SOME FREE PUBLICITY.
SALLY JUPITER
Speaks in Silk
BERGSTEIN

AND SAY YOU KNEW SOME OUT-OF-WORK ACTORS YOU CAN THROW A MASK ON AND GIVE A CATCHY NAME, LIKE, SAY, THE RED DEVIL.

YOU COULD STAGE A FAKE ROBBERY AND HAVE YOUR HEROINE FOIL IT IN GRAND FASHION.

ALL YOU'D NEED IS TO ALERT THE PRESS.
UNFFF!

STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT, LITTLE BOY. I LOVE IT.

IF YOU HAD ALL THAT IN PLACE, THE EVENING EDITIONS WERE YOURS FOR THE TAKING.
C'MON IN, BOYS. DON'T BE SHY.
LORD KNOWS I'M NOT.

THE ONLY THING THAT COULD FOIL YOU UP WAS US.
THE COPS.
HEY, CHIEF! GET OVER HERE FOR A PICTURE.
LARRY HAD THAT FIGURED TOO.

ISN'T THIS THE FACE OF AN ANGEL? LOOK AT THOSE CHEEKS.
G'WAN WITH YOUR BOTHER.
SMILE, CHIEF.

LOOK, CHIEF, I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR PEOPLE TO WORRY ABOUT, BUT THIS IS EXTORTION. THE PRICE HAS DOUBLED IN THE PAST FOUR WEEKS.
WELL, LAURENCE, IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS HAVE CONSIDERABLE NEEDS WE HADN'T ACCOUNTED FOR. YOU DO WANT TO HELP YOUR COMMUNITY, DON'T YOU, LAURENCE?
THAT, OR I COULD RUN YOUR KIKE ASS IN AND LOCK YOU AWAY 'TIL THE SECOND COMING.

RELAX, RELAX.
HONESTLY, WHERE YOU MICK BASTARDS GET THE NERVE TO CALL US CHEAP, I'LL NEVER KNOW.
ON BEHALF OF THE WEE ORPHANS, I THANK YOU, LAURENCE.
NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.

I HOPE IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE I'M JUDGING HER, BECAUSE NONE OF US BEGRUDGED HER AMBITION. SALLY HAS GROWN TO BECOME AN INCREDIBLE WOMAN AND MOTHER, AND SHE REMAINS ONE OF MY DEAREST FRIENDS.
ALL RIGHT, BOYS. THAT'S IT FOR TODAY.
A GOOD DAY TO YOU, MISS SALLY.

I WAS NEXT, I SUPPOSE, BEING AN NYC PATROLMAN MADE IT EASY TO BE WHERE THE CRIME WAS.
I'D PICK UP OVERTIME SHIFTS IN AREAS WHERE I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE.
EXCLUSIVE! First photos of the city's newest hero THE NITE OWL! in this Saturday's POST
CAPITOL THEATRE

ARE THOSE GUNSHOTS?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, FOLKS. PLEASE STAY BACK HERE.

BACK THEN I NEVER HESITATED.
NEVER THOUGHT TWICE.

MAKE ROOM, PEOPLE.

I'VE ALREADY DETAILED HOW I TRAINED AND THE EFFORT THAT WENT INTO DESIGNING MY UNIFORM.

I KNOW I WANTED TO DO GOOD, AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT, ON A COMMUNITY LEVEL, THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID.

BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHAT I WAS DOING.

THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF SANE WAYS TO HELP YOUR COMMUNITY THAT DON'T INVOLVE A MASK AND SHORT PANTS.

WHEN IT CAME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, I DID IT FOR THE THRILLS.

FOR THE EXCITEMENT OF PUTTING MYSELF ON THE LINE.

THERE WAS NO PROCEDURE FOR WHAT I DID.
WHAT THE HELL?

I HAD TO MAKE IT UP AS I WENT ALONG.

TRY TO GET THE UPPER HAND AND KEEP IT.

SPANG

BOBBY?
JERK!

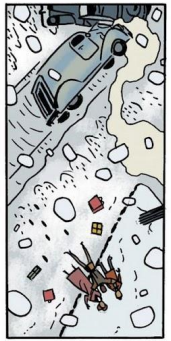
BE PREPARED TO SHIFT GEARS WHEN EVERYTHING SPINS OUT OF CONTROL.

YOU'RE DEAD, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

ADAPT TO YOUR SITUATION AND USE IT TO PRESS YOUR ADVANTAGE.

AND NEVER, NEVER FORGET THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.

NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES, PROTECT THE INNOCENT.



HEY, MOM, LOOK.
IT'S NITE OWL.
HEY.
MERRY CHRISTMAS.

STATE OF NEW YORK
JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL SERVICES
NAME Blake,Edward AGE 16 HT 6'2" WT 180

THIS STORY WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT MENTIONING EDWARD BLAKE. AS I SAID EARLIER, TIME HAS PUSHED THE GOOD IN EVERYBODY TO THE FRONT.
EDDIE IS THE EXCEPTION. EVEN THEN, AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, HE SEEMED MORE LIKE A THUG THAN A HERO.
WHAT I'M SAYIN' IS, I GO TO ALL THIS EFFORT TO RID YOUR ESTABLISHMENT OF WHAT WE'LL CALL THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT AND YOU DON'T SEEM THE LEAST BIT GRATEFUL.
W-WHAT?

THE GRATITUDE. THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYIN'. WHERE'S THE GRATITUDE?
I MEAN, SHIT--

--THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS OFFER ME ONE OF THESE GODDAMN DIRTY EGGS.

MMMM.

HAR HARHAR HAR!

JESUS, KID.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

MY CASEWORKER SAYS I HAVE MOMENTS OF UNCONTROLLED RAGE BROUGHT ON BY TRAUMATIC EVENTS IN MY CHILDHOOD.

GGNNAHH!

THAT WAS THE WORST EGG I'VE EVER EATEN.

YOU REALLY SHOULD GET OFF THAT FILTHY FLOOR. I'D GIVE YOU A HAND--

--BUT I'M TOO BUSY HELPING MYSELF.

HAR HAR HAR!
BLOODY EAR

This blurry image is the only evidence that
FLYING MAN OR CLEVER HOAX?

BYRON LEWIS WAS RICH AND BRILLIANT.

HIS INNOVATIONS IN THE FIELD OF AVIATION AND THE PATENTS FROM SAID WONDERS HAD MADE HIM WEALTHY BEYOND MEASURE AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

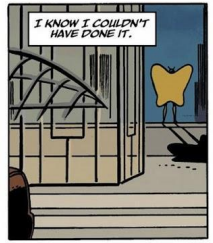
HIS THIRST FOR NEW CHALLENGES HAD LED HIM AROUND THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ROMANTIC ADVENTURE. THE MASK PAD WAS MADE FOR BYRON.

BYRON'S GENIUS PROVIDED HIM WITH A UNIQUE ABILITY, BUT IT HAD COME AT QUITE A COST.
ABSORBINE
Veterinary Liniment

THE TEST PHASE OF HIS GLIDER SUIT HAD LED TO SEVERAL ACCIDENTS, SOME OF THEM NEAR FATAL.

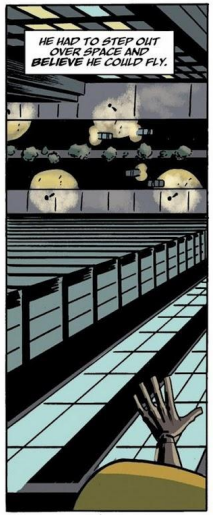
HE LIVED WITH CONSTANT PAIN AND THE CONSTANT FEAR THAT THE SUIT WOULD BETRAY HIM.

THIS WAS BEFORE THE MORPHINE, WHEN HE WAS RUNNING ON LINIMENT AND ASPIRIN PILLS.


I KNOW I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.

HE HAD TO GAUGE THE WIND AND WEATHER BY THE SECOND.

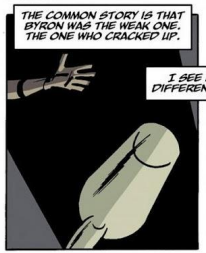
HIS WEIGHT COULDN'T VARY BY MORE THAN THREE POUNDS.


HE HAD TO STEP OUT OVER SPACE AND BELIEVE HE COULD FLY.

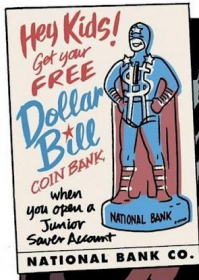
IT WAS MUCH LATER HE TOLD ME ALL OF THIS. BEFORE THINGS UNRAVELED COMPLETELY.

YOU SEE, HE WAS SCARED OF HIS OWN CREATION.
EVERY TIME HE FLEW, THE FEAR WOULD SWELL INSIDE HIM JUST A LITTLE MORE.

EVENTUALLY HE NEEDED SOMETHING TO HELP HIM BELIEVE.


THE COMMON STORY IS THAT BYRON WAS THE WEAK ONE, THE ONE WHO CRACKED UP.
I SEE IT DIFFERENTLY.

BYRON LEWIS WAS BRAVE LIKE TEN MEN. AND THEN HE CRACKED UP.


Hey Kids!
Get your FREE Dollar Bill COIN BANK when you open a Junior Saver Account
NATIONAL BANK
NATIONAL BANK CO.

ALL RIGHT, TOOTS, JUST PUT ALL THE MONEY IN A BAG AND NO ONE GETS HURT.
YEAH, YEAH.
DEAR HEAVENS, THEY'RE ROBBING THE BANK!

DROP THE ROSCOES, YOU CHEAP CROOKS.
OH NO! IT'S--
DOLLAR BILL! WE'RE SAVED!

YOU NEED TO SPEND SOME TIME IN THE BIG HOUSE.
MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO STEAL FROM INNOCENT PEOPLE.

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE IT'S PROTECTED!
NATIONAL BANK... THE BANK WITH A HERO IN IT!
WHAT A DREAMBOAT.

NATIONAL BANK CO.
LIKE MOST OF US, I MET DOLLAR BILL AT THE MOVIES.

Vogue
VIGILANTE EXTRA
THE SILHOUETTE
IT'S HARD TO THINK ABOUT URSULA WITHOUT MY HEART BREAKING ALL OVER AGAIN.
RICE S
ONE W
CHOP SUEY
CHOW MEIN
DRAGON'S Lair
CHICKEN and STEAK
DINNER

THERE ARE ALL THE SALACIOUS STORIES IN THE SCANDAL RAGS AND ALL THE INNUENDO PEOPLE LOVE TO WALLOW IN.

AI YAH!

TO THE WORLD AT LARGE, EVERYTHING YOU ARE CAN BE STRIPPED DOWN TO A HUMILIATING JOKE AND THEN FILED AWAY FOR LAUGHS AT GET-TOGETHERS.

THEN THERE'S THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN.
WAY
SUNPHE

OUT OF THE WAY!

STOP HIM!

DROP THAT CARPET, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

I SWEAR, I'LL SHOOT YOU DEAD.

OUT OF ALL OF US, I THINK SHE WAS THE ONE MOST SINCERELY COMMITTED TO DOING SOMETHING MEANINGFUL.
GNAAA!

URSULA CAME OUT OF THE HORROR THAT WAS AUSTRIA AFTER ADOLF HITLER'S NAZIS HAD SEIZED CONTROL.

MOST OF HER FAMILY WAS LOST DURING RIOTS IN A TOWN CALLED LINZ.

SHE AND HER YOUNGER SISTER SUFFERED GREATLY AT THE HANDS OF THE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS BEFORE SHE WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE.

HER SISTER WASN'T SO LUCKY.

IT GAVE HER A WILL AND EXPERIENCE THAT YOU COULDN'T SEE IN HER SLENDER FRAME.

AAAAH!
HYAH!
THESE UNSEEN STRENGTHS CAUSED MANY TO UNDERESTIMATE HER.

I--I'M HURT?

KOFFE

WHERE'S THE DAMN CARPET?

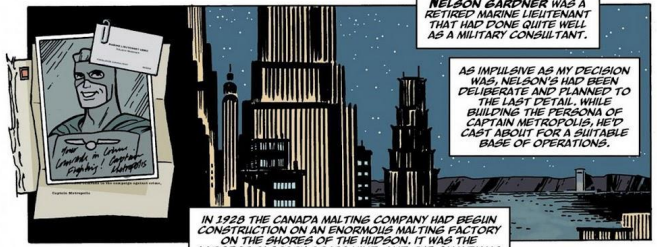
AS THE SILHOUETTE, URSULA WAS ABLE TO BREAK OPEN A CHILD PORNOGRAPHY RING.
THAT LED TO THE CHILD TRAFFICKING THAT FEEDS THE PHOTOS AND ONE-REELERS.

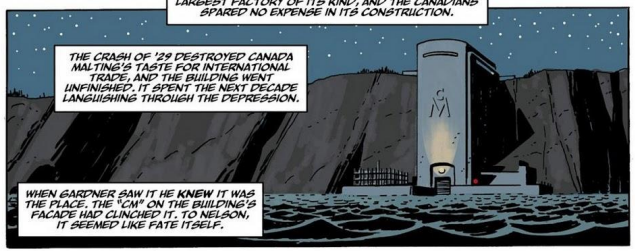
DO YOU THINK THOSE KIDS CARED THAT SHE WAS A LESBIAN?

WOULD THEY BE LESS THANKFUL?
PLEASE... NO MORE.

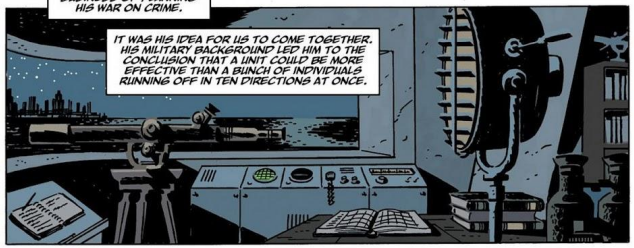
WOULD THEY HAVE OWED HER LESS?
IT'S OKAY, CHILD. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

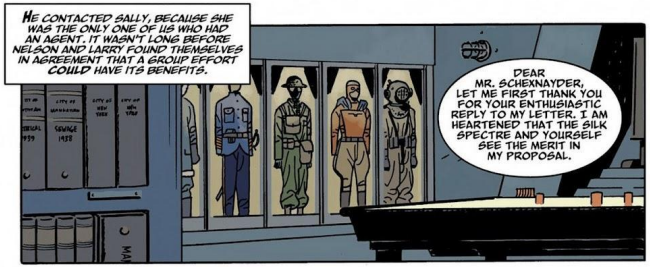
SHE WAS AN AVENGING ANGEL.
I GUESS I KIND OF LOVED HER, WHICH SHOULD GO A LONG WAY TO EXPLAIN HOW SCREWED UP I AM.

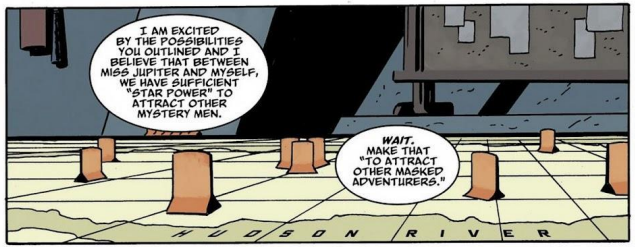

NELSON GARDNER WAS A RETIRED MARINE LIEUTENANT THAT HAD DONE QUITE WELL AS A MILITARY CONSULTANT.
AS IMPULSIVE AS MY DECISION WAS, NELSON'S HAD BEEN DELIBERATE AND PLANNED TO THE LAST DETAIL. WHILE BUILDING THE PERSONA OF CAPTAIN METROPOLIS, HE'D CAST ABOUT FOR A SUITABLE BASE OF OPERATIONS.


IN 1928 THE CANADA MALTING COMPANY HAD BEGUN CONSTRUCTION ON AN ENORMOUS MALTING FACTORY ON THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON. IT WAS THE LARGEST FACTORY OF ITS KIND, AND THE CANADIANS SPARED NO EXPENSE IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.
THE CRASH OF '29 DESTROYED CANADA MALTING'S TASTE FOR INTERNATIONAL TRADE, AND THE BUILDING WENT UNFINISHED. IT SPENT THE NEXT DECADE LANGUISHING THROUGH THE DEPRESSION.
WHEN GARDNER SAW IT HE KNEW IT WAS THE PLACE. THE "CM" ON THE BUILDING'S FACADE HAD CLINCHED IT. TO NELSON, IT SEEMED LIKE FATE ITSELF.

THE GOVERNMENT WAS HAPPY TO UNLOAD THE BUILDING FOR A RIDICULOUSLY LOW SUM, JUST TO HAVE IT OFF THEIR BOOKS.
SO HEADQUARTERED, NELSON WENT ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF PLANNING HIS WAR ON CRIME.

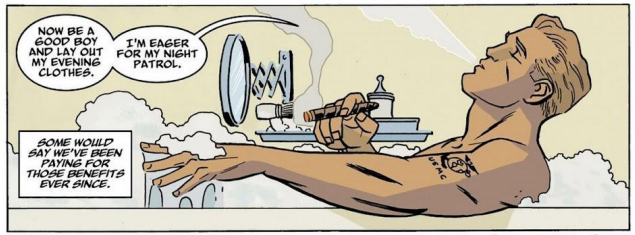

IT WAS HIS IDEA FOR US TO COME TOGETHER. HIS MILITARY BACKGROUND LED HIM TO THE CONCLUSION THAT A UNIT COULD BE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN A BUNCH OF INDIVIDUALS RUNNING OFF IN TEN DIRECTIONS AT ONCE.


HE CONTACTED SALLY, BECAUSE SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO HAD AN AGENT. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE NELSON AND LARRY FOUND THEMSELVES IN AGREEMENT THAT A GROUP EFFORT COULD HAVE ITS BENEFITS.
DEAR MR. SCHEXNAYDER, LET ME FIRST THANK YOU FOR YOUR ENTHUSIASTIC REPLY TO MY LETTER. I AM HEARTENED THAT THE SILK SPECTRE AND YOURSELF SEE THE MERIT IN MY PROPOSAL.

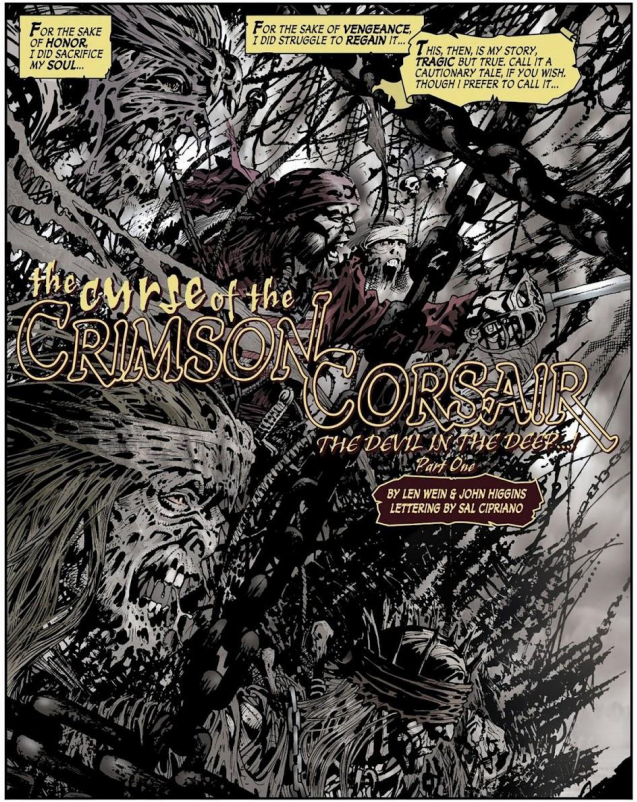

I AM EXCITED BY THE POSSIBILITIES YOU OUTLINED AND I BELIEVE THAT BETWEEN MISS JUPITER AND MYSELF, WE HAVE SUFFICIENT "STAR POWER" TO ATTRACT OTHER MYSTERY MEN.
WAIT. MAKE THAT "TO ATTRACT OTHER MASKED ADVENTURERS."
HUDSON RIVER

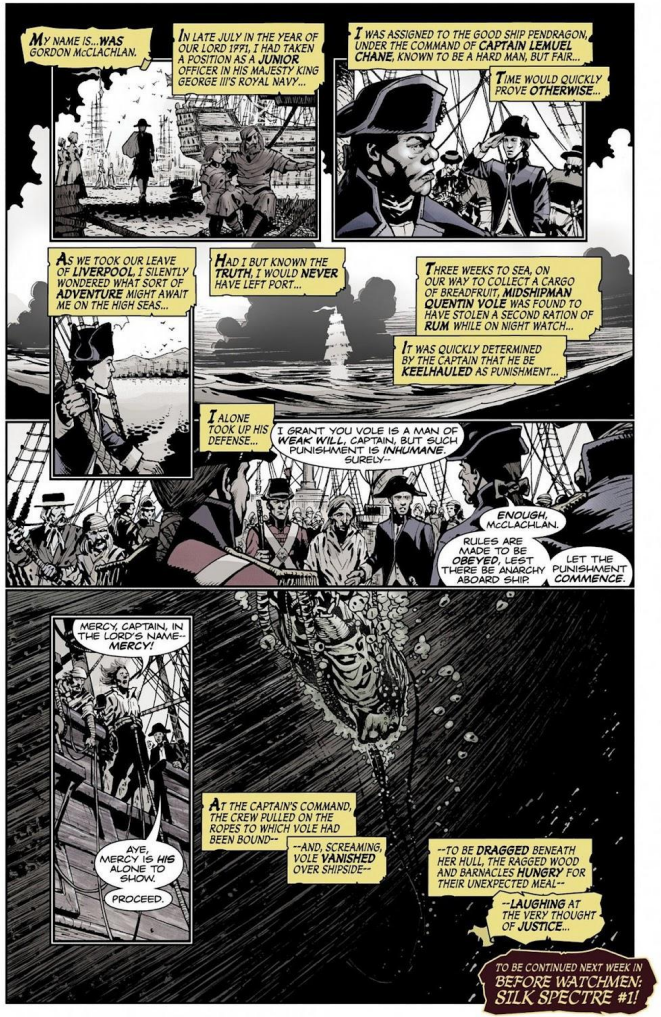
MASKED VIGILANTE'S ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME
Love, Sally!
THE NITE OWL!
POST
THE NEW PATRIOT
I WOULD ALSO NOTE THAT I BOW TO YOUR OBVIOUS KNOWLEDGE IN REGARD TO PUBLICITY AND COMMUNICATIONS.
YOUR IDEA OF PLACING AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE MAJOR NEWSPAPERS IS QUITE EXCELLENT, AND I BELIEVE IT WILL ENSURE OUR ENDEAVOR IS SUCCESSFUL.

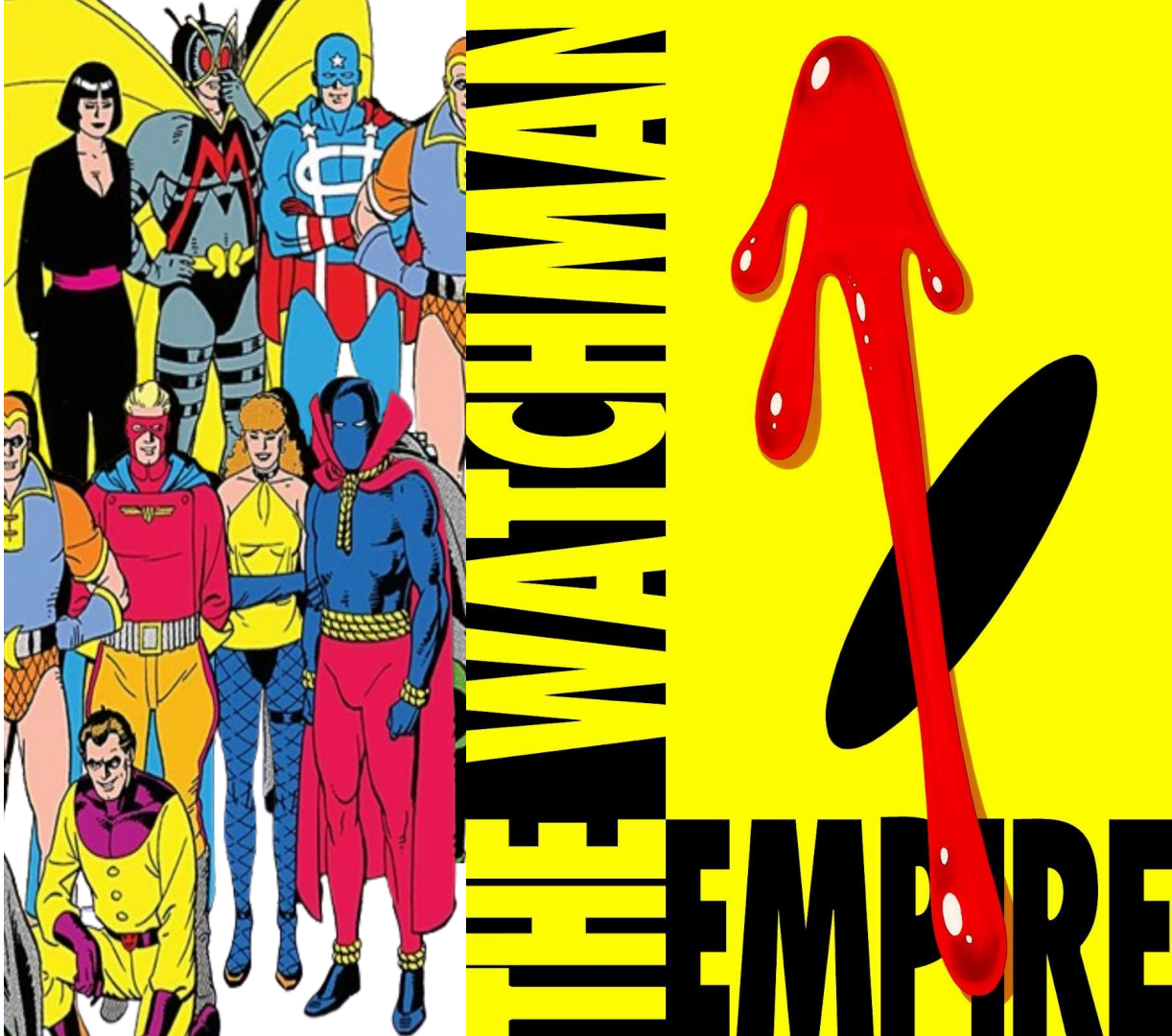
SHOULD WE DECIDE TO MOVE FORWARD WITH THIS, I WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER MY HEADQUARTERS AS A GATHERING PLACE.
FOR THE LAST SEVERAL MONTHS I'VE BEEN FORTIFYING A SANCTUM FROM WHICH A GROUP SUCH AS OURS COULD OPERATE.

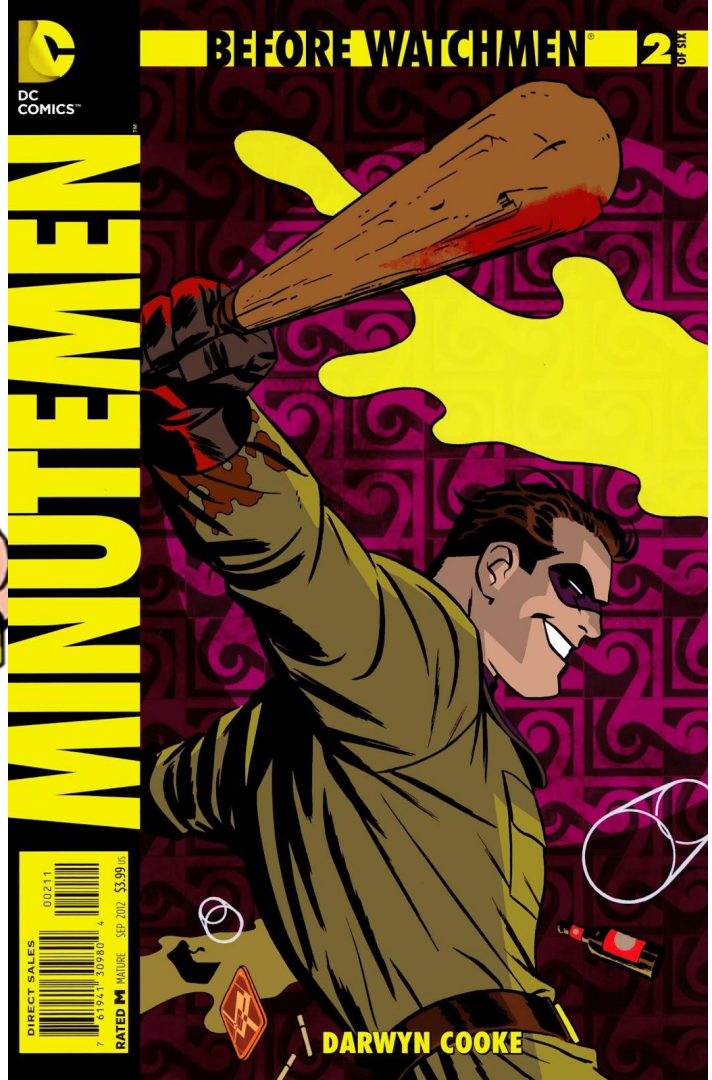


END CHAPTER ONE



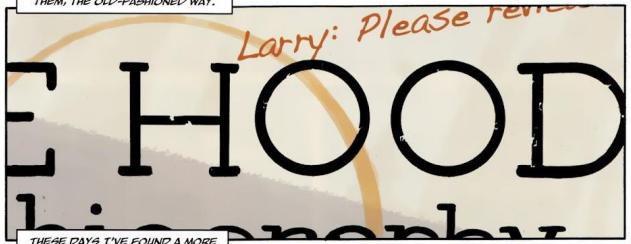

MY NAME IS...WAS GORDON McCLACHLAN.
IN LATE JULY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1971, I HAD TAKEN A POSITION AS A JUNIOR OFFICER IN HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE III'S ROYAL NAVY...
I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE GOOD SHIP PENDRAGON, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL CHANE, KNOWN TO BE A HARD MAN, BUT FAIR...
TIME WOULD QUICKLY PROVE OTHERWISE...
AS WE TOOK OUR LEAVE OF LIVERPOOL, I SILENTLY WONDERED WHAT SORT OF ADVENTURE MIGHT AWAIT ME ON THE HIGH SEAS...
HAD I BUT KNOWN THE TRUTH, I WOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT PORT...
THREE WEEKS TO SEA, ON OUR WAY TO COLLECT A CARGO OF BREADFRUIT, MIDSHIPMAN QUENTIN VOLE WAS FOUND TO HAVE STOLEN A SECOND RATION OF RUM WHILE ON NIGHT WATCH...
IT WAS QUICKLY DETERMINED BY THE CAPTAIN THAT HE BE KEELHAULED AS PUNISHMENT...
I ALONE TOOK UP HIS DEFENSE...
I GRANT YOU VOLE IS A MAN OF WEAK WILL, CAPTAIN, BUT SUCH PUNISHMENT IS INHUMANE, SURELY--
ENOUGH, McCLACHLAN.
RULES ARE MADE TO BE OBEYED, LEST THERE BE ANARCHY ABOARD SHIP.
LET THE PUNISHMENT COMMENCE.
MERCY, CAPTAIN, IN THE LORD'S NAME--MERCY!
AYE, MERCY IS HIS ALONE TO SHOW.
PROCEED.
AT THE CAPTAIN'S COMMAND, THE CREW PULLED ON THE ROPES TO WHICH VOLE HAD BEEN BOUND--
--AND, SCREAMING, VOLE VANISHED OVER SHIPSIDE--
--TO BE DRAGGED BENEATH HER HULL, THE RAGGED WOOD AND BARNACLES HUNGRY FOR THEIR UNEXPECTED MEAL--
--LAUGHING AT THE VERY THOUGHT OF JUSTICE...
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: SILK SPECTRE #1!


THE WATCHMAN
EMPIRE

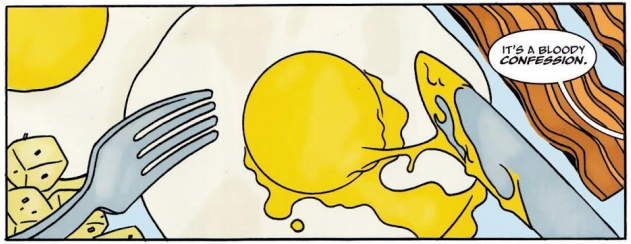

DC COMICS
BEFORE WATCHMEN
2
OF 4
MINUTEMEN
DIRECT SALES
RATED M MATURE
SEP 2012 $3.99 US
DARWYN COOKE

DC COMICS
BEFORE WATCHMEN
2 OF SIX
MINUTEMEN
DIRECT SALES
00221
RATED M MATURE
SEP 2012
$3.99 US
DARWYN COOKE
DC COMICS
BEFORE WATCHMEN
2 OF SIX
COMBO-PACK • DIGITAL COPY INSIDE
MINUTEMEN
DIRECT SALES
00231
RATED M MATURE
SEP 2012
$4.99 US
DARWYN COOKE

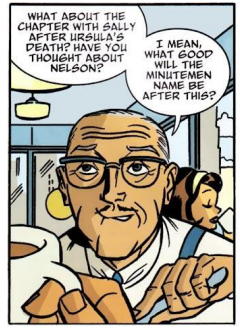
THEY TELL ME THAT THESE NEW GUYS CAN DO AMAZING THINGS.
THEY SAY ONE OF THEM CAN EVEN CATCH BULLETS.


ME? I ALWAYS HAD TO JUST DODGE THEM, THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
Larry: Please
HOOD

THESE DAYS I'VE FOUND A MORE DEADLY GROUP OF ADVERSARIES.
PUBLISHERS, MANAGERS AND AGENTS.
IT'S STRICTLY DYNAMITE, HOLLIS.
THIS ISN'T A BOOK.
Ham & Eggs
75


IT'S A BLOODY CONFESSION.

1962
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT.
BUT IT'S MY CONFESSION AND I NEED TO MAKE IT.
BUT YOU'RE MAKING IT FOR ALL OF US, DON'T YOU SEE?
NO LEAPS

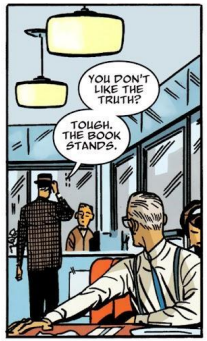

WHAT ABOUT THE CHAPTER WITH SALLY AFTER URSULA'S DEATH? HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT NELSON?
I MEAN, WHAT GOOD WILL THE MINUTEMEN NAME BE AFTER THIS?

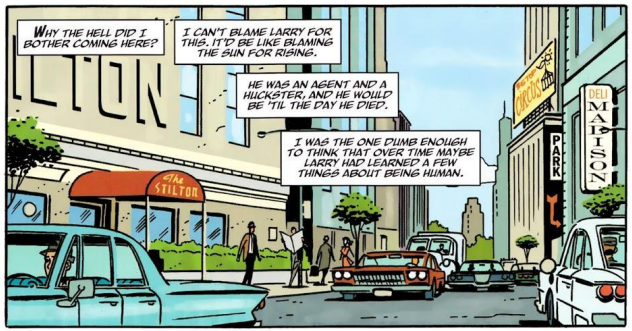
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH BIG DEALS IN THE WORKS.
NO DECENT

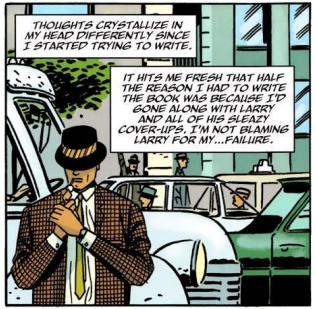
THAT'S THE TRUTH OF IT. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT SALLY OR ANY OF US.
IT'S THE BRAND NAME AND WHAT YOU CAN WRING OUT OF IT.

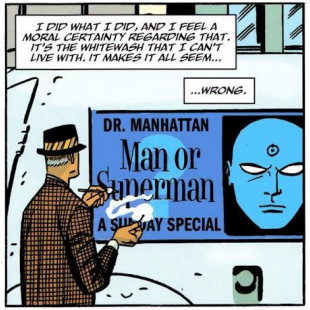
YOU KNOW WHY YOU LOST IT ALL, LARRY? DO YOU KNOW WHY THE MINUTEMEN FAILED?
GREED AND ATTENTION WERE THE ONLY THINGS YOU KNEW HOW TO APPEAL TO.

YOU HAD NO IDEA WHAT SOME OF US WERE ALL ABOUT. SOME OF US WERE THERE FOR SOMETHING ELSE.
SOMETHING BIGGER, AND CLEANER.
BOYCHICK--


YOU DON'T LIKE THE TRUTH?
TOUGH. THE BOOK STANDS.







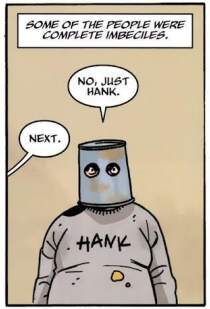
CHAPTER TWO: GOLDEN YEARS

PHIL NOTO COLORIST DARWYN COOKE WRITER & ARTIST JARED K. FLETCHER LETTERER
DARWYN COOKE COVER ARTIST JOSÉ LUIS GARCÍA-LÓPEZ & TRISH MULVIHILL VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR WIL MOSS ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARK CHIARELLO EDITOR WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

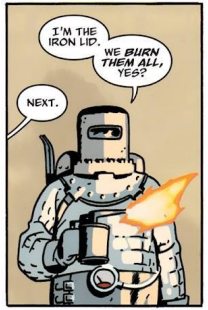
TWO WEEKS LATER, I PUSHED DOWN MY EMBARRASSMENT AND ENDED UP AT THE "AUDITION."
JUST RELAX. TELL US YOUR NAME AND ANYTHING SPECIAL ABOUT YOUR SKILLS.

I'M THE FROGMAN.
MOM SAYS I'M A REAL GOOD JUMPER.
NEXT.

LIBERTY LASSY IS MY NAME, AND I'M A TRIPLE THREAT.
I CAN SING, DANCE, AND I COOK A MEAN BRISKET.
FASCINATING.


SOME OF THE PEOPLE WERE COMPLETE IMBECILES.
NO, JUST HANK.
NEXT.
HANK

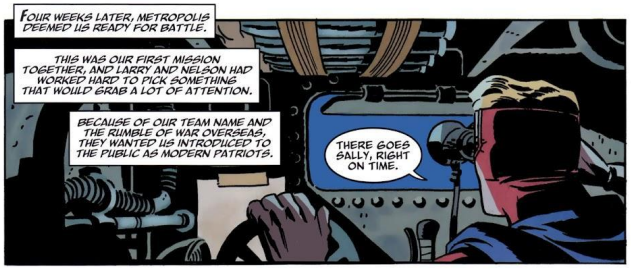
OTHERS JUST APPEARED TO BE.
I CAN FLY.
NEXT.


I'M THE IRON LID.
WE BURN THEM ALL, YES?
NEXT.

I'M THE SLUT.
I LIKE TO TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES AND DO THINGS.
UH... YES.
NEXT.

I WAS SO NERVOUS I GOT A LITTLE TONGUE-TIED. BUT THEY KNEW OF ME AND THAT TOOK THE PRESSURE OFF.
NO NEED TO EMBELLISH, GOOD SIR. WE ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR EXPLOITS.

THEY HAD ME STAY AFTER MY "AUDITION." I REMEMBER THAT MOMENT WELL. DEEP DOWN I WAS STILL A MIDWESTERN HICK, AND THE FACT THAT THESE BIG SHOTS TOOK ME SERIOUSLY FILLED ME WITH GRATITUDE.
WELCOME ABOARD, HANDSOME.
INDEED.


FOUR WEEKS LATER, METROPOLIS DEEMED US READY FOR BATTLE.
THIS WAS OUR FIRST MISSION TOGETHER, AND LARRY AND NELSON HAD WORKED HARD TO PICK SOMETHING THAT WOULD GRAB A LOT OF ATTENTION.
BECAUSE OF OUR TEAM NAME AND THE RUMBLE OF WAR OVERSEAS, THEY WANTED US INTRODUCED TO THE PUBLIC AS MODERN PATRIOTS.
THERE GOES SALLY, RIGHT ON TIME.

OUR TARGET WAS A GROUP OF ITALIAN FIFTH COLUMNISTS WHO WERE RUMORED TO BE SMUGGLING WEAPONS INTO NEW YORK HARBOR.

THEY OPERATED OUT OF AN OLD IMPORT-EXPORT WAREHOUSE NEAR THE DOCKS.

WELL, HELLO, BIG BOY.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIGHT ME?

WHATEVER SUCCESS WE HAD AS A TEAM, WE OWED TO NELSON. FROM THE BEGINNING HE WAS ABLE TO MASTERMIND A LARGE OPERATION AND FIGURE OUT OUR PARTS WITHIN IT.
HEH. SURE THING. WHAT'S A TWIST LIKE YOU DOING OUT IN THESE WOODS?
JUST WAITING FOR A RIDE.

YOU AIN'T WORRIED ABOUT WOLVES AND THE LIKE?

SHOULD I BE? YOU LOOK COMPLETELY HARMLESS TO LITTLE OLD ME.

TIME TO BUST SOME HEADS.
SHH

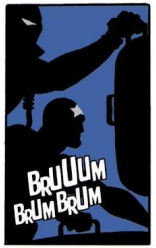
NELSON'S INFORMATION HAD BEEN SPOT ON THE MONEY.
I COULDN'T MAKE OUT WHAT THEY WERE SAYING BECAUSE THEY ALL SPOKE IN ITALIAN, BUT THEY SURE AS SHOOTING LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE UP TO NO GOOD.
WE HUNG BACK AND WAITED FOR MOTHMAN'S CUE.

THEY'RE IN THE BUILDING AND IN POSITION.
OH. UH--
OVER.

EXCELLENT.

MAINTAIN YOUR POSITION AND DROP YOUR ORDNANCE IN EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS.
OVER.

HANG ON, MEN. THE TIME IS NIGH!


BRUUUM BRUM BRUM

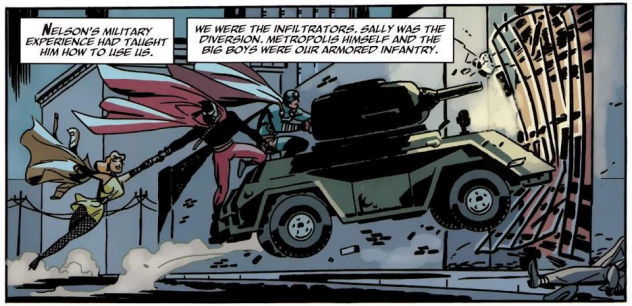
IS IT GUNS? EXPLOSIVES?

WHAT THE--

BRUUUM BRUM BRUM
--HELL IS THAT?

OH, THAT?

THAT'S MY RIDE.

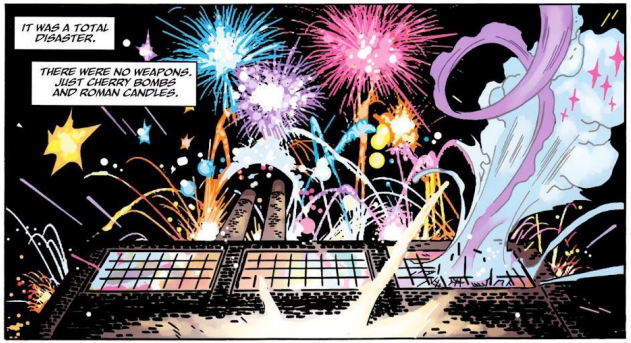

NELSON'S MILITARY EXPERIENCE HAD TAUGHT HIM HOW TO USE US.
WE WERE THE INFILTRATORS. SALLY WAS THE DIVERSION. METROPOLIS HIMSELF AND THE BIG BOYS WERE OUR ARMORED INFANTRY.

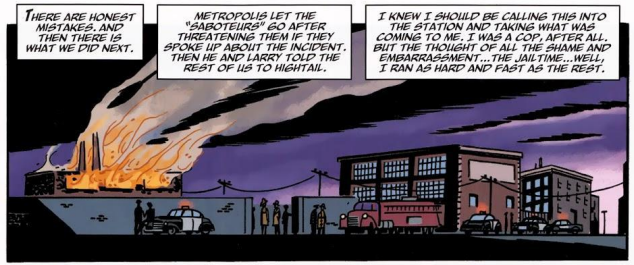
WE EVEN HAD OUR OWN ARMY AIR FORCE.
NELSON HAD THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING.
EXCEPT VERIFYING HIS INFORMATION.

AND PERHAPS THE POSSIBLE EFFECTS OF A SPARKING SMOKE GRENADE IN A WAREHOUSE FULL OF ALLEGED EXPLOSIVES.
WATCH IT.

EITHER WAY, THAT NIGHT THE MINUTEMEN BROUGHT THE WRATH OF GOD DOWN ON ONE OF THE MOST EVIL CABALS THAT EVER THREATENED TO DESTROY THIS FINE COUNTRY OF OURS.
THE DEADLY CHINESE FIREWORKS SMUGGLERS.

WAIT!
STOP!


IT WAS A TOTAL DISASTER.
THERE WERE NO WEAPONS. JUST CHERRY BOMBS AND ROMAN CANDLES.


THERE ARE HONEST MISTAKES. AND THEN THERE IS WHAT WE DID NEXT.
METROPOLIS LET THE "SABOTEURS" GO AFTER THREATENING THEM IF THEY SPOKE UP ABOUT THE INCIDENT. THEN HE AND LARRY TOLD THE REST OF US TO HIGHTAIL.
I KNEW I SHOULD BE CALLING THIS INTO THE STATION AND TAKING WHAT WAS COMING TO ME. I WAS A COP, AFTER ALL. BUT THE THOUGHT OF ALL THE SHAME AND EMBARRASSMENT...THE JAILTIME...WELL, I RAN AS HARD AND FAST AS THE REST.

THEY SAY THAT SOME FOLKS SEE THE PROBLEM AND OTHER FOLKS SEE THE OPPORTUNITY.
INSTEAD OF LYING LOW, LARRY ARRANGED OUR FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE.

OUR DESTRUCTION OF THIS RING OF SABOTEURS WILL KEEP THESE DEADLY WEAPONS OUT OF ENEMY HANDS. LAST NIGHT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING.
LET AMERICA'S ENEMIES KNOW THAT THE MINUTEMEN STAND AGAINST THEM!
THE SHELL WAS FROM METROPOLIS' OWN VEHICLE.
I KEPT WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO QUESTION US, CATCH US IN HIS LIES.

BUT THEY DIDN'T. THEY ATE IT UP.
THEY CHEERED US AND PUT US ON THE RADIO AND THE FRONT PAGE.

SOMEWHERE IN MY HEAD, I GAVE IN TO IT. AFTER ALL, WE WERE THE GOOD GUYS.

NITE OWL KNEW THIS WAS BEST FOR EVERYONE. WITH THE PUBLIC BEHIND US, NOW THE MINUTEMEN COULD REALLY DO SOME GOOD.
BUT HOLLIS MASON WONDERED WHAT HIS DAD WOULD MAKE OF IT ALL.

1940
I MUST SAY, CAPTAIN, THE PLACE IS LOOKING GRAND.
THANK YOU, SALLY. IT'S JUST SUCH A RELIEF THAT WE FINALLY HAVE A PROPER ROOM TO MEET.
THOSE SILLY CHAIRS TOOK MONTHS TO HAVE MADE.

OKAY, EVERYONE-- LET'S START OFF.

BEFORE I HAND IT OVER, I WANTED TO MENTION WE MADE THE PAPERS THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, AND THE RADIO SHOWS ARE GIVING THE STATIONS RECORD RATINGS.

IF WE KEEP OUR EYE ON THE BALL, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW BIG WE'RE GOING TO GET.

NEXT WEEK I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHER BOOKED SO WE CAN GET SOME PROPER PUBLICITY STILLS OF THE GROUP. SO MAKE SURE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST.

SPEAKING OF ALL THE RADIO AND SUCH, WHEN DO WE START TO SEE SOME OF THE DOUGH FROM ALL THAT?

YOU'VE GOT A NERVE. WORD IS YOU TAKE WHATEVER YOU NEED.
THE COPS SAY THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT ALL THE CROOKS YOU HAUL IN: THEY'RE ALWAYS BROKE.
HEY, A KID'S GOTTA EAT. YOU WANT I SHOULD SLEEP IN THE GODDAMN GUTTER?

ENOUGH.

ACTUALLY, WE DO HAVE MONIES COMING IN.
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO NEED HELP WITH LIVING EXPENSES, LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN ARRANGE.
FINE, FINE.
CAN WE GET TO BUSINESS?

IN FRONT OF YOU ARE COPIES OF A CHART I DEVISED, BASED ON THE ZONES OF THE CITY WE SEEM TO WORK IN, I'VE PUT TOGETHER AN OVERLAPPING PATROL SCHEDULE.
THIS WILL ALLOW US TO COVER THE MAXIMUM AREA IN THE MOST EFFICIENT MANNER.

THIS WON'T WORK FOR ME. FRIDAYS THE BANKS ARE OPEN LATE. IT'S MY BUSIEST NIGHT.
SO NOW YOU'RE TELLING US WHEN WE PATROL?

YES. THAT'S WHAT LEADERS DO, EDWARD. AS FOR YOU, BILL, EVERYONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR PATROL.
IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, YOU FIND ONE OF US TO SUB FOR YOU.

SOUNDS COMPLICATED.
TAKE IT HOME AND STUDY IT. WE'LL PUT IT INTO ACTION NEXT WEEK.

NOW, SOME BRAINSTORMING. WE DEAL WITH STREET CRIME DAY TO DAY, BUT WE NEED TO SET OUR SIGHTS HIGHER.
ANY THOUGHTS ON MAJOR CRIMES WE SHOULD TARGET?

I'VE MADE SOME REAL PROGRESS WITH THIS CHILD TRAFFICKING RING.
I THINK TOGETHER WE COULD REALLY DO SOMETHING GOOD THERE.

PLEASE. THAT IS NOT A GOOD CASE FOR US.
EXCUSE ME?

I THINK SHE'S TRYING TO SAY IT'S A FINE CASE TO PURSUE, BUT IT MAY NOT BE THE RIGHT TYPE OF CASE FOR PUBLICITY. SUCH A SAD THING, THESE CHILDREN.
WE WANT THE PUBLIC TO THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS WHEN THEY THINK OF US. YOU KNOW, SOME DUMB CRIME BOSS GETS BEATEN UP AND GRANDMA IS SAVED.

NOT SAD LITTLE CHILDREN WHO'VE BEEN MOLESTED BY PORNOGRAPHERS.
JESUS.

WHAT ABOUT THIS MOLOCH CHARACTER?

YES, THAT'S JUST THE THING. HE'S A CRAFTY YOUNG DEVIL, AND WELL KNOWN TO THE PEOPLE.
GOOD, GOOD. I DON'T WANT TO CUT YOU SHORT, BUT WE'RE RUNNING LATE.
WE'LL PICK IT UP NEXT WEEK.

JUSTICE--
A WORD IN PRIVATE?

I HOPE YOU FIND THE MEETING ROOM INSPIRING. I HAD THE WOOD BROUGHT HERE ON A SHIP FROM AFRICA.
UH, SURE.

HEY, CAPTAIN-- I MOVE YOU GO GRAB US SOME BEER.
SECONDED.

YOU'RE TAKING OFF ALREADY?
I MUST.
I KNOW THAT THE RADIO SHOWS AND THE PAPERS ARE VERY IMPORTANT, BUT I'M WORKING ON A CASE THAT NEEDS MY ATTENTION.

GO DRINK YOUR BEER, MISTER OWL MAN.

IS THAT WHY YOU THINK I'M HERE? TO HANG AROUND AND DRINK BEER?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHY YOU ARE HERE. ONLY WHY I'M HERE.
IF YOU'D LIKE TO HELP, YOU MAY COME WITH ME.

SO, UH... WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING?

DO I HAVE TO SAY IT?

DO YOU HAVE TO ACT SO INDIGNANT? YOU CAN SEE I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU HERE, CAN'T YOU?

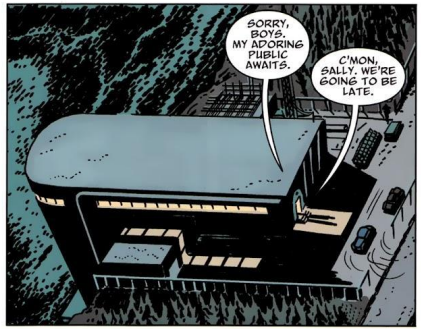
I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU TWO DO.
BUT THE WORLD AT LARGE WOULD CARE.

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THAT.

JUST THINK ABOUT IT.
IF THEY SEE YOU WITH SALLY, IT'LL MAKE EVERYONE'S LIVES EASIER.

GOTTA RUN.
SALLY'S GOT A THING DOWNTOWN.

WHAT'S THE RUSH, SILKY?


SORRY, BOYS. MY ADORING PUBLIC AWAITS.
C'MON, SALLY. WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE.

GOODNIGHT, BOYS. SWEET DREAMS!

MAN ALIVE, THAT IS ONE QUALITY WOMAN.
GRADE-A QUALITY, ESPECIALLY IN THE TORSO AREA.

YOU'RE PRETTY FRESH, KID. YOU SHOULD BE MORE RESPECTFUL.
BY THE WAY, HOW OLD ARE YOU?
I FIGURE IF I'M OLD ENOUGH TO FIGHT CRIME, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE A GODDAMN BEER.

FAIR ENOUGH, LAD. BUT I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT WHAT I SAID.
IF YOU SHOW PEOPLE RESPEC--
SHUT UP.
LISTEN. YOU HEAR THAT?

--JUST ASSUMED YOU WERE GOING TO STAY.
I SUPPOSE I THOUGHT WE COULD--
SILENCE YOUR WHINING.

THESE LONG DAYS ARE KILLING ME.
I JUST WANT TO GET THIS CINCHER OFF AND HAVE A NICE HOT SOAK.
SALLY, HONEY, WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM I NEED YOUR HELP WITH.

WHAT NOW? A STAG PARTY? DEPARTMENT STORE OPENING?
I'M SERIOUS. THIS WHOLE THING BETWEEN JUSTICE AND METROPOLIS IS GOING TO BLOW UP IN OUR FACES IF WE AREN'T CAREFUL.
I WAS THINKING YOU COULD BEARD JUSTICE SO THE PRESS DOESN'T GET WISE.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
YOU WANT ME TO PRETEND I'M SEEING HOODED JUSTICE? I DON'T HAVE THE EQUIPMENT FOR THAT ASSIGNMENT.

C'MON, SALLY, I WOULDN'T EVEN ASK EXCEPT--
JUST STOP TALKING, LARRY. I'M NOT DOING IT, UNDERSTAND?

DAMMIT, SAL, WHY DO YOU DO THIS? I'M WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TO GET US TO THAT BRASS RING, AND WHEN I NEED YOUR HELP ALL YOU DO IS FIGHT ME.

YOU REALLY NEED MY HELP?
WHAT AM I GONNA DO? ASK SILHOUETTE?

ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL DO IT.
I'M SORRY, LARRY.

IT'S OKAY, SAL.
LET'S FORGET ALL THAT FOR NOW.

REMEMBER THAT TIME IN WARSAW WHEN WE WERE BROKE AND I GOT YOU THAT ENGAGEMENT AT THE MORITZ?
REMEMBER THAT PRINCE? WHERE WAS HE FROM?

I DON'T KNOW.
DOESN'T MATTER. HE SAID YOU WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IN ALL OF EUROPE.
HE WAS WRONG.

HE WAS?
YES. HE WAS.

YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.
OH, LARRY, STOP.

IT'S TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE GOING TO BE BIG, SALLY.

THE BIGGEST.

1940
BIG TOP
CIRCUS

SO WHY ARE WE HERE? IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE FOR THE CIRCUS.
BIG TOP CIRCUS

WE ARE. IT LEFT TOWN THREE DAYS AGO.
THERE WAS A BOY WHO WENT MISSING FROM THE MIDWAY LAST SATURDAY.

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE AREA THE LAST COUPLE OF NIGHTS. THAT BUILDING OUT THERE IS NEXT ON MY LIST.
THE WAY YOU ARE ABOUT THESE CHILDREN. IT'S ADMIRABLE.

THAT IS OH SO VERY NICE, MISTER OWL, BUT I DO NOT NEED YOUR ADMIRING.
I SIMPLY CARE ABOUT THE CHILDREN BECAUSE ONE SHOULD.

THERE HE IS.

THE AREA AROUND THE BUILDING IS CLEAR. SEEMS DESERTED.
GOOD. MISTER MOTH, YOU GO TO THE ROOF AND WORK YOUR WAY DOWN.
WE'LL START ON THE BOTTOM AND WORK OUR WAY UP.

SEE YOU THERE.
JESUS!
I CAN'T GET USED TO HIM JUST LEAPING OFF ROOFS LIKE THAT.
COME ALONG, MISTER OWL.

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The friend of the children comes out of the wood.

SO AS LONG AS WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER HERE, MAYBE WE CAN GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER A LITTLE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULD LIKE THAT? TO KNOW ME MORE?
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT ELOPING. JUST--
GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER. I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME.
TRUST ME, MISTER OWL. I'M NOT THE TYPE FOR YOU.
IT'S NITE OWL.
NO MISTER.

GIVE ME SOME LIGHT HERE.
I'VE GOT BLOOD. LOOKS LIKE A SMALL HANDPRINT.
THERE IS MORE OVER HERE.
BLOOD AND ROPES.

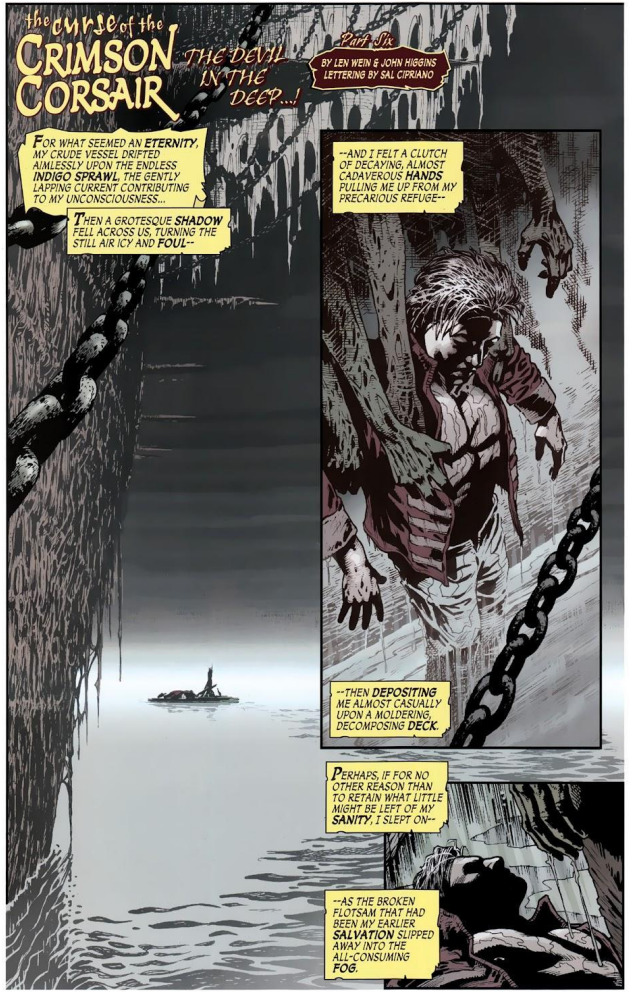
PLEASE.
THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD EXPECTED.

Nobody heard him, and nobody saw;
His is a picture you never could draw.
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

SMELL THAT SMELL.
UH-HUH. GETTING WORSE THE HIGHER WE GO.
DO YOU HEAR THAT?
CRYING. DOWN THIS WAY.

*"The Unseen Playmate, from "Children's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stephenson.

END CHAPTER TWO


the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!
Part Six
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
FOR WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY, MY CRUDE VESSEL DRIFTED AIMLESSLY UPON THE ENDLESS INDIGO SPRAWL, THE GENTLY LAPPING CURRENT CONTRIBUTING TO MY UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
THEN A GROTESQUE SHADOW FELL ACROSS US, TURNING THE STILL AIR ICY AND FOUL--
--AND I FELT A CLUTCH OF DECAYING, ALMOST CADAVEROUS HANDS PULLING ME UP FROM MY PRECARIOUS REFUGE--
--THEN DEPOSITING ME ALMOST CASUALLY UPON A MOLDERING, DECOMPOSING DECK.
PERHAPS, IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN TO RETAIN WHAT LITTLE MIGHT BE LEFT OF MY SANITY, I SLEPT ON--
--AS THE BROKEN FLOTSAM THAT HAD BEEN MY EARLIER SALVATION SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE ALL-CONSUMING FOG.

THEN RUDELY, ABRUPTLY...
WAKE 'IM, LADS!
'TIS TIME T'SEE IF HE'S OF ANY USE T'US!
SULP.
WH-WHAT--?!
WH-WHO--?!
I WILL GUT YOU FOR THAT!
NOW, IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO HIM TO WHOM YOU OWE YOUR SALVATION?
IF YOU WISH TO CALL ME BY ANY NAME, BOYO--
--CALL ME THE CRIMSON CORSAIR
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: SILK SPECTRE #2!

BEFORE WATCHMEN®

ALL ACCESS

WATCH THIS!

People always get pretty excited when I tell them I work at DC Comics. They should. It's a cool job. They think it's cool because it's fun, but it's not; it's cool because it's work. Good work, rewarding work, stimulating work, but *work*. Don't get me wrong; we have plenty of fun here too (especially in the sunshine and rainbow-filled halls of Vertigo), but we work hard.

That's the thing I want people to remember about these "Before Watchmen" books. Controversy aside, people are working their asses off to make these the best damn comics on the stands. I want to tell you about Len Wein. I mean, hello, Len Wein? First comic I ever read was a Wolverine comic. That hairy little dude SNIKTed his way into my heart. If he hadn't, I probably wouldn't be here typing these words today. (So thanks a lot, Len. I blame you for my current predicament.) Len could just drop the mic and go home. But no. He's staying. He's pouring everything he has into this project and it's something to see.

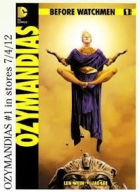
And Jae Lee. Damn. He's another one who could just ride off into the sunset and be remembered as one of the best. He's also another one who got me hooked early. I've followed his career in awe. Every time I see a new cover or page, I have to stop and study it. His work has evolved so much, but that's how I feel with these "Ozymandias" pages that are flowing in now. Every time a page pops up in my inbox it's like, whoa, look on THESE works, ye mighty...

Then there's John Workman, that prince. June Chung who is painting you a soundtrack that you see instead of hear. And countless others working behind the scenes, working, working, working...

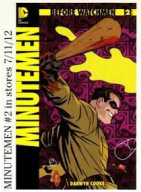
So it's work, people, make no mistake, but it's strong work. Check it out. I hope you like what you see.

–Mark Doyle
Before Watchmen
Associate Editor

OZYMANDIAS #1 in stores 7/4/12

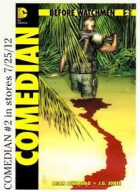


MINUTEMEN #2 in stores 7/11/12



SILK SPECTRE #2 in stores 7/18/12

COMEDIAN #2 in stores 7/25/12



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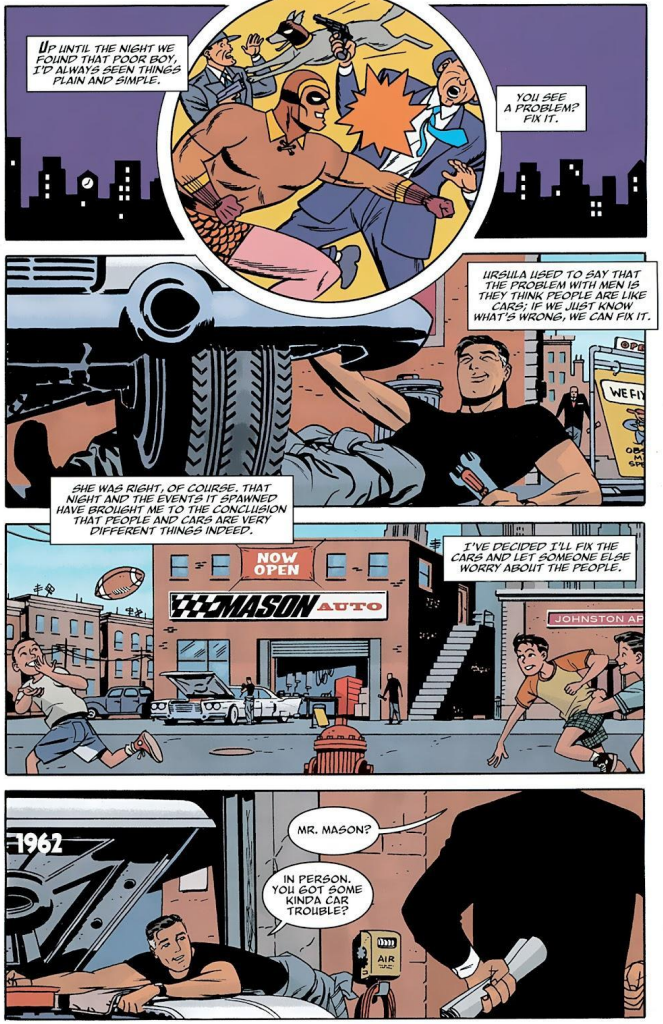
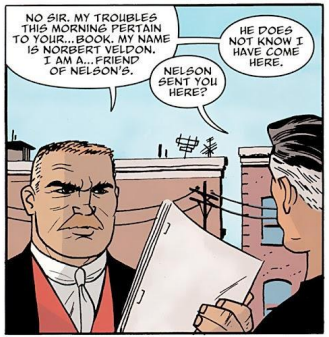
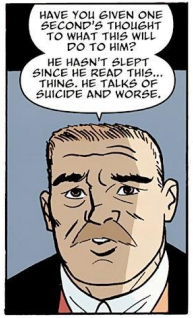
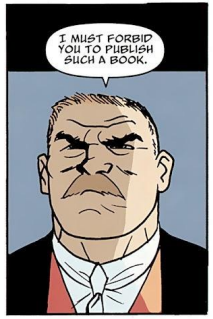

UP UNTIL THE NIGHT WE FOUND THAT POOR BOY, I'D ALWAYS SEEN THINGS PLAIN AND SIMPLE.
YOU SEE A PROBLEM? FIX IT.
URSULA USED TO SAY THAT THE PROBLEM WITH MEN IS THEY THINK PEOPLE ARE LIKE CARS; IF WE JUST KNOW WHAT'S WRONG, WE CAN FIX IT.
SHE WAS RIGHT, OF COURSE. THAT NIGHT AND THE EVENTS IT SPAWNED HAVE BROUGHT ME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT PEOPLE AND CARS ARE VERY DIFFERENT THINGS INDEED.
I'VE DECIDED I'LL FIX THE CARS AND LET SOMEONE ELSE WORRY ABOUT THE PEOPLE.
NOW OPEN
MASON AUTO
JOHNSTON AP
1962
MR. MASON?
IN PERSON. YOU GOT SOME KINDA CAR TROUBLE?


NO SIR. MY TROUBLES THIS MORNING PERTAIN TO YOUR...BOOK. MY NAME IS NORBERT VELDON. I AM A...FRIEND OF NELSON'S.
HE DOES NOT KNOW I HAVE COME HERE.
NELSON SENT YOU HERE?

I SEE. C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF THE SUN. YOU WANT A COFFEE?
NO THANK YOU, MR. MASON. I WILL SAY MY PIECE AND BE ON MY WAY.
WE FIX

FAIR ENOUGH. YOU'VE READ MY BOOK?
I HAVE NOT. I DO NOT WASTE MY TIME WITH THIS TYPE OF TRASH.
BUT NELSON HAS READ IT. TO SAY HE IS UPSET WOULD BE AN UNDERSTATEMENT.


HAVE YOU GIVEN ONE SECOND'S THOUGHT TO WHAT THIS WILL DO TO HIM?
HE HASN'T SLEPT SINCE HE READ THIS... THING. HE TALKS OF SUICIDE AND WORSE.


I MUST FORBID YOU TO PUBLISH SUCH A BOOK.

FORBID ME?
I'M SORRY, MR. VELDON, BUT THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT BOOK THAT ISN'T THE TRUTH.

BAH. SUCH A SMUG MAN YOU ARE.
THERE ARE MANY TRUTHS. BUT I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE BLIND TO THAT.
INSULTING ME ISN'T GOING TO CHANGE ANYTHING.

THIS IS THE INSULT, MR. MASON.
THIS "BOOK" OF YOURS.

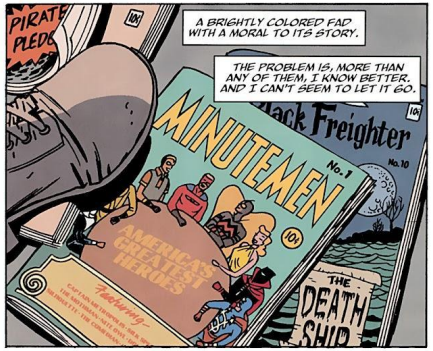
GARBAGE!

YOU WILL BE HEARING FROM OUR LAWYERS.
THEY KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH GARBAGEMEN SUCH AS YOU.

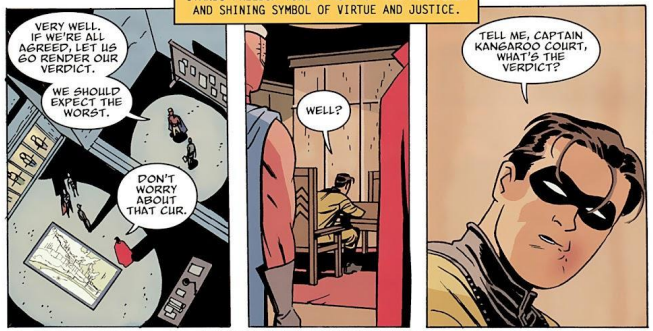
SO LARRY WANTS TO KILL ME AND NELSON PLANS TO SUE ME. THAT LEAVES ME ZERO FOR TWO.
NO SURPRISE THERE. OF ALL OF US, THEY WERE THE MOST "SENSITIVE" ABOUT THEIR IMAGE.

CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM, REALLY.

IF MY BOOK GOES AWAY, THE FANTASY WE BUILT REMAINS AN OFFICIAL REALITY.
PEOPLE WILL GO ON REMEMBERING US AS SOME SORT OF CHARMING MOMENT IN AMERICAN HISTORY.


A BRIGHTLY COLORED FAD WITH A MORAL TO ITS STORY.
THE PROBLEM IS, MORE THAN ANY OF THEM, I KNOW BETTER, AND I CAN'T SEEM TO LET IT GO.
MINUTEMEN
No. 1
AMERICA'S GREATEST HEROES
THE DEATH SHIP

CHAPTER THREE: CHILD'S PLAY



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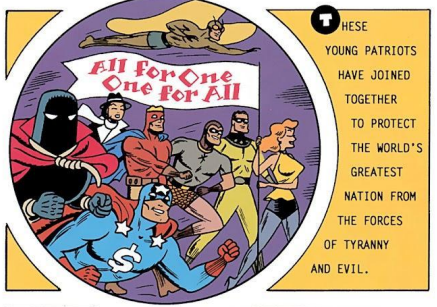


THAT'S IT.
GET OUT OF HERE NOW, WHILE YOU CAN STILL WALK.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BOOK ME?

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE A COP, AREN'T YOU?
YOU THINK I CAN'T SMELL IT ON YOU?

GODDAMN HYPOCRITE IS WHAT YOU--
ENOUGH.

YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
HRak!

REMEMBER THE MINUTEMEN PLEDGE: LOYALTY, COURAGE, FAIR PLAY AND CLEAN LIVING FOR A BETTER AMERICA!
MY HEROES!

WHAT KIND OF STUPID BASTARD FIGHTS CRIME WITH A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK?

NOT SO EASY WHEN I DON'T HAVE MY BACK TURNED, IS IT?

SOMEONE SHOULD STOP THIS.

STOP SQUIRMING, YOU PANSY.

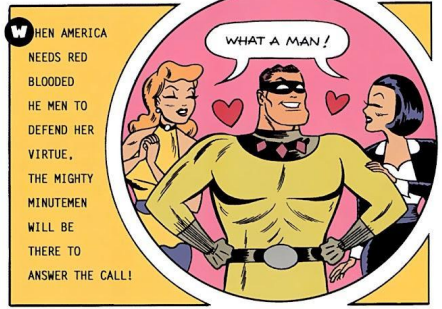
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU HEARD ME. YOU JUST LAY THERE AND LISTEN GOOD.

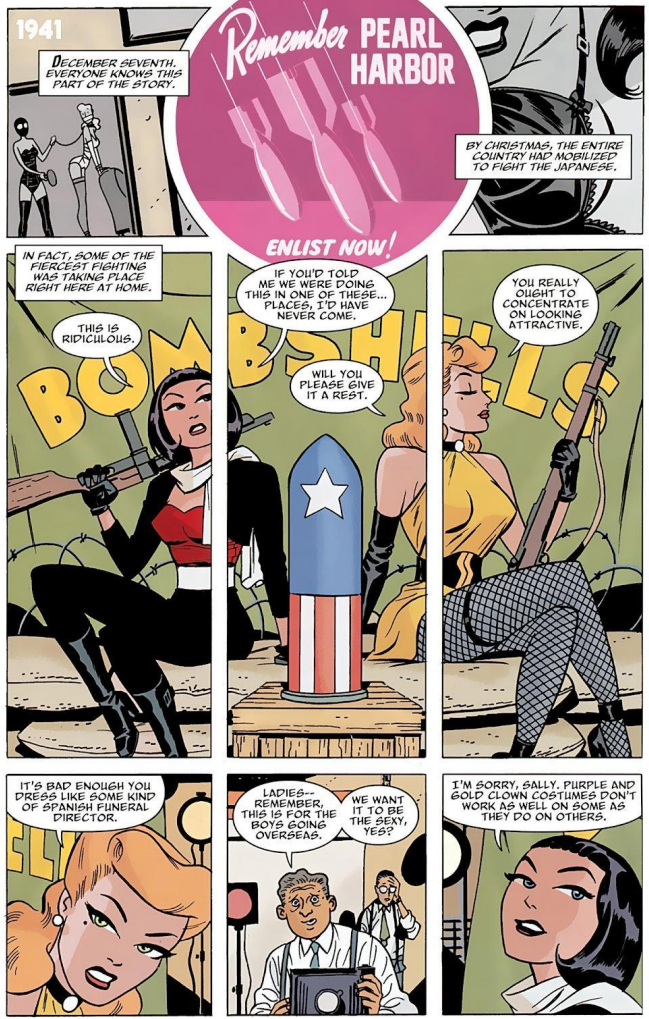
IF YOU EVER PUT YOUR DIRTY HANDS ON ME AGAIN, I'LL KILL YOU.

STOP RIGHT THERE, MISSY. I'LL CHOKE YOUR BOYFRIEND TO DEATH AND BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF JUST FOR KICKS.

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID.
IF I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU'RE DEAD.

BUNCH O' FAGS.
GO FUCK YOURSELF.


WHEN AMERICA NEEDS RED BLOODED HE MEN TO DEFEND HER VIRTUE, THE MIGHTY MINUTEMEN WILL BE THERE TO ANSWER THE CALL!
WHAT A MAN!


1941
DECEMBER SEVENTH. EVERYONE KNOWS THIS PART OF THE STORY.
Remember PEARL HARBOR
ENLIST NOW!
BY CHRISTMAS, THE ENTIRE COUNTRY HAD MOBILIZED TO FIGHT THE JAPANESE.
IN FACT, SOME OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTING WAS TAKING PLACE RIGHT HERE AT HOME.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS.
IF YOU'D TOLD ME WE WERE DOING THIS IN ONE OF THESE... PLACES, I'D HAVE NEVER COME.
WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE IT A REST.
YOU REALLY OUGHT TO CONCENTRATE ON LOOKING ATTRACTIVE.
IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU DRESS LIKE SOME KIND OF SPANISH FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
LADIES-- REMEMBER, THIS IS FOR THE BOYS GOING OVERSEAS.
WE WANT IT TO BE THE SEXY, YES?
I'M SORRY, SALLY. PURPLE AND GOLD CLOWN COSTUMES DON'T WORK AS WELL ON SOME AS THEY DO ON OTHERS.

YOU KNOW, LADIES, I'M SENSING THE WONDERFUL TENSION HERE.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO UPSTAIRS? WE HAVE A MUCH BETTER SET FOR THIS TYPE OF SEXY, YES?
HA! LITTLE MISS PROPER COULDN'T HANDLE IT.
OH, I'D HAPPILY TIE YOU UP AND BEAT YOU.
THE PROBLEM IS YOU'D LIKE IT.
BIG TALK FROM A FLAT-CHESTED ICE CUBE.
POLISH COW.
LESBIAN.
YOU CAN ALL GO TO HELL.
TAKE YOUR GRIMY PICTURES WITHOUT ME.
SALLY--
DON'T START, LARRY.
I'M TELLING YOU, THAT BITCH HAS TO GO.

1942
I SAID DROP IT, TOJO.
BOOM
SHNFF

STUPID BASTARD.

HA, STILL GOT SOME FIGHT IN YOU?

AAAIIEEE!
SORRY, PAL.

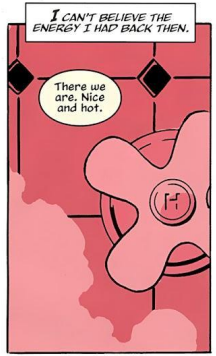
I DON'T SPEAK JAP. LET'S TRY IT IN AMERICAN.
WHERE WERE YOU SHIPPING THE EXPLOSIVES?

THAT'S SOME NICE WORK, EDDIE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? AND WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?
RELAX, EDDIE. MY NAME IS KAUFAX.
I'M WITH THE FBI.

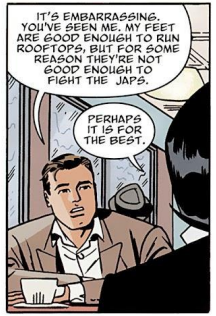
A FED, HUH? WELL, I GUESS I CAN'T SHOOT YA.
WHAT'S THE CHARGE?
CHARGE?

EDDIE, I'M NOT HERE TO BUST YOU.
I'M HERE TO RECRUIT YOU.


I CAN'T BELIEVE THE ENERGY I HAD BACK THEN.
There we are. Nice and hot.

I'D WORK MY BEAT, PATROL MY NEIGHBORHOOD, WAS ACTIVE IN THE MINUTEMEN, AND MY SPARE TIME WAS SPENT HELPING URSULA.
SO YOU ARE NOT GOING OVERSEAS?

WE'D BECOME FAMILIAR ENOUGH THAT WE'D MEET ONCE A WEEK. NEW YORK WAS AWASH WITH PEOPLE, AND THERE SEEMED NO HARM IN IT. OUR ONLY RULE WAS NO LAST NAMES AND NO DETAILS ABOUT OUR OUTSIDE LIVES.
UH-UH. BYRON AND I BOTH WENT DOWN TO ENLIST BUT WE WERE CLASSED 4F.
APPARENTLY I HAVE FLAT FEET.
I SEE.


IT'S EMBARRASSING. YOU'VE SEEN ME. MY FEET ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO RUN ROOFTOPS, BUT FOR SOME REASON THEY'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE JAPS.
PERHAPS IT IS FOR THE BEST.

SOON, ALL THE MEN WILL BE GONE TO FIGHT.
IT IS GOOD THAT A FEW LIKE YOURSELF WILL BE HERE TO CARRY ON.

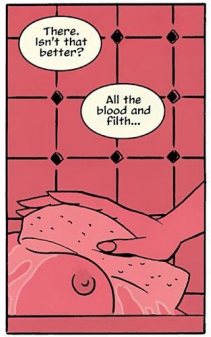
Let's just get you in there.
Brace yourself, darling. This will hurt a bit.

THINK OF ALL THE GOOD WE HAVE DONE. ALL THE CHILDREN WE HAVE HELPED.

I SUPPOSE. IT'S FUNNY, THOUGH; METROPOLIS HAS ALREADY SERVED, AND BILL GOT SOME FANCY DEFERMENT RIGGED BY THE FAT CATS AT NATIONAL.
GOD KNOWS THE STORY WITH JUSTICE. IT LOOKS LIKE THE MINUTEMEN ARE SITTING OUT THE BIG FIGHT.

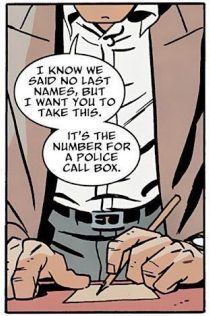
THAT IS SIMPLY MALE PRIDE, HOLLIS. THE BIG FIGHT IS ALL AROUND US, EVERY DAY.
IN FACT, I COULD USE YOUR HELP TONIGHT.

I CAN'T TONIGHT. I'M DOING A MEET-AND-GREET WITH BILL AND THEN I'M ON DUT-- I'VE GOT WORK.


There. Isn't that better?
All the blood and Filth...

I SEE. NO MATTER. I CAN HANDLE IT ALONE.
LOOK, URSULA, I WORRY ABOUT YOU.

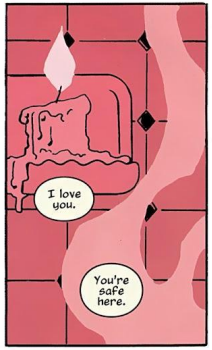
Calm and relaxed.
Clean and safe.

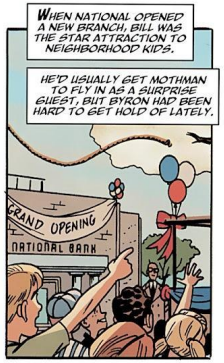

I KNOW WE SAID NO LAST NAMES, BUT I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS.
IT'S THE NUMBER FOR A POLICE CALL BOX.

MY FULL NAME IS HOLLIS MASON. I'M A POLICEMAN.
I CHECK IN AT THAT BOX TEN PAST THE HOUR, EVERY HOUR FROM EIGHT UNTIL FOUR IN THE MORNING.

IF YOU NEED ME FOR ANYTHING, JUST CALL IT IN.
HOLLIS, WAIT.

YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND.
THANK YOU.
I REMEMBER DIPPING MY HEAD TO HIDE MY BLUSH. I FELT LUST TOWARD HER, BUT IT WAS SUCH A SMALL PIECE OF SOMETHING LARGER.

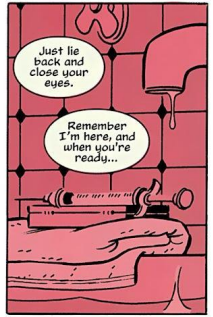

I love you.
You're safe here.


WHEN NATIONAL OPENED A NEW BRANCH, BILL WAS THE STAR ATTRACTION TO NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS.
HE'D USUALLY GET MOTHMAN TO FLY IN AS A SURPRISE GUEST, BUT BYRON HAD BEEN HARD TO GET HOLD OF LATELY.
GRAND OPENING
NATIONAL BANK

SO THIS TIME THE KIDS HAD TO SETTLE FOR ME.
THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND.

IT DID ME A WORLD OF GOOD. BACK THEN, THE ONLY KIDS' CRIES I HEARD WERE THE ONES THAT HAUNTED MY SLEEP.

BILL HAD IT MADE. AFTER A LIGHT SHOW OF ACROBATICS AND A PEP TALK ABOUT BEING GOOD LITTLE CITIZENS. THE LIMO ROLLED UP AND WHISKED US AWAY.


Just lie back and close your eyes.
Remember I'm here, and when you're ready...

I TELL YOU, THIS SURE BEATS RUNNING EVERYWHERE.
DAMN STRAIGHT.
BEER?

THANKS AGAIN FOR COMING OUT.
I KNOW IT'S KIND OF SILLY, BUT THE KIDS GET A REAL KICK OUT OF IT.

...we can begin.

DON'T MENTION IT. I HAD A SWELL TIME.

Ursula, darling.

Tell me about tonight.
It was a large house, kept by powerful men as a meeting place.
A gentlemen's club.

But I saw no gentlemen there tonight.

Just swine, huddled together in their collective shame.

Such "men" fear only one thing.

Exposure.

My intention had been only to scare them.
Then, in the flickering light, I saw her.

Like a ghost.

Like a tiny ghost, surrounded by darkness.

Then I had the guns in my hands.

What is it Hollis will say?

Yes... I saw red.

--I'LL BE LISTENING TO METROPOLIS, AND I'LL SUDDENLY BE THINKING ABOUT HIM AND JUSTICE AND IT MAKES ME KIND OF SICK TO MY STOMACH.

YEAH. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE EACH MAN SHOULD TEND HIS OWN GARDEN, RIGHT?
YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WITH BYRON.

ARE YOU A GOD-FEARING MAN, HOLLIS?
YOU KNOW THE BIBLE SAYS HOMOSEXUALITY IS A MORTAL SIN, DON'T YOU?

NOT TO MENTION OUR IMAGE. WHAT IF SOMEONE FOUND OUT?
THEY'RE SINNERS, HOLLIS.

THEY'RE GOING TO BURN IN HELL.
C'MON, BILL. THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY.

YOU'RE RIGHT, HOLLIS. IT'S NOT FOR ME TO JUDGE.
OUT LOUD, AT LEAST. ANOTHER BEER?
UH, YEAH. LAST ONE, THOUGH. I'M ON DUTY IN AN HOUR.

Ursula?

Ursula, darling.

Where are you now?

I am killing them. All of them.
I want her to see them die.

My hip!
It stings--

We have to run.

Before it's too late.

Before one of them can catch us.

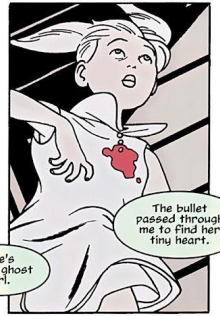
I feel a hot spear push me through the door--

Hang on to me, child!
My arm--

Please!

Hang on!

But she can't hear me.
She's just a ghost girl.


The bullet passed through me to find her tiny heart.

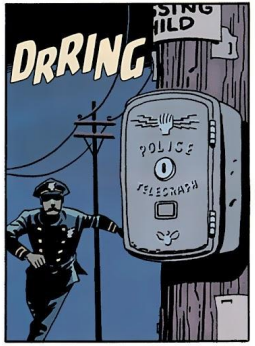
And I see it then.

I see that in death her eyes are unchanged.

She really is a ghost girl.
Murdered long ago and fading from me in the flickering light.

DRRING

DRRING


DRRING
POLICE
TELEGRAPH

HELLO? THIS IS MASON.
IT IS I, OFFICER HOLLIS.
I N-NEED YOU.

SILHOUETTE?
ARE YOU OKAY? WHERE ARE YOU?

I AM AT CHURCH, YOU SILLY MAN.

SHE'S HURT. I CAN HEAR IT IN HER BREATHING.
IT TAKES A MINUTE TO GET A LOCATION OUT OF HER. I ALMOST CALL IT IN TO THE STATION, BUT I CAN'T.
I WANT TO BE THE ONE. I WANT TO SAVE HER FOR MYSELF.

Where are you now, darling?
You are silly, like officer Hollis.
I am in church.

The three of us are very quiet.
The three of you?

He is there.
But he won't even look at us.

Why?

Why don't you love us?
Why don't you... love me?

It is then I realized he did hear me.

He had sent an angel to me.

He picked me up and bore my burden, and he told me to be still.
He told me he loved me.

SHE'D LOST A LOT OF BLOOD, BUT HER BREATHING WAS STEADY.
ALL I KNEW WAS SHE NEEDED MEDICAL ATTENTION FAST. SO I HOT-WIRED A CAR AND GOT HER IN THE BACK.

IT HITS ME WHAT I'M DOING.
I'M A COP WHO DESERTED HIS BEAT TEARING THROUGH TOWN IN A STOLEN CAR WITH A MASK ON.
JESUS?

WHERE IS THE GIRL? WE HAVE TO SAVE HER.
SHE'S...GONE, URSULA. WE CAN'T SAVE HER. I'M TAKING YOU TO A HOSPITAL.

HOLLIS? NO! WE CAN'T GO THERE.
I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO GRETCH-- TO MY DOCTOR. PLEASE, HOLLIS. SHE'S ¾KOFF! ¾KOFF! SHE'S PREPARED FOR THIS.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

OKAY, OKAY. JUST TRY TO CALM DOWN AND TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE.

THANK YOU, MISTER ANGEL.
HER DOCTOR WAS UPTOWN, SO I CUT NORTH AND WENT AS FAST AS I DARED.

THE DOCTOR DIDN'T EVEN SEEM FAZED BY IT ALL. SHE JUST HUSTLED US IN, ALL BUSINESS. AT THE TIME, I ASSUMED THEY HAD AN ARRANGEMENT OF SOME SORT.

That's enough for now.
Rest there for a moment and I'll be right back.
ON
OFF

HOW IS SHE?

SHE'S IN BAD SHAPE, BUT THE BLEEDING'S STOPPED AND SHE'S RESTING.
WELL, THANK GOD FOR THAT.

WOULD IT BE OKAY TO SEE HER FOR A MINUTE?
SHE... SHE'S KIND OF SPECIAL TO ME.

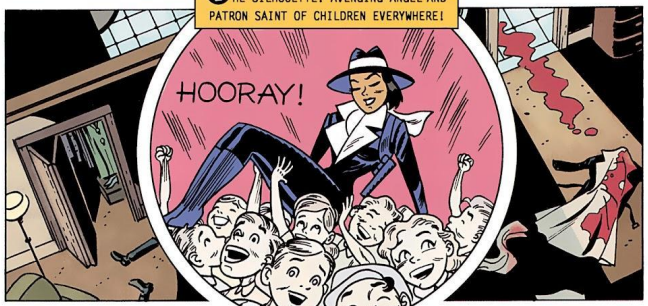
OH. I SEE.
PERHAPS IN A DAY OR TWO. RIGHT NOW SHE NEEDS TO REST.

I REALLY MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE NOW. CALL ME IN A DAY AND WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOU COMING BY.
THANKS, DOCTOR.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

GRETCHEN?
COMING, DARLING.

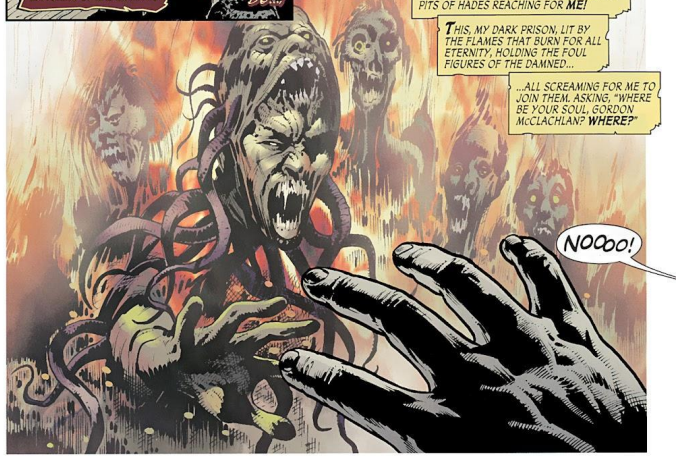
LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THERE.

¾INNF!



*"My Treasures," from "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

END CHAPTER THREE



BEFORE WATCHMEN ALL ACCESS

WATCH THIS!

The original WATCHMEN is one funny comic book.

That might not be the first thing that comes to your mind when thinking about the series, admittedly. But for all the grimness and cynicism and anxiety running through the story, there's also that amazing sense of play – not just play with formal conventions, but good old-fashioned goofing-off and wisecracking. The book is riddled with visual puns, nowhere more so than in that amazing seduction sequence in issue #7. The juxtaposition of Dan's haplessness and the TV's knowing commentary on events is one step away from a NAKED GUN slapstick routine – trains entering tunnels! Rockets taking off! It's just plain silly, really – and that's what makes it great.

Emphasizing that side of WATCHMEN, the element of sheer entertainment, has been one of the most rewarding things about going back to the material, and Darwyn Cooke and Amanda Conner's SILK SPECTRE is the perfect showcase for it. We all know Amanda is one of the great comedic artists of the modern era (obviously, she's one of the great artists of the modern era, full-stop), but I don't think I'm assuming too much when I say that comedy is a flavor that a lot of people weren't expecting to get from BEFORE WATCHMEN. In fact, just here in the halls of DC, my colleague Pat McCallum admitted to eating his words once he'd seen the first issue of SILK SPECTRE. He'd heard Amanda describe one of the techniques she was attempting, breaking the borders of the nine-panel grid with super-stylized cartoon flashes of Laurie's inner life. While Pat's a huge fan of Amanda, he wasn't sure that comedic bent would mesh in the dark, serious WATCHMEN world. But Amanda completely blew him away by sticking the landing (like she always does), and in the process she managed to add another great device to the visual vocabulary of a story that, quite frankly, everyone in comics has been borrowing tricks from for years.

And Darwyn and Amanda aren't afraid to keep pushing at the boundaries of what's "proper" in a WATCHMEN-inspired story. When you meet the Silk Spectre's nemesis in issue #2, your first reaction is pretty much guaranteed to be "Are they serious right now?" Don't you worry; Darwyn and Amanda can make you laugh one moment and break your heart the next. But just being serious all the time? That's no fun at all – and while some of its artistic progeny may not have learned that lesson, the original WATCHMEN took it to heart. Here's to a good laugh, even with tears in your eyes.

"Heard joke once: Man goes to doctor…"

-Chris Conroy

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OZYMANDIAS #2
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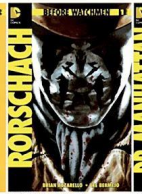

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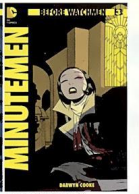

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MINUTE
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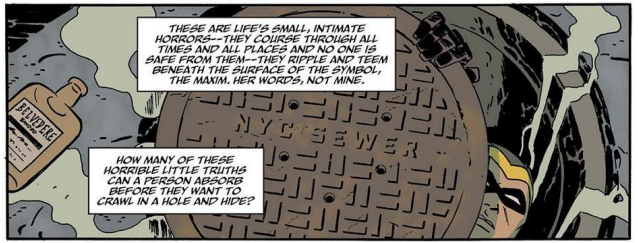
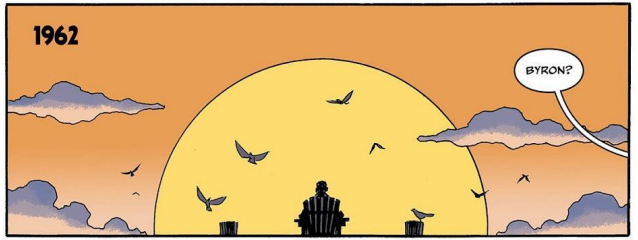
DARWYN COOKE

PEOPLE HAVE AN AMAZING ABILITY TO COPE WITH THE MADNESS OF LIFE.
IT'S CALLED DENIAL. IT'LL TAKE YOU A GOOD MILE, BUT ONLY IF LIFE'S HORRORS STAY ON THE PAGES OF YOUR NEWSPAPER WHERE THEY BELONG.
I LEARNED ALL THIS LISTENING TO A VERY WISE WOMAN NAMED GRETCHEN.
Perry Mason
Sally Jupiter

FOR EXAMPLE: "THE NAZIS KILLED SIX MILLION JEWS." SOLEMN, MONSTROUS IN IT'S SCALE, BUT SOMEHOW WE CAN MENTALLY MANAGE IT.
NOW: "I WATCHED THEM TEAR MY CHILDREN FROM MY DEAD WIFE'S ARMS AND DRAG THEM TO THE OVENS, SCREAMING."
OR: "THEY RAPED HER IN FRONT OF US AND THEN THREW HER BODY INTO A DITCH FILLED WITH STINKING CORPSES. SHE STARVED TO DEATH THERE." SEE WHAT I MEAN?


THESE ARE LIFE'S SMALL, INTIMATE HORRORS--THEY COURSE THROUGH ALL TIMES AND ALL PLACES AND NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THEM--THEY RIPPLE AND TEEM BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SYMBOL, THE MAXIM. HER WORDS, NOT MINE.
HOW MANY OF THESE HORRIBLE LITTLE TRUTHS CAN A PERSON ABSORB BEFORE THEY WANT TO CRAWL IN A HOLE AND HIDE?
NYC SEWER


1962
BYRON?

HEY, BYRON!

I TELL YOU, SOME OF THE NURSES IN THIS PLACE WOULD'VE GIVEN SALLY A RUN FOR HER MONEY.
AM I RIGHT?

LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO UPSET YOU, BYRON.
YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU.
I SUPPOSE BYRON IS THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD. YOU GO TO HELL AND BACK WITH SOMEONE AND IT BINDS YOU FOREVER.

BUT I NEED TO ASK YOU IF YOU READ THE BOOK, IF YOU'RE OKAY WITH THE THINGS I'VE SAID.
BYRON?
THE PROBLEM IS, BYRON NEVER REALLY CAME BACK.

DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING TODAY?
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I KNOW THAT FEELING.

MIND IF I SIT A WHILE WITH YOU?
IT'S DARN PRETTY HERE.

SO WE SIT THERE, STARING INTO THE SETTING SUN.

TWO OF THE WALKING WOUNDED FROM AN UNKNOWN WAR.

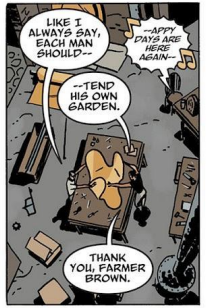
CHAPTER FOUR: WAR STORIES

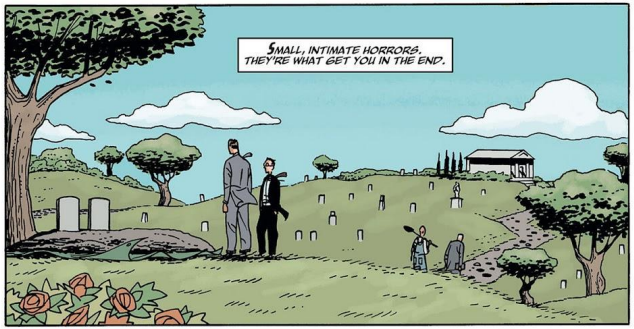
DARWYN COOKE WRITER & ARTIST

PHIL NOTO COLORIST **JARED K. FLETCHER** LETTERER **DARWYN COOKE** COVER ARTIST **STEVE RUDE & GLENN WHITMORE** VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR **WIL MOSS** ASSOCIATE EDITOR **MARK CHIARELLO** EDITOR

WATCHMEN CREATED BY **ALAN MOORE** & **DAVE GIBBONS**




SMALL, INTIMATE HORRORS. THEY'RE WHAT GET YOU IN THE END.

I HAD THEM LEAVE THE STONES UNMARKED.

THEY DON'T NEED ANY MORE OF THIS WORLD'S HATE.
LESBIA
WHOR

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO BYRON.
HE KNEW I CARED FOR URSULA, BUT I'D NEVER TALKED TO ANYONE ABOUT HOW MUCH.

I'D HAD SOME KIND OF SCHOOLBOY FANTASY ABOUT THE TWO OF US BECAUSE I WAS TOO MUCH OF A HICK TO SEE THE LAY OF THE LAND.

THE TIME I'D FOUND HER IN THE CHURCH AND GOT HER OVER TO GRETCHEN'S FINALLY SHOWED ME HOW OBLIVIOUS I WAS.
I WENT TO VISIT THE NEXT DAY, WITH SOME FRESH FLOWERS I GOT FROM MRS. MUSANTE.
M.D.

IT WAS THE MOST AWKWARD, EMBARRASSING MOMENT OF MY LIFE. BUT STILL, I LOVED HER, SOMEHOW.
IT MADE NO SENSE, BUT FEELINGS OFTEN DON'T.

THEN CAME THE NEWSPAPER EXPOSÉ. THE MINUTEMEN HELD A MEETING TO VOTE SILHOUETTE OUT TO AVOID BEING SMEARED BY THE SCANDAL.
TABOO
SHE DIDN'T EVEN SHOW.

SO HOW WAS YOUR MEETING?
DELI MADISON
DELI MADISO

THE VOTE WAS FOUR TO TWO.
THE HYPOCRITES. I MEAN, JUSTICE AND METROPOLIS ARE NO--

PLEASE STOP THERE, HOLLIS. YOU CANNOT KNOW WHAT LIVING SUCH A LIFE IS LIKE. THE FEAR OF EXPOSURE.
IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO JUDGE.

I'M NOT JUDGING... THAT-- WE'RE A TEAM, IS ALL. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STICK TOGETHER.
AND WE WILL. YOU AND BYRON AND I CAN STILL BE STUCK TOGETHER.
WHAT'S THAT?
THEY ARE PICTURES.

OVER THESE YEARS, WE HAVE HELPED SO MANY YOUNG ONES, BUT THE ONES IN THESE PICTURES ARE DIFFERENT. THEY WEREN'T TRAFFICKED OR USED IN PORNOGRAPHY. THEY JUST DISAPPEARED AND THEN TURNED UP DEAD.

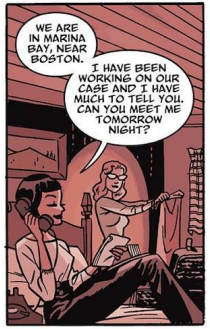
I THINK THEY ARE THE VICTIMS OF THE SAME KILLER.
CAN YOU LOOK UP THE POLICE FILES ON THEM?
IT'LL BE A LITTLE TRICKY, BUT I SUPPOSE I COULD SWING IT.

PLEASE, HOLLIS. PROMISE ME YOU'LL DO THIS.

"I PROMISE."

I GAVE HER WHAT I COULD COPY OUT OF THE POLICE FILES A COUPLE WEEKS LATER.
SHE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT AFTER THAT, UNTIL FIVE NIGHTS AGO.
IS THIS OFFICER HOLLIS?
MOTE

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY GOOD FRIEND THE INVISIBLE LADY.
WHERE IN SAM HILL HAVE YOU BEEN?


WE ARE IN MARINA BAY, NEAR BOSTON.
I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON OUR CASE AND I HAVE MUCH TO TELL YOU. CAN YOU MEET ME TOMORROW NIGHT?

IN BOSTON?
NO, MISTER BILLY. WE WILL BE BACK TOMORROW. I'LL SEE YOU THEN.

HER VOICE HAD A FARAWAY SOUND, PRICKLING WITH LINE STATIC.
WE SAID OUR GOODBYES AND THE LINE WENT QUIET.

THEY DIED THAT NIGHT.
A REVENGE KILLING BY A THIRD-RATE PERVERT CALLED THE LIQUIDATOR.

HORRIBLY... TERRIBLY... THEY DIED.

TOGETHER.

LEAVING ME ALONE.
JESUS, BYRON.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

I COULD USE A DRINK.

UM... HELLO.

I KNOW WE DIDN'T GET ALONG. THE TRUTH IS, I DIDN'T LIKE YOU MUCH. YOU ALWAYS TOOK THIS SUPERIOR TONE WITH ME.
I JUST WASN'T LIKE YOU. Y'KNOW, NOT SO COMMITTED. RUNNING AROUND IN FISHNETS AND TAKING RACY PICTURES IS A STEP UP FOR ME.

YOU MADE ME FEEL CHEAP. ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO ESCAPE ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU COULDN'T LET GO OF.
YOU REMINDED ME OF ALL THE THINGS I WANT TO FORGET.

I SHOULD HAVE STOOD UP FOR YOU THAT DAY WE VOTED, BUT I DIDN'T.
I WAS H-HAPPY YOU WERE OUT.

I DIDN'T LIKE YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE A BETTER PERSON THAN ME.
I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW SORRY I AM FOR THAT.

AND I WANTED YOU BOTH TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN REST IN PEACE NOW.

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE LIQUIDATOR...

"TWO NIGHTS AGO METROPOLIS GOT A TIP THAT THE LIQUIDATOR WAS BACK IN NEW YORK."

GET ME MY BOOTS, LARRY.

YOU MEAN YOUR SHOES, RIGHT?

DID I SAY SHOES, LARRY?

GET ME MY FUCKING BOOTS!

TAKE IT EASY, SAL.

BLACK BOOTS, COMING UP.

METROPOLIS WANTS YOU ALL THERE IN AN HOUR.

GEEZ, SAL. ARE YOU SURE YOU NEED ALL THAT STUFF? LET THE BOYS DO THE HEAVY WORK.

I KNOW, LARRY. DON'T WORRY.

IT'S JUST BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY. THIS GUY IS A NUT.

YOU RELAX AND ENJOY YOUR RADIO SHOWS.

I'M TAKING THE CAR. THERE'S CORNED BEEF IN THE ICEBOX.

DON'T WAIT UP, HON.

"THE LIQUIDATOR WAS HIDING IN THE TENDERLOIN. METROPOLIS HAD BILL AND NITE OWL SEARCH ONE AREA, HE AND JUSTICE THE OTHER.

"MY GUESS IS THEY KNEW BEST WHERE TO LOOK."

"I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THE TWO OF THEM WHEN THEY BULLED INTO THE LIQUIDATOR'S HIDEOUT."

GIVE IT UP, LIQUIDA--

--TOR.

GOOD LORD.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE.

SORRY I SKIPPED YOUR LITTLE TOUR OF BOYS' TOWN.

I HAD MY OWN SOURCES.

SALLY?

YOU DID THIS?

THAT'S RIGHT, NELSON.

I OWED HER THIS, AT LEAST.

WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE TURNED OUR BACKS ON HER.

IT MAY NOT HAVE CHANGED ANY OF THIS, BUT IT WAS A PETTY, COWARDLY THING TO DO.

SHE WAS THE BEST OF US AND WE HELPED DESTROY HER.

YOU TWO SHOULD BE DOUBLY ASHAMED.

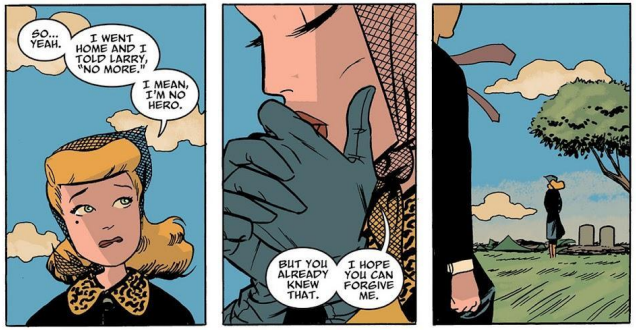
YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN?

CLEAN UP THIS MESS.

IT'S ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR.

AND, OH YEAH--

I QUIT.


SO... YEAH.
I WENT HOME AND I TOLD LARRY, "NO MORE."
I MEAN, I'M NO HERO.

BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT.
I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME.

HEY, SAL.

E-EDDIE?

IN THE FLESH.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, SAL.

EDDIE, I--
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
RELAX, SALLY. I JUST CAME TO PAY MY RESPECTS, SAME AS YOU.

I'LL GO IF YA WANT, BUT IT WOULD BE NICE TO TALK.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, SAL.

EVVYONE KNOWS THAT SHE'S THE ONE...
BAUMONT

WITH A FACE AND A HEART THAT WOULD PUT OUT THE SUN.

SIGHS

WIF A FACE...

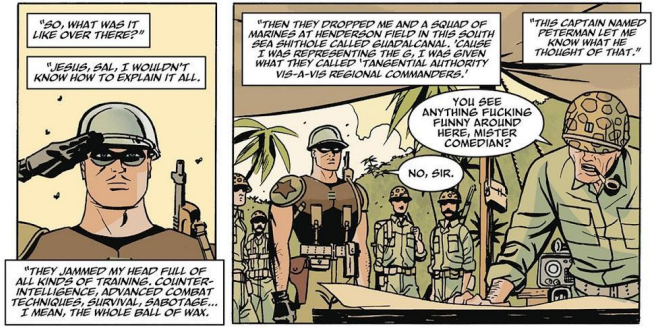
AN' A HEART...

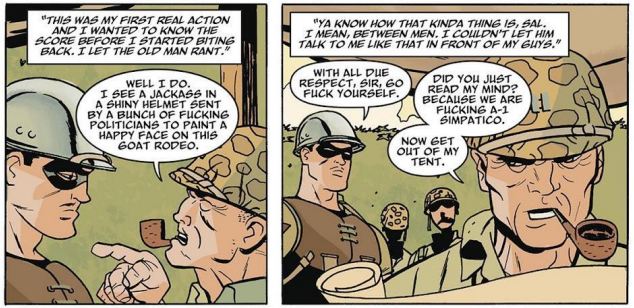
THAT'D PUT OUT THE SSSIZZ...

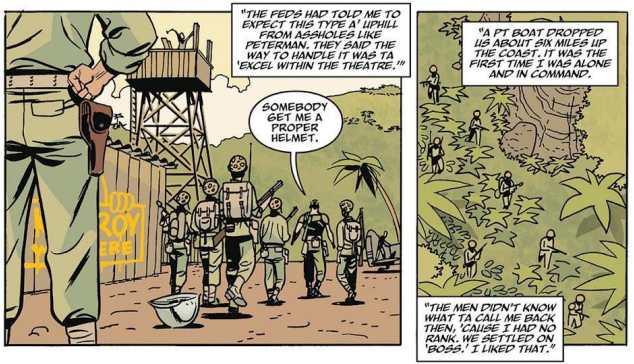
HLUCK?

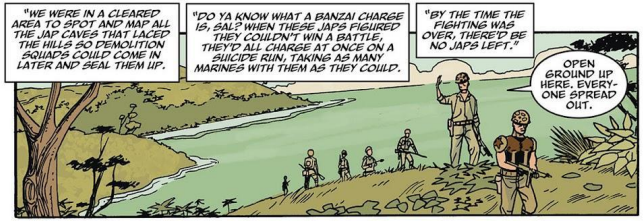
OH SHIT, BYRON.
SHIT!

I'M COMIN', HOLLIS!


"SO, WHAT WAS IT LIKE OVER THERE?"
"JESUS, SAL, I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT ALL.
"THEY JAMMED MY HEAD FULL OF ALL KINDS OF TRAINING. COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE, ADVANCED COMBAT TECHNIQUES, SURVIVAL, SABOTAGE... I MEAN, THE WHOLE BALL OF WAX.
"THEN THEY DROPPED ME AND A SQUAD OF MARINES AT HENDERSON FIELD IN THIS SOUTH SEA SHITHOLE CALLED GUADALCANAL. 'CAUSE I WAS REPRESENTING THE G, I WAS GIVEN WHAT THEY CALLED 'TANGENTIAL AUTHORITY VIS-A-VIS REGIONAL COMMANDERS.'
"THIS CAPTAIN NAMED PETERMAN LET ME KNOW WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THAT."
YOU SEE ANYTHING FUCKING FUNNY AROUND HERE, MISTER COMEDIAN?
NO, SIR.


"THIS WAS MY FIRST REAL ACTION AND I WANTED TO KNOW THE SCORE BEFORE I STARTED BITING BACK. I LET THE OLD MAN RANT."
WELL I DO. I SEE A JACKASS IN A SHINY HELMET SENT BY A BUNCH OF FUCKING POLITICIANS TO PAINT A HAPPY FACE ON THIS GOAT RODEO.
"YA KNOW HOW THAT KINDA THING IS, SAL. I MEAN, BETWEEN MEN. I COULDN'T LET HIM TALK TO ME LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF MY GUYS."
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, GO FUCK YOURSELF.
DID YOU JUST READ MY MIND? BECAUSE WE ARE FUCKING A-1 SIMPATICO.
NOW GET OUT OF MY TENT.

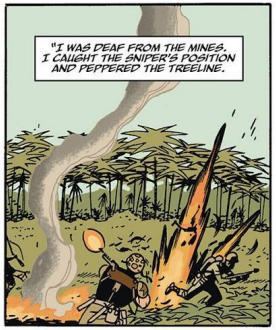

"THE FEDS HAD TOLD ME TO EXPECT THIS TYPE A' UPHILL FROM ASSHOLES LIKE PETERMAN. THEY SAID THE WAY TO HANDLE IT WAS TA 'EXCEL WITHIN THE THEATRE.'"
SOMEBODY GET ME A PROPER HELMET.
"A PT BOAT DROPPED US ABOUT SIX MILES UP THE COAST. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS ALONE AND IN COMMAND.
"THE MEN DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TA CALL ME BACK THEN, 'CAUSE I HAD NO RANK. WE SETTLED ON 'BOSS.' I LIKED THAT."


"WE WERE IN A CLEARED AREA TO SPOT AND MAP ALL THE JAP CAVES THAT LACED THE HILLS SO DEMOLITION SQUADS COULD COME IN LATER AND SEAL THEM UP.
"DO YA KNOW WHAT A BANZAI CHARGE IS, SAL? WHEN THESE JAPS FIGURED THEY COULDN'T WIN A BATTLE, THEY'D ALL CHARGE AT ONCE ON A SUICIDE RUN, TAKING AS MANY MARINES WITH THEM AS THEY COULD.
"BY THE TIME THE FIGHTING WAS OVER, THERE'D BE NO JAPS LEFT."
OPEN GROUND UP HERE. EVERYONE SPREAD OUT.

"EXCEPTIN' FOR THE ODD SNIPER."
DANG!
SHLARG

SNIPER!
HE'S IN THE TREELINE!

"THE MEN BROKE FOR COVER AND RAN STRAIGHT INTO A MINEFIELD.
"THE EVIL LITTLE FUCKER HAD THIS ALL FIGURED OUT.


"I WAS DEAF FROM THE MINES. I CAUGHT THE SNIPER'S POSITION AND PEPPERED THE TREELINE.

"I CLIPPED THE BASTARD, BUT NOT BEFORE HE TAGGED MY FIREMAN."
"YOUR FIREMAN?"

"YEAH. THE GUY THAT WEARS THE FLAMETHROWER. LANDED ON A MINE AN' THE WHOLE GODDAMN FIELD WENT UP.
"I FELT ONE WHISTLING HELL OF A PAIN TEAR THROUGH MY SIDE AND I BLACKED OUT."

"WHEN I CAME TO, IT WAS DARK. THE WHOLE VALLEY WAS STILL SMOLDERING. I THOUGHT I HEARD ONE OF MY MEN MOANING IN THE DARK.

"I TRIED TA MOVE AND MUST'VE PASSED OUT AGAIN.

"I WOKE UP BROILING IN THE SUN, TO THE FEEL OF HAND'S ROAMING OVER ME.

"IT WAS A SOLOMAN WOMAN AND HER BOY, SCAVENGING FOR FOOD AND SHIT.

"THEY THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.

"I TRIED TA SPEAK AND BLACKED OUT AGAIN. I THINK. IT'S KIND'A FOGGY.

"THAT NIGHT I WOKE UP FOR REAL, WEAK AS A KITTEN. BUT I WAS CLEAN AND COOL AND ALIVE.

"SO WAS ONE OF MY RIFLEMEN, A CALIFORNIAN KID NAMED BREG."

WELCOME BACK TO THE LIVING, BOSS.

WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE MEN?

WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHAT MADE IT, BOSS.

I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU UP AND AROUND. YOU CAUGHT SOME SHRAPNEL THAT BURNT YOU PRETTY GOOD.

I THINK YOU HAD SUNSTROKE OR SOMETHING.

YOU FOUND THIS PLACE?

PATCHED ME UP?

SHIT NO, BOSS. SHE DID IT.

GOT ME ON MY FEET AND THEN WE DRAGGED YOU UP HERE. SHE'S GOT A REGULAR PX GOING IN THIS OLD CAVE.

"IT WAS THE WOMAN AND HER BOY. I REMEMBER THINKING THAT IF SHE TAUGHT OUR SURVIVAL COURSE WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS. I WENT BACK TA SLEEP."

"A COUPLE TIMES I WOKE TA FIND HER THERE, WATCHING OVER ME LIKE A SICK PET OR SOMETHIN'.

"BY NIGHTFALL THE NEXT DAY I FELT GOOD ENOUGH TO MOVE OUT."

YOU KEEP IT, KID.

"Y'KNOW, SAL, I AIN'T USED TO KINDNESSES. I THINK MAYBE IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D EVER REALLY FELT ONE.

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TA DO. COULDN'T EVEN THANK THEM. NO SPEAKIE AND ALL THAT."

"HOW'D YOU GET BACK?"

"WE SWAM IT. FUCKING SHARKS AND EELS AND ALL MANNER A' SLITHERY SHIT IN THE DARK.

"BY DAWN WE MADE THE BEACH."

KILROY WAS HERE

SNIPERS? A MINEFIELD?

GODDAMN IT SON, WHY DIDN'T YOU RADIO IT IN?

BECAUSE OUR RADIOMAN WAS BLOWN TA HAMBURGER.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT CRAZY SOLOMAN WOMAN, WE'D BE DEAD TOO.

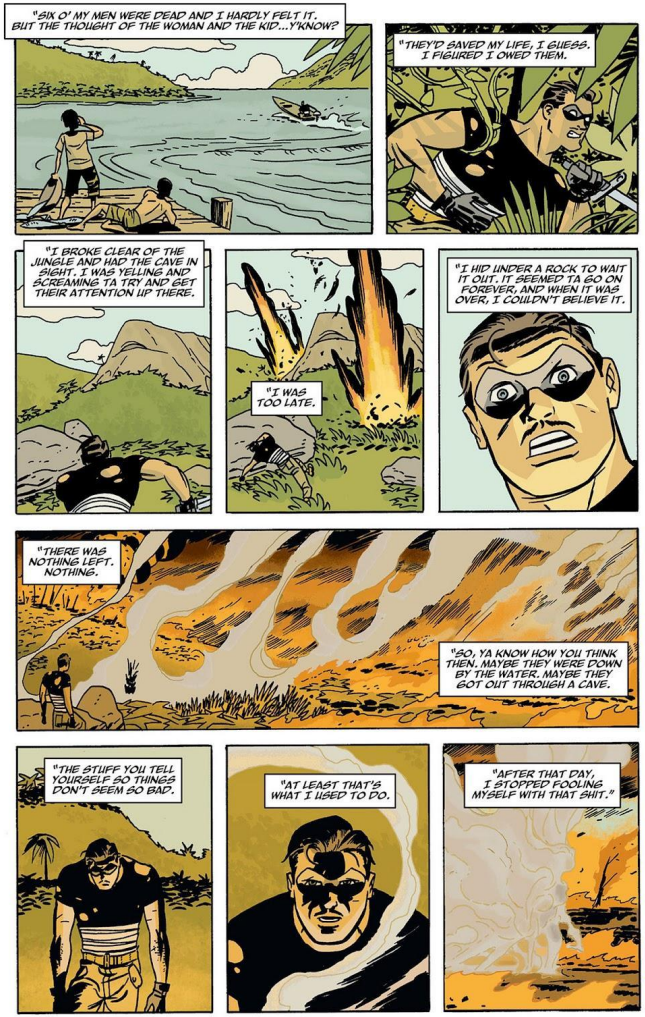
CORPORAL!

HAVE THEM RADIO THE DESTROYERS. I WANT ARTILLERY TO TURN THOSE HILLS INTO A FUCKING POOL TABLE.

SIR!

DIDN'CHA HEAR ME? THERE'S A WOMAN AND A KID UP THERE.

YER TEARIN' MY HEART OUT, LAUGHING BOY.


"SIX O' MY MEN WERE DEAD AND I HARDLY FELT IT. BUT THE THOUGHT OF THE WOMAN AND THE KID...Y'KNOW?
"THEY'D SAVED MY LIFE, I GUESS. I FIGURED I OWED THEM.
"I BROKE CLEAR OF THE JUNGLE AND HAD THE CAVE IN SIGHT. I WAS YELLING AND SCREAMING TA TRY AND GET THEIR ATTENTION UP THERE.
"I WAS TOO LATE.
"I HID UNDER A ROCK TO WAIT IT OUT. IT SEEMED TA GO ON FOREVER, AND WHEN IT WAS OVER, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.
"THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT. NOTHING.
"SO, YA KNOW HOW YOU THINK THEN, MAYBE THEY WERE DOWN BY THE WATER. MAYBE THEY GOT OUT THROUGH A CAVE.
"THE STUFF YOU TELL YOURSELF SO THINGS DON'T SEEM SO BAD.
"AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I USED TO DO.
"AFTER THAT DAY, I STOPPED FOOLING MYSELF WITH THAT SHIT."

"SHE STOOD THERE IN FRONT OF ME, SMOKE CLINGIN' TA HER BURNT SKIN.
"LIKE A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CUT OFF.
"THE BOY WAS JUST A CINDER OF BURNT MEAT, STUCK TO HER SIDE.
"JESUS, SAL, I'M STANDING THERE IN FRONT OF HER AND WHAT CAN I DO?"
KRAK
WHAT ARE YOU, ONE A' THEM SADISTS?
STANDING THERE LIKE SOME BIG MARY WHILE THAT POOR SAVAGE SUFFERED. EVEN A GOL-DANGED DOG GETS THE MERCY OF BEING PUT DOWN.
AND BEFORE YOU START WITH ANY BULLSHIT ABOUT FAIR OR RIGHT OR WRONG, YOU MARK MY WORDS--
THIS IS A WAR, LAUGHING BOY.
AND IN WAR, THE ONLY REAL JOKE IS THAT "FAIR" GETS FUCKED LIKE A WHORE DURING FLEET WEEK.
"HE WAS RIGHT.
"ALL HER EFFORT, ALL HER KINDNESS AND INGENUITY.
"IT MEANT NOTHING.
"IN THE END, IT COUNTED FOR NOTHING."

EDDIE, THAT'S HORRIBLE.
I KNOW. BUT IT WAS TRUE.
AFTER THAT, I JUST CLOSED THE DOOR ON ALL OF IT.

THE ENEMY BECAME ANIMALS TO ME. JUST DOGS THAT HAD TO BE PUT DOWN.
THAT CAPTAIN WAS A MONSTER.

YA THINK? I HAD KINDA MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT HIM. PART OF ME WAS REAL GRATEFUL HE'D OPENED MY MIND.

"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, THOUGH. CAUSE THE NEXT NIGHT I SNUCK INTO HIS TENT AND SLIT HIS THROAT WITH A JAP BAYONET.
"I OWED THAT SOLOMAN WOMAN THAT. I FELT BETTER AFTER—LIKE I HAD A CLEAR HEAD ABOUT WHAT I WAS DOING OVER THERE."
COMEDIAN WAS HERE

EDDIE, WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS?
I DUNNO, SAL. MAYBE SO YOU CAN SEE WHAT I SEE.
SOMETIMES YOU CAN SCREW UP AND THINGS CAN GO ALL THE WAY BAD.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE THAT. YOU CAN KILL A CAPTAIN OR A LIQUIDATOR AND EVEN THINGS UP THAT WAY, BUT YOU CAN'T CHANGE ANYTHING.
YOU HAVE TO BE ABLE TO LOOK IT IN THE FACE FOR WHAT IT IS AND FORGIVE YOURSELF.

BYRON WAS A NO-SHOW. PROBABLY DRUNK. IT'D BEEN HAPPENING MORE AND MORE LATELY.
CAN'T SAY AS I BLAMED HIM.
M.D.

WE DECIDED TO SWEEP THROUGH URSULA'S HOME AND REMOVE ANYTHING INCRIMINATING BEFORE THE COPS GOT TO IT.
JUST ANOTHER DAY FOR OFFICER HOLLIS MASON.

THE PLACE LOOKED LIKE SOMEONE BEAT ME TO IT.

MY LAST TALK WITH URSULA, SHE'D MENTIONED HAVING SOME NEW LEADS ON HER CHILD KILLER. I WAS HOPING I'D FIND SOMETHING HERE.

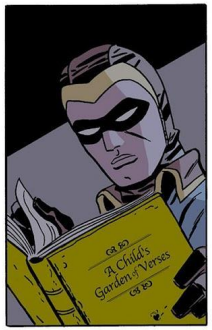
BINGO.

URSULA AND GRETCHEN SHARED THE STUDY. THERE WERE STACKS OF THE DOCTOR'S JOURNALS AND EVEN A FANCY RECORDER MACHINE.

MY EYES MET THE GAZE OF URSULA'S DEAD CHILDREN. THEY SEEMED TO BE LOOKING THROUGH ME.

I GOT A CHILL AND FOR A SECOND I WAS CONVINCED SOMEONE WAS BEHIND ME.
THERE WASN'T, OF COURSE.

BUT SOMEONE HAD BEEN THERE, AND FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS THEY'D LEFT IN A HURRY.


A Child's Garden of Verses

JESUS.
The Unseen Playmate

THE BOOK GAVE ME THE CREEPS. I SHOOK ANOTHER CHILL AND CLOSED IT.
THE DESK WAS FULL OF STRANGE BOXES AND SPOOLS OF TAPE.

I SAW LABELS WITH OUR NAMES ON THEM, AND OTHERS I DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND. I DECIDED TO CLEAN HOUSE.

I FOUND A GRIP AND DUMPED EVERYTHING FROM THE DESK INTO IT. EVEN THE KID'S BOOK.

BREAK AND ENTER. THEFT. TAMPERING WITH EVIDENCE.
COULD I EVEN CALL MYSELF A POLICEMAN ANYMORE?

PROB'LY NOT. I'D THROWN AWAY THAT RIGHT LONG AGO, IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE.

I HEADED BACK TO BYRON'S HIDEAWAY.
THE ENTIRE BUILDING WAS BOARDED UP TO DETER THE CURIOUS, AND THE ONLY WAY IN WAS THROUGH THE MANHOLE IN THE ALLEY.

THE THOUGHT OF HAVING TO LUG ALL THAT GEAR DOWN THE LADDER HAD ME CURSING UNDER MY BREATH WHEN I HEARD HIM.

PASSED OUT COLD. I COULD SMELL THE WHISKEY COMING OUT OF HIS PORES.
BYRON?

H-HOLLIS? WHAT HAPPENED?
EASY, BUDDY. IT'S OKAY. YOU JUST TOOK A SPILL. LET'S GET YOU INSIDE.

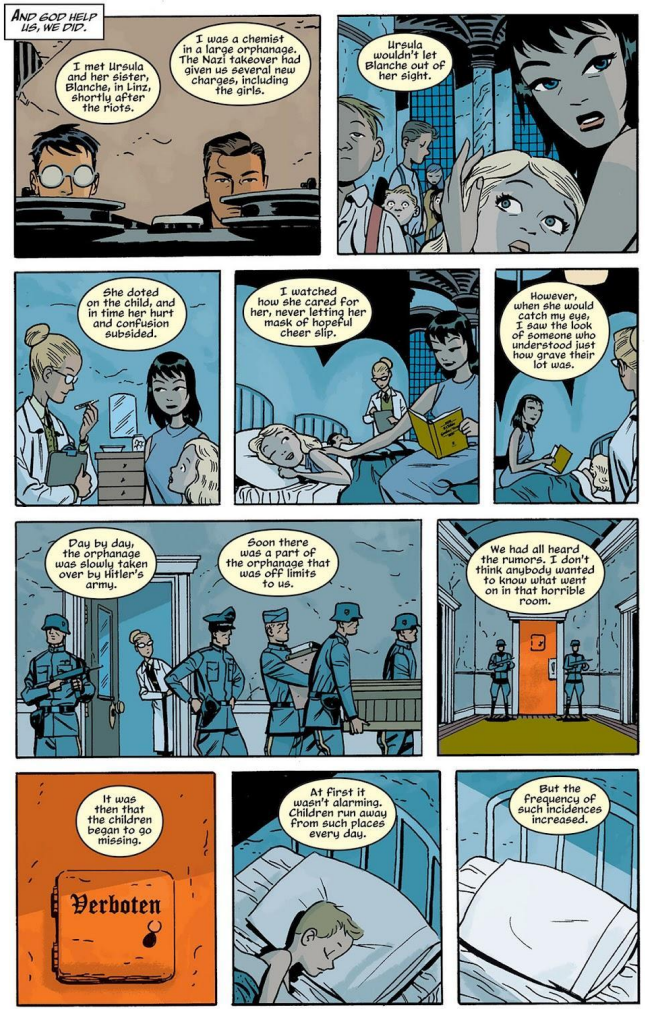
I'M SORRY, HOLLIS.
DON'T BE GOOFY. LET'S JUST GET YOU UPSTAIRS.
AFTER I UNLOADED BYRON I BROUGHT ALL THE GEAR FROM URSULA'S IN AND THEN SHOT OUT FOR SOME COFFEE AND SANDWICHES.

WHEN I GOT BACK, BYRON LOOKED LIKE HE'D GOTTEN HIS ACT TOGETHER.
HEY.
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
I TOOK IT FROM URSULA'S.

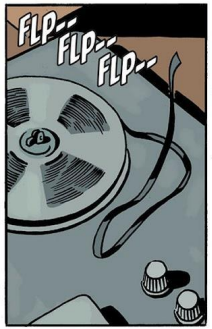
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE EATING?
HASHISH. HELPS WITH THE PAIN IN MY BACK AND KNEE.
JESUS, BYRON.

THEY HAD A TAPE RECORDER? PRETTY SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT.
I THINK GRETCHEN USED IT FOR HER WORK. BUT THERE'S A TAPE ON EACH OF US.
THE EARLIEST DATED TAPES ARE LABELED "URSULA."

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD LISTEN TO THEM?
I DO.


And God help us, we did.
I met Ursula and her sister, Blanche, in Linz, shortly after the riots.
I was a chemist in a large orphanage. The Nazi takeover had given us several new charges, including the girls.
Ursula wouldn't let Blanche out of her sight.
She doted on the child, and in time her hurt and confusion subsided.
I watched how she cared for her, never letting her mask of hopeful cheer slip.
However, when she would catch my eye, I saw the look of someone who understood just how grave their lot was.
Day by day, the orphanage was slowly taken over by Hitler's army.
Soon there was a part of the orphanage that was off limits to us.
We had all heard the rumors. I don't think anybody wanted to know what went on in that horrible room.
It was then that the children began to go missing.
Verboten
At first it wasn't alarming. Children run away from such places every day.
But the frequency of such incidences increased.

Amidst all of this, Ursula and I improbably, foolishly, found each other.
I knew time was short and I had to act.
Every penny I could muster went to a forger for travel papers that would get the three of us to the United States.
The next morning I found Ursula beside herself with worry.
Blanche had gone missing.
We both knew she hadn't run away, but what could we do?
If we spoke up, we'd be taken away like so many others had been.
I spent the morning in a trance, making discreet inquiries that brought no answers. And then I saw Ursula walk by my office with the cakes.
She acted without fear or hesitation.
Without mercy.
I felt my love for her vaulting over everything. I let her courage set our fate.



END CHAPTER FOUR

the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS
Part Two
AS I WAITED FOR DEATH, MY MIND FLED ELSEWHERE.
BUT I FOUND NO RESPITE FROM HORROR, AS OUT OF BLACK-RIMMED EYES I SAW A MASSACRE UNFOLD.
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
YET MORE INNOCENTS ATTACKED, TO BE TAKEN BY SNAKEHEAD AND HIS EVIL COLLEGE OF SLAVERS!
BUT NO...NOT THIS TIME.
FEATHERED AND TATTOOED WARRIORS POURED INTO THE VILLAGE FROM THE SURROUNDING JUNGLES TO STOP THE MURDER AND ENSLAVEMENT OF THEIR PEOPLES!
WITH A SAVAGERY TO RIVAL THE SPANISH PRIVATEERS, THEY KILLED ALL THE WOULD-BE SLAVERS...

...ALL EXCEPT ONE... SNAKEHEAD!
PE, POREAÛSUB, ORÉ-ETAMA O-SYK. PE, ILIKAU KA'A MI-TYM NHO-MBLIERA TAKUARA-E-È. PE, ETÉ-ABA EMBIAÛSUB-AMO.
O MANÒ XE, KÛARASY XE-EPIAK. SUMARÃ OBASEM NDE. MANEMA MANÒ RESÉ OMA'È YBY.
POREAÛSUB, EROIEABYK.
SSSSNAKE...
...SSSSSSAVED!
QUETZALCOATL!
A COLD, FETID BREATH FEATHERED OVER MY NECK.
BETTER FOR ME TO DIE NOW...
...THAN TO LOOK ANY LONGER OUT OF THESE DEAD EYES!
THROUGH DEATH--REBIRTH.
I COME TO YOU, MY PET.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: SILK SPECTRE #4!

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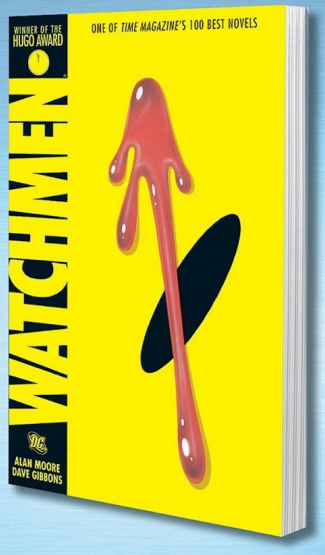
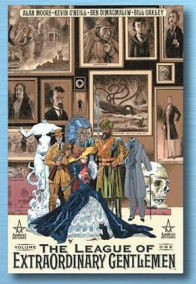
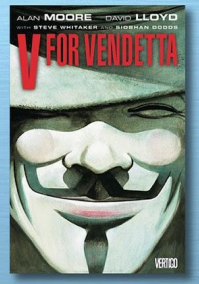


THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 1



THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN VOL. 2

V FOR VENDETTA



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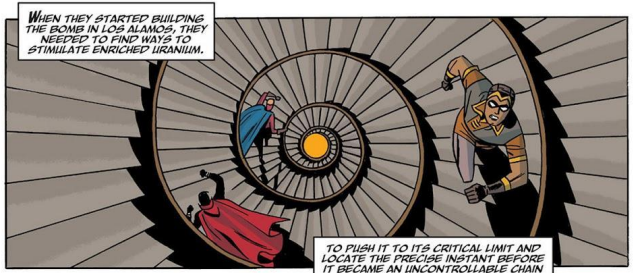
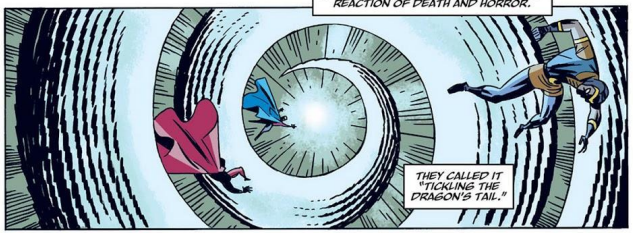
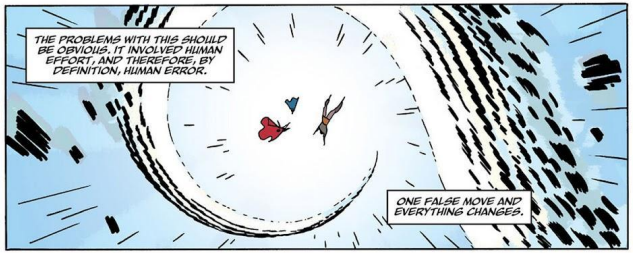
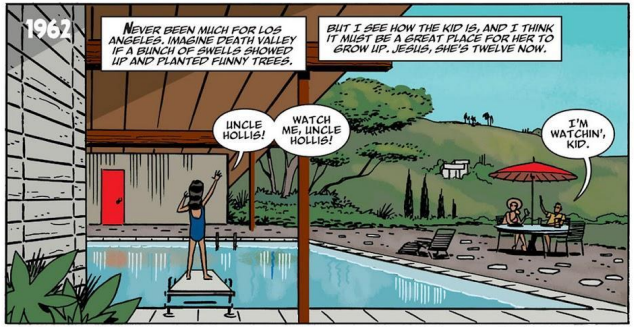

WHEN THEY STARTED BUILDING THE BOMB IN LOS ALAMOS, THEY NEEDED TO FIND WAYS TO STIMULATE ENRICHED URANIUM.


TO PUSH IT TO ITS CRITICAL LIMIT AND LOCATE THE PRECISE INSTANT BEFORE IT BECAME AN UNCONTROLLABLE CHAIN REACTION OF DEATH AND HORROR.
THEY CALLED IT "TICKLING THE DRAGON'S TAIL."


THE PROBLEMS WITH THIS SHOULD BE OBVIOUS. IT INVOLVED HUMAN EFFORT, AND THEREFORE, BY DEFINITION, HUMAN ERROR.
ONE FALSE MOVE AND EVERYTHING CHANGES.

FOR ALL TIME.


1962
NEVER BEEN MUCH FOR LOS ANGELES. IMAGINE DEATH VALLEY IF A BUNCH OF SWELLS SHOWED UP AND PLANTED FUNNY TREES.
BUT I SEE HOW THE KID IS, AND I THINK IT MUST BE A GREAT PLACE FOR HER TO GROW UP. JESUS, SHE'S TWELVE NOW.
UNCLE HOLLIS!
WATCH ME, UNCLE HOLLIS!
I'M WATCHIN', KID.

COWABUNGA!

I'LL NEVER BE A FATHER, BUT THERE'S A THING I FELT WHENEVER I SAW LAURIE.
THAT THING A MAN FEELS WHEN HE LOVES SOMEONE SO PERFECT THAT HE WANTS TO KEEP THEM SAFE.

AN UNCLE'S PRIDE, I GUESS.
SHE'S AMAZING, SALLY.
POOR HOLLIS. SHE HAS YOU WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER.

BEFORE SHE GETS OUT, WE SHOULD TALK.
LARRY CAME BY HERE LAST WEEK, AND NELSON CALLS ME AT NIGHT CRYING HIS HEART OUT.

I'M ASSUMING YOU'RE HERE TO TELL ME YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES ABOUT THAT DREADFUL BOOK OF YOURS.

UHHH... NOT EXACTLY.
I CAME HERE HOPING YOU'D BE OKAY WITH IT.

OKAY WITH IT?
OKAY? WITH WHICH PART? THE PART WHERE I'M YOUNG AND VAIN AND SHALLOW?

THE PART WHERE I MURDER THE LIQUIDATOR? THE PART WHERE EDDIE ATTACKED ME?

HONESTLY, HOLLIS. I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE A MEAN BONE IN YOUR BODY SO I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION YOU'RE JUST STUPID.

C'MON, SAL.
AREN'T YOU BEING A LITTLE OVERDRAMATIC?

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS ABOUT?
YOU? ME? SOME GUILT YOU FEEL FOR DOING SOMETHING YOU REGRET?

SALLY, I--
DO YOU THINK THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?

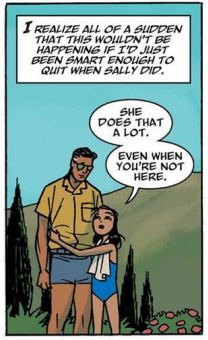
TAKE A LOOK AROUND.

THAT IS, IF YOU CAN PULL YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR BEHIND LONG ENOUGH.
SALLY--

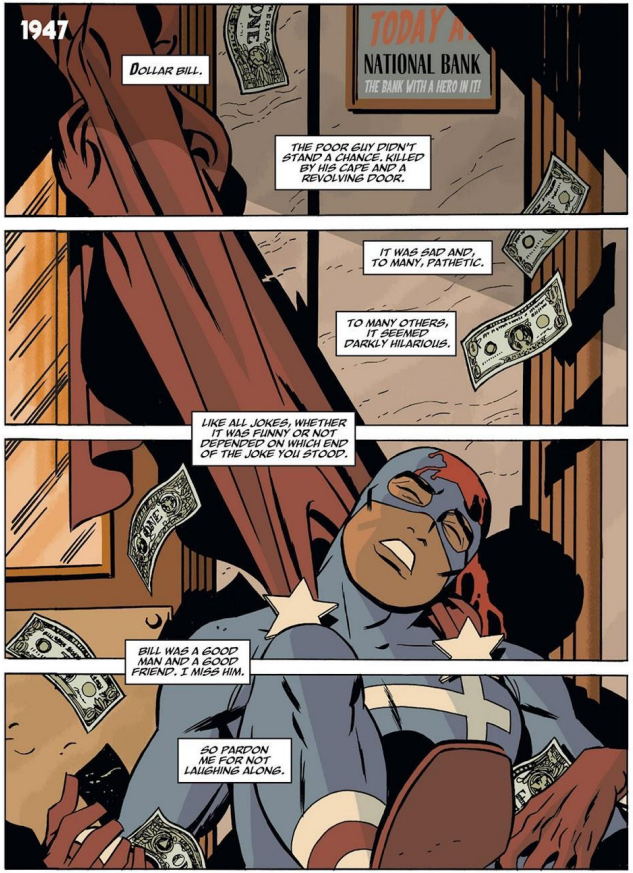
C'MON, SAL.
SAL, I'M SORRY!
MOM?

WHY IS MOM CRYING?
IT'S MY FAULT, KID.

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, UNCLE HOLLIS.


I REALIZE ALL OF A SUDDEN THAT THIS WOULDN'T BE HAPPENING IF I'D JUST BEEN SMART ENOUGH TO QUIT WHEN SALLY DID.
SHE DOES THAT A LOT.
EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT HERE.

CHAPTER FIVE: THE DEMON CORE



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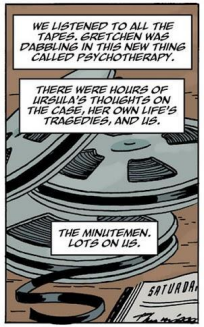
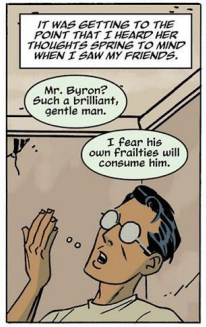
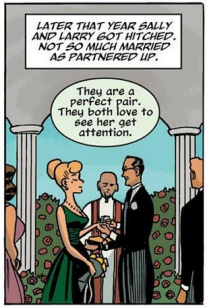
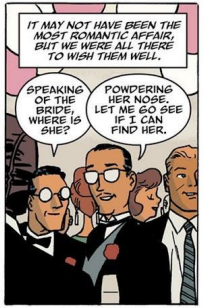








WITH BILL DEAD AND SALLY GONE, THAT LEFT THE FOUR OF US. I'M STILL NOT SURE WHY WE DIDN'T CALL IT QUITS RIGHT THEN.

BYRON AND I WORKED THE CASE. CANVASSING, PATROLLING AND CHASING DOWN KIDS WHO CAME UP MISSING.

ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR ANOTHER KID WOULD TURN UP DEAD, AND MY GUILT WOULD DEEPEN.
THIS THING NEEDED SHERLOCK HOLMES AND WATSON. NOT A DRUNK AND A BEAT COP WITH QUICK FISTS.

BY THEN THE COSTUMED ADVENTURER FAD HAD PASSED. THERE JUST WEREN'T THAT MANY VILLAINS LEFT TO FIGHT.
EVERY NOW AND THEN KING OF SKIN OR MOLOCH WOULD SHOW UP AND WE'D GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS.

OTHER THAN THAT, THE MINUTEMEN HAD EVEN GIVEN UP ON REGULAR MEETINGS. WITHOUT LARRY DRIVING THINGS, IT ALL JUST LAPSED.
BYRON?

BYRON AND I HADN'T SEEN JUSTICE OR METROPOLIS IN OVER FIVE WEEKS WHEN THE CALL CAME IN.
BYRON!
ANSWER THE PHONE!

HELLO?
REALLY? C'MON, DON'T PLAY--
OKAY. FINE.

WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
IT WAS NELSON.

I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE.

NELSON HAD MADE IT SOUND LIKE IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH FOR THOUSANDS.
ARRIVING THERE, I BEGAN TO HAVE MY DOUBTS.

I TRUST YOU TWO KNOW OF BLUECOAT AND SCOUT?

EVERYONE KNEW OF BLUECOAT AND SCOUT. THEY WERE AMERICA'S FAVORITE HEROES.

DIRTY JAPS!
THE PROBLEM WAS, THEY WERE COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS. THEY WEREN'T REAL PEOPLE.
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, BLUECOAT HURTLES TOWARD THE SPIES!

THIS IS A JOKE, RIGHT?
LET ME GUESS. WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT A GANG OF FUNNY-BOOK PIRATES BEFORE THEY STEAL THE CROWN JEWELS?

I REALIZE HOW THIS MUST SEEM TO YOU.
ALL I ASK IS FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME. YOUR CAPTAIN FEELS QUITE STRONGLY ABOUT IT.

COME INTO THE WAR ROOM. I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH.
STEP LIVELY, MEN. TIME IS SHORT.

SO WHO ARE WE GOING UP AGAINST?
ARE THE BRITISH INVADING?

ACTUALLY, NO.
IT'S THE JAPANESE.

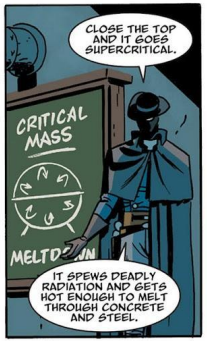
DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW?
LAST MONTH A SIXTEEN-POUND BALL OF ENRICHED URANIUM WAS STOLEN FROM LOS ALAMOS.

TONIGHT, TWELVE JAPANESE NATIONALISTS PLAN TO USE THAT URANIUM TO CONTAMINATE YOUR CITY.
IF THEY SUCCEED, THOUSANDS MAY DIE FROM RADIATION POISONING.

THEY WANT REVENGE FOR NAGASAKI AND HIROSHIMA.
JESUS. THEY HAVE A BOMB?

NO. THEY HAVEN'T THE MEANS OR RESOURCES FOR THAT.
THEY'RE GOING TO CAUSE A MELTDOWN.
SEE HERE, MEN.

THEY HAVE CREATED A TUNGSTEN-LINED SPHERE, KIND OF LIKE A BARBECUE.
BY SLOWLY LOWERING THE TOP ONTO THE SPHERE, IT BRINGS THE URANIUM CLOSE TO CRITICAL MASS.
BERYLIUM SPHERE
CORE


CLOSE THE TOP AND IT GOES SUPERCRITICAL.
CRITICAL MASS
IT SPEWS DEADLY RADIATION AND GETS HOT ENOUGH TO MELT THROUGH CONCRETE AND STEEL.

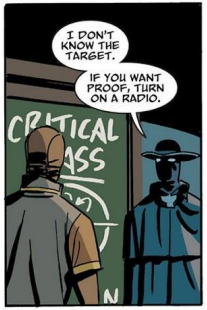
BUT-- NO ONE HAS EVER DONE THAT ON PURPOSE.
IT'S ONLY HAPPENED BY ACCIDENT, FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS.

YOU WOULD HAVE TO DO IT MANUALLY.
I-IT WOULD BE A SUICIDE MISSION.

MORE LIKE A KAMIKAZE RUN.
GOD-DAMNED SAVAGES.

THEIR PLAN IS TO TAKE OVER A PUBLIC BUILDING WITH HOSTAGES. THEY WILL USE FALSE NEGOTIATIONS TO KEEP THE AUTHORITIES AT BAY AND BUY THE TIME NEEDED TO CAUSE THE MELTDOWN.
IT'S A HELL OF A STORY. LET'S SAY IT'S ALL TRUE.

I'LL EVEN PRETEND YOU AND SCOUT THERE ARE REAL.
JUST SHOW ME SOME PROOF. WHERE IS THIS HAPPENING, AND WHEN?


I DON'T KNOW THE TARGET.
IF YOU WANT PROOF, TURN ON A RADIO.

AT TEN O'CLOCK THEY'RE GOING TO CUT INTO ALL MAJOR FREQUENCIES TO ANNOUNCE THEIR DEMANDS.

TWENTY MINUTES. WE CAN AFFORD TO WAIT TWENTY MINUTES.

IT HAPPENED AT TEN, JUST LIKE HE SAID IT WOULD.
IT WAS PROOF. IT MADE OUR BLOOD RUN COLD.
WE WENT TO WORK.

DROP THE SATCHEL CHARGE ON THIS SIDE AND THEN LAND HERE.
WE DEPLOY ON THIS SIDE, HOLD THE ENTRANCE, AND LOCATE THE DEVICE.

NELSON HAD COME ALIVE. THIS WAS THE BIGGEST THING WE'D EVER FACED AND HE HAD A FEARSOME, HUNGRY LOOK IN HIS EYES.
ARE YOU WITH ME?

W-WE HAVE TO DO THIS. NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS.

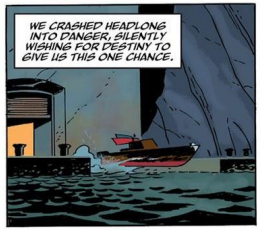
I SUPPOSE WE ALL NEEDED IT.
WE'RE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN.

EXCELLENT. MOTHMAN, YOU'RE TOPSIDE.
JUSTICE, BRING THE THOMPSONS AND SIDE ARMS. I'LL START UP THE BOAT.
YOU HAVE A BOAT?

NOBODY SAID IT OUT LOUD. IT WAS JUST SO RIDICULOUS.

A WASHED-UP QUARTET TEAMING UP WITH FICTIONAL CHARACTERS.

BUT INSIDE EACH OF US—EVEN WITH THE STRANGER AND THE BOY I COULD SENSE THIS—INSIDE EACH OF US WAS A NEED FOR THIS TO BE REAL.


WE CRASHED HEADLONG INTO DANGER, SILENTLY WISHING FOR DESTINY TO GIVE US THIS ONE CHANCE.

TO BE GOOD. TO DO RIGHT.

BLUECOAT HAD BEEN WRONG ABOUT THE TARGET. THEY DIDN'T GO FOR POPULATION.
THEY WENT AFTER THE SYMBOL. LIBERTY ISLAND.

AT THE PRECISE TIME CHOSEN—

WITHOUT A DRINK IN HIM—

BYRON TOOK POINT, ONE LAST TIME.

SIXTY SECONDS, MEN!

WHO WE ARE IS NOT IMPORTANT.
I UNDERSTAND THE SECRET IDENTITY THING. I DO.

BUT YOU'RE TWO PEOPLE PRETENDING TO BE FICTIONAL MYSTERY MEN.
IT'S... KINDA CRAZY.

WE COULDN'T GO TO THE AUTHORITIES AND WE NEEDED YOUR HELP.
THIS SEEMED A GOOD WAY OF GETTING YOUR ATTENTION.

WOULD YOU FEEL BETTER IF WE WERE DRESSED LIKE BIRDS?

TOUCHÉ.

CUT THE LIGHTS.

THOSE FILTHY HEATHENS. LOOKS LIKE A DOZEN OR SO, ALL HEAVILY ARMED.

WHY'D WE STOP?
WE'RE WAITING FOR MOTHMAN TO DROP MY SURPRISE.

WHAT'S IN THE SATCHEL?

SOME TRACERS, TEAR GAS.

AND OF COURSE, SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHINESE FIRE-WORKS.
THE MAN WAS IN HIS GLORY.

IT'S WORKING. THEY'RE ALL HEADING FOR THE DECOY.

HERE WE GO, MEN!
LET'S SHOW THOSE DIRTY JAPS WHAT WE'RE MADE OF!

IT ALL HAPPENED IN A MAD RUSH FROM THAT POINT.

NO WARNINGS.
SHOOT TO KILL!

QUICKLY, NOW.

STEADY--

AHH.

?!?

ARRGH!
BEHIND US!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
YOU THREE GET IN THERE AND FIND THE DEVICE. WE'LL HOLD THESE SLOPES BACK.

THE WHOLE THING WAS INSANE, RUNNING IN THERE UNDER FIRE WITH AN UNARMED KID.

THEY MUST BE UP THERE. LOOKS LIKE WE CLIMB.

NO ONE MUST GET PAST YOU.
NOW GO!
YES, SIR.

HOLD UP-- DO YOU HEAR--?

UNNH!

SON OF A BITCH!

FATHER?

FATHER!

I'LL KILL YOU, OLD MAN!

WHAT OLD MAN?
KID, HANG ON! STOP!

GOOD... GOOD...

AND SO.

IN THIRTY SECONDS WE REMOVE THE RODS AND JOIN OUR ANCESTORS WITH HONOR.

OH, DEAR GOD.

PLEASE, LET ME DO THIS.

HUNPH!!

OUTSIDE!

AAIEE!

GAHH!

COVER ME!
WE HAVE A MAN DOWN.

FACE ME!

FACE ME, OLD MAN!

AI!

TO THIS DAY I WONDER HOW IT WOULD HAVE GONE IF I HADN'T SHOT HIM.

KID!

I COULDN'T SEE UP THERE, BUT THE LIGHT.
THE LIGHT WAS PURE BLUE.

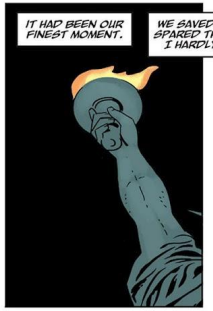
IT TOOK THE KID SIX SECONDS TO PULL THE LID OFF THAT THING.

HE'D BE DEAD IN AS MANY DAYS.

BY THE TIME I GOT UP THERE, IT WAS ALL OVER.

HE WAS HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING. I YANKED AT HIS MASK.

JAPANESE.
THE KID WAS JAPANESE.


IT HAD BEEN OUR FINEST MOMENT.

WE SAVED THE ISLAND AND SPARED THE CITY A HORROR I HARDLY UNDERSTOOD.
THE KID HAD STOPPED THE DISASTER, BUT IT HAD BEEN METROPOLIS WHO'D MASTERMINDED OUR ASSAULT.

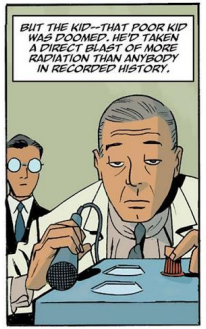
THE MINUTEMEN COULD FINALLY LAY CLAIM TO THEIR NAMESAKE.
BUT IT WASN'T TO BE.
WITHIN AN HOUR, THE GOVERNMENT BEGAN SCREWING A LID ON THE WHOLE THING.

TWELVE JAPANESE MEN STEAL OUR URANIUM AND TAKE OVER LIBERTY ISLAND. THE WHOLE THING STOPPED BY SOME JAP KID DRESSED LIKE JIM BOWIE?

THEY DIDN'T WANT THE EMBARRASSMENT OR THE PANIC SUCH A STORY WOULD BRING.
IT HAD BEEN OUR FINEST MOMENT.

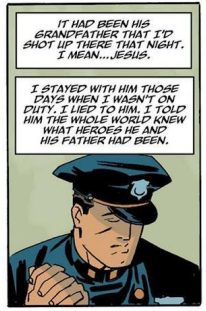
BUT THE PUBLIC WOULD NEVER KNOW.

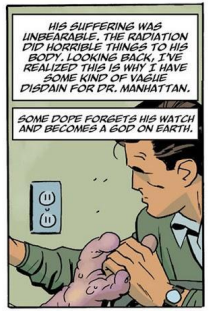
THE BOY WAS SICK. EVEN I COULD SEE THAT. BUT I DIDN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND. THANK GOD FOR BYRON. HE HAD SOME PULL AT A PRIVATE CLINIC AND KNEW WHAT TESTS TO RUN.
I CAME BACK OKAY. SOMETHING ABOUT DISTANCE AND ALL THE METAL SHIELDING ME.


BUT THE KID—THAT POOR KID WAS DOOMED. HE'D TAKEN A DIRECT BLAST OF MORE RADIATION THAN ANYBODY IN RECORDED HISTORY.

HIS MOTHER HAD DIED IN AN INTERNMENT CAMP DURING THE WAR. HE AND HIS FATHER HAD JOINED THE OTHERS OUT OF HATRED AND A NEED FOR REVENGE.
BUT WE REALIZED WHAT WE WERE DOING WAS WRONG. WHAT WOULD MY MOTHER THINK OF US?

FATHER WANTED TO STOP THEM SOME WAY, BUT WE COULDN'T GO TO THE POLICE. THEY WOULD TAKE US AWAY AGAIN.
THE DISGUISE WAS MY IDEA. BLUECOAT IS MY FAVORITE COMIC BOOK. WE DECIDED TO BE HEROES.
LIKE YOU.


IT HAD BEEN HIS GRANDFATHER THAT I'D SHOT UP THERE THAT NIGHT. I MEAN...JESUS.
I STAYED WITH HIM THOSE DAYS WHEN I WASN'T ON DUTY. I LIED TO HIM. I TOLD HIM THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW WHAT HEROES HE AND HIS FATHER HAD BEEN.

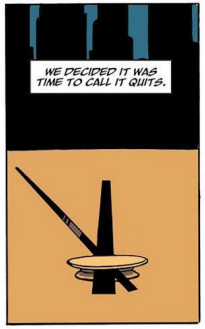

HIS SUFFERING WAS UNBEARABLE. THE RADIATION DID HORRIBLE THINGS TO HIS BODY. LOOKING BACK, I'VE REALIZED THIS IS WHY I HAVE SOME KIND OF VAGUE DISDAIN FOR DR. MANHATTAN.
SOME DOPE FORGETS HIS WATCH AND BECOMES A GOD ON EARTH.

SOME POOR KID SAVES NEW YORK CITY AND HE GETS TO SUFFER AND DIE ALONE AND FORGOTTEN.
WHAT KIND OF SICK WORLD IS THIS?

WHAT WAS THE POINT OF ANY OF IT?
BYRON TRIED TO TELL ME IT DID MATTER. APPARENTLY SOME SCIENTISTS FOUND OUT HOW CLOSE THINGS HAD COME AND BUILT SOME KIND OF DOOMSDAY CLOCK TO ALERT THE WORLD.

ANOTHER SYMBOL. ANOTHER MAXIM. I WISH I COULD SAY THAT MATTERED ONE DAMN BIT TO ME.

1949
FOR A COUPLE YEARS, THINGS JUST DRIFTED. THE LIBERTY COVER-UP HAD DESTROYED NELSON.
In his heart, Nelson was a warrior. What good was the fight without the glory?


WE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO CALL IT QUITS.

THERE WAS NO DRAMATIC SPLIT OR SCANDALOUS SCENE.
WE WERE ALL JUST TIRED OF IT.

I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE RETIRED THEN, BUT I KEPT TRYING TO MAKE GOOD ON SOMETHING WAY TOO BIG FOR ME.
Promise me, Hollis.
Promise me.

BYRON...WELL, BYRON TEND'ED HIS GARDEN.

IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT MISERY, SOMETHING HAPPENED.
YOU'RE KIDDING?
WELL, THAT'S GREAT NEWS, SALLY.

LIFE'S GIVEN ME MY FAIR SHARE OF WOMEN, BUT I'VE ONLY EVER LOVED ONE.

EVEN THOUGH 1949 WAS ONE OF THE WORST YEARS OF MY LIFE, I DON'T REMEMBER IT THAT WAY.

IT WAS THE YEAR I FELL IN LOVE AGAIN.
HER NAME IS LAUREL JANE.

1952
AFTER WE BROKE UP, NELSON ABANDONED THE TOWER AND MOVED BACK TO THE CITY. WE EACH CONTINUED ON IN OUR OWN WAY, BUT THE PUBLIC HAD LARGELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT US.
UNTIL WE WERE CALLED IN FRONT OF CONGRESS DURING THE RED SCARE.

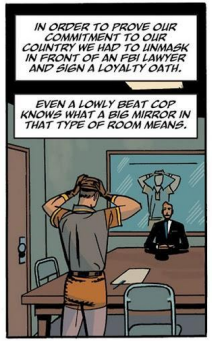
THAT'S WHEN JUSTICE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, REFUSING TO COME IN FOR QUESTIONING.
ERE IS JUSTICE

THE REST OF US DIDN'T LIKE IT, BUT WE WEREN'T STUPID.
WE SURRENDERED FOR QUESTIONING TOGETHER.

THE VERY NOTION IS ABSURD.
MY ENTIRE LIFE HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO PROTECTING THE AMERICAN WAY.

SUBVERSIVE?
I'M NOT EVEN SURE I KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS.

EXCUSE ME. I SEEM TO HAVE...
WHAT WAS THE QUESTION AGAIN?


IN ORDER TO PROVE OUR COMMITMENT TO OUR COUNTRY WE HAD TO UNMASK IN FRONT OF AN FBI LAWYER AND SIGN A LOYALTY OATH.
EVEN A LOWLY BEAT COP KNOWS WHAT A BIG MIRROR IN THAT TYPE OF ROOM MEANS.

I HAD A FEELING I KNEW WHO WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

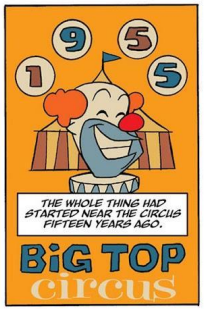
SOME YOUTHFUL ASSOCIATIONS HAD MADE THEM LEAN HARDEST ON BYRON.
THE LAST OF HIS NERVE POURED OUT ONTO HIS LOYALTY OATH.

1955
I'D NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A COP. CLOSING ON MY TWENTY AND STILL WALKING A BEAT.
BUT I LIKED IT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD REMINDED ME THERE WAS A GOOD TO MOST PEOPLE.
EAT, YOU SKINNY MAN.
THANKS, DENISE.
OFFICER HOLLIS?

EVENING, MRS. MUSANTE.
HAVE YOU SEEN TINO JR.?
HE AIN'T BEEN HOME SINCE THIS MORNING.

HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE CIRCUS WITH SOME FRIENDS.
HE SHOULD'A BEEN BACK HOURS AGO.

THE CIRCUS.
WAS THIS THE THING I'D FORGOTTEN? WAS THE SECRET TO THE CASE THERE SOMEHOW?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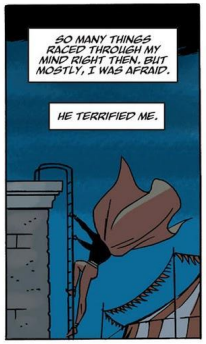
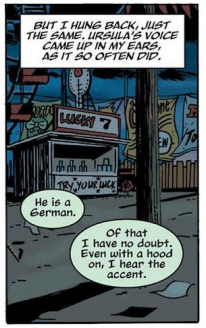
THE WHOLE THING HAD STARTED NEAR THE CIRCUS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.
BIG TOP
circus

MAYBE THIS WAS WHERE IT'D END.
I PERCHED THERE, THE CIRCUS LONG CLOSED UP FOR THE EVENING. BEYOND IT SAT THAT HORRIBLE BUILDING FROM THAT NIGHT SO LONG AGO.
THE NIGHT WE FOUND THAT FIRST BOY.

I WAS STEELING MYSELF TO START A SEARCH, AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW HIM.


SO MANY THINGS RACED THROUGH MY MIND RIGHT THEN. BUT MOSTLY, I WAS AFRAID.
HE TERRIFIED ME.

I DECIDED HE HAD TO BE WORKING THE CASE AS WELL. THE ALTERNATIVE WAS TOO MUCH TO CONSIDER.


BUT I HUNG BACK, JUST THE SAME. URSULA'S VOICE CAME UP IN MY EARS, AS IT SO OFTEN DID.
He is a German.
Of that I have no doubt. Even with a hood on, I hear the accent.

Justice. What an ironic name for such a man.
I am thinking he is less about the justice and more about the power and control.

I DIDN'T WANT TO GO IN THERE.

BUT I HAD TO.

I HAD TO KNOW.

I STOOD AT THE DOOR OF THE ROOM I HAD ENTERED SO LONG AGO.
I WANTED TO TURN AND RUN AWAY, SCREAM LIKE A CHILD, ANYTHING BUT STEP BACK INTO THAT ROOM.

STILL, I DID IT.
TINO? ARE YOU HERE?

END CHAPTER FIVE

The Saga of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
WIDE WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS
Part Seven
MISTER WOODS, SIR, THERE BE A FLASH OF LIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.
AH, YOUNG SIR, WHAT YOU BE SEEING THERE IS THE GOLDEN DOMES OF THE CLOUD CITY REFLECTING THE MORNING SUN.
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
CLOUD CITY?
THIS BEING YOUR FIRST TRIP TO PORT AU PRINCE--CARE IS THE WORD, MIDSHIPMAN. THIS IS A MYSTERIOUS AND CRUEL LAND.
THERE BE A LOST TRIBE OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION, HIDDEN IN THE INTERIOR.
ANY WHITE MAN THEY CAPTURE, THEY POUR MOLTEN GOLD OVER HIM, TO PUNISH HIM FOR HIS GREED.
MISTER WOODS, SIR, YOU BE JOKING ON ME SURELY?
NEVER, YOUNG SIR, BUT I BE THINKIN', IF I LET IT BE KNOWN, ITS NOT THE GOLD I WANT, IT IS THE HARLOTS THAT IT BUYS I BE GREEDY FOR...
...MAYBE THEY WILL COVER ME IN POONANY!
YOU ARE JOKING ON ME.
HA. MAYBE I AM, SON. BUT LET ME TELL YOU A TRUE STORY ABOUT THE FLYING DUTCHMAN...
THE SUN SCORCHED DOWN, SHIMMERING IN THE MORNING MIST LIKE A BRASS GONG AFTER BEING STRUCK BY GOD'S HAND TO WELCOME IN THE DAY.
THE HEAT EVEN NOW IS STIFLING, DRYING OUT MY BODY, THE SKIN OF A DEAD MAN GETTING TIGHTER OVER MY EYES.
BY MIDDAY I WILL BE DEAD.
I PULLED ON THE CHAINS BINDING ME--THEY GAVE SLIGHTLY, BUT...?

PIEL...
MI PIEL...
AIEEE-ARREEE!
MI PIEL!
DEVOLVEME... MI PIEL!
'TIS A DAY FOR REBORNS. WELCOME BACK, SNAKEHEAD--YOU MALIGNANT, TWISTED SOUL.
¿DÓNDE ESTÁS, PIEL?
TODAY--YOU DIE, GORDON MCCLACHLAN.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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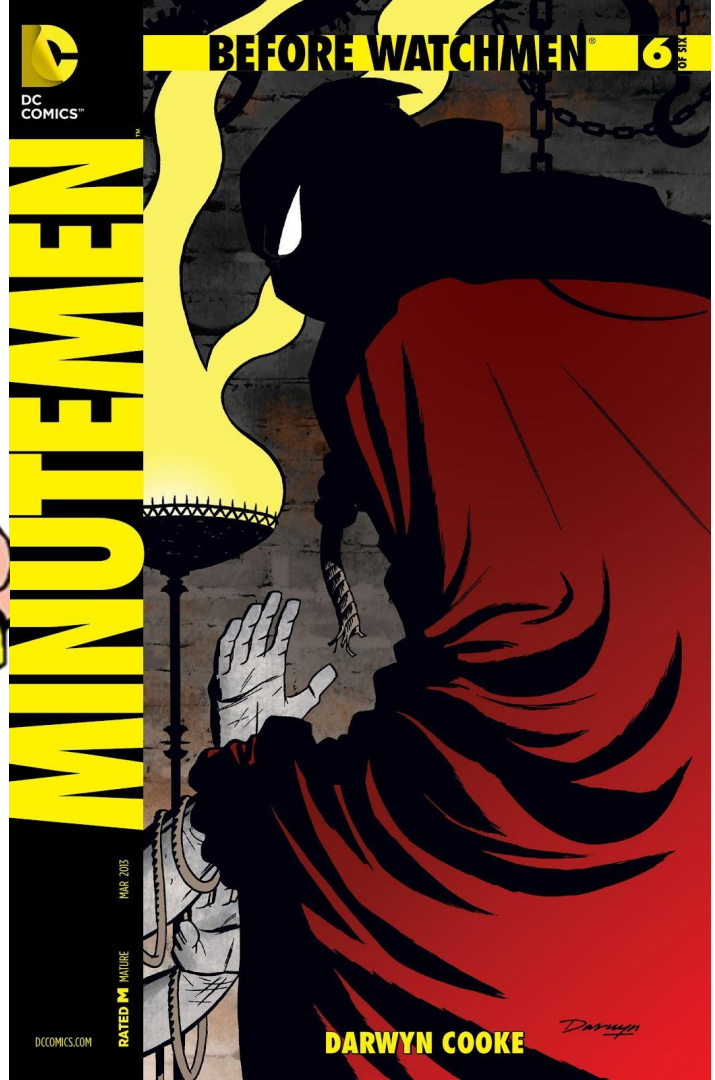
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CHAPTER SIX: THE LAST MINUTE

DARWYN COOKE WRITER & ARTIST

PHIL NOTO COLORIST **JARED K. FLETCHER** LETTERER **DARWYN COOKE** COVER ARTIST **BECKY CLOONAN** VARIANT COVER ARTIST
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR **WIL MOSS** ASSOCIATE EDITOR **MARK CHIARELLO** EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY **ALAN MOORE** & **DAVE GIBBONS**

IT HAD BEEN TWO WEEKS SINCE THAT NIGHT WITH JUSTICE.

WHEN I FINALLY CAME TO, I WAS ABLE TO FREE THE KID AND GET HIM HOME.

EVERY DAY AND NIGHT SINCE THEN, I'D BEEN OUT, VAINLY SEARCHING FOR HOODED JUSTICE. THIS WOULDN'T BE OVER UNTIL I BROUGHT HIM IN.

PEOPLE SPOKE, GIVING TESTIMONIALS. JEEZ, ONE GIRL WAS EIGHT WHEN I HELPED HER.
--SAVED ME AND MY BROTHER, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS HURT AWFUL BAD AND HAD--

THEY BROUGHT QUITE A FEW PEOPLE UP TO HONOR ME.
--AND DRAGGED FOUR OF MY MEN OUT OF THAT INFERNO BEFORE IT COLLAPSED. OUR DEBT--

THEY SAVED MRS. MUSANTE AND LITTLE TINO FOR LAST.
GOD BLESS YOU, SIR.
BLESS YOU.

I REALIZED SUDDENLY HOW BADLY I NEEDED THIS.

TO KNOW THAT WHAT I'D DONE MEANT SOMETHING TO SOMEONE.

WHEN THE MUSIC STOPPED, I SAID THE ONLY THING I COULD.
THANK YOU.

THAT NIGHT I COULDN'T CELEBRATE. BYRON AND I WERE DETERMINED TO FIND JUSTICE.
WE'D RUN OUT OF LEADS AND THAT BROUGHT US TO NELSON'S DOOR.

FELLOWS! WHAT A WONDERFUL SURPRISE. COME IN, COME IN.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? A HOT CASE THAT NEEDS SOLVING?
UH... SORT OF.

WONDERFUL.
TO YOUR HEALTH.
CHEERS.

SO WHAT OF THIS CASE OF YOURS?

I'M NOT SURE HOW TO PUT THIS, BUT...
...WE THOUGHT THAT SINCE YOU KNEW HOODED JUSTICE BEST, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US FIND HIM.

I SEE. I WISH I COULD HELP.

THE SAD TRUTH IS I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE THE HVAC BUSINESS STARTED UP.
I THOUGHT THAT THE TWO OF US...

WELL, YOU KNOW. SOMETIMES YOU THINK THAT A FRIENDSHIP IS MAYBE DEEPER THAN IT REALLY IS.

BUT THAT'S LIFE, RIGHT, MEN?

WE START OUT YOUNG AND FULL OF PROMISE. SO CERTAIN OF OURSELVES AND THE WORLD AROUND US.

THEN ONE DAY WE WAKE UP AND REALIZE THAT WAS ALL A FRAUD.

YOU WAKE UP ALONE AND REALIZE EVERYTHING YOU BELIEVED TO BE TRUE IS A LIE.

NELSON WAS DRUNK AND FEELING SORRY FOR HIMSELF.
WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
I KNOW, NELSON. IT'S TOUGH. BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP.

ANYTHING YOU CAN REMEMBER THAT MIGHT HELP US FIND HIM.

GOD KNOWS WHERE AND WHO HE'S RUNNING AROUND WITH.
HE'S SICK IN THE HEAD, YOU KNOW. IF YOU DO FIND HIM, HE'LL KILL YOU BEFORE HE LETS YOU TAKE HIM IN.

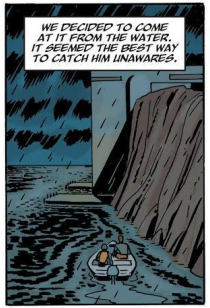
TO THIS DAY I DON'T KNOW WHO HE REALLY IS. THE ONLY HOME I EVER KNEW HIM TO HAVE WAS--

--THE TOWER.

THE TOWER.
LIKE THE NOSE ON OUR FACE: RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

WE COULD HAVE CALLED THE COPS OR THE FEDS. IF THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD JUSTICE IN THERE, THEY'D SURROUND THE PLACE WITH AN ARMY.
BUT IT HAD TO BE US. WE HAD TO BRING HIM IN.

I KNEW BYRON DIDN'T WANT TO DO THIS. I COULD FEEL IT.
STILL, HE DIDN'T HESITATE.


WE DECIDED TO COME AT IT FROM THE WATER. IT SEEMED THE BEST WAY TO CATCH HIM UNAWARES.

WE KNEW THAT IF HE SAW US COMING, WE WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE.

WE PROBABLY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE ANYWAY, BUT HERE WE WERE.

DAMN.
RUSTED SHUT.
LOOKS LIKE WE CLIMB.

THAT'S WHEN THE RAIN REALLY STARTED TO COME DOWN.

IT WAS AS IF SOMEONE WANTED TO MAKE THIS AS HARD AS POSSIBLE.

THE CLIMB WAS EXHAUSTING. WE WERE TOO OLD FOR THESE TYPES OF GAMES.

GIVE ME A SECOND TO GET OUT OF THIS HARNESS.

WE'D HOPED FOR THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, BUT THAT WAS LONG GONE.

IF HE WAS THERE, HE HAD SURELY SPOTTED US BY NOW.

IT WAS TIME FOR ALL OF US TO CONFRONT THIS HEAD ON.

WE KNOW YOU'RE HERE!
BE A MAN AND SHOW YOURSELF.

M-MAYBE HE ISN'T HERE.
AFTER ALL, IT WAS JUST A HUNCH.

OH, HE'S HERE.
I CAN FEEL IT.
HOLLIS!

LOOK OUT!
KRUNCH

BYRON HAD SAVED ME, BUT ONE OF THE BOARDS CLIPPED ME IN THE HEAD AS I WENT OVER.

IT TOOK ME A FEW SECONDS TO CLEAR MY HEAD.
THANKS, BYRON. THAT CRATE COULD'VE--

BYRON?

BYRON!
WHERE ARE YOU?

AS IF IN ANSWER, AN EARSPLITTING SCREAM RIPPED THROUGH THE TOWER.

THE SCREAM CHOKED OFF TO A GURGLE AS I RACED THROUGH THE CORRIDORS.
HANG ON, BYRON!

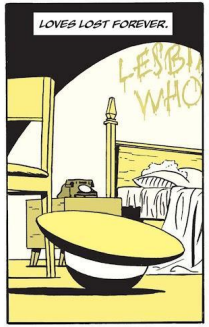
I ROUNDED A CORNER AND FELT MY HEART LEAP INTO MY THROAT.
THERE HE WAS, MORE TERRIFYING THAN EVER.

YOU'VE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE COMING HERE.

TAKE THIS CRETIN AND LEAVE OR I WILL KILL THE BOTH OF YOU.

AND I SUPPOSE THAT WAS THE MOMENT.
THE BLACKNESS OPENED UP AND PULLED ME IN.

PULLED ME DOWN PAST THE SURFACE TO THE HORRORS THAT RIPPLED AND TEEMED BENEATH.


LOVES LOST FOREVER.

BETRAYAL AND TRAGEDY.
DARK AND FINAL REMEMBRANCES.

WHAT KIND OF STUPID SHIT FIGHTS CRIME WITH A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK?

I COULD LIE HERE AND CLAIM I WAS OUT OF MY MIND.

THAT ANGER AND FEAR HAD DRIVEN ME INTO A PSYCHOTIC RAGE.

BUT THE TRUTH IS, I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING.

SNAP

HE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND.

EVEN LYING THERE DEAD, HE SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME.

I HEARD BYRON GROANING IN THE DARKNESS.

BYRON? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
SHUNF!

I THINK I'M GONNA RETIRE NOW.
HA. OKAY THEN.

C'MON.
AS WE GOT TO OUR FEET WE HEARD A HORRIBLE WAILING.

NELSON. I GUESS OUR TALK HAD GOT HIM THINKING AS WELL.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

HE WAS SCREECHING AT US. SOMETHING ABOUT NOT LETTING US TOUCH JUSTICE. UNMASK HIM.
I BARELY HEARD HIM.

I'D NEVER EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT UNMASKING HIM. TO ME, HE HAD NEVER BEEN ANYONE BUT HOODED JUSTICE. AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, THERE WAS NO ONE BENEATH THE MASK.
WE LEFT THEM THERE.

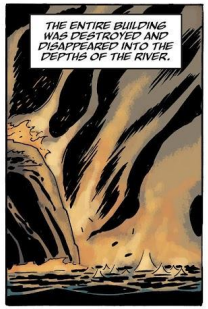
I GOT BYRON HOME AND THEN WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT.

I HAD NO IDEA WHAT NELSON WAS GOING TO DO.

I HALF EXPECTED THE POLICE TO SHOW UP AT MY DOOR.

I REALIZED I DIDN'T CARE. I'D DONE THE RIGHT THING AND WHATEVER THE CONSEQUENCES, I'D FACE THEM PROUDLY.

IN THE MORNING THE PAPERS CARRIED A BIG STORY ABOUT A FREAK EXPLOSION AT AN OLD MALTING MILL ACROSS THE RIVER.


THE ENTIRE BUILDING WAS DESTROYED AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE RIVER.

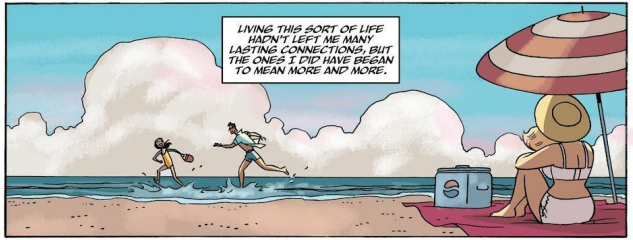
I ASSUME IT WAS NELSON.

PERHAPS COVERING OUR TRACKS. OR MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING MORE ROMANTIC. THE WARRIOR'S FUNERAL FOR HIS LOST MATE.

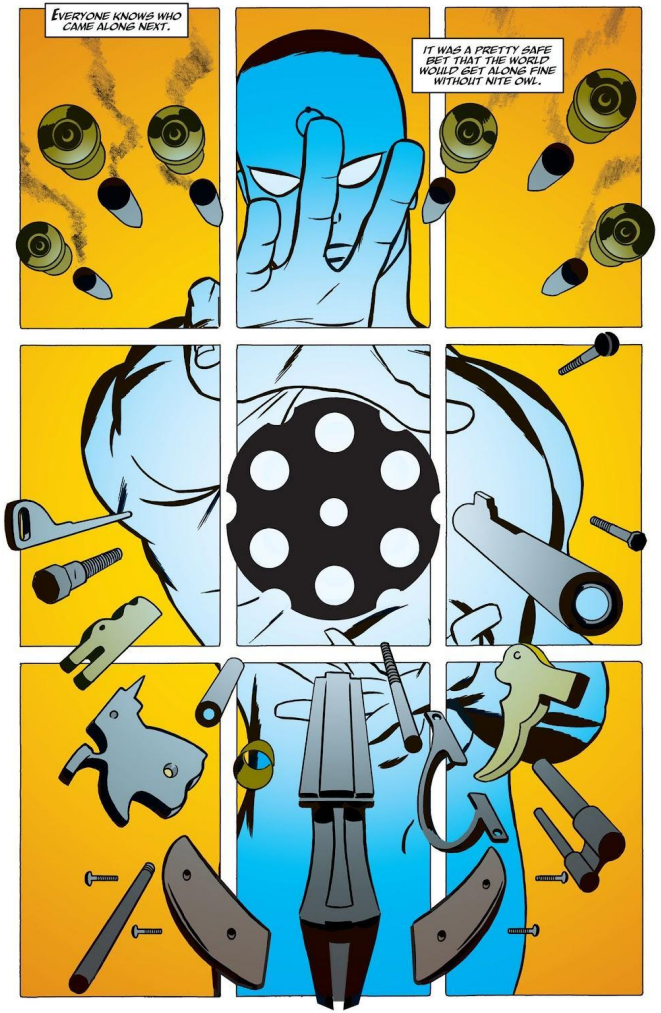
LIKE I SAID, I DIDN'T CARE.
I SLEPT LIKE A BABY.

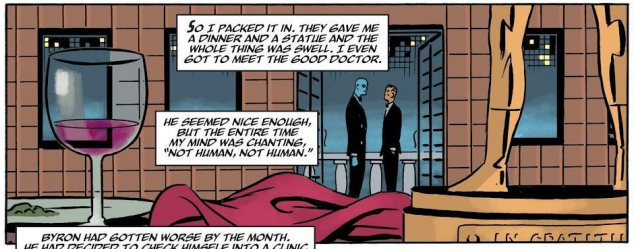
I'M NOT SURE WHY I DIDN'T RETIRE THEN, BUT I'M GLAD I DIDN'T.
I'D KEPT MY PROMISE, AND MY HEART WAS LIGHTER FOR IT. FOR A FEW MONTHS IT WAS GREAT TO SIMPLY WORK MY NEIGHBORHOOD WITHOUT THE BURDEN I'D BEEN CARRYING.
BUT IT WAS GETTING HARDER TO KEEP UP.

IT WAS TIME TO TAKE STOCK.
I WASN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER AND I'D DONE MY PART.

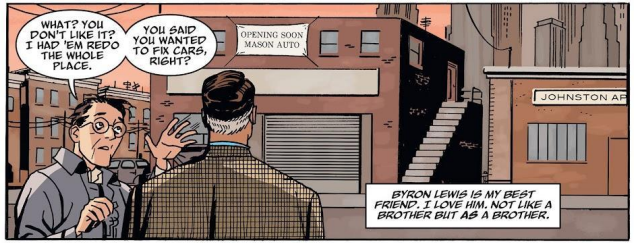

LIVING THIS SORT OF LIFE HADN'T LEFT ME MANY LASTING CONNECTIONS, BUT THE ONES I DID HAVE BEGAN TO MEAN MORE AND MORE.

THERE WAS A NEW BREED OF HEROES EMERGING.
YOUNG AND BRILLIANT AND MORE EFFECTIVE THAN WE'D EVER BEEN.


EVERYONE KNOWS WHO CAME ALONG NEXT.
IT WAS A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT THE WORLD WOULD GET ALONG FINE WITHOUT NITE OWL.


SO I PACKED IT IN. THEY GAVE ME A DINNER AND A STATUE AND THE WHOLE THING WAS SWELL. I EVEN GOT TO MEET THE GOOD DOCTOR.
HE SEEMED NICE ENOUGH, BUT THE ENTIRE TIME MY MIND WAS CHANTING, "NOT HUMAN, NOT HUMAN."

BYRON HAD GOTTEN WORSE BY THE MONTH. HE HAD DECIDED TO CHECK HIMSELF INTO A CLINIC UPSTATE. IN A RARE FLUSH OF LUCIDITY, HE HAD ONE LAST SURPRISE HE WANTED TO SHOW ME.
C'MON, BYRON...
O-OKAY, OKAY, YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES NOW.


WHAT? YOU DON'T LIKE IT? I HAD 'EM REDO THE WHOLE PLACE.
YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO FIX CARS, RIGHT?
OPENING SOON MASON AUTO
JOHNSTON AF
BYRON LEWIS IS MY BEST FRIEND. I LOVE HIM. NOT LIKE A BROTHER BUT AS A BROTHER.

AND I CRIED ON HIS SHOULDER BECAUSE I KNEW. I KNEW THIS INCREDIBLE GIFT WAS HIS GOODBYE.

AND SO PAST MEETS PRESENT AND MY STORY SEEMS FINISHED.
HIS MASTER'S VOICE

I'D THOUGHT THE MUSIC WAS PART OF A DREAM. BUT IT WAS COMING FROM THE FRONT ROOM.

HELLO?
DAN, IS THAT YOU?

PHANTOM?
WHERE ARE YOU, BOY?

HE'S RIGHT HERE, MASON.

WE'RE JUST SITTING HERE ENJOYING THE MUSIC.
THEY SAY IT SOOTHES THE SAVAGE BEAST.
DYNA FLOW
DYNA FLOW
NUFF

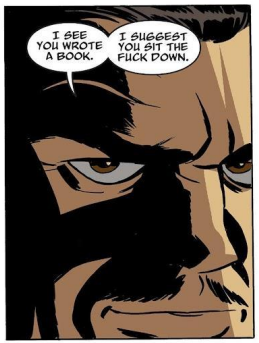
YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE, BLAKE. GET OUT OF MY HOME.

C'MON, MASON, UNCLENCH. I JUST DROPPED BY TO TALK WITH YOU.

THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS TO BE NASTY.

I MEAN, HELL, I'M UNARMED. JUST AN OLD PAL COME TA CHEW THE FAT.

SO IT'S UP TO YOU HOW THIS GOES.


I SEE YOU WROTE A BOOK.
I SUGGEST YOU SIT THE FUCK DOWN.

NICE. SO HERE IT IS, MASON:
THERE ARE SEVERAL INTERESTED PARTIES THAT HAVE BECOME AWARE OF YOUR NEED TO UNBURDEN YOURSELF. I'M HERE TA TELL YA IT CAN'T HAPPEN.

DESPITE YOUR BEST EFFORTS, BLAKE, THE LAST TIME I CHECKED THIS IS STILL A FREE COUNTRY.

THERE ISN'T ANYTHING IN THAT BOOK BUT THE FACTS.
THE TRUTH.

THE TRUTH?
Y'KNOW, MASON, YOU'RE FUCKING HILARIOUS.

THE TRUTH?
THERE IS NO TRUTH. THERE ARE ONLY TRUTHS.

YA FOLLOW ME?

LIKE YOUR BOOK THERE-- IT'S THE TRUTH AS YOU BELIEVE IT.
IT'S THE TRUTH AS FAR AS YOU KNOW IT.

LET ME TELL YA A FUNNY STORY.

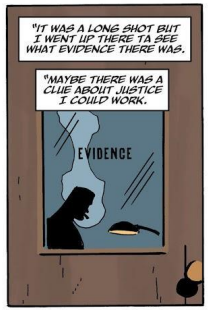
"BACK WHEN YOU WERE BROUGHT IN FOR THE HUAC HEARINGS, JUSTICE DISAPPEARED.
ERE IS JUSTICE

"THAT DIDN'T SIT WELL WITH MR. HOOVER. HE APPROVED A BUREAU-WIDE EFFORT TO FIND HIM.

"THE FIRST THING I DID WAS FOLLOW YOU AND BYRON.
"I STAKED OUT YOUR LITTLE CLUBHOUSE AND WHEN YOU WERE GONE, I TOSSED IT.

"I FOUND ALL OF THE CRAP YOU'D GOTTEN OFF URSULA.
"THE TAPES WERE SOMETHING TO HEAR. THAT DOCTOR PAL OF HERS WAS ONE SMART COOKIE. SHE AND URSULA SURE SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT A SICK FUCK JUSTICE WAS.
"THEY GOT ME WONDERING ABOUT JUSTICE AND WHETHER HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN INVOLVED IN HER CASE.

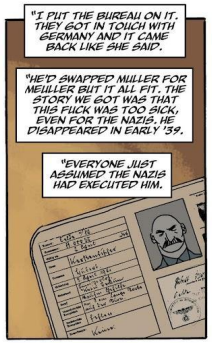
"IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT URSULA WAS KILLED IN THE BOSTON AREA.
LESBIA
WHOR


"IT WAS A LONG SHOT BUT I WENT UP THERE TO SEE WHAT EVIDENCE THERE WAS.
"MAYBE THERE WAS A CLUE ABOUT JUSTICE I COULD WORK.
EVIDENCE

"THEY HAD SOME BLOODY CLOTHING AND LUGGAGE. INSIDE THE ONE BAG I FOUND URSULA'S CASEFILES.
"SHE'D CONNECTED MOST OF THE DOTS, FROM WHAT I COULD SEE.

"HER SUSPECT WAS AN IMMIGRANT STRONGMAN AT A TRAVELING CIRCUS. THE CIRCUS WORKED THE EAST COAST, AND THEIR SHOWDATES LINED UP WITH THE KIDS GOING MISSING.
"SHE FIGURED THIS GUY FOR A NAZI SHE KNEW BACK IN EUROPE.

"THE FLICKER WORE A MASK, JUST LIKE JUSTICE.
"I FIGURED MAYBE THEY WERE THE SAME MAN.
BIG TOP PRESENTS
THE MIGHTY
MEULLER
THREE SHOWS DAILY


"I PUT THE BUREAU ON IT. THEY GOT IN TOUCH WITH GERMANY AND IT CAME BACK LIKE SHE SAID.
"HE'D SWAPPED MULLER FOR MEULLER BUT IT ALL FIT. THE STORY WE GOT WAS THAT THIS FUCK WAS TOO SICK, EVEN FOR THE NAZIS. HE DISAPPEARED IN EARLY '39.
"EVERYONE JUST ASSUMED THE NAZIS HAD EXECUTED HIM.

"BUT HE'D COME OVER HERE. IT ALL LINED UP.
"HE WAS A SMART FUCK. HE'S PICKED A PERFECT SETUP.

9
5
1
5
BIG TOP
circus

"KID'S GO MISSING AT THE CIRCUS. IT HAPPENS ALLA TIME.
STON BIG TOP

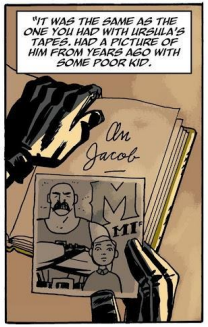
"I DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT.
THE MIGHTY MEULLE

VAS?

GOT!

"LET'S JUST SAY THE BIG TOP CIRCUS HAD TO FIND ITSELF A NEW STRONGMAN.
"I TOSSED HIS TRAILER, BUT I WAS PRETTY CERTAIN THIS SHIT WASN'T JUSTICE. HE LOOKED TO BE PUSHING SIXTY.
"ONE THING CAUGHT MY EYE-- PROB'LY THE ONLY PERSONAL THING I FOUND IN THAT DUMP.

"A KID'S BOOK.


"IT WAS THE SAME AS THE ONE YOU HAD WITH URSULA'S TAPES. HAD A PICTURE OF HIM FROM YEARS AGO WITH SOME POOR KID.
Ch Jacob

"PROB'LY ONE OF HIS VICTIMS.

"BUT IT GAVE ME A THOUGHT; LOOKIN' AT THAT KID.
"ABOUT HOW TO MAYBE DRAW OUT JUSTICE. I KNEW ALL ABOUT THE KID YOU FOUND IN THAT OLD BUILDING YEARS BACK.

"SO I KIDNAPPED THAT MUSANTE KID FROM YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

"HE WAS SCARED SHITLESS, BUT I DIDN'T HURT HIM. IT WAS ALL A SETUP TO DRAW YOU IN.

"THE REST WAS EASY. I JUST HAD TA GIVE YOU A GOOD LOOK AT ME IN THAT COSTUME.

"OH, AND POUND THE CRAP OUTTA YOU."

I KNEW HOW OBSESSED YOU WERE. I FIGURED IF YOU THOUGHT IT WAS JUSTICE, YOU'D LEAD ME TO HIM SOMEHOW.
I NEVER FORGOT WHAT HE DID TO ME.

I JUST WANTED HIM BROUGHT DOWN. DISGRACED.
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D KILL HIM.

TOLD YA IT WAS A FUNNY STORY.

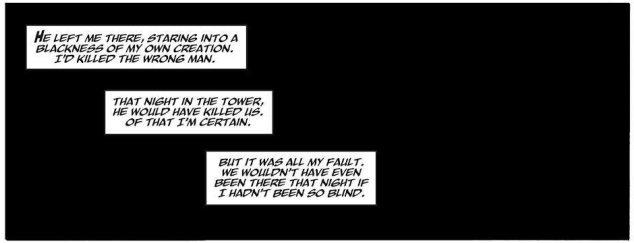
MR. HOOVER AND OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES THINK YOU'D BE BETTER OFF WRITING A MORE LIGHT-HEARTED LOOK AT THE PAST.
MORE OF A SUNNY REMINISCENCE, AS IT WERE. IT'S EITHER THAT, OR I TAKE CARE OF IT.

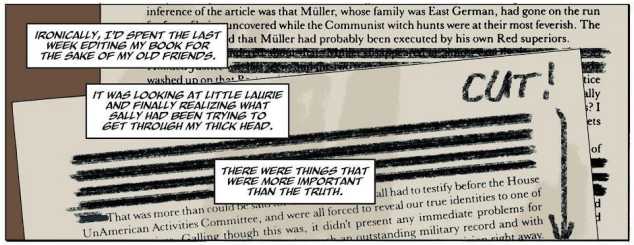
IT'S NOT JUST YOUR ASS, MASON. IF YOU HAVE TO GO...
THINK OF BYRON. NELSON. THINK OF--
WELL, YOU GET THE PICTURE.

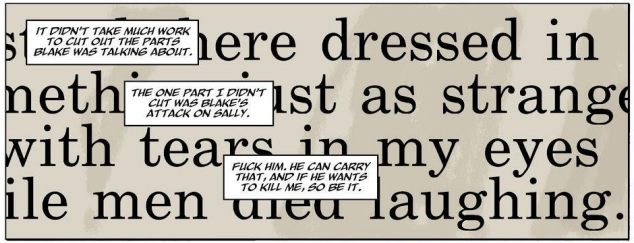
IF I HAVE TO COME BACK HERE, YOU WON'T WAKE UP TO MUSIC. YOU WON'T WAKE UP AT ALL.
THAT'S A TRUTH YOU CAN BANK ON.

SEE YA LATER, HERO.

SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRITCH


HE LEFT ME THERE, STARING INTO A BLACKNESS OF MY OWN CREATION. I'D KILLED THE WRONG MAN.
THAT NIGHT IN THE TOWER, HE WOULD HAVE KILLED US. OF THAT I'M CERTAIN.
BUT IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. WE WOULDN'T HAVE EVEN BEEN THERE THAT NIGHT IF I HADN'T BEEN SO BLIND.


IRONICALLY, I'D SPENT THE LAST WEEK EDITING MY BOOK FOR THE SAKE OF MY OLD FRIENDS.
IT WAS LOOKING AT LITTLE LAURIE AND FINALLY REALIZING WHAT SALLY HAD BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH MY THICK HEAD.
THERE WERE THINGS THAT WERE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE TRUTH.
CUT!


IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH WORK TO CUT OUT THE PARTS BLAKE WAS TALKING ABOUT.
THE ONE PART I DIDN'T CUT WAS BLAKE'S ATTACK ON SALLY.
FUCK HIM. HE CAN CARRY THAT, AND IF HE WANTS TO KILL ME, SO BE IT.

I BURNED EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT.
I FIGURED I WOULD GO TO HELL NOW. THE WAY I WAS BROUGHT UP, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO DON'T CONFESS THEIR SINS.
BUT MY FRIENDS WON'T HAVE TO BEAR THE BURDEN OF MY GUILT.

I GAVE EVERYONE WHAT THEY WANTED. A SUNNY REMEMBRANCE.
IVAL

RIVAL
I REALIZED THAT CARRYING ALL THAT HORROR INSIDE ME WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY.

I DAMNED MYSELF FOR URSULA AND SALLY AND NELSON AND BYRON.
RRIVAL

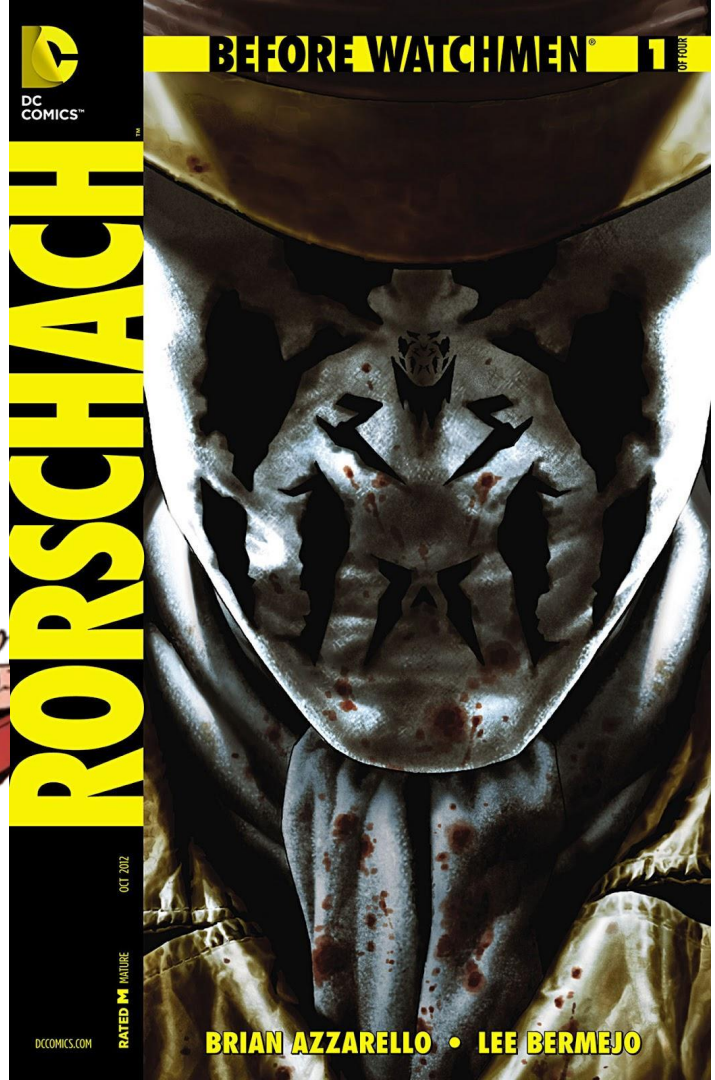
AND LAURIE. MOST OF ALL, FOR LAURIE.
ARRIVAL

THE BOOK WAS A SMASH AND BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY REAL ACCOUNTING OF OUR CAREERS, TO THE PUBLIC IT BECAME THE TRUTH.
The Secret Life of a Superhero!
UNDER THE HOOD
ON SALE NOW!
Today Only! Meet HOLLIS MASON The Original Nite Owl!
HOLLIS MASON UNDER THE HOOD
HOLLIS MASON UNDER THE HOOD

THERE'S EVEN A YOUNG MAN WHO IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WANT TO CARRY ON THE NITE OWL NAME.
I KNOW HE'LL DO BETTER THAN I EVER DID. I MEAN, HOW COULD HE DO WORSE?

THAT LEAVES ME RIGHT WHERE I WANT TO BE.
DOING WHAT I DID DURING THOSE HAPPY YEARS WITH MY DAD AND OLD MOE VERNON.
MY POPS WANTED TO TOW IT TO THE WRECKERS, MR. MASON.
HE SAID IT AIN'T WORTH FIXING. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
TILL
409

GRAB ME MY SOCKET SET, BOYS.
IT'LL NEVER BE LIKE IT WAS WHEN IT WAS NEW, BUT THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF LIFE IN THIS OLD BABY.
END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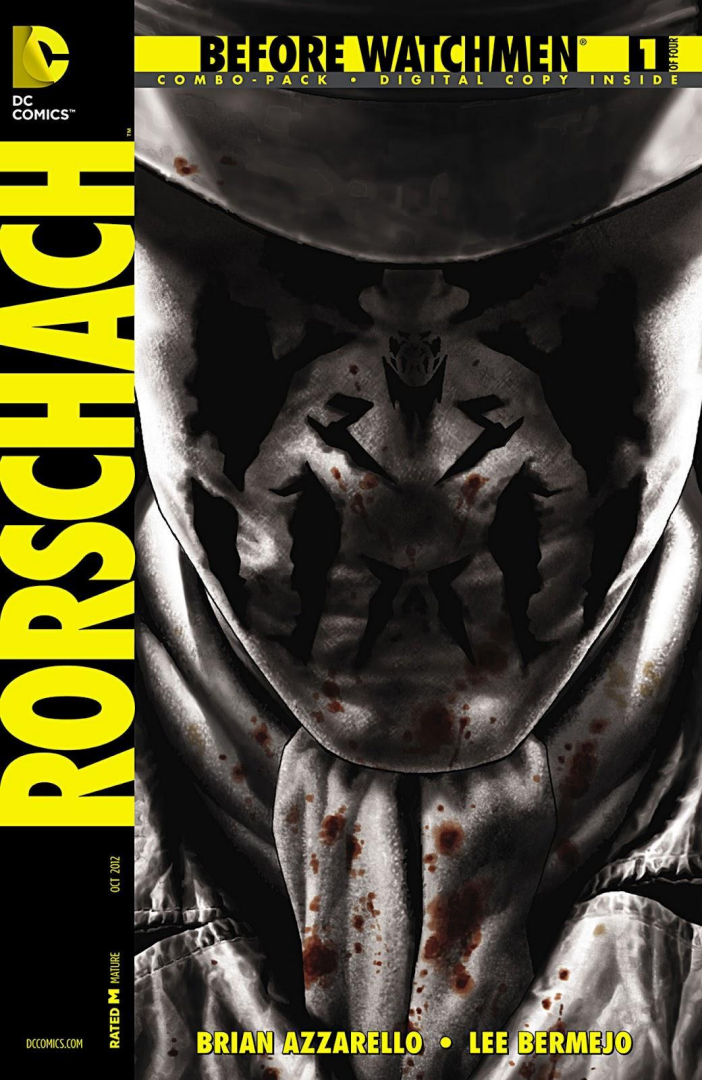
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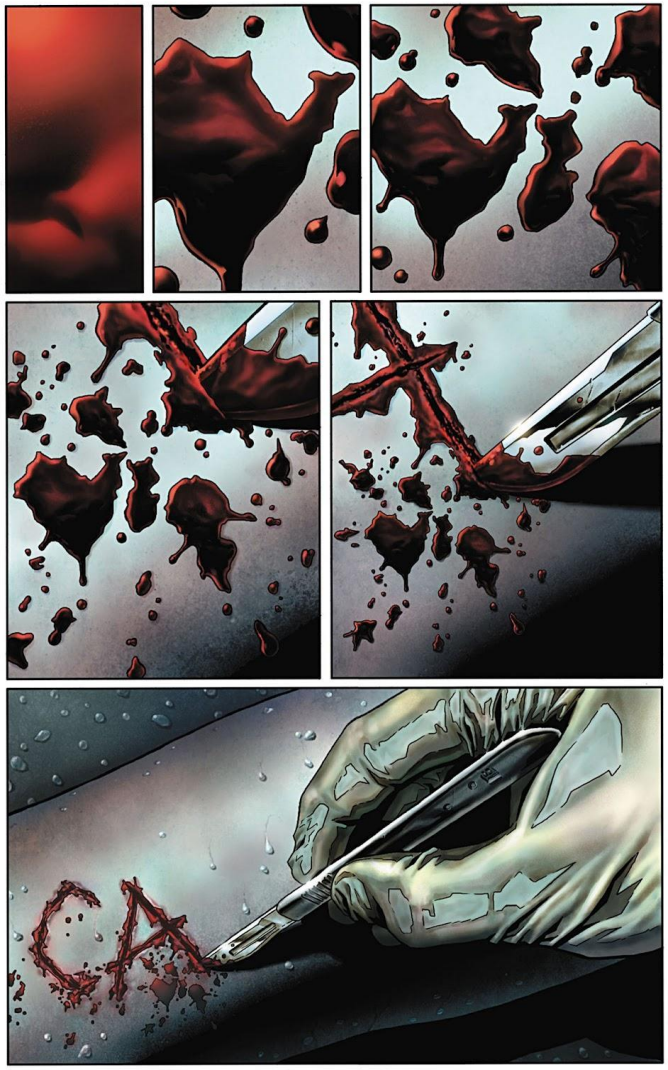
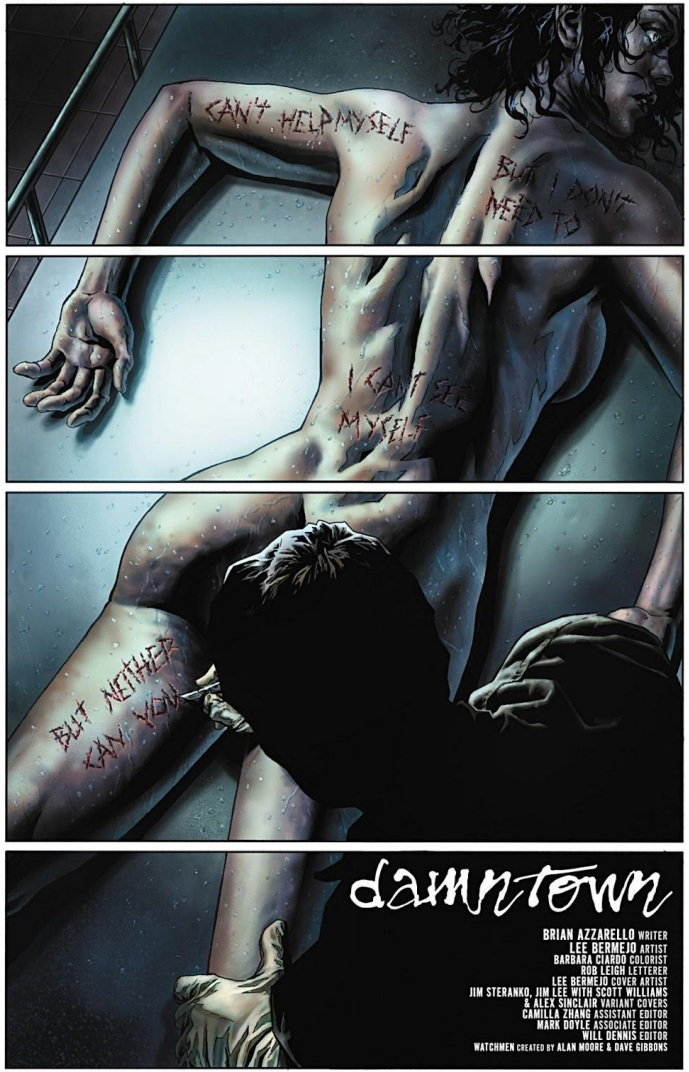
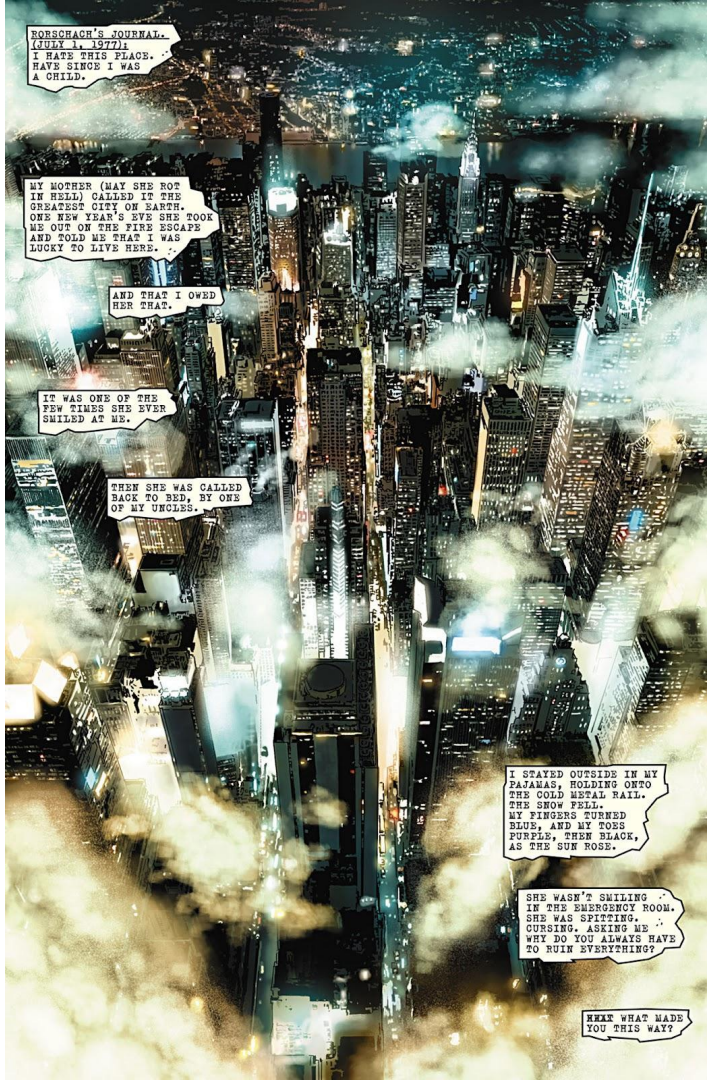
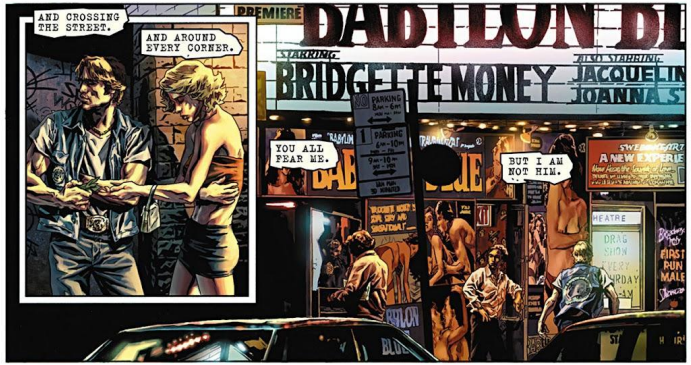


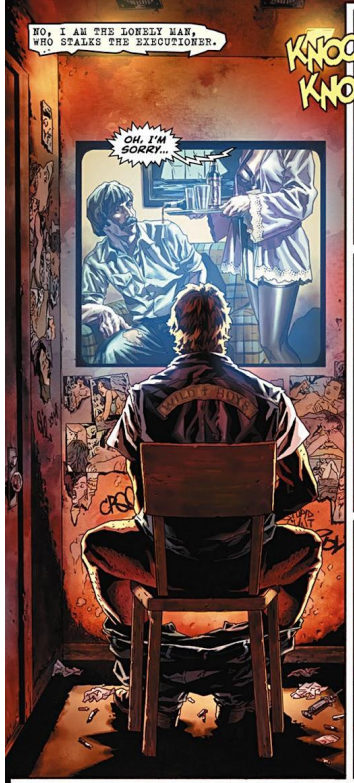

CAN'T HELP MYSELF
BUT I DON'T NEED TO
I CAN'T SEE MYSELF
BUT NEITHER CAN YOU
damntown
BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER
LEE BERMEJO ARTIST
BARBARA CIARDO COLORIST
ROB LEIGH LETTERER
LEE BERMEJO COVER ARTIST
JIM STERANKO, JIM LEE WITH SCOTT WILLIAMS & ALEX SINCLAIR VARIANT COVERS
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK DOYLE ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WILL DENNIS EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS


RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. (JULY 1, 1977):
I HATE THIS PLACE. HAVE SINCE I WAS A CHILD.
MY MOTHER (MAY SHE ROT IN HELL) CALLED IT THE GREATEST CITY ON EARTH. ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE SHE TOOK ME OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE AND TOLD ME THAT I WAS LUCKY TO LIVE HERE.
AND THAT I OWED HER THAT.
IT WAS ONE OF THE FEW TIMES SHE EVER SMILED AT ME.
THEN SHE WAS CALLED BACK TO BED, BY ONE OF MY UNCLES.
I STAYED OUTSIDE IN MY PAJAMAS, HOLDING ONTO THE COLD METAL RAIL. THE SNOW FELL. MY FINGERS TURNED BLUE, AND MY TOES PURPLE, THEN BLACK, AS THE SUN ROSE.
SHE WASN'T SMILING IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM. SHE WAS SPITTING. CURSING. ASKING ME WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING?
NEXT WHAT MADE YOU THIS WAY?

I LOOKED HER IN THE EYE, AND SAID, "YOU DID."
YOU DID. AND DO.

ALL OF YOU.
DIE SLOWLY
2ND BIG HIT "DEMONOID"
BOOTHS
WALKING THESE STREETS, AVOIDING EYE CONTACT, HEADS DOWN, IN PERFECT POSE FOR THE BLADE OF THE EXECUTIONER THAT STALKS YOU...
WELL, HE'S JUST BEHIND YOU.


AND CROSSING THE STREET.
AND AROUND EVERY CORNER.
PREMIERE
STARRING
BRIDGETTE MONEY
YOU ALL FEAR ME.
BUT I AM NOT HIM.
THEATRE
DRAG SHOW
FIRST RUN MALE


NO, I AM THE LONELY MAN, WHO STALKS THE EXECUTIONER.
KNOCK KNOCK
OH, I'M SORRY...

EH?
G'WAY, MAN--
OCCUPIED.

I CAN BE SO CLUMSY AND...

OH MY...

KNOCK KNOCK
HELP YOU WITH THAT...

KNOCK KNOCK
YOU DEAF!!? I SAYS--

LOOK, MUTHA--

KERASH

BITCH TO BE YOU RIGHT NOW.
PRIVATE BOOTH
25¢
DWAYNE CARTER. STREET HUSTLER. FAKE GOLD CHAINS... TWO PAPER JOINTS...
SERIOUS SMACK.
SAY WHAT, CLOWN?
SMACK
I'M SERIOUS.

AAAHH
TELL ME WHERE THE SHIT IS.
25¢
KERACK
...THE SEWER.
HEH...
WASTING TIME WITH THE ARM.
MOVING ON TO THE BACK.
NO! I AIN'T PLAYIN'! THE SUPPLY, IT'S KEPT IN A TUNNEL IN THE SEWERS!
HURM...
LOCATION?

HELL IF I KNOW-- I JUS' *DEAL!* GOTTA BE CLOSE THOUGH... I WORK THE SQUARE, AN' IF'N I RUN OUT... WELL, IT AIN'T FER LONG--LIKE *TWO* SECONDS!

...

CAN YOU FEEL YOUR HAND?

...

WHERE IT IS?

TOUCHIN' MY *ASS?*

IF IT TURNS OUT YOU'VE LIED TO ME...

...I'LL BE BACK.

SHOVE IT UP IT.

DWAYNE CARTER A PIECE OF TRASH. HE MEANS NOTHING..

THE POLLUTER THOUGH, THE ONE MEN WHO LITTERS THE STREET WITH HIM? HE MEANS TO ME.

(JULY 6, 1977): I'VE SPENT DAYS WADING THROUGH GARBAGE. LOOKING FOR SHIT.

A PROSPECTOR IN HELL, DIGGING FOR THE MOTHER LOAD. TIRESSLY.

HAVEN'T SLEPT. CAN'T AFFORD TO. THIS STREAM IS MINE. IT WILL MAKE ME RICH.

EUREKA.

CLACK
I'VE FOUND IT.
SEVEN!

DAMN...
JESUS, EVERY TIME!

HA HA HA. I KNOW, BRO.

I--

--NO!!!

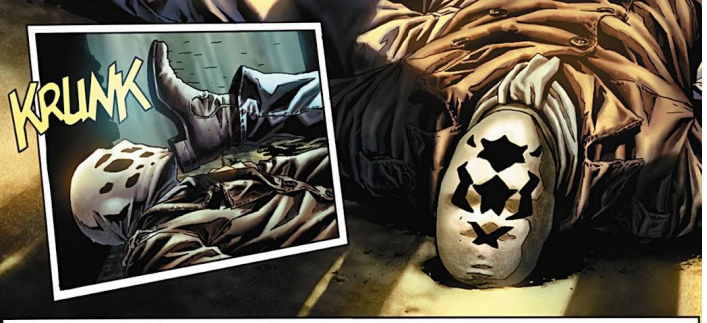
WHAM

CRAK

THE MOTHER LODE?

SMA
TURNED OUT TO BE FOOL'S GOLD.
WUMP
KE-RASH
KLUNK

CRACK
WUMP
HUFF
CLICK


KRUNK

CRIME FIGHTER, RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE?...
WELL, IT'S NICE TO FINALLY MEET'CHOO...

I'M CRIME.

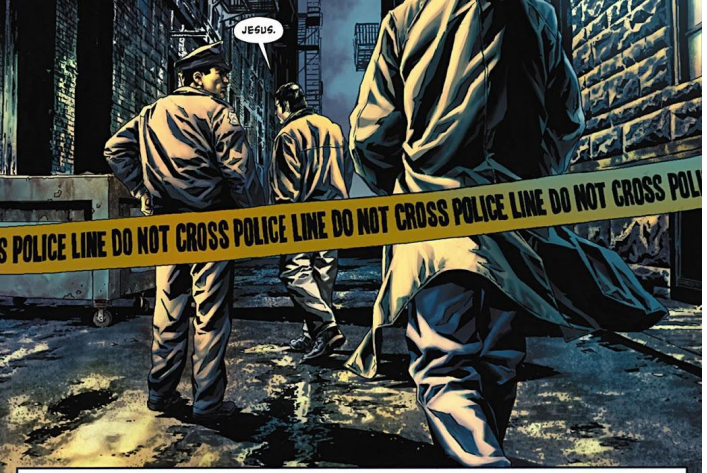
BIRD-- BIG COOL...

RORSCHACH.
HUH. FOR SOME REASON, I THOUGHT...

DUDE, YOU DON'T MEASURE UP TO YOUR MYTH.

I MEAN, WHAT THE HELL? I COOKED UP THIS ELABORATE SCHEME JUST TO TAKE YOU DOWN?
WHAT WAS I THINKIN'?
BIG BAD RORSCHACH.
WELL, BAD ANYWAY.
FRANKLY, I'M DISAPPOINTED IN MYSELF.
THAT I STOOPED TO YOUR LEVEL.
NO, NO, LUCKY PIERRE.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S UNDER THAT MASK?
NOTHING THAT MATTERS.
IN THIS CASE, THE MASK MAKES THE CORPSE.

WUMP
OOOFF
CRACK
RUNCH
RUNCH
THUD THUD THUD
WHACK
THUNK
AND THE FRONT PAGE.


JESUS.
S POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLI

JESUS, EFFIN' CHRIST.
WHO LET THE PRESS IN HERE?

WILL YOU GET THEM THE FUCK OUT?!
FOR CHRISTSAKE, IT'S A GODDAMN CRIME SCENE AN--

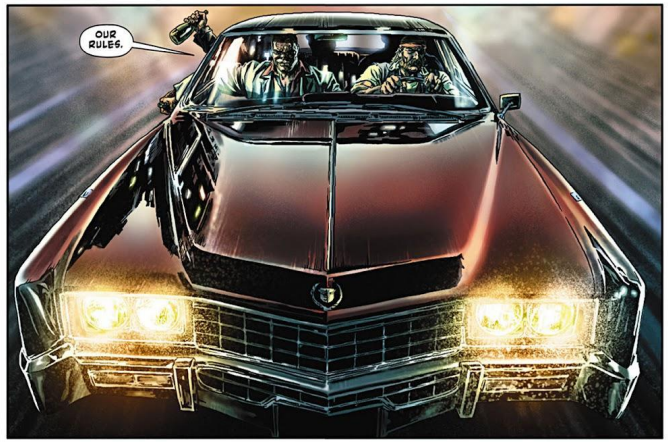
DETECTIVE, IS IT THE BARD AGAIN? WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
LOOK, UNTIL YOU LET US DO OUR JOB, LET'S NOT SAY...

IT'S THE BARD.

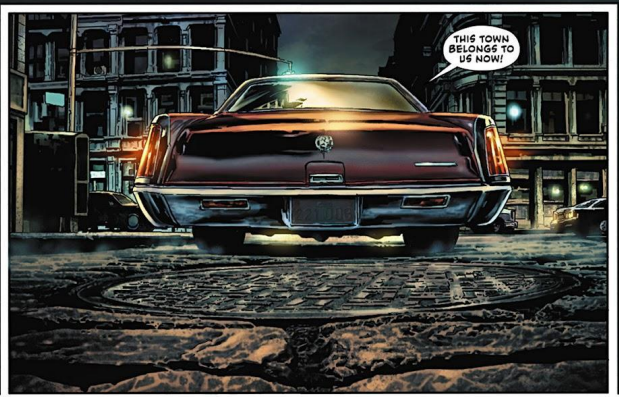
SHIT.

GET THEM ALL THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!
"NEW YORK..."

...OUR YORK.

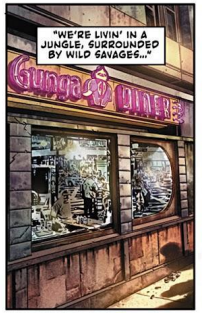

OUR RULES.

BROTHERS...


THIS TOWN BELONGS TO US NOW!

GYAAH...

:HUH?
DRUGS
AGES
:HUH?
:HUH?
CLIC
"NOBODY'S SAFE ANYMORE--"


"WE'RE LIVIN' IN A JUNGLE, SURROUNDED BY WILD SAVAGES..."
Gunga DINER

WHAT'S THAT S'POSED TO MEAN?
I DIDN'-- YOU KNOW. DON' PRETEND YOU---

JESUS, BUDDY...

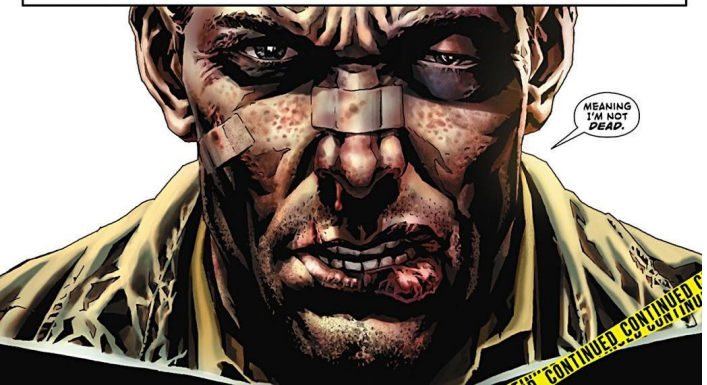
WHAT HAPPENED?

I GOT MUGGED LAST NIGHT.

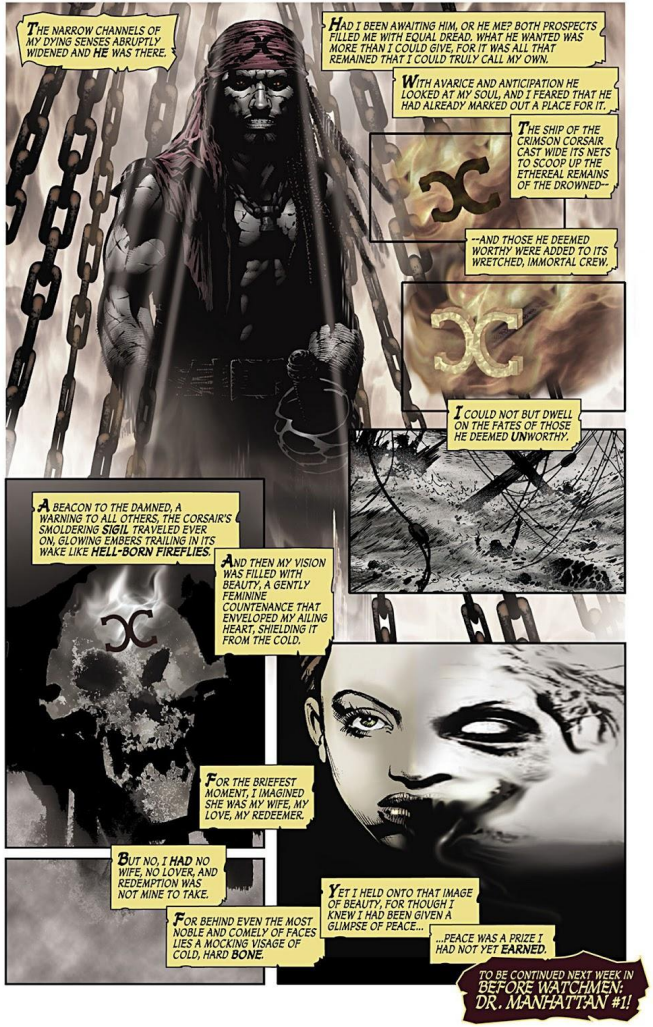
A GUY LIKE YOU?
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
HURM... :COUGH:

THE BARD MURDERED ANOTHER WOMAN.
YEAH... WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO?
ITS END.
The plot thickens

NO OFFENSE, BUT IF I WAS GONNA MUG SOMEBODY--
EXACTLY. NO OFFENSE.
IT WOULDN'T BE ME.
MILK
THE MUGGERS... THEY MADE A MISTAKE.
MEANING YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING ON YOU...
NO.


MEANING I'M NOT DEAD.
CONTINUED

AGONY AND EXHAUSTION COMBINED THEIR STRENGTHS AGAINST ME, AND TRIUMPHED.
AS MY SENSES FADED, I HEARD GUTTURAL VOICES CRASH AGAINST MY RACKED BODY, SWEEPING ME AWAY LIKE A TIDE OF HATRED I NO LONGER HAD THE STRENGTH TO RESIST, CLUTCHING AT ME--
--CARRYING ME FROM THE LIGHT OF CONSCIOUSNESS INTO DEEP, UNKNOWABLE DARKNESS.
IN TRUTH, I ALMOST WELCOMED IT.
OBLIVION BECKONED, AND I WAS COMPELLED TO COMPLY.
WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE GAPING PORTAL OF DEATH'S DOMAIN LOOMED CLOSER, AND YET...AND YET IT REMAINED OUT OF REACH, AS THOUGH CARRIED ALONG ON THE SAME CURRENT AS I, HELPLESSLY ADRIFT ON AN ETERNAL OCEAN.
KILL HIM...
the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...!
Part One
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
WAS THIS HELL? HEAVEN? TO HAVE BLESSED ABROGATION PLACED BEFORE ME, TANTALIZINGLY CLOSE BUT FOREVER BEYOND MY GRASP?
AS I FELL THROUGH THE DARKNESS, I WAS STRUCK BY A SUDDEN AWARENESS THAT I WAS BEING JUDGED.
THE GAZE OF MALEVOLENT EYES HAD FOUND ME, DISSECTING MY VERY SOUL WITH ALL THE SKILL OF THE FINEST SURGEON.
BUT WHETHER THOSE EYES HAD SOUGHT ME OUT OR HAPPENED UPON ME BY CIRCUMSTANCE, I COULD NOT PRESUME TO KNOW.



FROM THE WRITER OF 100 BULLETS

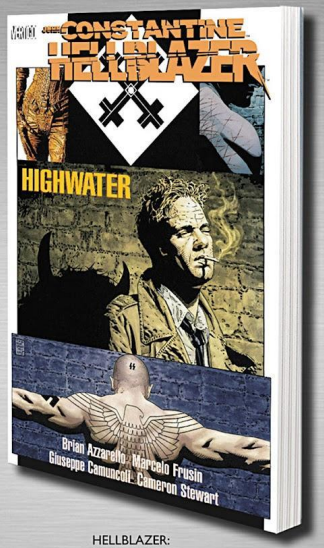
BRIAN AZZARELLO

"Azzarello's grasp of pacing, character and situation resonates through every scene with a black crystal clarity that's little short of masterful."
– ALAN MOORE

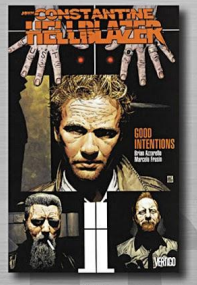
HELLBLAZER: GOOD INTENTIONS

HELLBLAZER: FREEZES OVER

HELLBLAZER: HIGHWATER



HELLBLAZER: GOOD INTENTIONS



with MARCELO FRUSIN

HELLBLAZER: FREEZES OVER

with MARCELO FRUSIN GUY DAVIS STEVE DILLON

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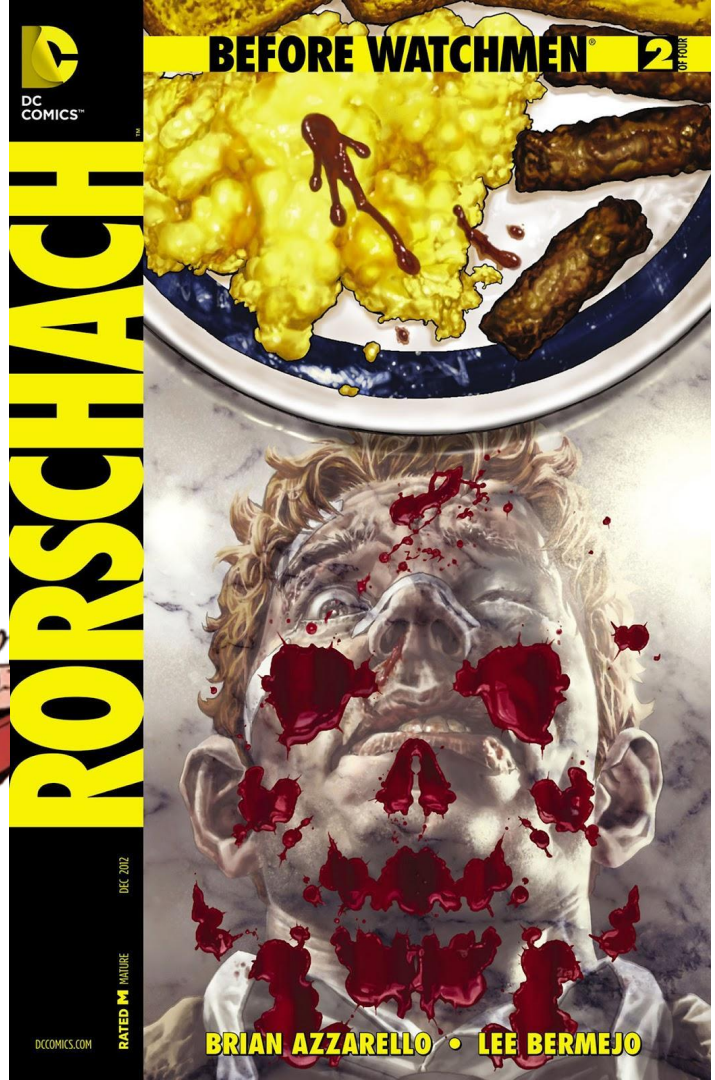
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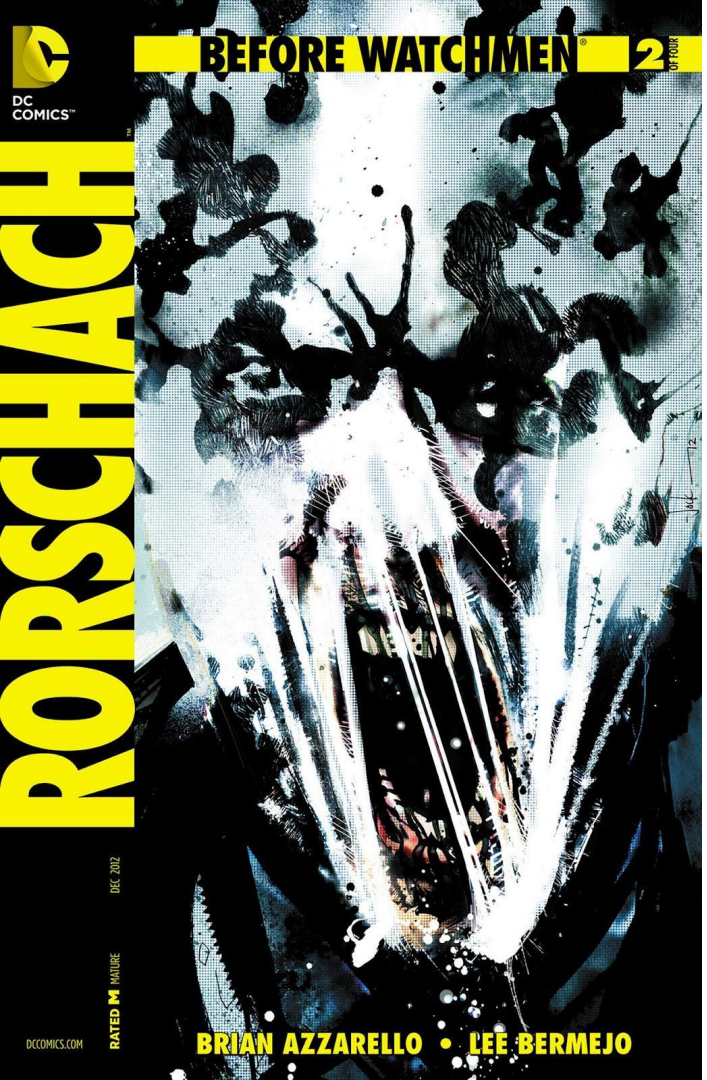
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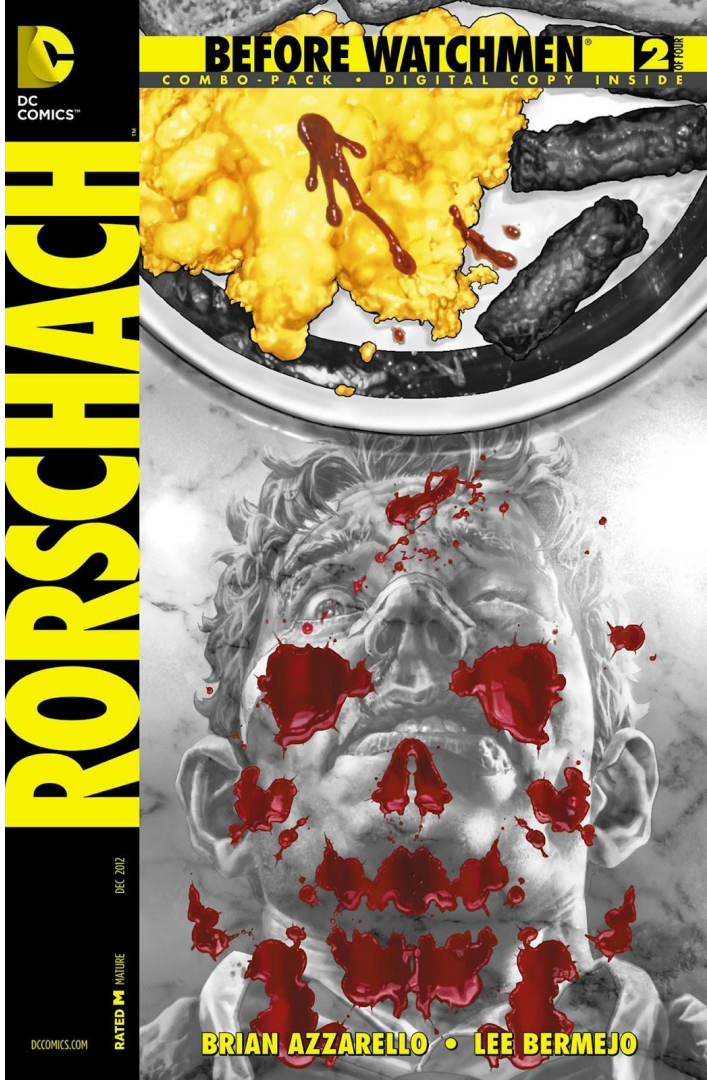
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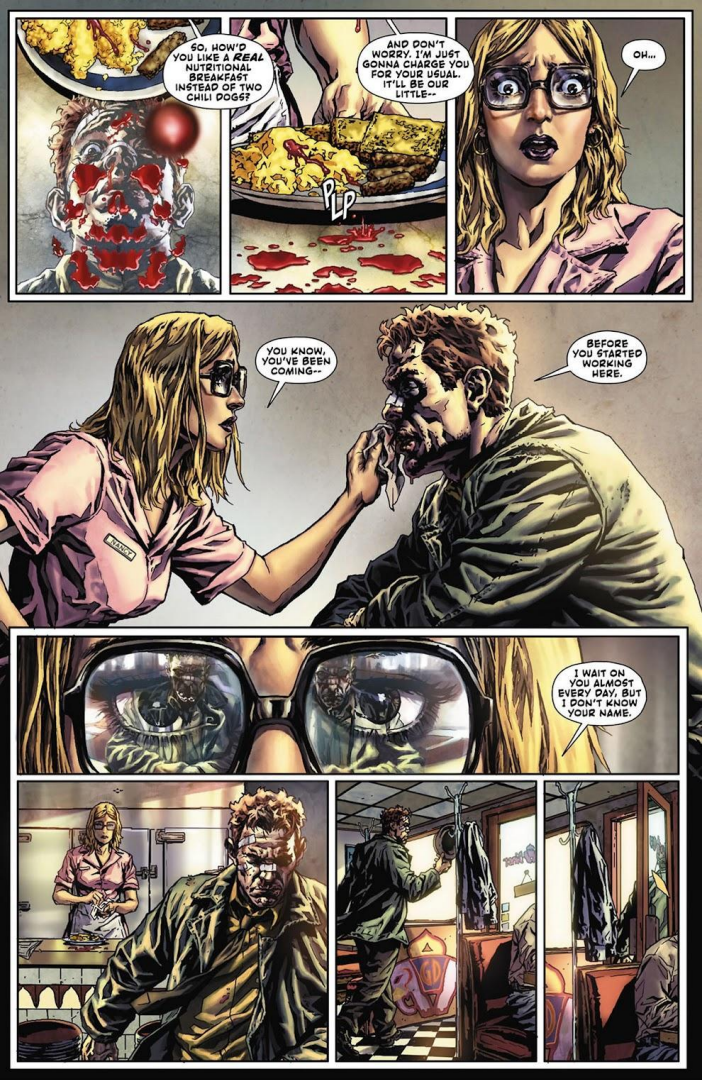
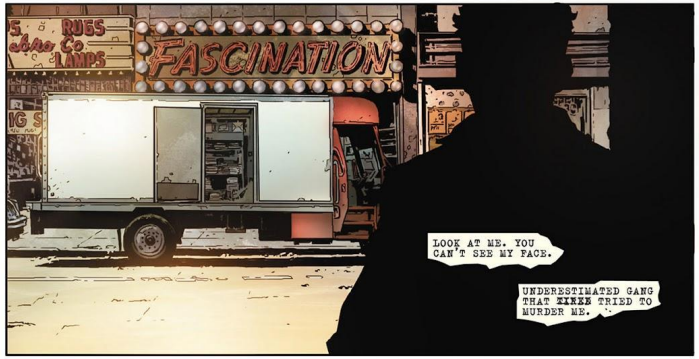

SO, HOW'D YOU LIKE A REAL NUTRITIONAL BREAKFAST INSTEAD OF TWO CHILI DOGS?
AND DON'T WORRY. I'M JUST GONNA CHARGE YOU FOR YOUR USUAL. IT'LL BE OUR LITTLE--
PLP
OH...
YOU KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN COMING--
BEFORE YOU STARTED WORKING HERE.
I WAIT ON YOU ALMOST EVERY DAY. BUT I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME.

SMACK, SMOKE, GOLD CHAINS...
GOLD CHAINS...
Times Sq 42St Stat
RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL, JULY 7, 1977:
TIMES SQUARE. NEON ROMANTICIZES ITS FILTH. LIGHT OF DAY MAKES ITS DARKNESS WORSE. MORE BRAZEN, ARROGANT.

HOPELESS. "LOOK AT ME. YOU CAN'T STOP ME."


FASCINATION
LOOK AT ME. YOU CAN'T SEE MY FACE.
UNDERESTIMATED GANG THAT KINDA TRIED TO MURDER ME.

GIRLS
JUDO MASTER
KARATE
KUNG-FU ACADEMY
BOSS CALLED HIMSELF CRIME. GOES BY RAWHEAD. REAL NAME UNKNOWN.

NAME DOESN'T MATTER. ONLY FACE DOES.

ALL THEIR SMILING FACES.
VROOMVROOMVROOOOO
TARGETS.

CRASH

WHAT THE FUCK?!
TYSON, GET THIS THING OFF A' ME!!!

YOU BEEN DRINKING, YOU STUPID SON OF A--
?
HURRY YER ASS!
JESUS CHRIST...

DAMN, MISTER... YOU OKAY?

WHERE ARE YOU, MOTHERFUCKER?!
TINKTINKTINKTINKTINKTINK
AAAHH FUCK! TYSON!
GET ME OUT OF--
FWOOM

UNDENIABLE FACT EVERYONE DENIES IS THAT AT ITS HEART, THE WORLD IS A COLD PLACE.
IT DOESNT CARE WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE, OR KNOW HOW YOU LIVE OR HOW YOU DIE.
TO THE WORLD, YOU DON'T MATTER.
YOU DON'T MATTER TO EXCEPT PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU. THEY WON'T GIVE EXCEPT THEIR LIFE FOR YOU. THEY SHOULDN'T.
ACCEPTING THIS TRUTH WAS EXILLIBERATING. GAVE ME CLARITY. GAVE ME A MISSION.
I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD. VICTIMS ...
The New York Gazette
'The Bard' Claims Another Victim
FATHER RAPES DAUGHTER
AND ME.

HE'S ALIVE...
GODDAMN RIGHT HE IS! --WAS FUCKIN' RORSCHACH, MAN! FUCKIN'--
--BULL, MAN. WE BEAT THE LIVIN' SHIT OUTTA HIM, AN' LEFT HIM TO DIE IN THE SEWERS.

WELL, HE AIN'T DEAD.

YOU SAW HIM; BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE.
I DON' KNOW WHO I SAW-- MAYBE IF YOU WOULDA TAKEN HIS MASK OFF--

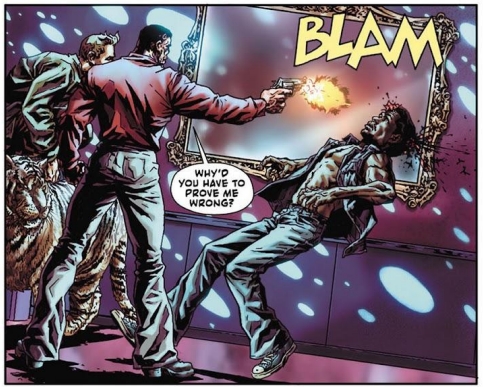
RAWHEAD...I MEAN, IF WE WOULDA TOOK HIS MASK OFF...
LOOK, THERE WAS A CROWD.
WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

THIS.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

TYSON, ALL THE TIMES I PULLED YER SHIT OUTTA THE FIRE IN 'NAM. I DID 'CAUSE I FIGURED, YOU'D FIGURE IT OUT...

WE SURVIVED THE WAR. WE KNOW HOW TO FIGHT ONE.


BLAM
WHY'D YOU HAVE TO PROVE ME WRONG?

RORSCHACH... MUST BE SOME V.C. IN THAT RUNTY MOTHERFUCKER.

SO, WE GOTTA KILL HIM AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME, BROTHERS...

"...WE LEAVE HIM IN *PIECES*."
SO I TELL HER, I SAY, "NO WAY HAS MY LADY GOTTA WORK WHEN SHE'S *PREGNANT*! YOUR ASS IS QUITTIN' TOMORROW!"

AN' SHE GETS ALL, "I NEED A *JOB*," AN I'M LIKE, "WHAT DO YOU THINK *WELFARE* IS--"
--A CRIME.
WHAT?

WHOA...

HEY, MAN, YOU CAN'T BE COMIN' IN HERE LOOKIN' LIKE *THAT*...
NO FOOD AT HOME. NEED SOME...

NO WAY, NO *WAY*-- YOU GOTTA GO. LIKE TO A *HOSPITAL*.
NO. FOOD.

I'LL PUT HIM IN THE BACK BOOTH, CONRAD.
BUT... I SIT...AT THE COUNTER...

TONIGHT YOU SIT THERE.

I AIN'T TAKIN' NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS.
FINE. IF THE BOSS COMES IN, *I'LL* GO ON WELFARE.

HERE'S SOME WA--

CRASH

HUR...

JULY...

?

10, 1977.
SURVIVED THREE DAYS IN BELLEVUE EMERGENCY ROOM
OUT THE WAY, MAN.

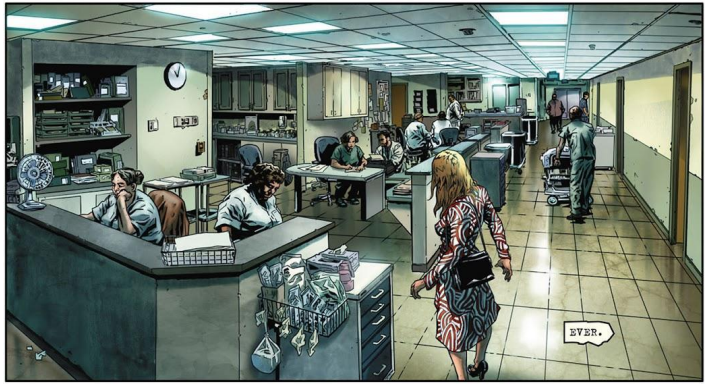
HEY, DWAYNE-- WE GOT A EMPTY BED HERE! COME GET IT!

THIS PLACE IS MISERY.
COME HERE OFTEN. REMINDS ME I'M AT WAR.

OVERCROWDED, UNDERSTAFFED. PICK UP SOME SUPPLIES. NO ONE NOTICES ME.

--WAS ADMITTED THREE DAYS AGO. HE--

NO ONE...
HE--


EVER.

CITY IS ROTTING. GARBAGE AND DECAY PILE HIGHER, BECOMING OUR HOMES.
MONUMENTS TO THE CORRUPTION OF THOSE IN POWERFUL POSITIONS.
CITIZENS TOO DISTRACTED TO NOTICE THIS HORROR.
HISS
GRRRR
AUTHORITIES BENEFIT KEEPING US THAT WAY.
SKASH

CASE IN POINT; THE SERIAL KILLER.
THE BARD. NAMED SUCH TO MAKE HIM MYTHIC.
TO MAKE HIM FEARED.
TO CONTROL.
PEOPLE HAPPY TO BEING CONTROLLED. BEING DOMINATED.
Have you seen this MAN?
contact N.Y.C. Police Dept. 555-4692
PLEASE HELP!
HANDING OVER THE KNIFE. THE RESPONSIBILITY.
BUT WHEN IT'S USED AGAINST THEM...

...DO THEY GET WHAT THEY DESERVE?
HOTEL
NOT GOOD, BABY, NOT GOOD...
I SWEARS-- JOE, THAT'S ALL OF IT...IT'S BEEN... IT'S BEEN A SLOW NIGHT.
YEAH...ABOUT THAT, IT'S LIKE-- TELL ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT YOU BEEN HAVING A SLOW DAY ABOUT ONCE A WEEK.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
Uzk
TRY "I'M NOT HOLDING OUT ON YOU, JOE."
KESH
I--
NOT--
HOLD...

NO RUNNERS
HOURLY RATES ~ $10
FULL NIGHT ~ $35
WEEKLY RATES AVAILABLE
~ PLEASE SEE MANAGEMENT ~
HOTEL
Rio

SEE, IF YER LIGHT, THEN I'M LIGHT, AN' THAT AIN'T RIGHT.

BUT IT'S NOT ABOUT ME, BABY, IT'S RAWHEAD. UNDERSTAND? I WORK FOR HIM. HE GETS A CUT OF WHAT WE MAKE.

SO IF I THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKIN' A CUT FROM ME, WELL...

I'D HAVE TO CUT BACK, Y'DIG?

THEN ALL YOU'D HAVE WOULD BE SLOW...LONELY NIGHTS...
FOR THE REST OF...

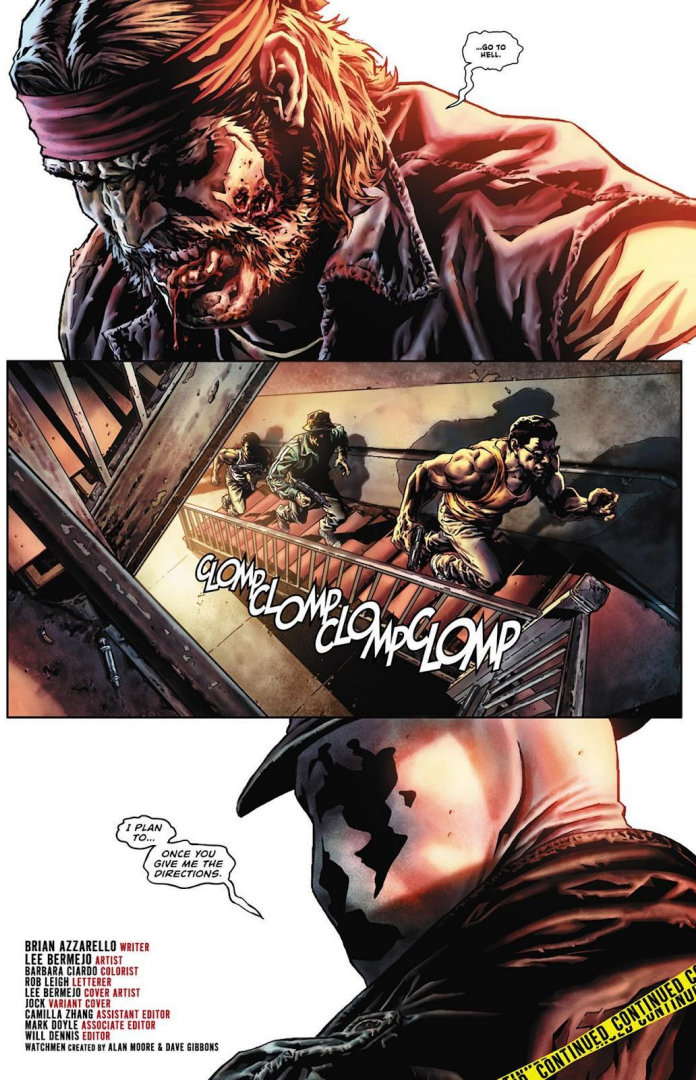
YOUR LIFE.

WHOOOSH
OOOF
KRUNK

AAAAHH
UHH...
...??

JOE...
YOU'RE BACK.
?
JOE...
JOE BIRD.
PIMP. PUSHER. DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE MILITARY IN SIXTY-NINE. IN AND OUT OF PRISON SINCE.
DULL SCUM. UNINTERESTING.
NOT WHY I'M HERE.
"AFTER A BIGGER FISH. RAWHEAD. WHERE?"

HAWK-THOO
GNNRR!!



BRIAN AZZARELLO WRITER
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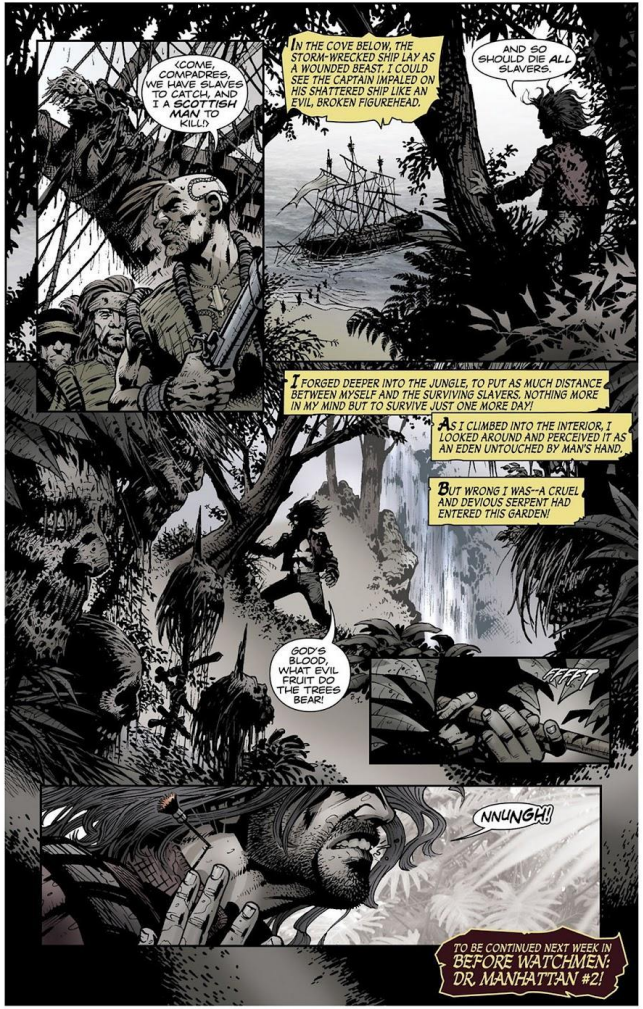
JOCK VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK DOYLE ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WILL DENNIS EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

CONTINUED CONTINUED CONTINUED

the Untold Tale of the
CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...!
Part Eight
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
THAT BLACK SHADOWY FREIGHTER THAT CLEAVES THE SEVEN SEAS SCOOPING UP THE LOST AND UNWANTED SOULS OF THE DROWNED.
AND IT HAD MINE!
MY HEART CLENCHED, AS THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED...
...AND N'TUNGA SAT UP!
GAKH!
NO, NO, IT BELONGS TO ME!
SPINE-CHILLING FEAR DROVE MY FLIGHT, AS A COWARD I DID RUN, HEADLONG INTO THE DARK VERDANT JUNGLES SURROUNDING THE BEACH!
RUN, McCLACLAN, RUN. TWO MORE TOKENS NEEDED TO RECOVER YOUR ETERNAL SOUL!
AS I BLUNDERED ON INTO AN ALIEN AND HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT, LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT I WAS RUNNING BACK TOWARD MY ERSTWHILE CAPTORS.


¡COME, COMPADRES, WE HAVE SLAVES TO CATCH, AND I A SCOTTISH MAN TO KILL!
IN THE COVE BELOW, THE STORM-WRECKED SHIP LAY AS A WOUNDED BEAST. I COULD SEE THE CAPTAIN IMPALED ON HIS SHATTERED SHIP LIKE AN EVIL, BROKEN FIGUREHEAD.
AND SO SHOULD DIE ALL SLAVERS.
I FORGED DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE SURVIVING SLAVERS. NOTHING MORE IN MY MIND BUT TO SURVIVE JUST ONE MORE DAY!
AS I CLIMBED INTO THE INTERIOR, I LOOKED AROUND AND PERCEIVED IT AS AN EDEN UNTOUCHED BY MAN'S HAND.
BUT WRONG I WAS--A CRUEL AND DEVIOUS SERPENT HAD ENTERED THIS GARDEN!
GOD'S BLOOD, WHAT EVIL FRUIT DO THE TREES BEAR!
FFFFT
NNUNGH!!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: DR. MANHATTAN #2!

FROM THE WRITER OF
100 BULLETS

BRIAN AZZARELLO

"Azzarello's grasp of pacing, character and situation resonates through every scene with a black crystal clarity that's little short of masterful."
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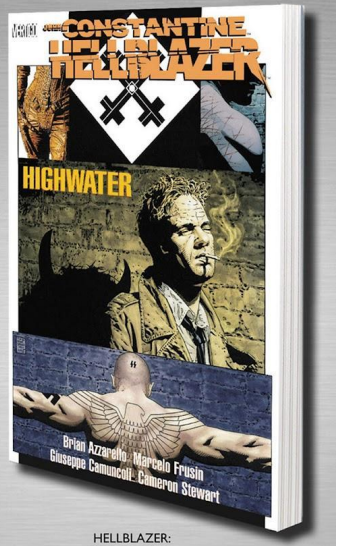

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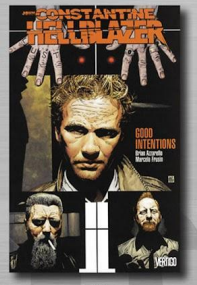
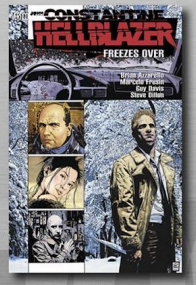
GOOD INTENTIONS



with
MARCELO FRUSIN

HELLBLAZER:
FREEZES OVER



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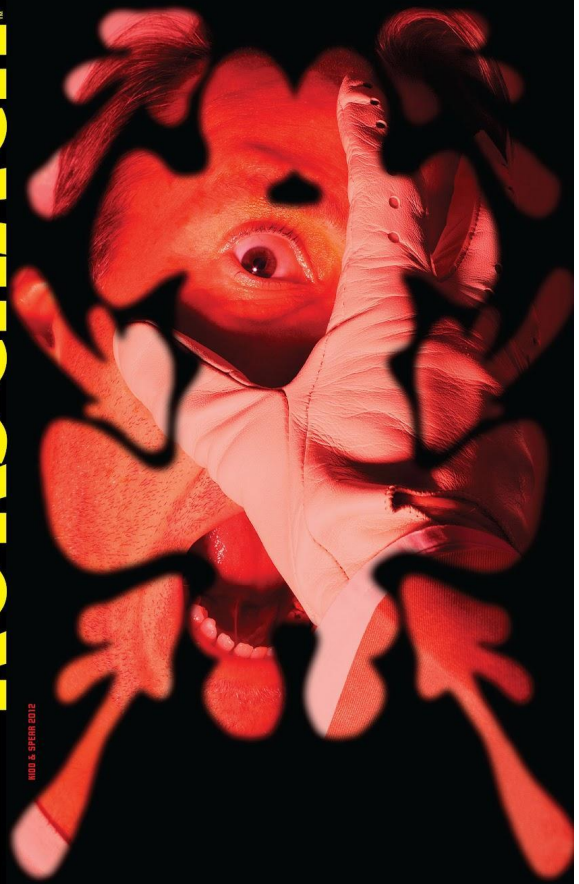

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KERASH
FSSSSHHH
JESU-OUGH
COUGH
COUGH

MUHRUFUCGH!

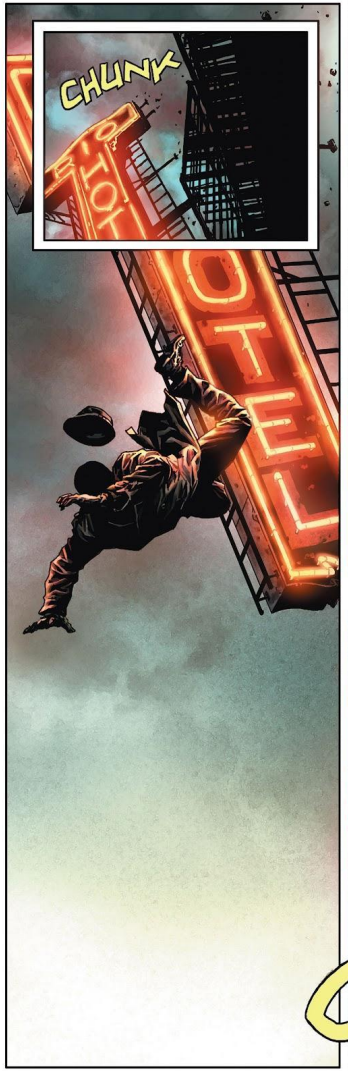
CRASH

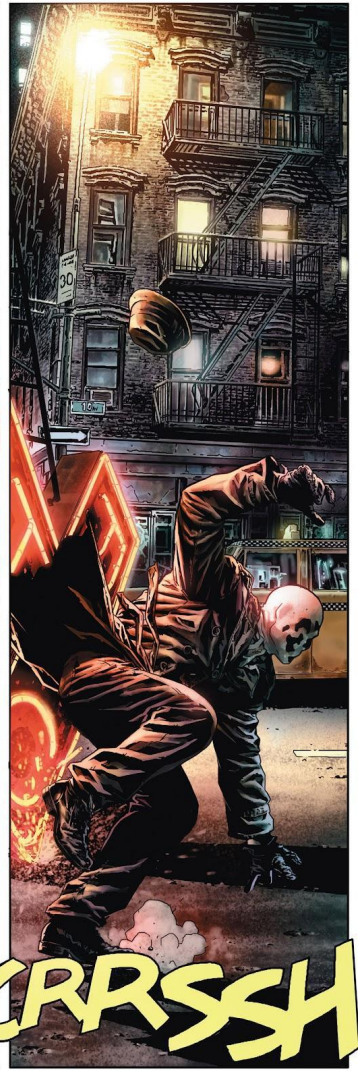
COO... COUGH GEMME OUTTHA COUGH ERE...
COUGH... HANG ON, BROTHER...

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA

COUGH
COUGH

?
CRAK
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
KRUK


CHUNK


CRRSSH

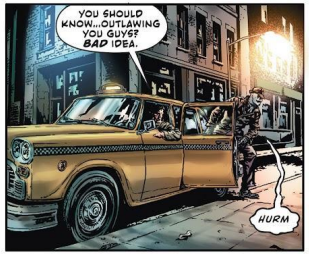
GO.
...
WHERE?
JUST GO.
GOT IT. I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE, DON'T WORRY...
THERE STILL ARE SOME GOOD PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD.

TROUBLE BACK THERE?
I SAID TROUBLE BACK THERE?
?
IT LOOKED LIKE YOU HAD SOME TROUBLE BACK THERE.
MAY STILL HAVE SOME WITH ME...

HOW COULD YOU NOT? THERE'S TROUBLE EVERYWHERE. I SEE IT.

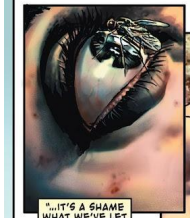
I'M NOT LIKE YOU, THOUGH.

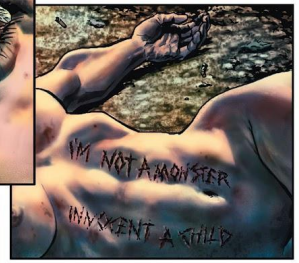
TAKES SOME REAL GUTS TO BE A GUY LIKE YOU. YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT MARRIED, HUH?
I MEAN, A WIFE WOULD... GET IN THE WAY. NO OFFENSE IF YOU ARE MARRIED THOUGH.
HERE.

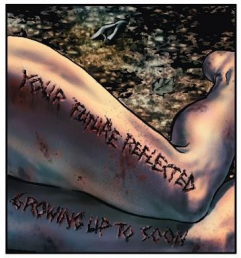

YOU SHOULD KNOW...OUTLAWING YOU GUYS? BAD IDEA.
HURM

I THINK SO, ANYWAY.
I REALLY DO.
I MEAN LOOK AT THIS PLACE.

LOOK AT THIS PLACE...


"...IT'S A SHAME WHAT WE'VE LET IT BECOME."


I'M NOT A MONSTER
INNOCENT A CHILD


YOUR PAIN'S REFLECTED
GROWING UP TO SOON

Gunga
Diner
HEY, LOOK WHO IT IS!

CASPER THE UNFRIENDLY GHOST!
MY NAME IS WALTER AND I DIDN'T NEED TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL.
WHAT?
THANK YOU THOUGH. I KNOW YOU MEANT WELL.
I WAS WORRIED... HOW DID YOU GET OUT?
IT'S NOT A PRISON. IT'S A HOSPITAL. THEY CAN'T KEEP YOU AGAINST YOUR WILL.
I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER.
LET'S SEE, TONIGHT WE GOT MEATLOAF...
SHUT UP, CONRAD.
TO THANK YOU. CAN I TAKE YOU TO DINNER? ANYWHERE YOU'D LIKE. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A PLACE I LIKE. I WANT TO THANK YOU.
QUEEN NANCY HAS VERY EXPENSIVE TASTES...
SHUT UP, CONRAD!
I HAVE MONEY. WE CAN--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOW ME THAT...
WALTER.
WALTER. HUH? YOU LOOK LIKE A WALTER.
WALTER. I DON'T GET OFF UNTIL ELEVEN TONIGHT.
HURM. I UNDERSTAND.
PICK ME UP HERE AT ELEVEN.
DESSERT? CAN WE GO GET SOME PIE, AND MAYBE TALK?
IS THAT ENOUGH TO THANK YOU?

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL. JULY 11TH, 1977: NEWS OF THE BARD'S LATEST VICTIM BROKE AT 4:30, JUST IN TIME FOR A LATE AFTERNOON THUNDERSTORM. CERTAIN HE TOOK PLEASURE IN XXX THE COINCIDENCE.

HIS CONFIDENCE MUST BE HIGH. ONLY EXPLANATION FOR ANOTHER VICTIM SO SOON. BELIEVES HE CAN'T BE CAUGHT. PUTS THE CITY ON EDGE.

HAD TO BE HIS INTENTION.

RAZOR NO LONGER HIS ONLY WEAPON. PLAYING THE PUBLIC'S INSEC URITIES LIKE A PIANO...

FORCING ANXIETY TO EXCRUCIATING LEVELS.

SO NOW HE'S GONNA PICK US OFF ONE BY ONE?

THE *FUCK* HE IS! I WANT EVERY MAN WE GOT OUT ON THE STREET--*GET* THAT FUCKIN' *RUNT!*

RAWHEAD, MAN... YOU'RE ASKING US TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A *HAYSTACK* OF NEEDLES. WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS.

BUT HE KNOWS WHO WE ARE, RIGHT?

...

YEAH... THAT'S OUR ADVANTAGE.

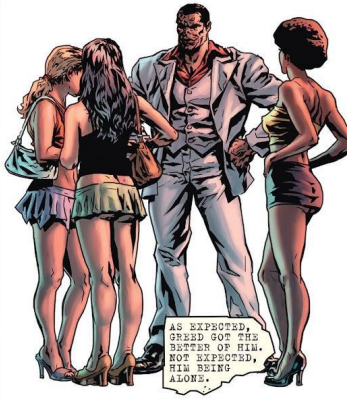
SAY WHAT?

OUR ADVANTAGE.

EXACTLY, LUCKY P. SO WE GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS...

NO LEAD ON RAWHEAD'S LOCATION. NO MATTER.
FOUND WHORE.
PUT PIMP IN HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT. SHE'S WORKING. MAKING MONEY.

RAWHEAD'S MONEY.


AS EXPECTED, GREED GOT THE BETTER OF HIM. NOT EXPECTED, HIM BEING ALONE.

TOO EASY.

SEEING IS BELIEVIN
ALL EXPLICIT GUYS & DOLL
SHOWMAN
PEEP
GIRLS
25
PREVIEW
THINKS I'MA FOOL.
LIVE NUDE GIRLS
8MM FILMS NOVELTIES
UNDERESTIMATES ME.

ARROGANT FOOL.
The Paradise Inferno

NIGHT CLUB WILL BE OPENING SOON. WILL RETURN LATER, AFTER 11 O'CLOCK APPOINTMENT. CLEAN UP MESS.

HEY, ASSHOLE--

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT?

YOU WERE LOOKING AT OUR LADIES, WEREN'T YOU?
MAYBE HE WANTS TO CARVE 'EM UP...

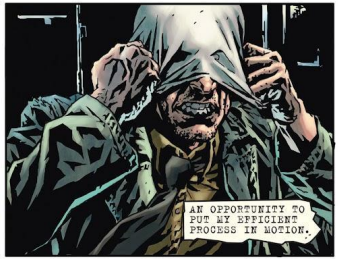
I'M NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM.
YEAH? WHO DO YOU THINK I THINK YOU ARE?

HE SOUNDS GUILTY, TONY.

AH
I'M NOT WHO--

PUSHED TO THE EDGE.
THE CITY HAS QUIT.

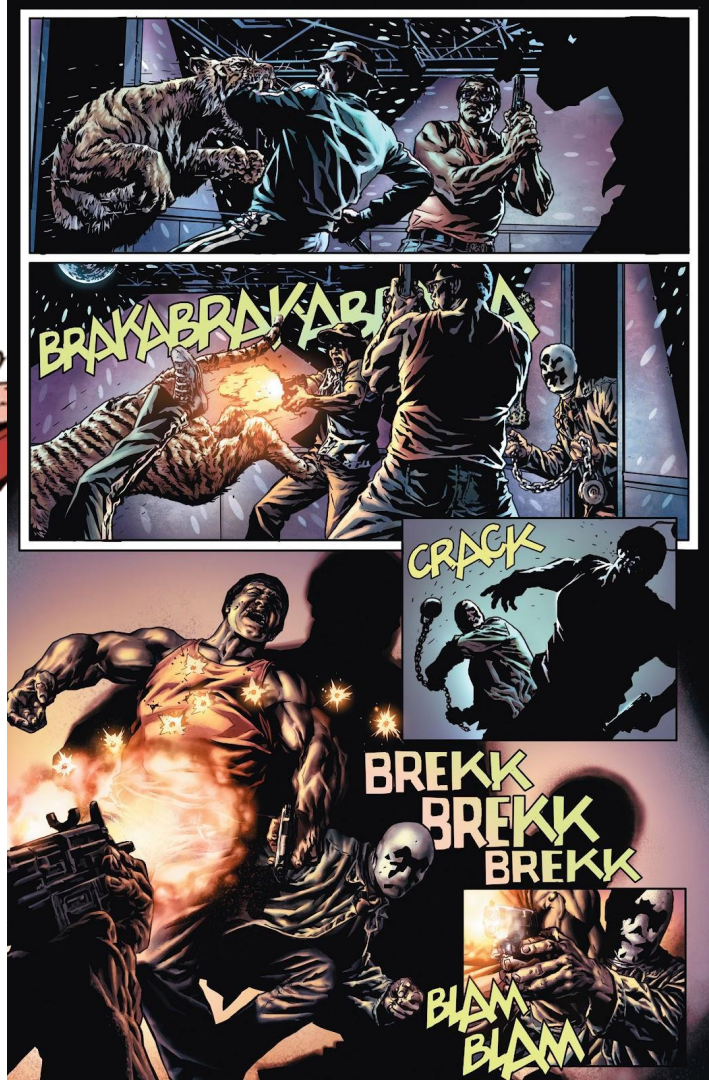
PARANOIA WILL TURN TO PANIC OR TERROR-INDUCED IMMOBILIZATION.

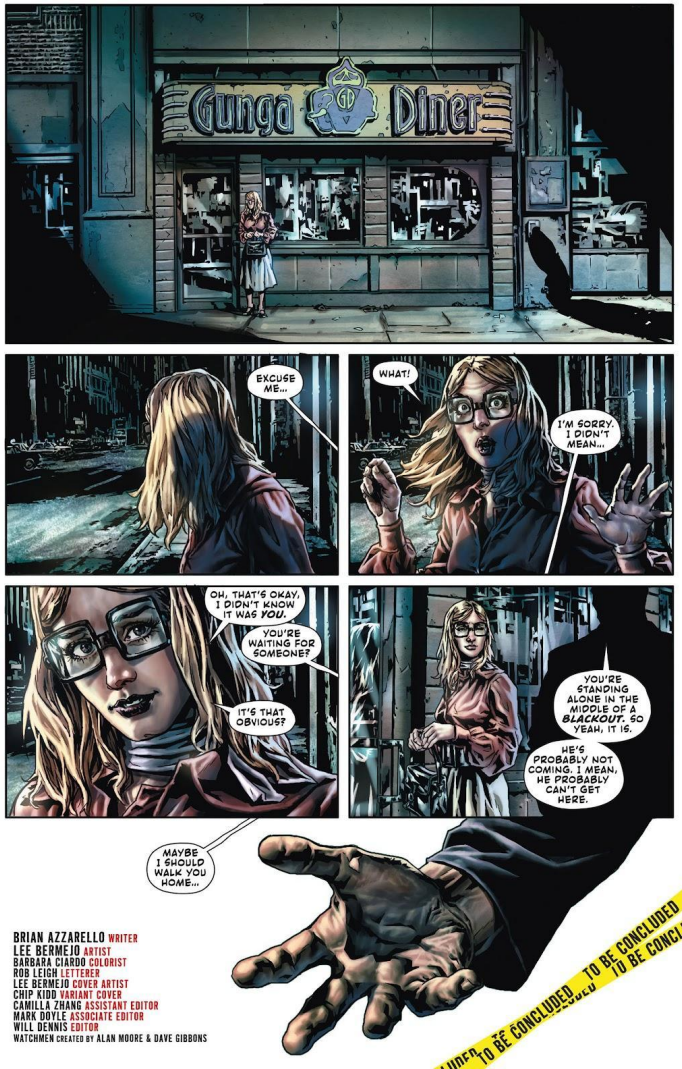

AN OPPORTUNITY TO PUT MY EFFICIENT PROCESS IN MOTION.

TKK

GRRRRRRR

STAY COOL. KEEP TO THE PLAN.
CRAASH


BRAKABRAKABR
CRACK
BREKK
BREKK
BREKK
BLAM
BLAM



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WILL DENNIS EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

I AM GORDON MCCLACHLAN, AN OFFICER OF HIS MAJESTY'S NAVY, SERVING DURING THE REIGN OF HIS GLORIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE THE THIRD.

BORN IN KIRCALDY, SCOTLAND, ON THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF JUNE IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD SEVENTEEN FIFTY-TWO.

HOW DID I END MY FIRST VOYAGE AS MIDSHIPMAN CHAINED...

...IN A TORTURE CHAMBER ROASTING ALIVE?

the cycle of the CRIMSON CORSAIR

WHO'S WERE HIS DRAGON WINGS? Part Eight

BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO

THE CRIMSON CORSAIR!

THE MAD COMMANDER OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

THE SHIP THAT SAILS FOR ALL ETERNITY TO COLLECT THE SOULS OF THE DROWNED.

THREE ITEMS HE TASKED ME TO COLLECT, SO TO RETRIEVE MY LOST SOUL.

ONE--THE GOLDEN EARRING OF AN UNBORN CHILD--A CHILD OF MY SAVIOR AND NOW MY NEMESIS--N'TUNGA!

TWO--THE TATTOO FROM A DEAD MAN'S CHEST, WHICH IS BINDING MINE EYES. GIVEN BY N'TUNGA AS AN EVIL GIFT TAKEN FROM A SCREAMING BLOODY MAN.

AND THE THIRD AND LAST ITEM IN THIS QUEST?

THAT I KNOW NOT. THE CRIMSON CORSAIR'S RIDDLE IS FOR ME TO DISCOVER...

...BUT HOW?

IN THIS SCALDING HOT SUN CHAMBER ON THE APEX OF ONE OF THE SKY-TOUCHING BUILDINGS IN THE CLOUD CITY.

I APPEAR TO BE CONDEMNED TO SLOWLY ROAST TO DEATH ...

...BY THE UNRELENTING HEAT OF THE SUN THAT IS INEXORABLY RISING TO AN APOTHEOSIS OVER THIS BUILDING.

WHEN I SURELY MUST SUCCUMB AND FINALLY WELCOME WITH OPEN ARMS MY DEMISE AND CESSATION OF PAIN--AT LAST.

BUT NO! NOT AFTER ALL I HAVE BEEN THROUGH!

THE CHAINS BINDING ME GIVE WHEN I PULL ON THEM. I AM SURE I CAN BREAK FREE... BUT...?

¿DÓNDE ESTÁS, PIEL?

PIEL?

HELLO... IS ANYONE THERE?

HELLO?

...PIEL...

TO BE CONTINUED...

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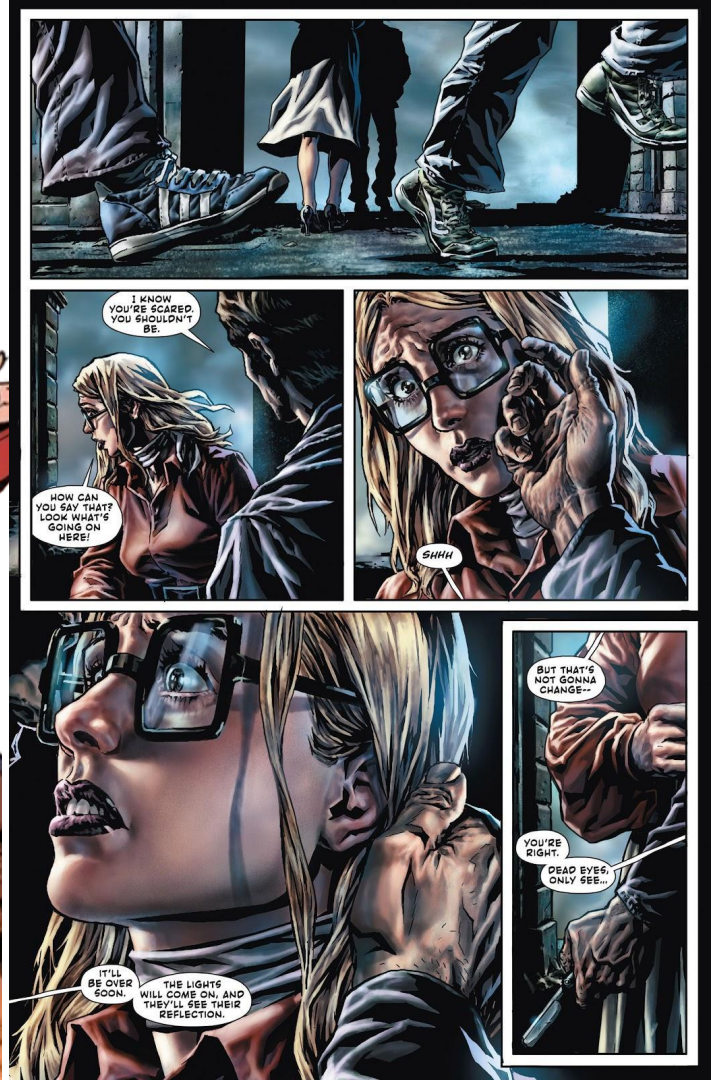
WHACK
CRACK
THOK
WAM

I GOT THE MOVES--
YEAH!
I GOT THE SHIT--
OH NO!
CRACK
I GOT IT ALL IN SPADES-- 'CAUSE I'M THE ACE OF KINGS
DIRSH
WITH A DIAMOND RING, ON MY DING-A-LING
KRLIK

WUFF
CHECK IT, LUCKY P, JUS' LIKE I SAID...
MOTHER-FUCKER'S NOBODY...
UH...NO...
WITHOUT HIS MASK.

JESUS... SNIFF
UH...
THIS FACE IS NASTY.
HOW YOU LIVE WITH THIS?
OR THAT ONE?
LEMME GIVE YOU ANOTHER, BROTHER...

GRAASH
OH MY GOD!
WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS? I MEAN, IT'S JUST A BLACKOUT...
NO, IT ISN'T JUST ANYTHING OTHER THAN AN EXCUSE.
THEY'RE SAVAGES, RIGHT?
IT MIGHT BE SAFER IF WE GET OUT OF THEIR WAY...


I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. YOU SHOULDN'T BE.
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? LOOK WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
SHHH
IT'LL BE OVER SOON.
THE LIGHTS WILL COME ON, AND THEY'LL SEE THEIR REFLECTION.
BUT THAT'S NOT GONNA CHANGE--
YOU'RE RIGHT.
DEAD EYES, ONLY SEE...

"A DEAD FACE."
OOOO
I'M REALLY ANGRY, AND YER A BAD GUY...
RRRR...
RRRHA HAHAHA HAHA
I DON'T GET THIS, RAWHEAD...
NO NO NO, LUCKY P, DON' CALL ME THAT...

CALL ME RORSCHACH-- MISTER RORSCHACH.
MISTER TALL-ASS, LOOKING LIKE A REAL MOTHERFUCKIN' SUPER HERO RORSCHACH.
WHAT YOU AIN'T GETTIN'?
HUMANITY. IT'S A BLACKOUT, AND PEOPLE AIN'T PEOPLE...
THEY'RE EVERY MAN FOR THEMSELVES.
SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THAT.
YOU'RE BOTHERED. I UNDERSTAND.
WHAT IF I...IF I WENT OUT THERE, AS MISTER...WHATEVER I SAID RORSCHACH, CRACKED SOME MUTHAFUCKIN' HEADS, KILLED SOME PEOPLE, AND BROUGHT SOME PEACE.
THAT BE FUCKIN' SOMETHING.
YEAH, IT WOULD.
FINISH OFF MISTER NOBODY.

YOU KNOW SOMETHING, NOBODY?
I GET THIS. THE MASK THING. I GET IT.
IT'S WHAT SEPARATES YOU FROM THE MOTHER-FUCKERS.
MY FACE-- LACK OF-- FUCK...
I BECAME WHAT I AM-- BACK FROM 'NAM.
I CHOSE TO LIVE UP TO MY FACE.
BUT WITH A MASK... I LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY UNDERNEATH IT.
THAT'S COOL.

IMMA DO IT.
SO DO WHAT YOU DO, LUCKY P. I DON' NEED TO SEE.

I GOTS ME SOME CRIME TO FIGHT.
I WANT TO KNOW YOUR NAME.

IF YOU DON'T TELL ME, I'M GONNA START "DOING WHAT I DO" BY PULLING YOUR TONGUE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH.
AND THEN I'LL TAKE MY TIME.

VIC.

VIC? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A VIC.
MORE OF A HOWARD.
JUST SAYIN'.

"BUT, VIC, THING IS-- I DON'T GET THE VIGILANTE SHIT.

"LIKE, WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?"

UNDERSTAND-- IF YOU TELL ME-- I'M NOT *NOT* GOING TO KILL YOU.

'CAUSE, DUDE, YOU'RE *DEAD*.

SO DEAD.

BUT DON'T YOU WANT SOMEBODY TO KNOW WHY "YOU DO WHAT YOU DO"?

I WOULD THINK THAT WOULD BE IMPORTANT.

TO A HOWARD LIKE YOU.

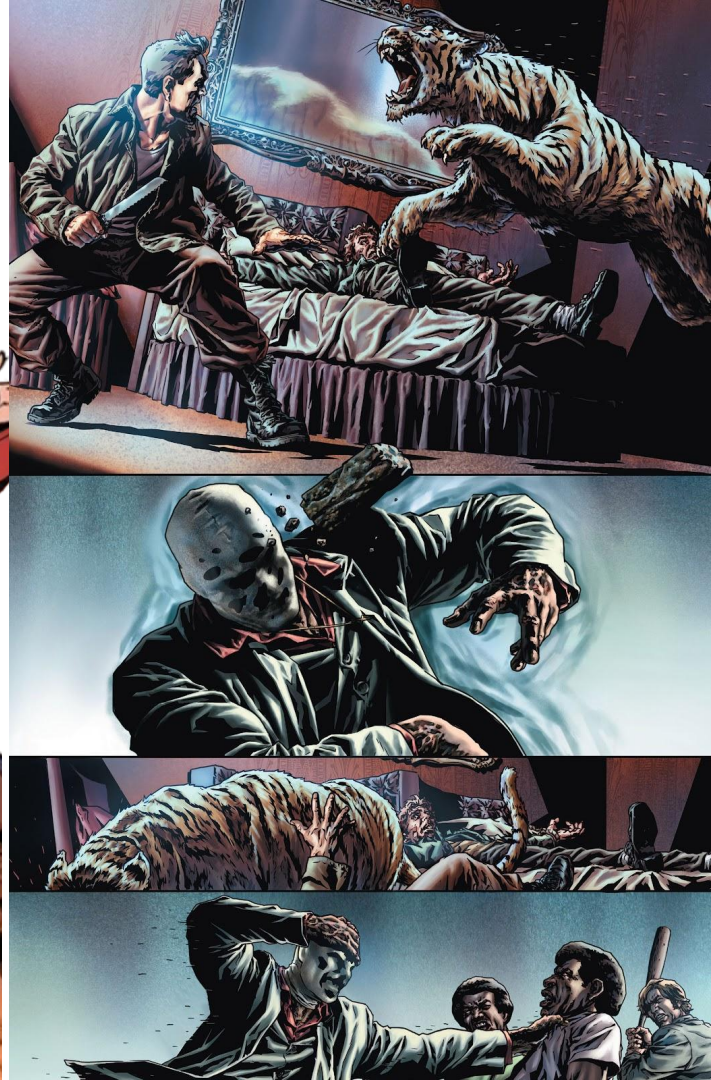
"SO TELL ME, OR AIN'T ANYBODY WILL EVER KNOW.

"YOU'LL JUST BE GONE, AND FORGOTTEN."

"TELL ME...

...WHY?

JESUS.
FUCKIN'-AYE-CHRIST.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, DO YOU, VIC--
"--TIM?
"YOU JUST DO, LIKE A FUCKIN' ANIMAL..."
GRRRRRRR



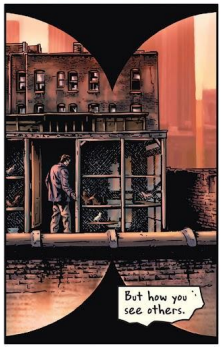
SMAAASH
THIS IS FUCKIN' EXCELLENT, MAN! WHAT I TELL YOU? THE TIP TOP OF THE TOP SHELF!
I DUNNO, RONNY. THERE'S FUCKIN' BODIES HERE, DUDE. FUCKIN' BODIES.
I DON' WANNA BE DRINKIN' WITH NO BODIES!
RELAX. AIN'T NO BODIES THAT CAN--
SMACK
YOU DO THIS?
SOME OF IT.
GRRRRRRR
I WOULDN'T STAY HERE IF I WERE YOU.
YEAH? WELL, LOOK, YOU CREEPY BUM...

"YOU AIN'T ME."
...HURM.

RORSCHACH'S JOURNAL, JULY 11TH, 1982.
Five years ago today, The City showed it's true face.

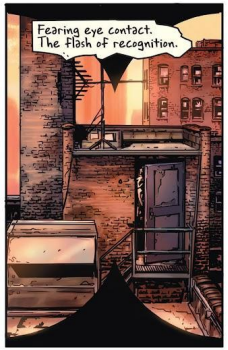
Ironic. Lights out exposed the pretense, grabbed society by the back of the neck and shoved its face in the mirror.

Difficult circumstance, when own reflection not how you see yourself...


But how you see others.

When the lights came on the damned were quick to return to their routine of subtle stubbornness.

Shuffling the streets on lead pegs, trying to forget.


Fearing eye contact. The flash of recognition.

"You're just like me."

"I know what you do in the dark."
Five years ago. The night of my last mistake...

The Bard made his first.

Despite having her throat slit, his victim survived.

In the dark, acting out in the open, Ronald James Randall got sloppy.

Victim identified him.

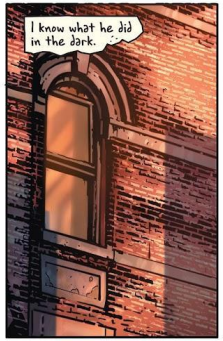
Regular customer at diner she was employed at.

He was behind bars for nearly three years before he went to trial.

Victim testified. Inept prosecution still botched case.

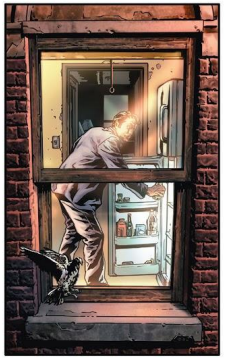
Ronald James Randall was acquitted.

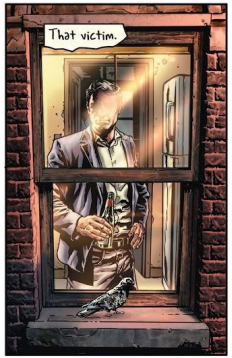
By a jury of his peers.
Typical. Society refuses to take necessary steps to save itself from itself.
I don't.


I know what he did in the dark.

And I know where he lives.

Victim's whereabouts unknown.



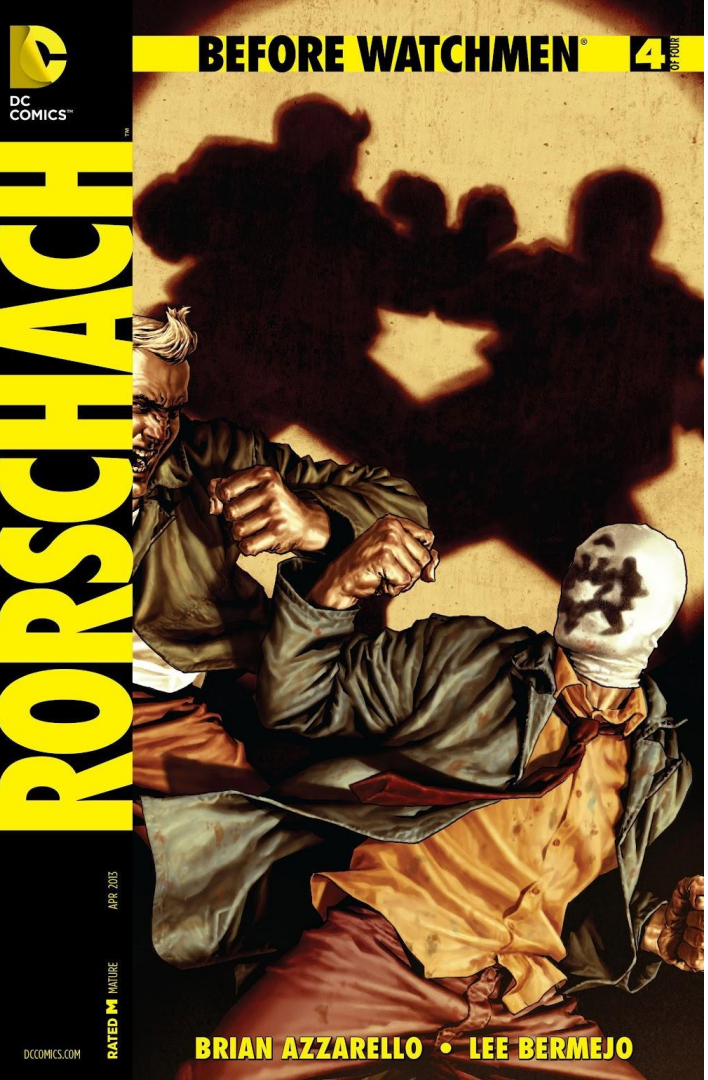

That victim.

Presumably, she left town to be a victim somewhere else.

She and her scars.

No escaping the naked truth when it's carved across your chest...

"You'd serve me"
END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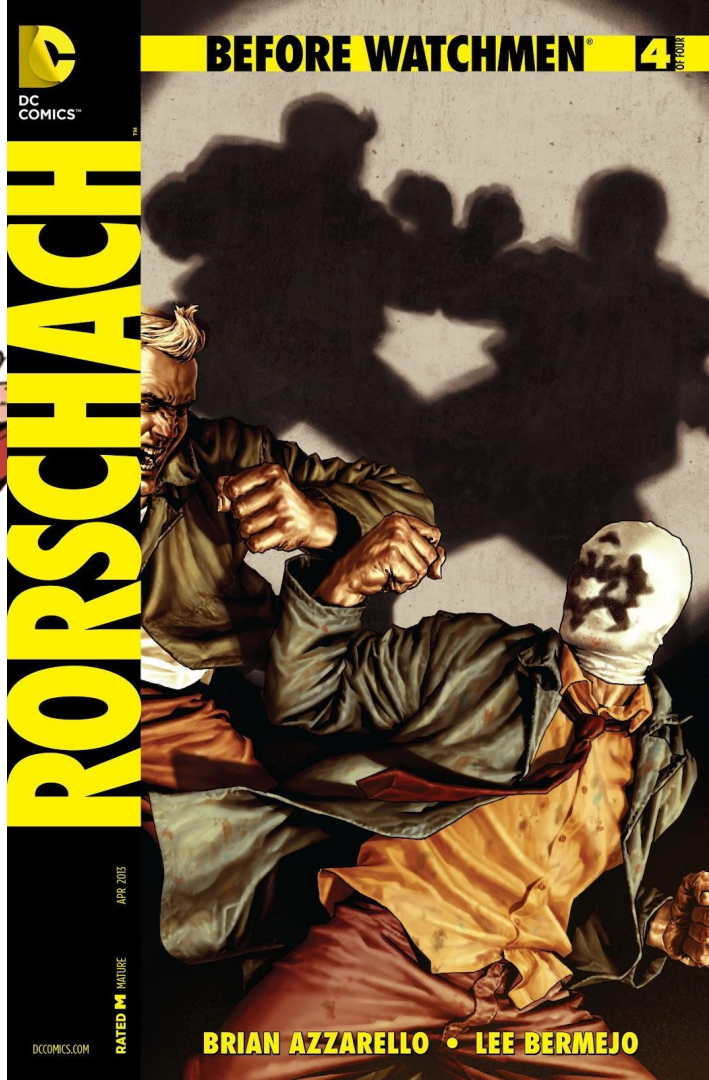
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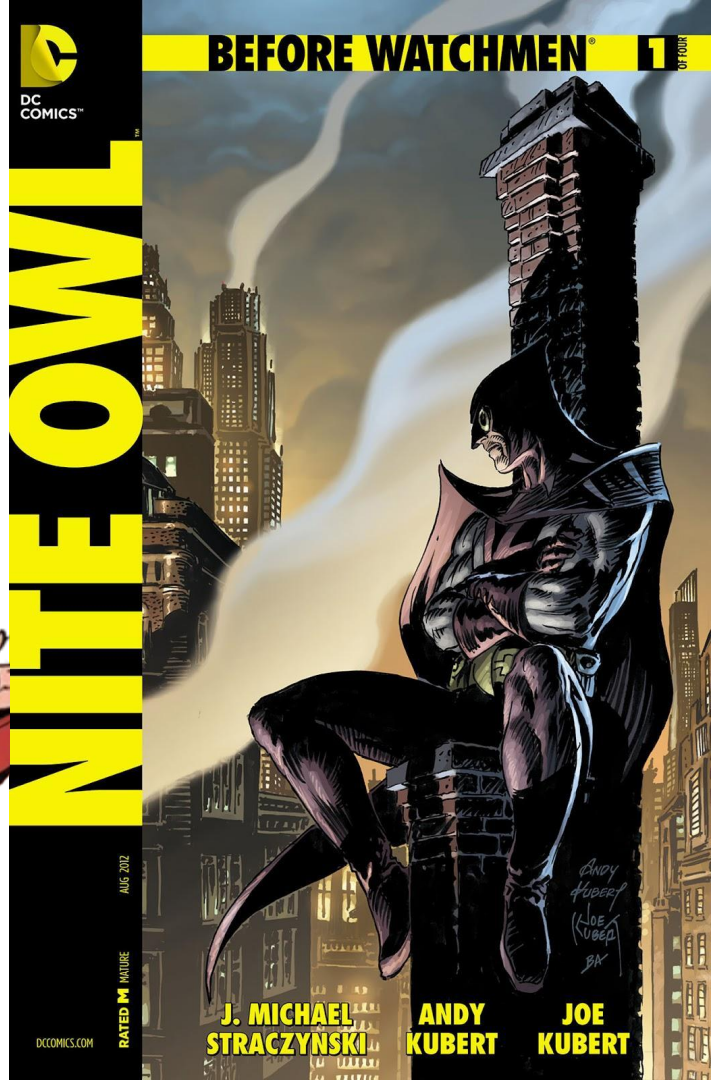
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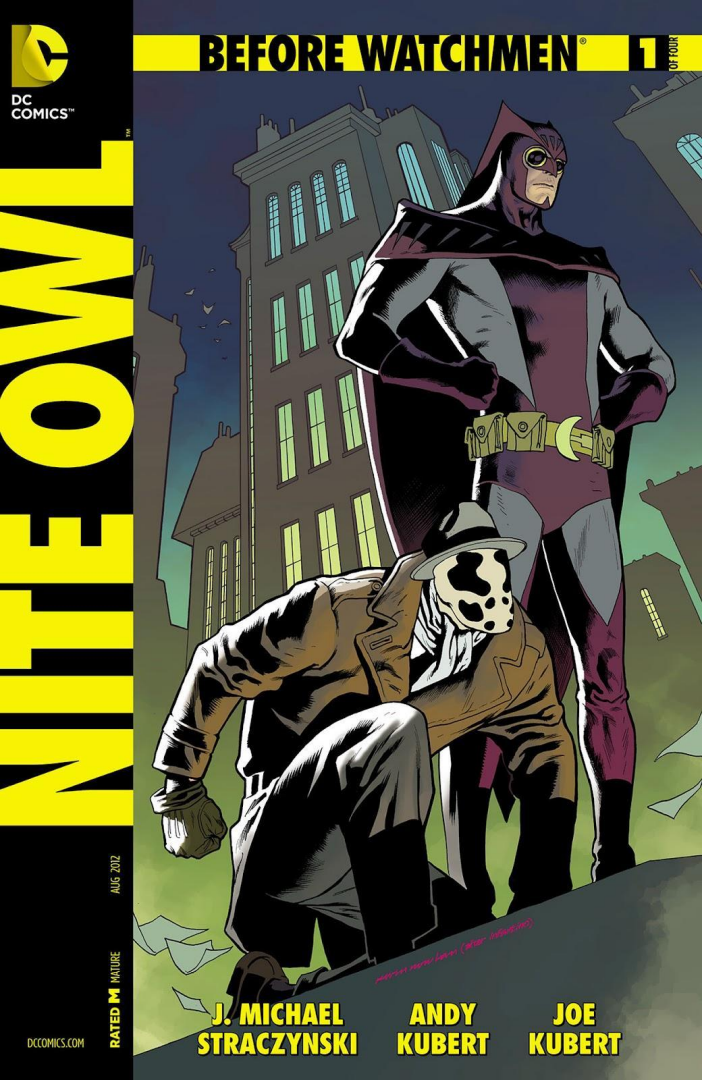
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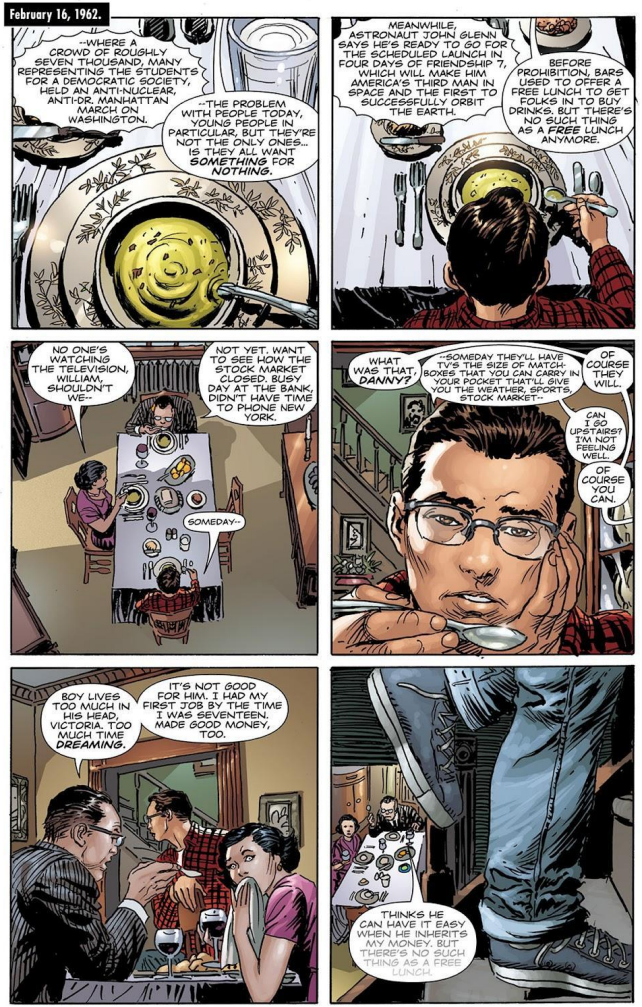
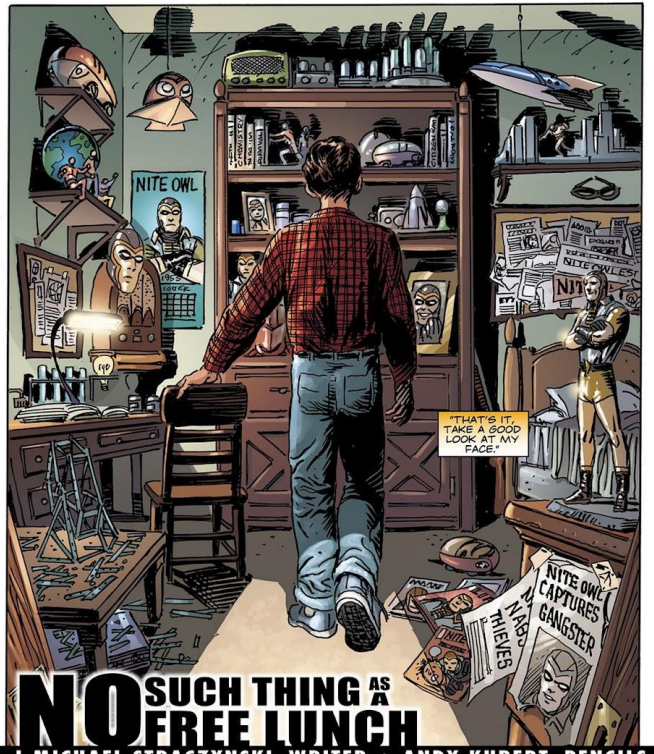

February 16, 1962.
--WHERE A CROWD OF ROUGHLY SEVEN THOUSAND, MANY REPRESENTING THE STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY, HELD AN ANTI-NUCLEAR, ANTI-DR. MANHATTAN MARCH ON WASHINGTON.
--THE PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE TODAY, YOUNG PEOPLE IN PARTICULAR, BUT THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES... IS THEY ALL WANT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.
MEANWHILE, ASTRONAUT JOHN GLENN SAYS HE'S READY TO GO FOR THE SCHEDULED LAUNCH IN FOUR DAYS OF FRIENDSHIP 7, WHICH WILL MAKE HIM AMERICA'S THIRD MAN IN SPACE AND THE FIRST TO SUCCESSFULLY ORBIT THE EARTH.
BEFORE PROHIBITION, BARS USED TO OFFER A FREE LUNCH TO GET FOLKS IN TO BUY DRINKS. BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH ANYMORE.
NO ONE'S WATCHING THE TELEVISION, WILLIAM, SHOULDN'T WE--
NOT YET. WANT TO SEE HOW THE STOCK MARKET CLOSED. BUSY DAY AT THE BANK, DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PHONE NEW YORK.
SOMEDAY--
WHAT WAS THAT, DANNY?
--SOMEDAY THEY'LL HAVE TV'S THE SIZE OF MATCH-BOXES THAT YOU CAN CARRY IN YOUR POCKET THAT'LL GIVE YOU THE WEATHER, SPORTS, STOCK MARKET--
OF COURSE THEY WILL.
CAN I GO UPSTAIRS? I'M NOT FEELING WELL.
OF COURSE YOU CAN.
BOY LIVES TOO MUCH IN HIS HEAD, VICTORIA. TOO MUCH TIME DREAMING.
IT'S NOT GOOD FOR HIM. I HAD MY FIRST JOB BY THE TIME I WAS SEVENTEEN. MADE GOOD MONEY, TOO.
THINKS HE CAN HAVE IT EASY WHEN HE INHERITS MY MONEY. BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH.



NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH

J MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI–WRITER • ANDY KUBERT–PENCILS
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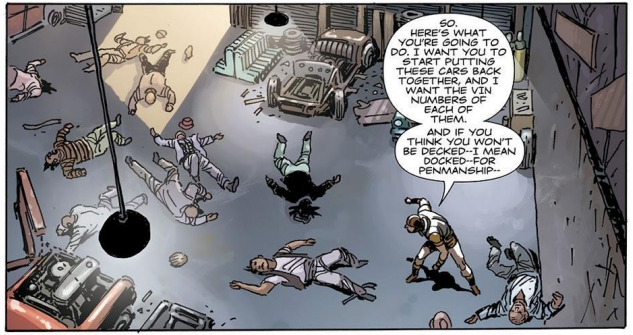
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS



MY PLEASURE, LIEUTENANT. BUT I NEED TO BE GOING. SUN'S UP, WHICH MEANS IT'S LONG PAST MY BEDTIME.
OF COURSE.
AND A HOOTY-HOOT-HOOT TO YOU, TOO.
NEWSPAPER CIGARS
SPARKY'S GARAGE
POLI

LUNCHONETTE
HOOT! HOOT! HOOT!
HOOT!
THANK YOU...THANKS... JUST DOING MY JOB!

NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET BACK IN THE OWL CAR AND HEAD BACK TO THE OWL CAVE TO GET SOME OWL SLEEP SO I CAN COME BACK OUT AGAIN TONIGHT AND DISPENSE SOME WHAT?

OWL JUSTICE! BECAUSE JUSTICE CAN FIND YOU IN THE SHADOWS AND THE DARK!

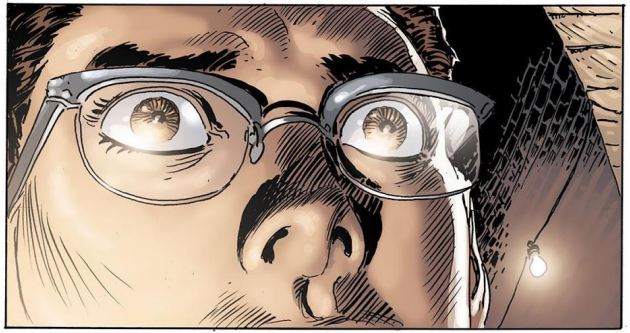
FFFFWWW EEEEEEEEEEFFF SSSSSSHHHHH HHHHHH!
VROOOO-OOOMFWEE-EEEEE...
COME ON, COME ON....

CHURCH BELLS...GOTTA BE ST. MARTINS ON CLIFFORD!
BONG... BONG... BONG...

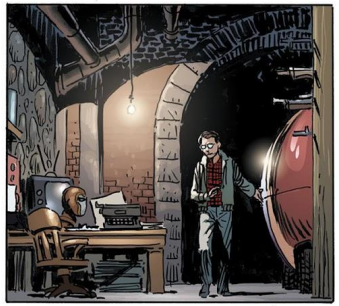
GARAGE
...DURDUR DURDURDUR DUR...
JACKHAMMERS...HE TURNED LEFT ONTO MAIN, PAST THE ROAD WORK....
WHUD WHUD-WHUD WHUD-WHUD-WHUD....
GRAP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS. BUT HE'S GOTTA BE GOING SOUTH.
POLICE

...BANG... BANG-BANG... BANG...
C'MON...GOTTA BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...
POST NO BILLS

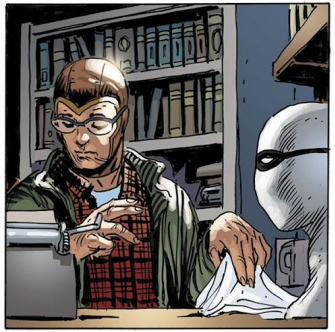
BANG BANG BANG
GOT IT!

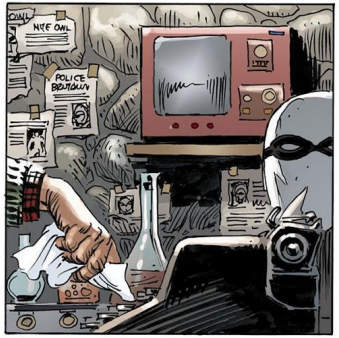


Gas



DEATH
CRIME
Tries!




HI'E OM.
POLICE BRUTALITY

Four o'clock, Lincoln Park, South-east Corner, Green Bench.

--AND THEY SAID YOU COULD GET THE FABRIC IN A DR. MANHATTAN PRINT THAT ADJUSTS TO YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE, BUT APPARENTLY THERE WAS A PROBLEM IN THE MANUFACTURING--

SO, LET ME TELL YOU HOW EASY IT WAS TO FIND YOU AND HOW YOU CAN KEEP SOMEONE ELSE FROM DOING IT.
MR. MASON.

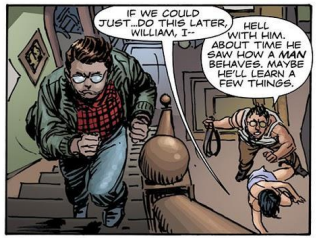
--AND I'VE WORKED ON SOME PRETTY GREAT ELECTRONICS THAT COULD BE USEFUL, I HAVE AN IDEA FOR A FLYING VEHICLE, NIGHT-VISION GLASSES--
THE POINT BEING WHAT?
I WANT TO WORK WITH YOU, LIKE A SIDEKICK OR--
I'LL... THINK ABOUT IT.

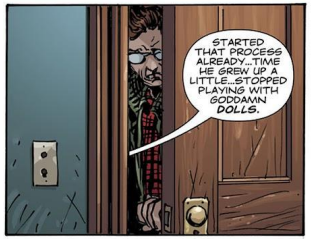
YOU'RE A GO-GETTER, AND YOU HAVE SOME GREAT IDEAS, BUT I USUALLY WORK ALONE. STILL--
--I'LL BE IN TOUCH. YOU'RE A GOOD KID. I THINK YOU'VE GOT POTENTIAL.

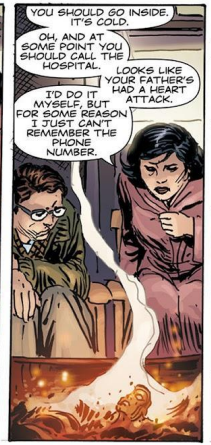
BUT DON'T EVER DO AGAIN WHAT YOU DID TODAY. IF I HADN'T SEEN YOU COMING IN TIME TO REALIZE YOU WERE STILL JUST A KID--
--THIS COULD HAVE GONE VERY, VERY BADLY FOR YOU.

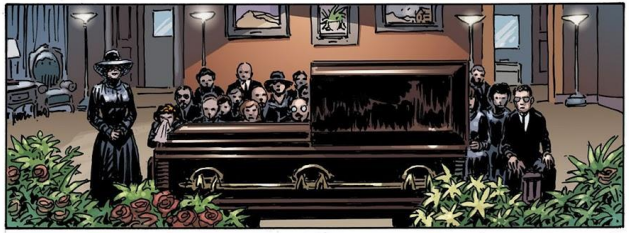
BEG FOR IT--
STOP IT, PLEASE--
--LOUDER!
-- I MEAN IT, LEAVE ME ALONE!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT! GET UPSTAIRS!
MOM--
NO... IT'S...IT'S OKAY, HONEY... YOU GO UP... PLEASE....
...PLEASE....


IF WE COULD JUST...DO THIS LATER, WILLIAM, I--
HELL WITH HIM. ABOUT TIME HE SAW HOW A MAN BEHAVES. MAYBE HE'LL LEARN A FEW THINGS.


STARTED THAT PROCESS ALREADY...TIME HE GREW UP A LITTLE...STOPPED PLAYING WITH GODDAMN DOLLS.


YOU SHOULD GO INSIDE. IT'S COLD.
OH, AND AT SOME POINT YOU SHOULD CALL THE HOSPITAL.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR FATHER'S HAD A HEART ATTACK.
I'D DO IT MYSELF, BUT FOR SOME REASON I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER THE PHONE NUMBER.

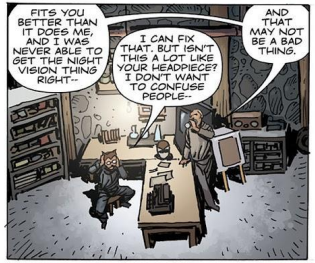


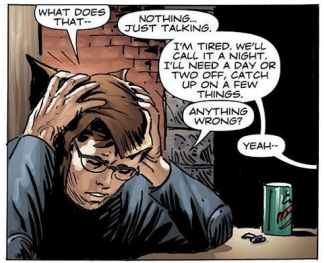
I SAW THE BRUISES. READ THE POLICE REPORTS. SO I WON'T SAY I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
YEAH.
SO I... GUESS WE SHOULD GET STARTED.
YEAH, I GUESS SO.

I DON'T WANT TO BE CALLED OWLIE--
YOU WON'T.
--OR OWL-BOY, OR OWL-KID.
WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT. NOW STOP DROPPING YOUR LEFT OR I'LL TAKE YOUR HEAD OFF.

--AND THE THRUST SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO ALLOW FOR VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDINGS.
YOU SURE YOU CAN AFFORD THIS?
MY BIRTHDAY WAS YESTERDAY. I SIGNED THE PAPERWORK ON THE TRUST. I CAN AFFORD TO BUY SEVERAL SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN TOWNS.
DON'T. WE HAVE NOWHERE TO PUT THEM.
AND HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

LEGIT OR CROOKED?
WHY?
CROOKED.
UNLOADING AT NIGHT. NO CUSTOMS GUYS AROUND, PROBABLY PAID OFF. TRUCKS WAITING FOR THEIR LOADS DON'T HAVE SHIPPING COMPANY NAMES ON THEM.


FIT'S YOU BETTER THAN IT DOES ME, AND I WAS NEVER ABLE TO GET THE NIGHT VISION THING RIGHT--
I CAN FIX THAT, BUT ISN'T THIS A LOT LIKE YOUR HEADPIECE? I DON'T WANT TO CONFUSE PEOPLE--
AND THAT MAY NOT BE A BAD THING.


WHAT DOES THAT--
NOTHING... JUST TALKING.
I'M TIRED. WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT. I'LL NEED A DAY OR TWO OFF, CATCH UP ON A FEW THINGS.
ANYTHING WRONG?
YEAH--

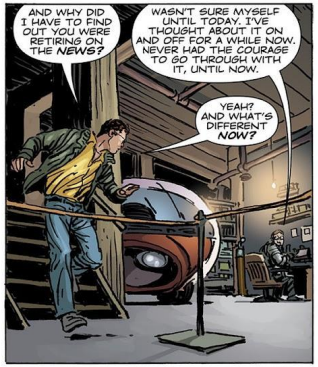
May 12, 1962

"--BUT IT'LL ALL WORK OUT IN THE END, YOU'LL SEE."
-- AS THE COUNTRY WAS ROCKED TODAY WITH UNEXPECTED NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF CRIME FIGHTERS.

IN A PREPARED STATEMENT GIVEN TO KNOWN ASSOCIATES AND CONTACTS IN THE FBI, THE HERO KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC ONLY AS NITE OWL ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT.

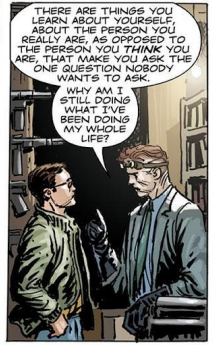
WHEN ASKED ABOUT FUTURE PLANS, THE HERO SOME CALL "THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS" SAID ONLY THAT HE WAS GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME TO RELAX, TEACH, AND POSSIBLY WRITE A BOOK.

SO WHEN WERE YOU PLANNING TO TELL ME?


AND WHY DID I HAVE TO FIND OUT YOU WERE RETIRING ON THE NEWS?
WASN'T SURE MYSELF UNTIL TODAY. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT ON AND OFF FOR A WHILE NOW. NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, UNTIL NOW.
YEAH? AND WHAT'S DIFFERENT NOW?

THERE'S YOU.
YOU'RE HERE TO PICK UP WHERE I LEFT OFF...SO THE NAME NITE OWL DOESN'T JUST UP AND DISAPPEAR. CALL IT PRIDE, I GUESS, BUT THAT WAS THE ONLY THING STILL KEEPING ME GOING.

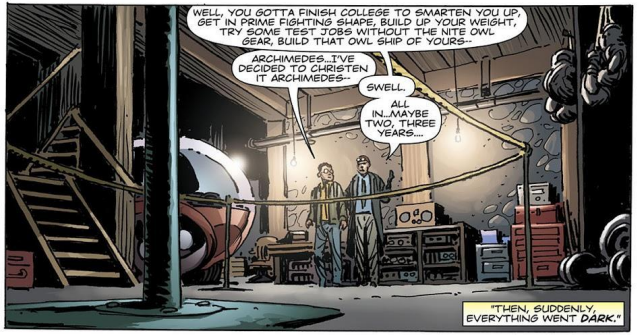
THERE'S THINGS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME, DANIEL...THINGS I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT MYSELF UNTIL--
--UNTIL RECENTLY.
TERRIBLE....


THERE ARE THINGS YOU LEARN ABOUT YOURSELF, ABOUT THE PERSON YOU REALLY ARE, AS OPPOSED TO THE PERSON YOU THINK YOU ARE, THAT MAKE YOU ASK THE ONE QUESTION NOBODY WANTS TO ASK.
WHY AM I STILL DOING WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING MY WHOLE LIFE?

WHATEVER IT IS YOU'VE BEEN DOING, WHATEVER IT MAY HAVE MEANT TO YOU, THE DAY YOU ASK THAT QUESTION IS THE DAY YOU HAVE TO STOP DOING IT. BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MEAN WHAT IT USED TO ANYMORE.

SO I'M GIVING IT ALL TO YOU, DANIEL. THE NAME, THE REP, THE GADGETS--
--THOUGH I THINK YOU'LL OUTCLASS ME ON THAT SCORE PRETTY FAST--
--NO OWLIE, NO OWL-BOY, NO OWL-KID, JUST LIKE I PROMISED.

FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE THE NITE OWL.
WE JUST HAVE TO FINISH TRAINING YOU.
AND...UHM...HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THAT'LL TAKE?


WELL, YOU GOTTA FINISH COLLEGE TO SMARTEN YOU UP, GET IN PRIME FIGHTING SHAPE, BUILD UP YOUR WEIGHT, TRY SOME TEST JOBS WITHOUT THE NITE OWL GEAR, BUILD THAT OWL SHIP OF YOURS--
ARCHIMEDES...I'VE DECIDED TO CHRISTEN IT ARCHIMEDES--
SWELL.
ALL IN...MAYBE TWO, THREE YEARS....
"THEN, SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING WENT DARK."

Two years and change later....
THE BLACKOUT THAT BEGAN TONIGHT AT SEVEN O'CLOCK GREW INTO SPORADIC LOOTING BY EIGHT AND BY TEN HAD TURNED INTO THE WORST RIOTING IN THE CITY'S HISTORY.
POLICE AND EMERGENCY DEPARTMENTS ARE URGING EVERYONE TO STAY INDOORS FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY.
FOGELSON'S
IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THESE THAT THE CITY MISSES MOST ITS LOCAL HERO--
NO... PLEASE...HELP, SOMEBODY--
--HELP, PLEASE!
--THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS--
WHAT THE--

--THE NITE OWL.
SO, WHO WANTS TO GET KNOCKED OUT FIRST?
TAKE YOUR TIME. THINK IT OVER. THEN LINE UP.
I'VE GOT ALL NIGHT.

ARCHIMEDES... CLOUD.

YOU'RE SURE YOU'VE GOT IT?
YEAH, NOW THAT THE LIGHTS ARE BACK ON, WE'RE GOOD. THANKS.
COME ON, YOU....

NOT BAD. GOOD OPENING NIGHT. SEE WHAT THE REVIEWS SAY IN THE MORNING.

I KNOW YOU--
NO. NO ONE DOES. YOU. MOTHER. FATHER. GOVERNMENT. LIKE IT THAT WAY. YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL DO THE SAME.

NICE RIDE. HAS THAT NEW CAR SMELL. CANNON. GUNS. FLAME THROWER.
LOTS OF TOYS. BUT YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING.
WHAT?

PARTNER.
I DON'T NEED SOMEONE WATCHING MY BACK.
CAN YOU SEE YOUR BACK FROM WHERE YOU ARE?
NO, BUT--
THEN YOU NEED SOMEONE WATCHING IT.

"MAYBE THIS IS JUST YOUR WAY OF SAYING *YOU* NEED SOMEONE WATCHING YOUR BACK."

"UNNECESSARY. HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD."

"SERIOUSLY?"

"NO. JOKE."

"BECAUSE IT'S HARD TO TELL WITH THAT MASK. YOU COULD HAVE, LIKE, THREE EYES AND FEATHERS."

"NEED TO WORK ON SENSE OF HUMOR."

"THAT ***WAS*** MY SENSE OF HUMOR."

"HURM."

"OKAY, WE'LL TRY IT FOR A WHILE, SEE HOW THINGS GO. OKAY?"

"HURM."

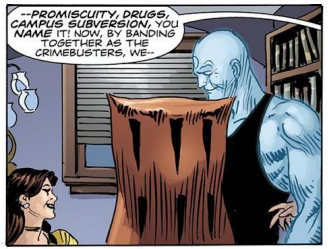
"STOP THAT."

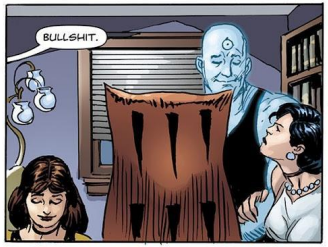
IF CRIMEBUSTERS IS TO BECOME AN EFFICIENT CRIME FIGHTING ORGANIZATION, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE LEARN TO WORK TOGETHER.
BLAAAT!

I'D LIKE TO START BY PAIRING PEOPLE UP INTO GROUPS OF TWO, SO WE CAN LEARN ABOUT EACH OTHER'S IDEAS, GOALS, AND WHAT WE HOPE TO ACHIEVE WITH CRIMEBUSTERS. THAT'S WHY I HAD EACH OF YOU PUT YOUR I.D. ON A SLIP OF PAPER.
STATES OF
OUR FIRST IS DR. MANHATTAN, WHOSE PRESENCE HERE TONIGHT HONORS ALL OF US--
--AND THE ONE HE'S PARTNERED WITH TONIGHT IS--
--IS--
--THE SILK SPECTRE. NEXT IS--
WHY CRIME-BUSTERS?
Silk Spectre

WHY "THE CRIMEBUSTERS"?
WELL, AS YOU KNOW, THIS COUNTRY HASN'T HAD AN ORGANIZATION OF MASKED ADVENTURERS SINCE THE MINUTEMEN DISBANDED IN '49.

SPECIALIZED LAW ENFORCEMENT IS STANDING STILL. CRIME ISN'T. NEW SOCIAL EVILS EMERGE EVERY DAY--


--PROMISCUITY, DRUGS, CAMPUS SUBVERSION, YOU NAME IT! NOW, BY BANDING TOGETHER AS THE CRIMEBUSTERS, WE-

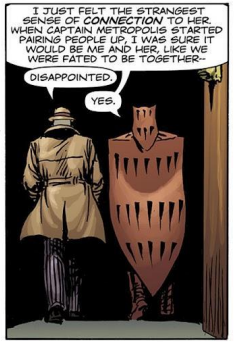

BULLSHIT.

"BULLSHIT," HE SAID."

I DIDN'T THINK HEROES WERE SUPPOSED TO TALK LIKE THAT. AND THEN THAT WHOLE BUSINESS OF BURNING THE MAP--
FIRST TIME SEEING THE COMEDIAN?
YES.
LUCKY HE DIDN'T BURN DOWN THE BUILDING, WITH US IN IT.

I SAID I WANT TO GO HOME RIGHT NOW.

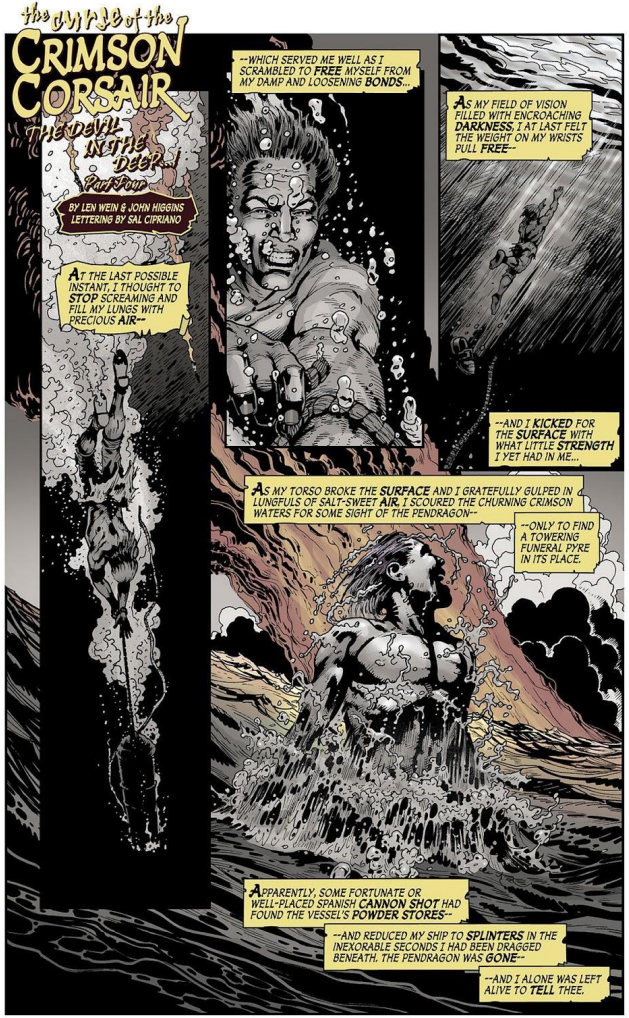
I DON'T KNOW--
DON'T KNOW WHAT?

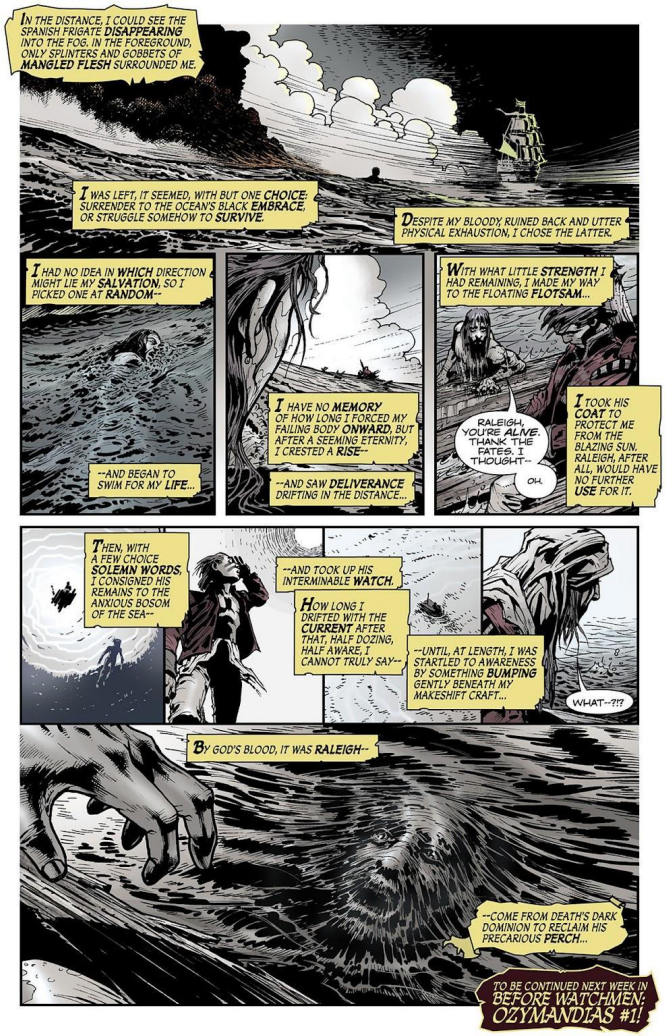

I JUST FELT THE STRANGEST SENSE OF CONNECTION TO HER. WHEN CAPTAIN METROPOLIS STARTED PAIRING PEOPLE UP, I WAS SURE IT WOULD BE ME AND HER, LIKE WE WERE FATED TO BE TOGETHER--
DISAPPOINTED.
YES.

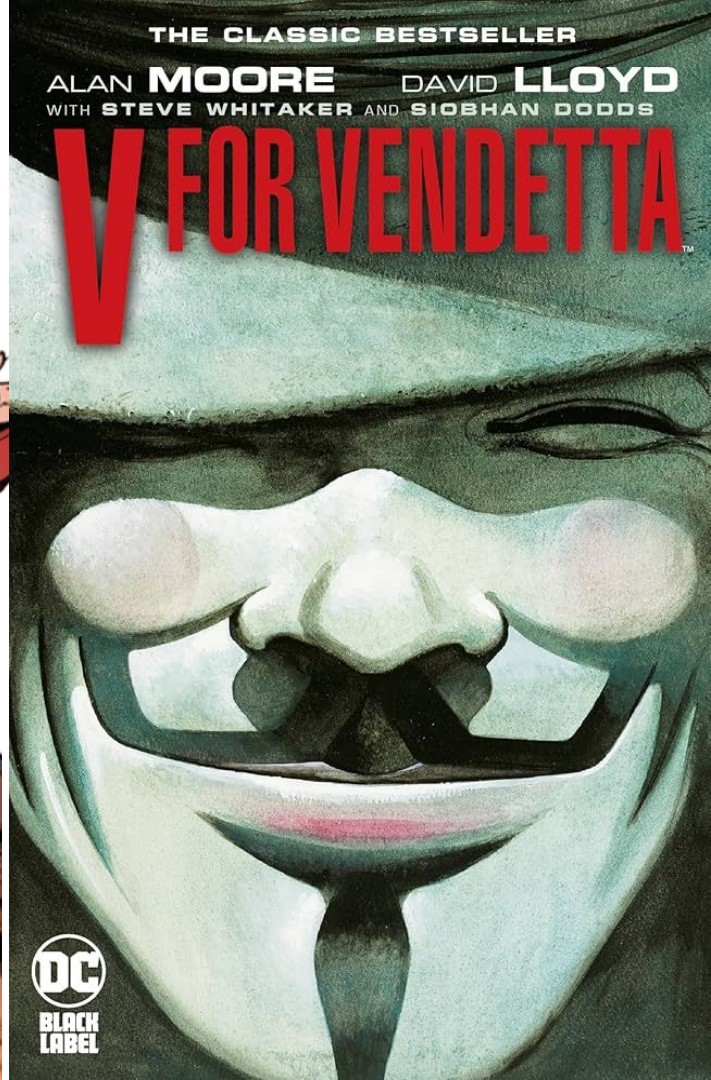
WOMEN. HE SAVED YOU TROUBLE.
MAYBE.
LISTEN, HOW ABOUT WE GET SOME LUNCH?
NEARLY MIDNIGHT.
WE WORK THE NIGHT SHIFT, SO THIS IS LUNCH. MY TREAT.

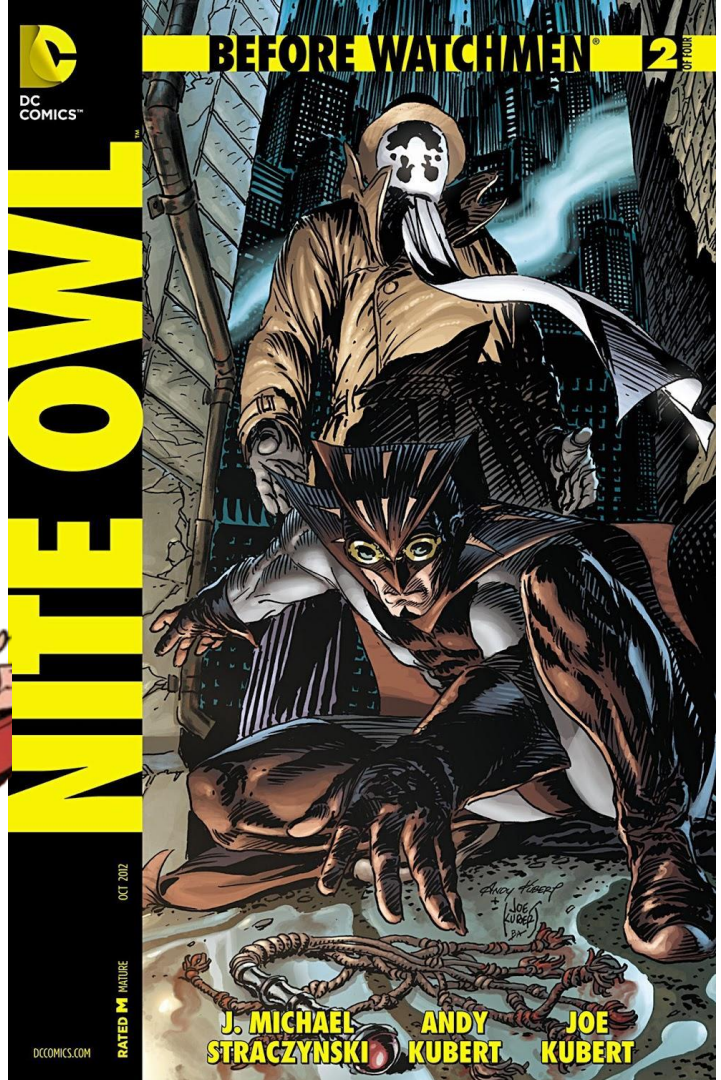
WELL.
WHO CAN SAY NO TO A FREE LUNCH?
HURM.

CONTINUED...


the WRATH of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP
Part Four
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT, I THOUGHT TO STOP SCREAMING AND FILL MY LUNGS WITH PRECIOUS AIR--
--WHICH SERVED ME WELL AS I SCRAMBLED TO FREE MYSELF FROM MY DAMP AND LOOSENING BONDS...
AS MY FIELD OF VISION FILLED WITH ENCROACHING DARKNESS, I AT LAST FELT THE WEIGHT ON MY WRISTS PULL FREE--
--AND I KICKED FOR THE SURFACE WITH WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH I YET HAD IN ME...
AS MY TORSO BROKE THE SURFACE AND I GRATEFULLY GULPED IN LUNGFULS OF SALT-SWEET AIR, I SCOURED THE CHURNING CRIMSON WATERS FOR SOME SIGHT OF THE PENDRAGON--
--ONLY TO FIND A TOWERING FUNERAL PYRE IN ITS PLACE.
APPARENTLY, SOME FORTUNATE OR WELL-PLACED SPANISH CANNON SHOT HAD FOUND THE VESSEL'S POWDER STORES--
--AND REDUCED MY SHIP TO SPLINTERS IN THE INEXORABLE SECONDS I HAD BEEN DRAGGED BENEATH. THE PENDRAGON WAS GONE--
--AND I ALONE WAS LEFT ALIVE TO TELL THEE.


IN THE DISTANCE, I COULD SEE THE SPANISH FRIGATE DISAPPEARING INTO THE FOG. IN THE FOREGROUND, ONLY SPLINTERS AND GOBBETS OF MANGLED FLESH SURROUNDED ME.
I WAS LEFT, IT SEEMED, WITH BUT ONE CHOICE: SURRENDER TO THE OCEAN'S BLACK EMBRACE, OR STRUGGLE SOMEHOW TO SURVIVE.
DESPITE MY BLOODY, RUINED BACK AND UTTER PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION, I CHOSE THE LATTER.
I HAD NO IDEA IN WHICH DIRECTION MIGHT LIE MY SALVATION, SO I PICKED ONE AT RANDOM--
--AND BEGAN TO SWIM FOR MY LIFE...
I HAVE NO MEMORY OF HOW LONG I FORCED MY FAILING BODY ONWARD, BUT AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY, I CRESTED A RISE--
--AND SAW DELIVERANCE DRIFTING IN THE DISTANCE...
WITH WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH I HAD REMAINING, I MADE MY WAY TO THE FLOATING FLOTSAM...
RALEIGH, YOU'RE ALIVE. THANK THE FATES, I THOUGHT--
OH.
I TOOK HIS COAT TO PROTECT ME FROM THE BLAZING SUN. RALEIGH, AFTER ALL, WOULD HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR IT.
THEN, WITH A FEW CHOICE SOLEMN WORDS, I CONSIGNED HIS REMAINS TO THE ANXIOUS BOSOM OF THE SEA--
--AND TOOK UP HIS INTERMINABLE WATCH.
HOW LONG I DRIFTED WITH THE CURRENT AFTER THAT, HALF DOZING, HALF AWARE, I CANNOT TRULY SAY--
--UNTIL, AT LENGTH, I WAS STARTLED TO AWAKENESS BY SOMETHING BUMPING GENTLY BENEATH MY MAKESHIFT CRAFT...
WHAT--?!?
BY GOD'S BLOOD, IT WAS RALEIGH--
--COME FROM DEATH'S DARK DOMINION TO RECLAIM HIS PRECARIOUS PERCH...
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: OZYMANDIAS #1!


THE CLASSIC BESTSELLER
ALAN MOORE
DAVID LLOYD
WITH STEVE WHITAKER AND SIOBHAN DODDS
V FOR VENDETTA
DC
BLACK LABEL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BEFORE WATCHMEN®
2
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NITE OWL™
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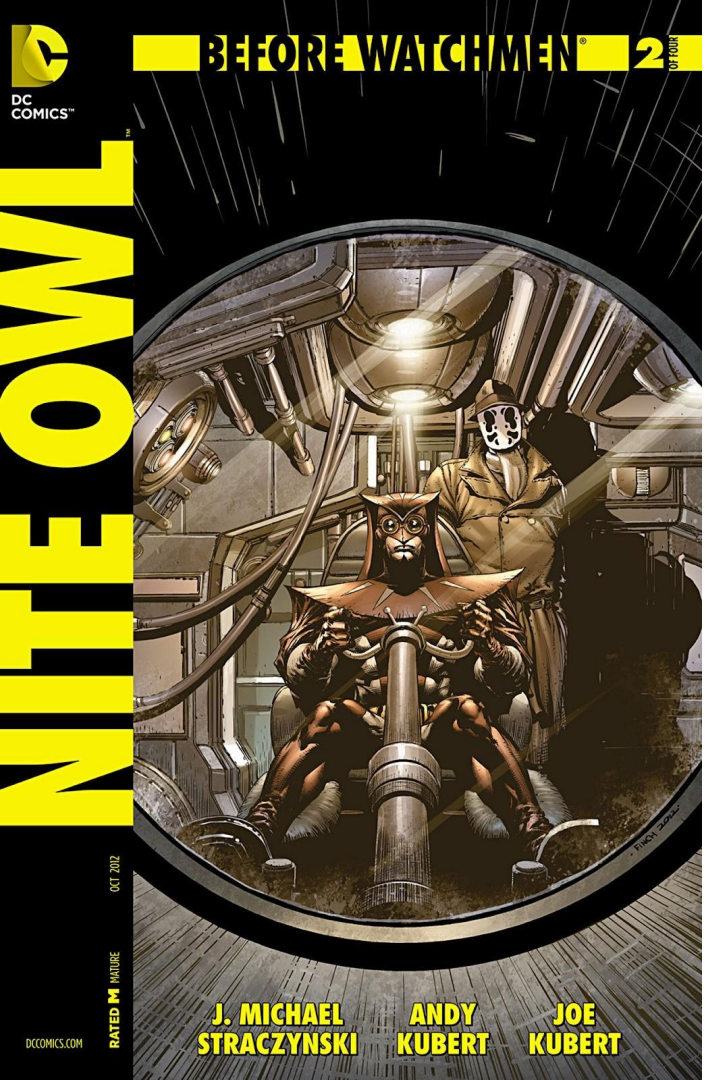
ANDY KUBERT
JOE KUBERT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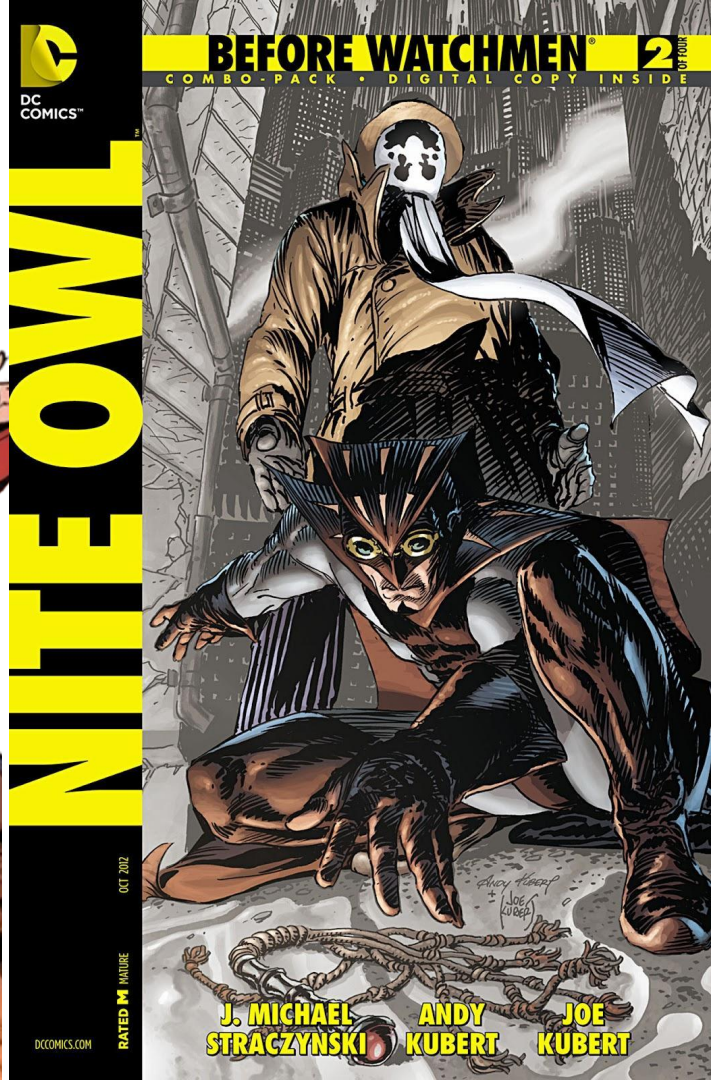
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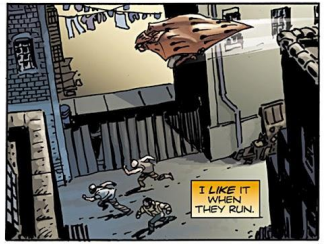
THEY RUN.


I LIKE IT WHEN THEY RUN.

HUNH...HUNH... WHERE'D THEY GO? DID YOU SEE WHICH WAY THEY–

CRACK

BUT NOT AS MUCH AS HE DOES.

YOU GO RIGHT. I'LL GO LEFT.
YOU'VE BEEN GOING LEFT FOR A LONG TIME.
DID YOU JUST TELL A JOKE?
NO. COMMENTARY.

WHACK

YOU SHOULD REALLY TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOUR THINGS.

SOME THINGS ARE JUST INEVITABLE

J MICHAEL STRACZYNSKI–WRITER • ANDY KUBERT–PENCILS
JOE KUBERT–INKS • BRAD ANDERSON–COLORS • NICK NAPOLITANO–LETTERS
CAMILLA ZHANG – ASST. EDITOR • MARK DOYLE – ASSOC. EDITOR • WILL DENNIS – EDITOR
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WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

SLUT.

WHORE!
YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT WAS A BAD THING.
RORSCHACH, NO!

BACK OFF--
ONLY ONE WAY TO--
--DAMN IT, SHE HELPED US!
DON'T CARE.

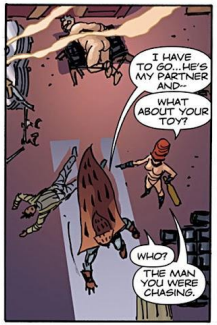
I SAID BACK OFF!

SMACK

MMMMPH!

I'M SORRY I HAD TO DO THAT, BUT--
NEVER APOLOGIZE. MAKES YOU WEAK.
LOOK... C'MON, DON'T BE LIKE THAT.
LEAVE YOU AND THE SLUT. DO WHAT YOU WANT.

NICE HORSE. EXPECT TO SEE YOU ON IT SOON.


I HAVE TO GO...HE'S MY PARTNER AND--
WHAT ABOUT YOUR TOY?
WHO?
THE MAN YOU WERE CHASING.

RIGHT...
THANKS SUWE FOR THE HELP--
NO PROBLEM. COME AGAIN SOON.
I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME.

THEN I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO COME BACK FOR IT.

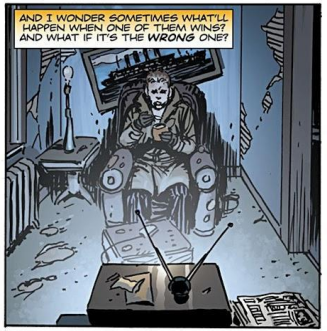
RORSCHACH?
RORSCHACH?

FINE... WHATEVER... SEE YOU AT THE OWL CAVE.

THERE ARE DAYS I DONT KNOW WHAT THE HELL TO MAKE OF RORSCHACH.

WE ALL DO THE SECRET IDENTITY THING, BUT FOR MOST OF US IT'S JUST A MATTER OF HAVING ANOTHER NAME TO HIDE BEHIND.

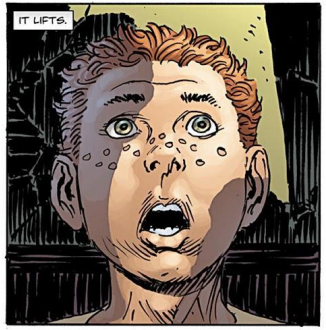
WITH RORSCHACH, IT'S LIKE THERE ARE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE BEHIND THAT MASK, FIGHTING IT OUT.


AND I WONDER SOMETIMES WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN ONE OF THEM WINS? AND WHAT IF IT'S THE WRONG ONE?

--WHERE RICHARD SPECK WAS ARRESTED YESTERDAY ON CHARGES OF MURDERING EIGHT STUDENT NURSES IN THEIR CHICAGO DORMITORY--
CLICK!
--RACE RIOTS IN CLEVELAND CONTINUED TO SPIRAL OUT OF CONTROL AS COLORED PROTESTERS BATTLED POLICE FROM SEVERAL--
CLICK!
--GEMINI 10 DOCKED WITH THE AGENA TARGET VESSEL--
CLICK! ON THE BEAM

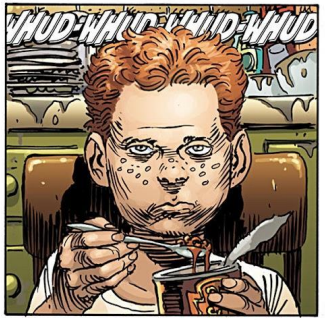
THE NEW PLAYTEX LIVING BRA. IT LIFTS AND SEPARATES FOR A CLEANER, MORE NATURAL APPEARANCE.

IT LIFTS AND SEPARATES.


IT LIFTS.

AND SEPARATES.

CROSS YOUR HEART.


WHUD-WHUD-WHUD-WHUD

FOR A CLEANER, MORE NATURAL APPEARANCE.
"BE CAREFUL, DAN. YOU CAN'T TRUST HER."

SO YOU KNOW HER?
ME AND EVERY VICE COP IN THE CITY. CALLS HERSELF THE TWILIGHT LADY. RUNS A STABLE OF HIGH-PRICED CALL GIRLS AND FETISH OPERATIONS.
SHE'S TROUBLE.
WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE?

THE KIND YOU WANT NO PART OF. EVEN IF YOU BUST ANY OF HER OPERATIONS, JUST BEING IN THE SAME PHOTO AS HER OR ANY OF HER CLIENTS CAN TAINT THE NITE OWL NAME. MAKES YOU LESS KID-FRIENDLY AS A HERO.

YOU WANT MY ADVICE? STICK WITH BUSTING CON ARTISTS, STICK-UPS AND BANK ROBBERIES. CLEANER THAT WAY.

PEOPLE NEED A HERO THEY CAN BELIEVE IN. YOU CAN'T LET YOURSELF DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT DESTROY THAT, ANYTHING THAT MIGHT --

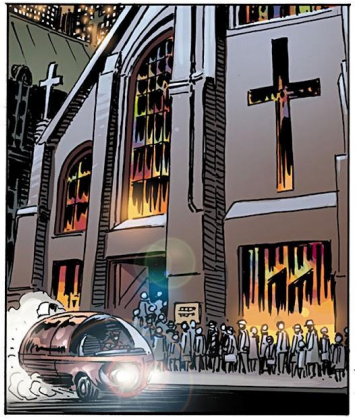
"--THAT MIGHT--"

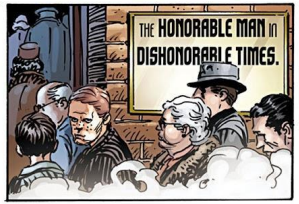
--MAKE YOU REALIZE THAT AN AWFUL LOT OF YOUR LIFE WAS JUST A LIE.

COME ON, RORSCHACH...

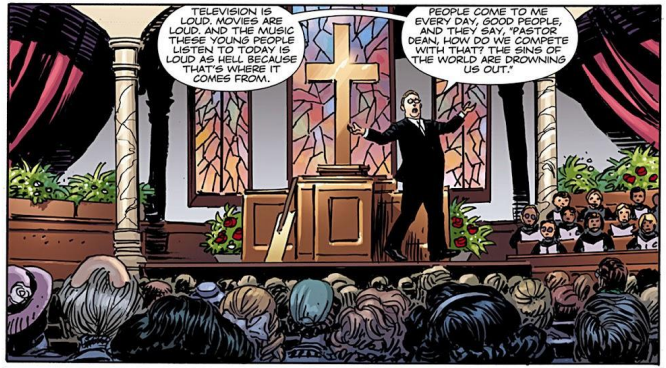
...WHERE ARE YOU? STILL MAD ABOUT LAST NIGHT? STILL SULKING IN WHATEVER HOLE-IN-THE-WALL YOU CALL HOME?

FINE. SUIT YOURSELF.

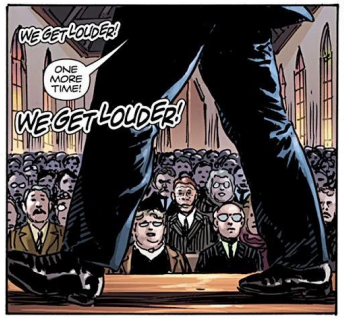



THE HONORABLE MAN IN DISHONORABLE TIMES.

"OUR PROBLEM TODAY IS A MATTER OF NOISE. OUR PROBLEM TODAY IS A MATTER OF VOLUME."

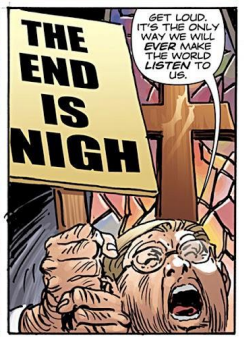

TELEVISION IS LOUD. MOVIES ARE LOUD. AND THE MUSIC THESE YOUNG PEOPLE LISTEN TO TODAY IS LOUD AS HELL BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE IT COMES FROM.
PEOPLE COME TO ME EVERY DAY, GOOD PEOPLE, AND THEY SAY, "PASTOR DEAN, HOW DO WE COMPETE WITH THAT? THE SINS OF THE WORLD ARE DROWNING US OUT."

WELL, I CAN TELL YOU WHAT WE DON'T DO. WE DON'T GET QUIET. WE DON'T SURRENDER THE BATTLEFIELD. WE DON'T ABANDON SHIP. WE DON'T ALLOW OURSELVES TO BE SILENCED.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?


WE GET LOUDER!
ONE MORE TIME!
WE GET LOUDER!

GET LOUDER.

BECAUSE WE HAVE TO SEND THE MESSAGE THAT WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. IT'S A MESSAGE PEOPLE HAVE TO HEAR, BY ANY AND ALL MEANS NECESSARY.


THE END IS NIGH
GET LOUD. IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE WILL EVER MAKE THE WORLD LISTEN TO US.

9-ADAM-4, HOMICIDE REPORT, 327 GRANT STREET, SEE THE MANAGER.
COPY, DISPATCH, ON OUR WAY.

"SO WHAT HAVE WE GOT?"

NAME WAS SALLY ROSE, AT LEAST THAT'S THE NAME SHE RENTED THE PLACE UNDER.
THE NEIGHBOR SAYS SHE WAS A HOOKER.
I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THAT, I JUST RENT THE PLACE OUT.
WAS SHE WITH A CLIENT?

THOUGHT THIS SORT OF THING WASN'T YOUR SORT OF THING, NITE OWL.
MAYBE I SHOULD DECIDE THAT FOR MYSELF.
SO LIKE I SAID, WAS SHE WITH A CLIENT?

AND LIKE I SAID, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'--
I NOTICED A SECURITY CAMERA IN THE HALL.
DOESN'T WORK.
ON EVERY FLOOR OR JUST THIS FLOOR?
THIS ONE.
NICE LITTLE COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT?

THESE ARE OLD BRUISES.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE SOME OF THEM ARE BRUISES ON TOP OF BRUISES.

I SAW YOU LOOKING AT THAT MAN--
UNNHH!
MOM!

STAY AWAY, DANNY...GO TO YOUR ROOM--
BUT--
--IT'S OKAY, DANNY--

--HE CAN'T HURT ME.

"NO ONE CAN."

SO NO ONE SAW ANYTHING?
NO.
AND YOU KNOW THAT HOW?
NO ONE SEES. EVER.

KITTY GENOVESE. NEW YORK. MARCH 13, 1964. 3:15 AM. STABBED, ATTACKED FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR IN HER APARTMENT LOBBY.

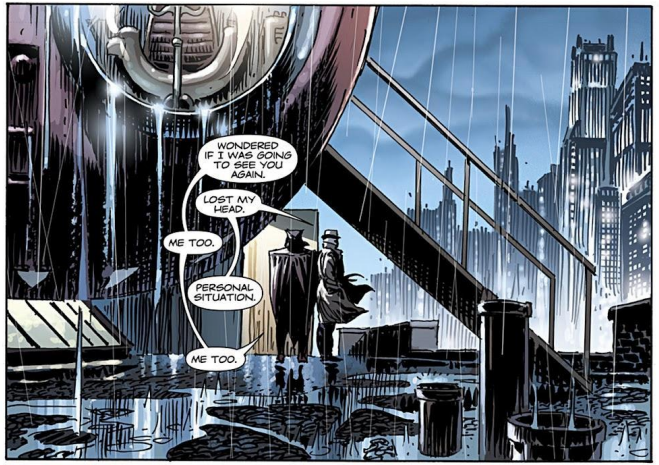
THIRTY-EIGHT NEIGHBORS HEARD WHOLE THING.
NO ONE CALLED POLICE.
NO ONE HELPED.
NO ONE HEARD.
NO ONE SAW.

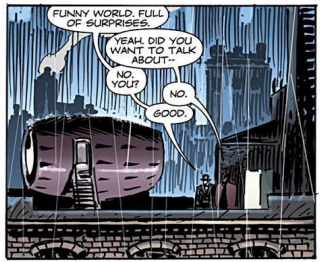
NO ONE CARED.

WHORES DIE EVERY DAY. NO ONE SEES. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST.

IS THIS THE FIRST? OR HAVE THERE BEEN MORE?
DON'T MAKE ME ASK A SECOND TIME.

ONE MORE DEAD SLUT.
IT DOESN'T MATTER.


WONDERED IF I WAS GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
LOST MY HEAD.
ME TOO.
PERSONAL SITUATION.
ME TOO.


FUNNY WORLD. FULL OF SURPRISES.
YEAH. DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT--
NO. YOU?
NO.
GOOD.

ONE THING... SEEMS TO ME YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT THE KITTY GENOVESE MURDER. ANY REASON IN PARTICULAR?

NIGHT I HEARD THE NEWS... NIGHT I HEARD 38 PEOPLE DID NOTHING... WAS THE NIGHT I PUT ON THIS MASK. NEVER WANTED TO SEE FACE IN MIRROR AGAIN.
ASHAMED TO BE PART OF HUMAN RACE.

SO I'M NOT. NOT ANY-MORE.

ENOUGH TALK.
LET'S GO HIT SOMETHING.

NO SON OF MINE IS GOING TO GET BEAT UP IN A FIGHT, HE SAYS. SO WE JUST WON'T LET HIM SEE IT, THAT'S ALL.

OWCH! BOY, IT HURTS--
YOU JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO MAKE IT SMALL, DANNY, SO IT CAN'T HURT YOU.
HOW? HOW DO--

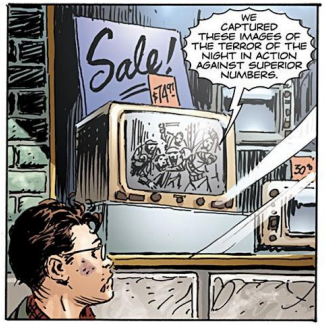
--HOW DO YOU DO IT?

YOU HAVE TO FIND A PLACE DEEP INSIDE WHERE NOBODY CAN TOUCH YOU OR HURT YOU. IT CAN BE SOMETHING YOU REMEMBER, SOMETHING HAPPY--
--SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU ANGRY --

--BUT IT HAS TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL TO YOU--

"--THAT YOU CAN PUT BETWEEN YOURSELF AND THE DRAGON."

TOY'S
GAMES
AL'S ELECTRONICS
WHERE NITE OWL ONCE AGAIN TRIUMPHED.


Sale!
WE CAPTURED THESE IMAGES OF THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT IN ACTION AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS.

DESPITE THE OVERWHELMING ODDS, DESPITE BEING KNOCKED DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE NITE OWL KEEPS GETTING UP... WOUNDED AND BLEEDING, HE KEEPS FIGHTING...

NOTHING STOPS HIM, NOT PAIN, NOT BLOOD, NOT BROKEN BONES...HE GETS UP... AND HE KEEPS FIGHTING... HE KEEPS FIGHTING...

OFFICIAL
NITE OWL
MASK
ONLY 50¢

HEY...GUYS... CHECK IT.

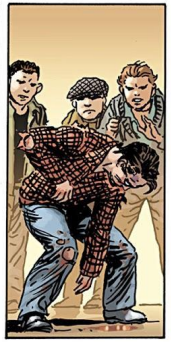
LET'S GO.

SHOES

WHERE YOU GOIN'?

JERK DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HE'S BEAT.
NOT BEAT. I DIDN'T GIVE.
I KNOW I CAN'T WIN...BUT AS LONG AS I DON'T GIVE...

...YOU CAN'T WIN EITHER.



COME ON...
...YOU CAN'T HURT ME...YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME...
...LET'S GO.

"SO WHICH OF YOU I WANTED ME?"

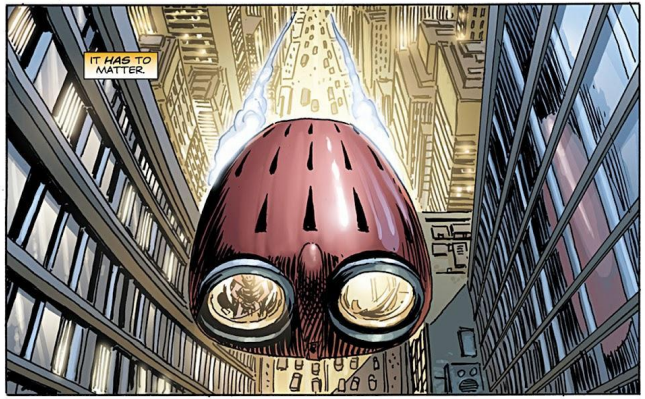
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I HEARD YOU AND DAD TALKING THE OTHER DAY, AND--

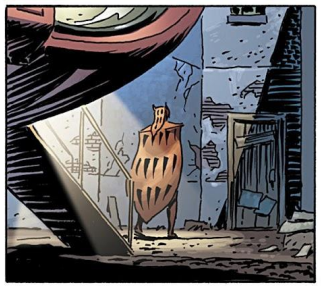
--HE SAID THE ONLY REASON YOU GOT MARRIED WAS BECAUSE YOU WERE PREGNANT WITH ME, AND THERE WAS A--
--A DISAGREEEMENT OVER WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

BUT I'M HERE... SO THAT MEANS EITHER YOU WANTED ME AND HE DIDN'T, AND HE WAS FORCED TO GET MARRIED--
--OR HE WANTED ME, BECAUSE HE WANTED A SON, AND YOU DIDN'T.
SO... WHO WAS IT WHO WANTED ME?

IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE, DANNY.

IT DOESN'T MATTER.





TO BE CONTINUED...

the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR

THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!

LIKE ANTS OVERWHELMING AN UPTURNED BEETLE, THE CORSAIR'S CADAVEROUS CREW SWEPT OVER ME, PINNING MY ARMS TO MY SIDE...

WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!

IF YOU INTEND T' LEAVE THIS SHIP, BOYO--

--WE'RE MERELY GOIN' T'HOLD SOMETHIN' DEAR T' YOU AS SECURITY T' ENSURE YER RETURN.

Part Nine

BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO

NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! DON'T--!

SORRY, LADDIE--

--YE'VE GIVEN ME NO CHOICE!

AARRGHH!

AYE, THIS'LL DO NICELY!

ESAU, THE CASK, PLEASE!

'ERE 'TIS, CAP'N.

WH-WHAT DID YOU TAKE FROM ME, CORSAIR?

NOT MUCH, LADDIE.

MERELY YER IMMORTAL SOUL.

IF YE'LL BE WANTIN' IT BACK NOW, YE ONLY NEED T' BRING ME WHAT I ASKED.

NOW TOSS THAT FLOTSAM O'ERBOARD, MATES--AN' LET 'IM BE ON 'IS WAY!

EXCELLENT. NOW SEAL THE CASK FAST!

NO! DON'T! I--

BUT BEFORE I COULD COMPLETE MY DESPERATE PROTEST, I WAS CONSIGNED ONCE AGAIN TO THE WAITING DEEP. I COULD NOT SEEM TO ESCAPE--

--AND, ONCE AGAIN, THE DAUNTING DARKNESS CLOSED IN ABOUT ME.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: OZYMANDIAS #2!

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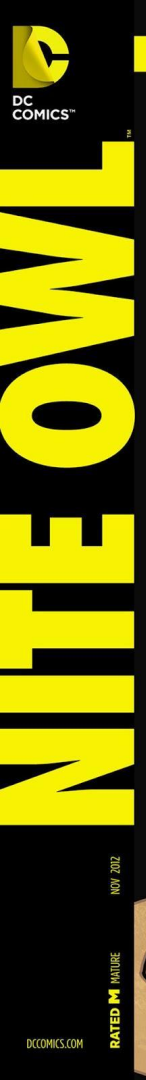
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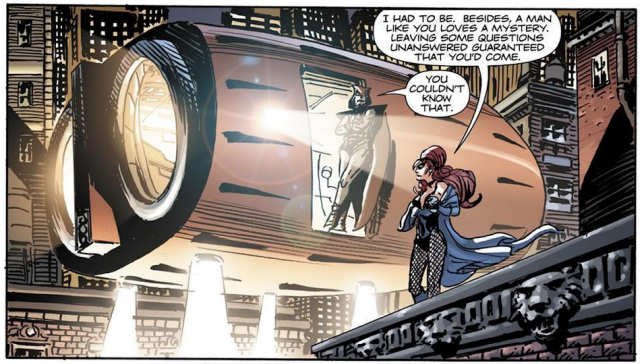

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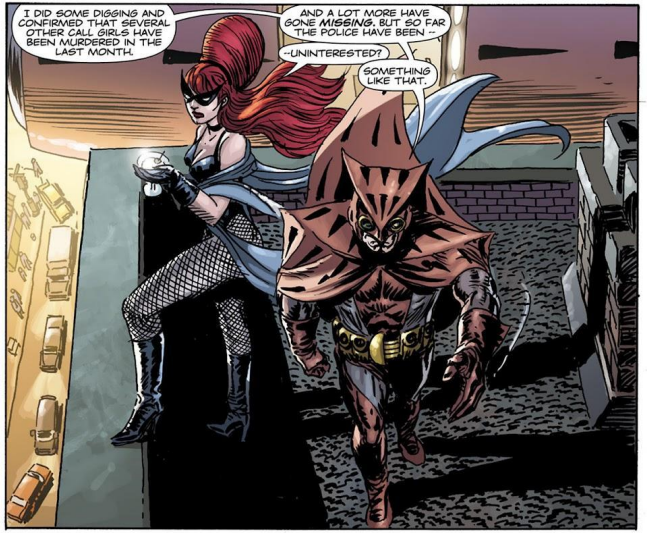
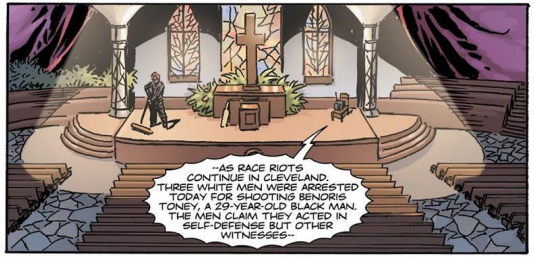
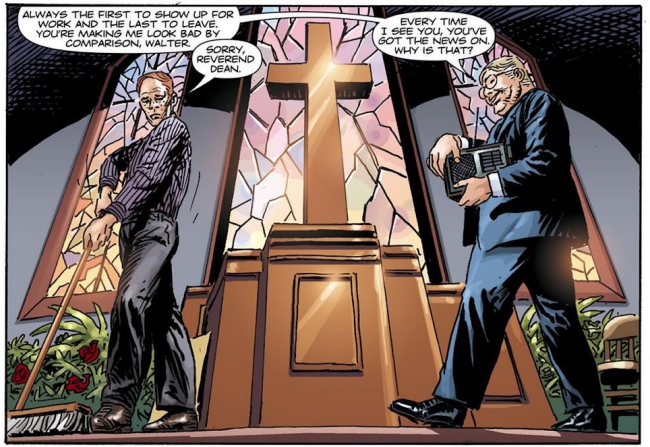
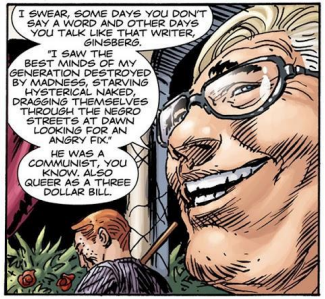


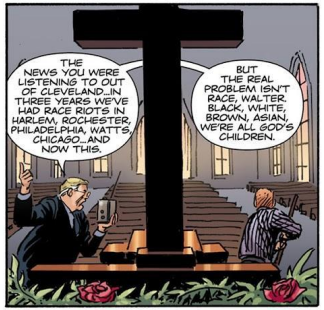

--AS RACE RIOTS CONTINUE IN CLEVELAND, THREE WHITE MEN WERE ARRESTED TODAY FOR SHOOTING BENORIS TONEY, A 29-YEAR-OLD BLACK MAN. THE MEN CLAIM THEY ACTED IN SELF-DEFENSE BUT OTHER WITNESSES--

CLICK


ALWAYS THE FIRST TO SHOW UP FOR WORK AND THE LAST TO LEAVE. YOU'RE MAKING ME LOOK BAD BY COMPARISON, WALTER.
SORRY, REVEREND DEAN.
EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU'VE GOT THE NEWS ON. WHY IS THAT?

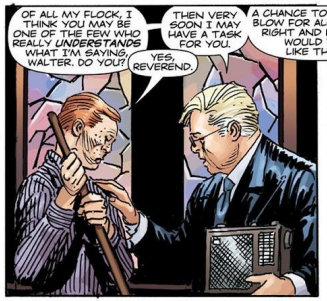
NEWS IS HOW THE WORLD CRIES OUT IN PAIN. NEED TO HEAR IT. CONSTANTLY. OVER AND OVER.
SO YOU CAN FEEL THEIR PAIN?
SO I CAN'T. MAKES ME NUMB.
IF I CAN'T FEEL MY HANDS, THEY CAN DO WHAT I NEED THEM TO DO.


I SWEAR, SOME DAYS YOU DON'T SAY A WORD AND OTHER DAYS YOU TALK LIKE THAT WRITER, GINSBERG.
"I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION DESTROYED BY MADNESS, STARVING HYSTERICAL NAKED, DRAGGING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE NEGRO STREETS AT DAWN LOOKING FOR AN ANGRY FIX."
HE WAS A COMMUNIST, YOU KNOW. ALSO QUEER AS A THREE DOLLAR BILL.


THE NEWS YOU WERE LISTENING TO OUT OF CLEVELAND...IN THREE YEARS WE'VE HAD RACE RIOTS IN HARLEM, ROCHESTER, PHILADELPHIA, WATTS, CHICAGO...AND NOW THIS.
BUT THE REAL PROBLEM ISN'T RACE, WALTER. BLACK, WHITE, BROWN, ASIAN, WE'RE ALL GOD'S CHILDREN.

THE PROBLEM IS IMMORALITY AND SPIRITUAL DECAY. SEX AND DRUGS AND PERMISSIVENESS.

"IF THINGS CONTINUE AS THEY ARE, IF NOBODY STOPS IT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE MORE RIOTS, MORE DEATH, MORE PAIN --
--UNTIL THE WHOLE WORLD IS JUST ONE GREAT BIG SMOKING CINDER."


OF ALL MY FLOCK, I THINK YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE FEW WHO REALLY UNDERSTANDS WHAT I'M SAYING, WALTER. DO YOU?
YES, REVEREND.
THEN VERY SOON I MAY HAVE A TASK FOR YOU.

A CHANCE TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR ALL THAT IS RIGHT AND DECENT. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?
YES, REVEREND.

THEN I'LL LET YOU FINISH YOUR WORK. GOOD NIGHT, WALTER.
GOOD NIGHT, REVEREND.
FUNNY THING, THOUGH.
WHAT'S THAT?

GINSBERG. YOU SAID COMMUNIST. QUEER AS A THREE-DOLLAR BILL.
BUT YOU STILL REMEMBER THE POEM.

GOOD NIGHT, WALTER.
--AS PRE-TRIAL MOTIONS BEGAN TODAY IN THE CASE OF RICHARD SPECK.

SPECK, TWENTY-FOUR, IS ACCUSED OF RAPING, TORTURING AND MURDERING EIGHT STUDENT NURSES FROM SOUTH CHICAGO COMMUNITY HOSPITAL.
WE'LL HAVE MORE NEWS AFTER THIS BRIEF WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.

ANYTIME, ANYWHERE, BAD BREATH CAN PUT YOU IN ISOLATION. SUDDENLY YOU'LL FEEL LEFT OUT, SET APART. THAT'S THE TIME FOR CLORETS.
YES... NUMB... CAN'T FEEL A THING.
THE END IS

I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION DESTROYED BY MADNESS.
THAT'S THE TIME FOR CLORETS.
THE END IS NIGH

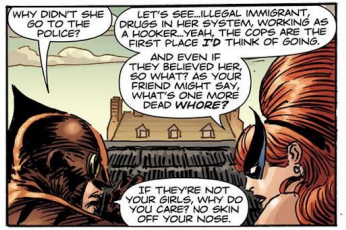
IT'S JUST A LITTLE FARTHER--
UH-HUH--
--AND I'LL NEED YOU TO PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT I SHOW YOU, NOT MY ASS.
I WASN'T LOOKING AT YOUR
SHHH...

THAT'S CARLOS ONOFRIO, A COLOMBIAN WHO'S SET UP A PROSTITUTION RING ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CITY.
HE'S THE ONE YOU NEED TO QUESTION.
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT JUST USING ME TO TAKE OUT THE COMPETITION?

COMPETITION? HARDLY.
MY GIRLS ARE PROS, HIGH-CLASS ESCORTS.

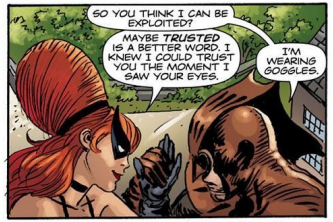
CARLOS RECRUITS RIGHT OFF THE BOAT OR THE BUS DEPOT: POLES, CZECHS, RUSSIANS AND SOUTH AMERICANS.
GETS THEM HOOKED ON DRUGS THEN PUTS THEM TO WORK ON THE LOWER TRACK, DOWNTOWN STREETS AND THE DOCKS.

"ONE OF HIS GIRLS GOT AWAY, CAME TO ME FOR HELP. SHE TOLD ME THAT THREE OF THE GIRLS WHO CAME WITH HER FROM THE UKRAINE HAD DISAPPEARED. SHE COULDN'T PROVE IT BUT SHE WAS PRETTY SURE THEY'D BEEN KILLED, EITHER BY CARLOS OR SOMEONE CLOSE TO HIM."


WHY DIDN'T SHE GO TO THE POLICE?
LET'S SEE...ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT, DRUGS IN HER SYSTEM, WORKING AS A HOOKER...YEAH, THE COPS ARE THE FIRST PLACE I'D THINK OF GOING.
AND EVEN IF THEY BELIEVED HER, SO WHAT? AS YOUR FRIEND MIGHT SAY, WHAT'S ONE MORE DEAD WHORE?
IF THEY'RE NOT YOUR GIRLS, WHY DO YOU CARE? NO SKIN OFF YOUR NOSE.

I COME TO WHERE I AM BY A HARD ROAD. LOTS OF OTHER GIRLS ON THAT ROAD FELL DOWN AND NEVER GOT UP AGAIN.
I WAS ALMOST ONE OF THEM. SO I SWORE I'D CREATE AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE GIRLS WHO MADE THE SAME MISTAKES I MADE COULD AT LEAST BE SAFE.
UH-HUH. SO YOU DON'T EXPLOIT THEM.

NO, DARLING...IT'S MEN LIKE YOU I EXPLOIT.


SO YOU THINK I CAN BE EXPLOITED?
MAYBE TRUSTED IS A BETTER WORD. I KNEW I COULD TRUST YOU THE MOMENT I SAW YOUR EYES.
I'M WEARING GOGGLES.

MMMM... MEN ARE SO NAIVE.

LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU FIND.
I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GOING TO QUESTION HIM.
SO VERY, VERY NAIVE.

...CRAP.

...THE OOT COLLECTION: AFTER-SHAVE, HAIRDRESSING...

... FOR THE LICENSE TO KILL... WOMEN.

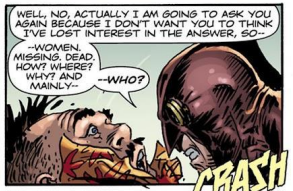
CLICK CLICK CLICK
SONOFABITCH... DEAD BULB...

HELLO, CARLOS.
CLICK

UNNH!!

I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN CARELESS WITH SOME OF YOUR WOMEN, CARLOS. I'VE LOST KEYS, SPARE CHANGE --
--MY MIND--
--BUT NEVER AN ENTIRE WOMAN. SO WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

AAGGHH--
I'M NOT GOING TO ASK YOU AGAIN!


WELL, NO, ACTUALLY I AM GOING TO ASK YOU AGAIN BECAUSE I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'VE LOST INTEREST IN THE ANSWER, SO--
--WOMEN. MISSING. DEAD. HOW? WHERE? WHY? AND MAINLY--
--WHO?
CRASH

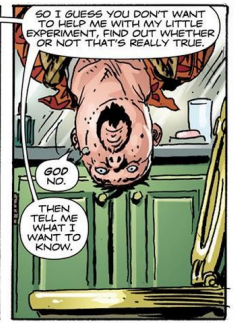
NOW YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, ASSHOLE.

FUNNY, I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME THING TO YOU.
WELL, IN THE PLURAL FORM.

"DID YOU KNOW THAT EVERY YEAR, 1.2 MILLION PEOPLE DIE BY DROWNING?"

DID YOU KNOW THEY ALSO SAY THAT HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DIE EACH YEAR IN LESS THAN SIX INCHES OF WATER?
--NO--
--NO--

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT'S POSSIBLE. DO YOU FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE, CARLOS?
--NO--


SO I GUESS YOU DON'T WANT TO HELP ME WITH MY LITTLE EXPERIMENT, FIND OUT WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S REALLY TRUE.
GOD NO.
THEN TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

WHEN THE GIRLS ARE NEW EVERYBODY WANTS 'EM, WE PUT 'EM UP SOMEWHERE NICE, GET TOP DOLLAR, SIX, SEVEN HUNDRED BUCKS A THROW.
WHEN THEY GET WORN DOWN THEY MOVE TO THE NEXT LEVEL, TWO, MAYBE THREE HUNDRED.
AFTER THAT, IT'S THE STREETS, AND AFTER THE STREETS--
THERE'S GUYS WHO BUY OLD CARS, SELL 'EM FOR PARTS.
GUYS WHO BUY WASHING MACHINES, TVS, STUFF THAT GETS THROWN AWAY... AND GUYS WHO BUY LEFTOVERS FROM PEOPLE LIKE ME.

WHAT THEY DO WITH 'EM...I DON'T ASK.

I WANT NAMES AND NUMBERS.
I DON'T GOT NAMES, JUST NUMBERS.
THEN GIVE THEM TO ME. ALL OF THEM.
RIGHT.
NOW!
"HE MADE YOU ANGRY, DIDN'T HE?"

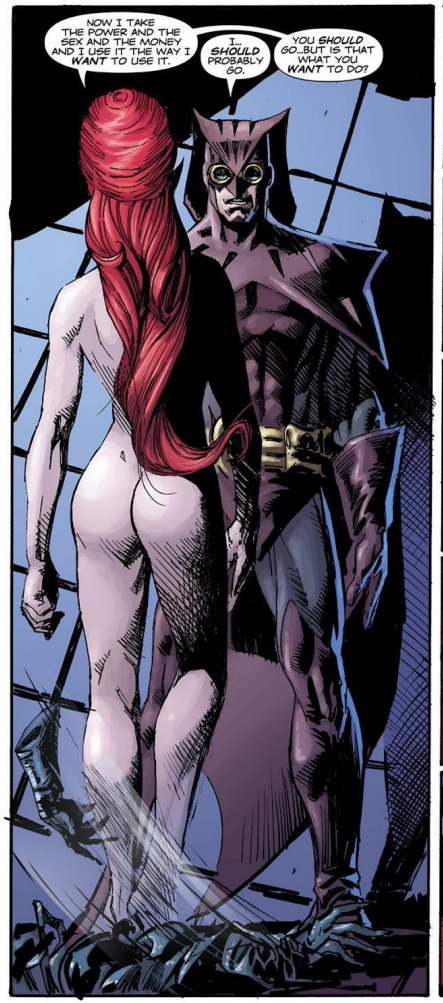
YES, BUT I GOT WHAT I NEEDED. SIX PHONE NUMBERS. I'LL RUN THEM DOWN, SEE WHAT I CAN FIND. I--
AND YOU WANTED TO HURT HIM, DIDN'T YOU?

-- YES.
I'VE FOUND THAT MEN EITHER LOVE AND DEFEND WOMEN WHO REMIND THEM OF THEIR MOTHERS OR ATTACK AND HATE WOMEN WHO REMIND THEM OF THEIR MOTHERS. I FEEL SOME CONFLICT IN YOU.

DID SHE PROTECT YOU? OR LEAVE YOU TO THE WOLVES?
MY MOTHER WASN'T A--
I DIDN'T SAY SHE WAS. BUT SHE WAS USED AND ABUSED, WASN'T SHE?

I...HOW DID WE END UP IN YOUR BEDROOM?
MEN USE MONEY OR FORCE TO TRY AND MAKE US SERVE THEM, TURN US INTO WHORES. WHEN IT WORKS, SOME OF US TURN THE LIGHTS OFF, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT WHAT WE'RE DOING.

SOME LEAVE THE LIGHTS ON BECAUSE WE WANT A FACE TO GO WITH OUR RAGE. AND SOME FIGHT TO TURN IT AROUND FOR OUR OWN BENEFIT.
SO WHICH ARE YOU?
I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH ALL THREE.

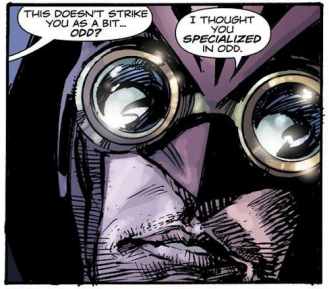

NOW I TAKE THE POWER AND THE SEX AND THE MONEY AND I USE IT THE WAY I WANT TO USE IT.
I... SHOULD PROBABLY GO.
YOU SHOULD GO...BUT IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?

LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO --
I KNOW. I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING. I DO WHAT I WANT.

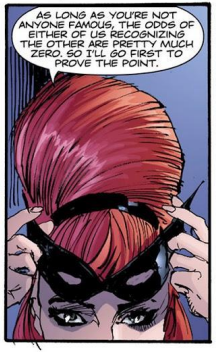
WHEN WOMEN DO IT FOR FREE, THEY'RE CALLED SLUTS. WHEN THEY DO IT FOR MONEY, THEY'RE CALLED WHORES.
SO WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU?

WHATEVER I TELL THEM TO CALL ME.

NO. THIS IS SO NOT GOING TO WORK.
WHY NOT?


THIS DOESN'T STRIKE YOU AS A BIT... ODD?
I THOUGHT YOU SPECIALIZED IN ODD.

I DO.
BUT THERE'S ODD, AND THERE'S ODD, AND THIS IS ODD.
I CAN'T TAKE OFF MY MASK --
YES YOU CAN. LOOK, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.


AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT ANYONE FAMOUS, THE ODDS OF EITHER OF US RECOGNIZING THE OTHER ARE PRETTY MUCH ZERO. SO I'LL GO FIRST TO PROVE THE POINT.

THERE... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO I AM?
NO. NONE.
OKAY, SEE? I DID IT AND IT'S FINE. SO NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
I --

--WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. THE ODDS ARE ABOUT ONE IN TEN MILLION, AND IT IS PRETTY DARK IN HERE.

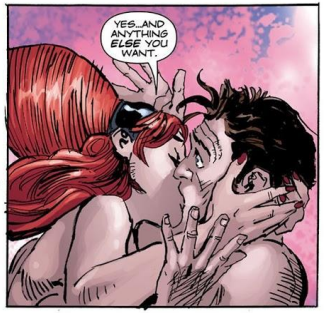
THERE. SO NOW I GUESS WE--

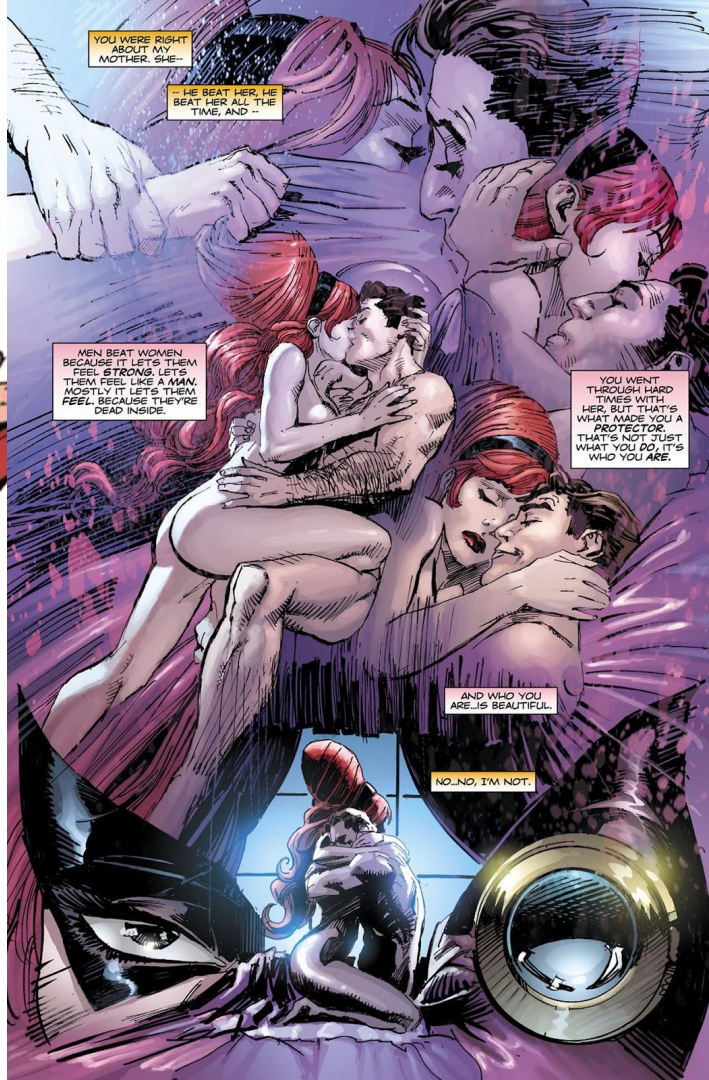
OHMYGOD, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
AAGH! SHIT!

JUST KIDDING--
DAMN... DON'T DO THAT--
--I--
NO, SERIOUSLY, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU'RE DAN DREIBERG.

SHIT! NO! HOW? SHIT!
WE MET AT A PARTY A YEAR AGO... I WAS WITH THE OWNER OF A BIG MANUFACTURING COMPANY... YOU WERE BUYING PARTS FOR SOME SCIENTIFIC THING YOU WERE WORKING ON AND YOUR FACE STUCK IN MY HEAD--

CRAP-CRAP-CRAP--
IT'S OKAY... YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME. I GIVE YOU MY WORD, I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE. EVER.
YOU GIVE ME YOUR WORD, HUH?


YES...AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT.


YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT MY MOTHER. SHE--
-- HE BEAT HER, HE BEAT HER ALL THE TIME, AND --
MEN BEAT WOMEN BECAUSE IT LETS THEM FEEL STRONG. LETS THEM FEEL LIKE A MAN. MOSTLY IT LETS THEM FEEL. BECAUSE THEY'RE DEAD INSIDE.
YOU WENT THROUGH HARD TIMES WITH HER, BUT THAT'S WHAT MADE YOU A PROTECTOR. THAT'S NOT JUST WHAT YOU DO, IT'S WHO YOU ARE.
AND WHO YOU ARE...IS BEAUTIFUL.
NO...NO, I'M NOT.

THE NIGHT MY FATHER HAD THE HEART ATTACK THAT KILLED HIM, I COUNTED TO FIVE BEFORE I CALLED THE AMBULANCE.
WHAT I DID WAS WRONG.
YES, IT WAS.
YOU SHOULD'VE COUNTED TO TEN.

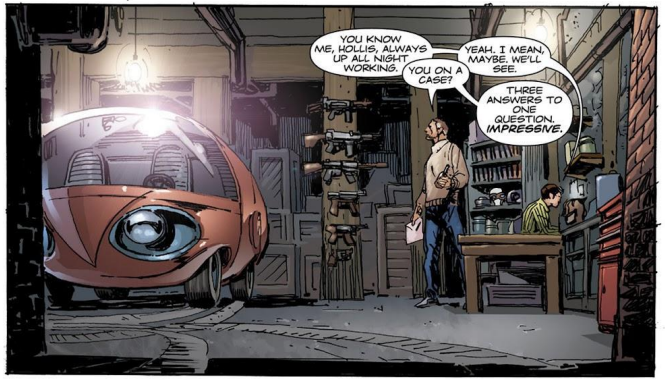
IT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A PROTECTOR. I COULD FEEL IT THE NIGHT WE MET, WHEN YOUR FRIEND CAME AFTER ME...IN YOUR VOICE WHEN YOU TALKED ABOUT FINDING THAT WOMAN.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, DANIEL... AND YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL...THE KIND OF BEAUTY THAT COMES FROM DEEP INSIDE. VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL.
I...
...I SHOULD GO.
THERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND ON THE PHONE NUMBERS AND--
LIZ.
WHAT?
LIZ. ELIZABETH LANE. IT'S MY NAME. SEEMS ONLY FAIR THAT YOU HAVE IT.

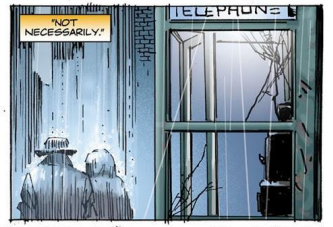
HI...GLAD TO MEET YOU.
AND I'M VERY GLAD TO MEET YOU...AND TO BE YOUR FIRST.
NO...I MEAN, WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'VE HAD PLENTY OF--
A WOMAN KNOWS THESE THINGS, DAN.

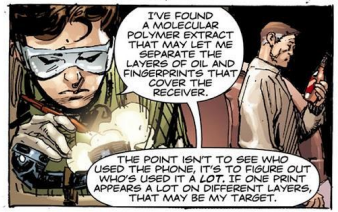
DON'T FORGET YOUR CODPIECE.
OH JEEZ--
NOT THAT YOU NEED IT.
OH JEEZ--
"YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED, DAN."


YOU KNOW ME, HOLLIS, ALWAYS UP ALL NIGHT WORKING.
YOU ON A CASE?
YEAH. I MEAN, MAYBE. WE'LL SEE.
THREE ANSWERS TO ONE QUESTION. IMPRESSIVE.

I'M RUNNING DOWN SOME PHONE NUMBERS ON A...POSSIBLE CASE. MOST OF THEM HAVE TURNED INTO DEAD ENDS, BUT ONE OF THEM LED TO A PAY PHONE DOWNTOWN.
WHICH MEANS IT'S ANOTHER DEAD END--

"-- SINCE ANYBODY COULD'VE USED THAT PHONE. YOU NEED ROUND-THE-CLOCK SURVEILLANCE, WHICH WE DON'T HAVE. YOU'VE GOT NOTHING."


"NOT NECESSARILY."


I'VE FOUND A MOLECULAR POLYMER EXTRACT THAT MAY LET ME SEPARATE THE LAYERS OF OIL AND FINGERPRINTS THAT COVER THE RECEIVER.
THE POINT ISN'T TO SEE WHO USED THE PHONE, IT'S TO FIGURE OUT WHO'S USED IT A LOT. IF ONE PRINT APPEARS A LOT ON DIFFERENT LAYERS, THAT MAY BE MY TARGET.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO DRINK BEFORE NOON ANYMORE--
I'M NOT.
AH. OPTICAL ILLUSION, THEN...?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

I WAS THINKING ABOUT WHAT I SAID TO YOU THE OTHER DAY...ABOUT HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO PROTECT THE NITE OWL NAME AND REPUTATION BY NOT DOING THE WRONG *THING*, OR BEING SEEN WITH THE WRONG *PEOPLE*, AND I REALIZED--

-- I'M A HYPOCRITE.
HOLLIS, C'MON, YOU'RE NOT--
HEAR ME OUT.

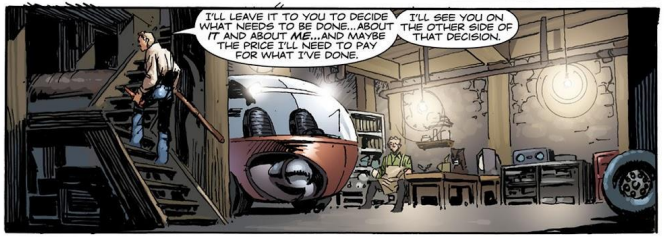
THERE'S STUFF I'VE NEVER TOLD YOU, THAT I'VE NEVER TOLD *ANYONE*, THAT--
--MIGHT CHANGE THE WAY YOU AND EVERYBODY ELSE THINKS ABOUT ME. BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING, MAYBE IT'S TIME TO STOP BEING A HYPOCRITE AND TELL THE TRUTH.

THE THING ABOUT TRUTH, DAN, IS THAT THERE'S NOT JUST ONE KIND. THERE'S *FIVE*.
THERE'S THE TRUTH YOU TELL TO CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES. THE TRUTH YOU TELL YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY. THE TRUTH YOU TELL TO ONLY A FEW PEOPLE IN YOUR LIFE.

THE TRUTH YOU TELL *YOURSELF*, TO HELP YOU GET THROUGH YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS. *ESPECIALLY* THE NIGHTS. AND THEN--

-- AND THEN THERE'S TRUTH NUMBER FIVE, THE TRUTH YOU DON'T WANT TO ADMIT EVEN TO YOURSELF.

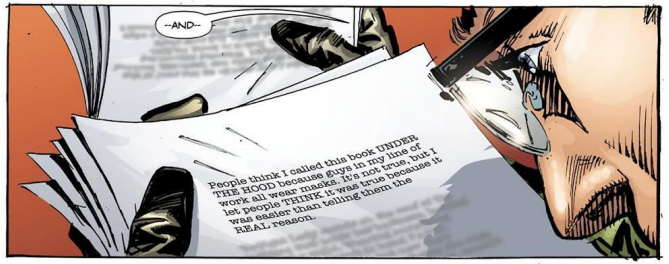
THAT'S WHAT *THIS* IS, DAN. TRUTH NUMBER FIVE. WROTE IT UP FOR YOU. WHAT YOU DO WITH IT IS UP TO YOU. YOU CAN TOSS IT OUT WITHOUT READING IT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW. BUT IF YOU *DO* READ IT--


I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO DECIDE WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE...ABOUT *IT* AND ABOUT *ME*...AND MAYBE THE PRICE I'LL NEED TO PAY FOR WHAT I'VE DONE.
I'LL SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DECISION.

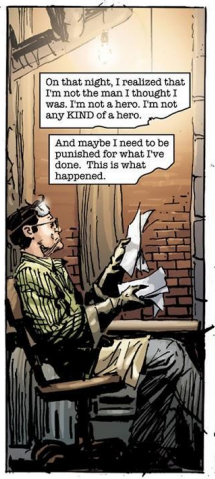
C'MON, IT CAN'T BE *THAT* BAD. NOTHING THAT COULD CHANGE THE WAY I LOOK AT YOU.
SO WHY ARE MY HANDS SHAKING?

CRAP!

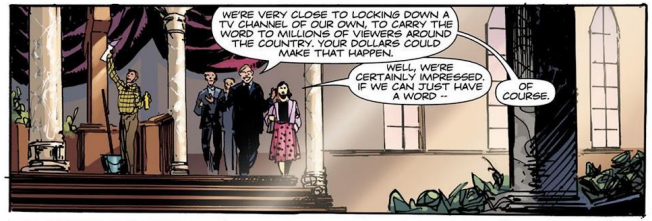
OKAY, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. AND IT ISN'T ANY OF MY BUSINESS. JUST PUT THEM BACK IN THE ENVELOPE AND--

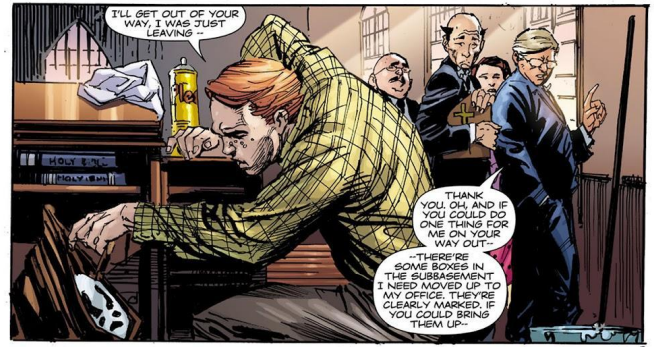

--AND--
People think I called this book UNDER THE HOOD because guys in my line of work all wear masks. It's not true, but I let people THINK it was true, because it was easier than telling them the REAL reason.

Which is what I saw the night I finally looked under the mask of someone I considered my enemy...and glimpsed not just HIS face...but MY face... my TRUE face.


On that night, I realized that I'm not the man I thought I was. I'm not a hero. I'm not any KIND of a hero.
And maybe I need to be punished for what I've done. This is what happened.

...OH MY GOD...
...OH MY GOD...
...OH MY GOD...
'GOD'S SPIRIT IS STRONG IN THIS PLACE.'


WE'RE VERY CLOSE TO LOCKING DOWN A TV CHANNEL OF OUR OWN. TO CARRY THE WORD TO MILLIONS OF VIEWERS AROUND THE COUNTRY. YOUR DOLLARS COULD MAKE THAT HAPPEN.
WELL, WE'RE CERTAINLY IMPRESSED. IF WE CAN JUST HAVE A WORD --
OF COURSE.


I'LL GET OUT OF YOUR WAY, I WAS JUST LEAVING --
THANK YOU. OH, AND IF YOU COULD DO ONE THING FOR ME ON YOUR WAY OUT--
--THERE'RE SOME BOXES IN THE SUBBASEMENT I NEED MOVED UP TO MY OFFICE. THEY'RE CLEARLY MARKED. IF YOU COULD BRING THEM UP--

I THOUGHT YOU NEVER LET ANYBODY DOWN THERE.
YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT JUST ANYBODY. YOU'RE MY GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

NOW, IF THE REST OF YOU COULD JUST COME THIS WAY, I HAVE SOME PAMPHLETS YOU SHOULD READ.

...HELP ME... PLEASE...

...PLEASE...

...HELP ME...
QUIET... DON'T MOVE... LOST LOTS OF BLOOD...I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE --

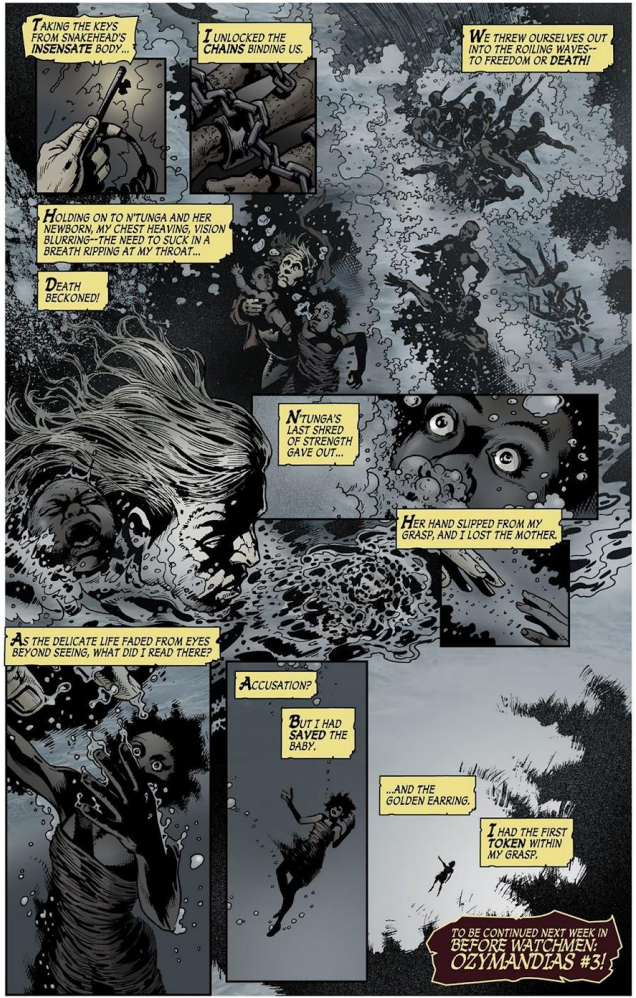
CLICK

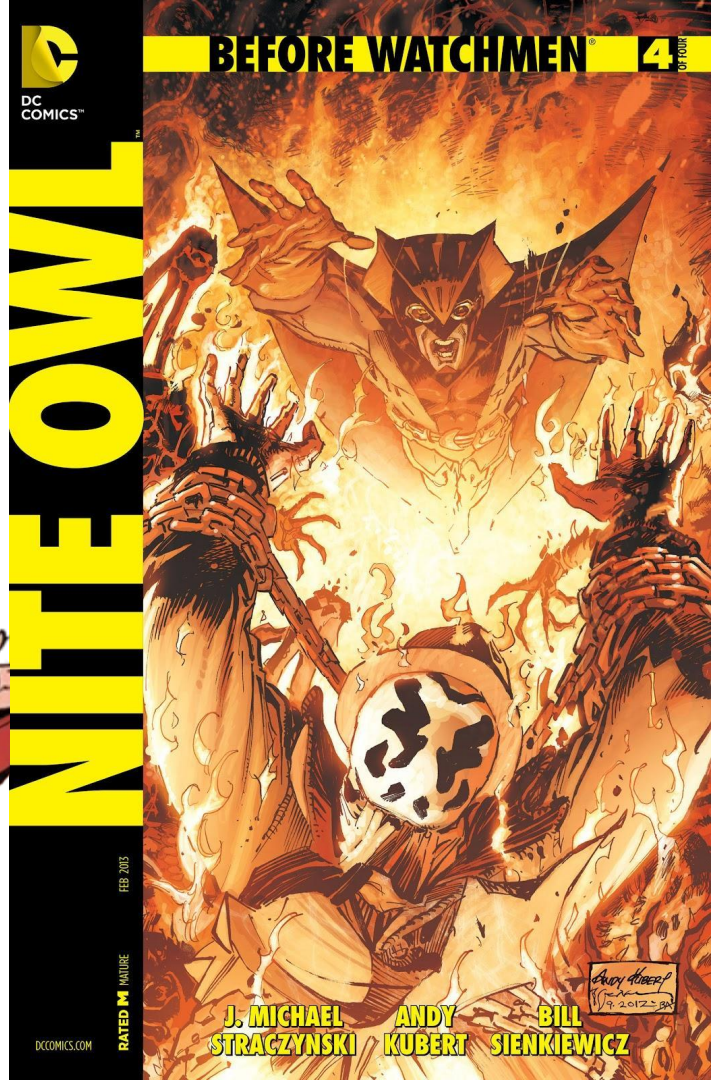
BLAMMM

YOU DISAPPOINT ME, WALTER, ON SEVERAL LEVELS... WITH THAT MASK, WHICH CONCEALS A NOTED DEGENERATE...AND WITH YOUR ATTITUDE.

I SENT YOU DOWN HERE TO TEST YOU, SEE IF WE TRULY WERE CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH, IF YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT I WAS DOING HERE.
IT APPEARS I WAS WRONG.
FOR I AM GOD'S MESSENGER.
AND YOU HAVE JUST BECOME A PART OF THAT MESSAGE.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

the Life of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO!
Part Six
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
THE BELLOW OF THE WIND DID NOT MASK THE SCREAM OF THE JU-JU WOMAN'S INCANTATIONS IN THE DARK HOLD BELOW.
<SHOOT THEM ALL, COMPADRES--I'LL KILL THE ENGLISH PIG-DOG!>
I FELT THE WIND-WRECKED SHIP SHUDDERING AS IT PLUNGED DOWN YET AGAIN, AS THE LEAD MUSKET BALLS RAINED DOWN INTO THE SLAVE HOLD.
<SNAKEHEAD, KILL THEM! STOP THAT DAMNED CHANTING AND STILL THAT WITCH'S TONGUE!>
I READIED MYSELF TO LEAP AT THE MURDERERS JUST AS GOD'S BREATH CAME TO OUR AID AND DROVE THE SHIP FORWARD ONTO ROCKS--THROWING OUR TORMENTORS DOWN INTO THE HOLD!
DOWN TO OUR HANDS--AND TO VENGEANCE!
YOU CALL YOURSELF SNAKEHEAD? YOU DISHONOR THE SNAKE!
AND YOU CALL ME AN ENGLISH PIG-DOG?
I AM NOT A DOG. I AM A MAN!
MY NAME IS GORDON MCCLACHLAN, AND I AM NOT AN ENGLISHMAN--
--I AM A SCOT!


TAKING THE KEYS FROM SNAKEHEAD'S INSENSATE BODY...
I UNLOCKED THE CHAINS BINDING US.
WE THREW OURSELVES OUT INTO THE ROILING WAVES--TO FREEDOM OR DEATH!
HOLDING ON TO N'TUNGA AND HER NEWBORN, MY CHEST HEAVING, VISION BLURRING--THE NEED TO SUCK IN A BREATH RIPPING AT MY THROAT...
DEATH BECKONED!
N'TUNGA'S LAST SHRED OF STRENGTH GAVE OUT...
HER HAND SLIPPED FROM MY GRASP, AND I LOST THE MOTHER.
AS THE DELICATE LIFE FADED FROM EYES BEYOND SEEING, WHAT DID I READ THERE?
ACCUSATION?
BUT I HAD SAVED THE BABY.
...AND THE GOLDEN EARRING.
I HAD THE FIRST TOKEN WITHIN MY GRASP.
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: OZYMANDIAS #3!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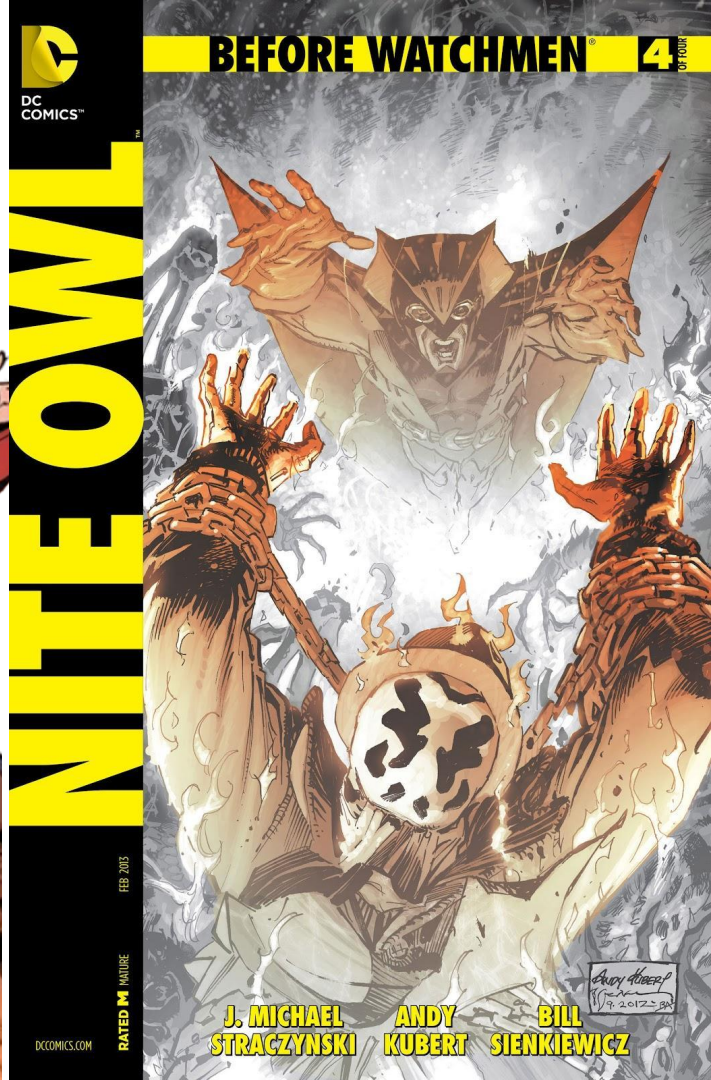
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FROM ONE NITE OWL TO ANOTHER

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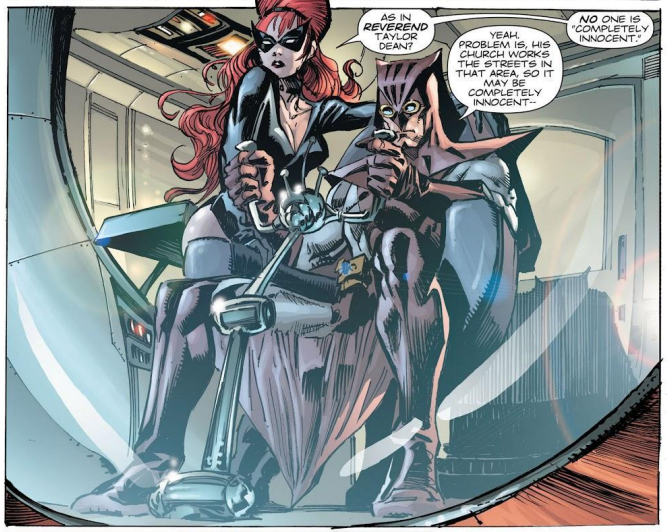
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS



"-- ASSUMING HE'S NOT ASLEEP IN BED BY NOW."
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE TRUTH, WALTER, SO YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE DYING IN A WORTHY CAUSE.
THE IDEA CAME UNEXPECTEDLY, AS ALL SUCH IDEAS DO...FROM A HIGHER POWER.

"SHE COST TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. FULL SERVICE. NOT TOO MUCH, NOT TOO CHEAP. ECONOMICAL. AT LEAT THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
--AND I WAS WATCHING THE NEWS LAST NIGHT--
--ROBERT--
--AND I SAW A STORY ABOUT HOW THIS GUY NAMED REVEREND DEAN WAS PROTESTING OUTSIDE A PORN SHOP. INTERVIEWED HIM AND EVERYTHING.
I LOOK, I SHOULD GO, I'M LATE FOR--

AND I THOUGHT, WHY, THAT'S MY BOUNCEBUDDY ROBERT--AND THEN I THOUGHT--
--I WONDER WHAT THEY'D THINK IF THEY KNEW WHAT YOU AND I WERE DOING UP HERE TWICE A WEEK.

I IMAGINE ALL THOSE RICH FOLKS GIVING YOU ALL THAT MONEY FOR THAT CHURCH DOWNTOWN WOULD BE VERY DISAPPOINTED--
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME--
OH, YES I CAN, SWEETIE. YOU'RE GOING TO PAY ME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE OR--

NO! I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY EVERYTHING I'VE BUILT! HARLOT! I WON'T LET YOU! I WON'T LET YOU!
UCCHHHHH!

I--
--I--
OH GOD...GOD. WHAT HAVE I DONE?
"WHAT I'D DONE WAS JUST THE BEGINNING."

"I SET THE APARTMENT ON FIRE TO DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE AND MAKE IT HARDER TO PROVE THAT SHE'D BEEN MURDERED.
"STILL, I GOT READY TO LEAVE TOWN, FIGURING THAT THIS WOULD ONLY DELAY THE INEVITABLE. BUT I WAS WRONG.

"ONCE THE NEIGHBORS LEARNED JUST WHAT SORT OF WOMAN HAD BEEN RENTING AN APARTMENT IN THEIR BUILDING, THEY WERE SCANDALIZED.
WATCH
"THEY EVICTED A COUPLE OF OTHERS NEXT DOOR, SET UP A NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH PROGRAM--
"--CLEANED THE WHOLE PLACE RIGHT UP."

THE BIBLE SAYS "THE WAGES OF SIN ARE DEATH." THAT'S A WARNING, WALTER. YOU WANT TO KEEP SIN FAR AWAY, BECAUSE IF YOU SIN, YOU DIE. FOREVER.
IN FIRE.

IF THE BODY OF ONE SINNER BURNED IN HELL'S FIRE COULD DO SO MUCH GOOD, HOW MUCH MORE COULD BE DONE BY A WHOLE PILE OF THEM? THINK OF THE MESSAGE THAT WOULD SEND.
A PILE OF CORRUPTION GONE TO FLAMES IN THE BASEMENT OF GOD'S HOUSE...THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PURE AND THE PROFANE...WHAT AN IMAGE.

SO I WENT TO WORK.

YOUNG HARLOTS. OLDER ONES. YOUNG MEN. DIDN'T MATTER, THEY WERE ALL USEFUL, ALL FUEL FOR THE FLAMES.
AFTER I WAS DONE WITH THEM, OF COURSE.

THE MORE I DID, IT THE MORE I ENJOYED DOING IT. I WAS GOOD AT IT. I LIKED IT.

FOR A WHILE I EVEN ENJOYED THE RISK OF BRINGING THE BODIES BACK HERE, BUT I KNEW GOD WOULDN'T LET ME BE CAUGHT. I WAS DOING GOD'S WORK.

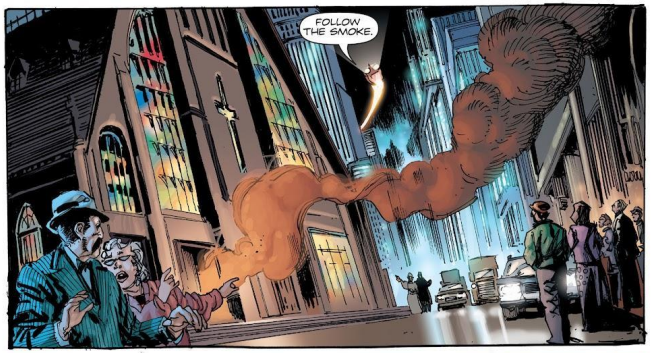
BUT I STILL HAD TO LEAVE MY LAST TASK EARLY, WHEN I FEARED SOMEONE MIGHT HAVE HEARD HER SCREAMS AND CALLED THE POLICE.
SLOPPY. UNFORTUNATE. STILL, HER HANDCUFFS PROVIDED A NICE WAY OF HANDLING YOU, WALTER.

I KNEW GOD WOULD SEND SOMEONE TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR WHAT I'D DONE, SOMEONE AS CORRUPT AS THE BODIES HE WOULD BE FOUND WITH...THE BODIES HE WOULD BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR.
BECAUSE ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU, WALTER.

YOUR ABUSE OF THIS SACRED TEMPLE WILL BE MY CLARION CALL. ON THE ASHES OF YOU AND YOUR FELLOW SINNERS WE WILL BUILD A NEW CHURCH, A BIGGER CHURCH.
MEANWHILE I'LL FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO STORE THE BODIES I NEED FOR THE NEXT MESSAGE.

BECAUSE AS FOUR GOSPELS AND SIXTY-TWO OTHER BOOKS IN THE BIBLE CONFIRM, THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER MESSAGE IN NEED OF SENDING.
SLAM

SHOULD BE ALMOST IN VIEW BY NOW.
YOU KNOW, SOMEDAY THEY'LL HAVE SATELLITE TRACKERS THAT WILL SHOW YOUR POSITION TO WITHIN A FEW FEET OF--
THERE.
WHERE?


FOLLOW THE SMOKE.

SEX-SHOP HANDCUFFS... CHEAP METAL... NOT REGULATION STEEL.

LET IT BURN.

ARRGHHHH!

WE NEED TO SPLIT UP. LOOK FOR ANYONE TRAPPED INSIDE. YOU GO UP, I'LL GO DOWN.
TURNS OUT THAT IS YOUR SPECIALTY--
OH,TEEZ--
CHAP

I SO LOVE DOING THAT TO HIM.
HELLO? ANYONE HERE? HELLO?

COME ON... COME ON... COME--

--ON

IS ANYONE THERE?
BANG BANG BANG BANG

OWL... THAT YOU?

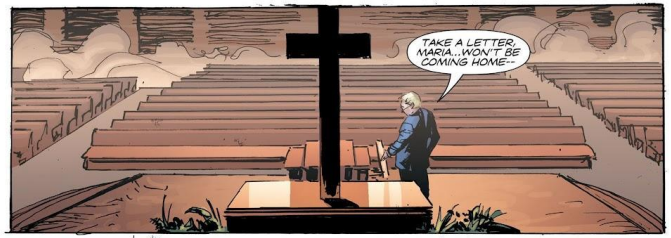
RORSCHACH? WHAT'RE YOU--
DISCUSS LATER...OPEN THE GODDAMN DOOR!
OKAY, STAND BACK!

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES. NO. DOESN'T MATTER.
SO YOU TRACKED DEAN HERE TOO, THEN?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

BUT WHAT'S INSIDE THE--
OHMYGOD...
WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WAS HE--
RORSCHACH?

RORSCHACH?


TAKE A LETTER, MARIA...WON'T BE COMING HOME--

YOU SEEM AWFULLY CALM FOR SOMEONE WHOSE CHURCH IS BURNING DOWN.
THE END IS NIGH

ONCE YOU REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING IS PART OF GOD'S PLAN, VERY LITTLE WORRIES YOU ANYMORE.
IS THAT WHAT YOU TOLD THE WOMEN YOU KILLED?

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MA'AM. OR IS IT MISS? OR MIZZ?
IT'S CERTAINLY NOT LADY...NOT DRESSED LIKE THAT.
SLUT? ALMOST CERTAINLY.
HOLY BIBLE
PSALMS

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

WHERE--

RIGHT HERE!
UNNH!

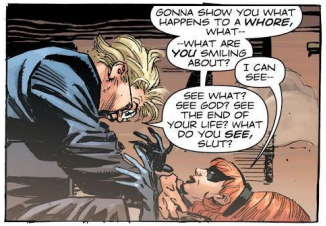
THINK YOU'RE SO SMART...THINK YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO FIGHT A MAN--
WHEN I SEE ONE...I'LL LET YOU KNOW.

SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL MAN DOES TO A WOMAN--

NO--

LET HIM SEE HOW A REAL MAN BEHAVES--
NO--

THAT'S ENOUGH--
--THAT'S GODDAMNED WELL ENOUGH!


GONNA SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO A WHORE, WHAT--
--WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?
I CAN SEE--
SEE WHAT? SEE GOD? SEE THE END OF YOUR LIFE? WHAT DO YOU SEE, SLUT?

BEHIND YOU.

NO--
THE END IS NIGH

RORSCHACH, NO!

EEEAAAACH!
THAT--

--THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO A WHORE.

THE END IS NIGH

THE END IS NIGH

THE END IS NIGH
WHAT DID YOU DO? WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT YOU WOULDN'T.
WHAT YOU COULDN'T.
HOWEVER MUCH YOU WANTED TO.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS...WE TALKED ABOUT THIS--
YES. TALK. IT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT. YOU TALK. I'LL DO. GOOD PARTNERSHIP.
NO, I--
GENTLEMEN--

--ONE, THE JOINT IS STILL ON FIRE. TWO, I HEAR POLICE SIRENS. THREE--
--NO, ACTUALLY, I DON'T NEED A "THREE" AFTER FIRE AND POLICE.
OKAY, FINE, I--

RORSCHACH? RORSCHACH?
WE HAVE TO GO... NOW!

IS NIGH

IS NIGH

THE END IS NIGH
"-- WHERE THE BODY OF REVEREND TAYLOR STONE WAS FOUND WITH TWENTY-SEVEN MURDER VICTIMS AMID THE CHARRED REMAINS OF HIS CHURCH."

MRS. DEAN, ANY COMMENT?
NO...MY HUSBAND HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE...DEAD HARLOTS...HE WAS A GOOD MAN...A MAN OF GOD--

THEN WHY WERE THE KEYS TO THE BASEMENT FOUND ON HIS BODY?
NO COMMENT--
ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, HIS PRINTS HAVE BEEN TIED TO A PROSTITUTION RING--

--I SAID NO COMMENT!

AS YOU CAN SEE, I MADE MY DECISION.
SO YOU READ IT?

YES, AND I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PAST, I KNOW THE PERSON YOU ARE.
THE PERSON I NEEDED YOU TO BE.

THE WAY THE WHOLE COUNTRY STILL NEEDS YOU TO BE...A HERO.
I'M NOT--
JUST LISTEN TO ME.

YOU'RE THE CLOSEST THING I'VE EVER HAD TO A FATHER, A REAL FATHER. WHEN I USED TO GET THE CRAP KICKED OUT OF ME AS A KID, THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT ME GOING WAS KNOWING THAT THERE WERE GUYS LIKE YOU IN THE WORLD, WHO NEVER EVER GAVE UP.
AND I DOUBT I'M THE ONLY ONE.
DON'T DO THIS. PLEASE.

I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU.

I HAVE A COPY OF THIS IN MY SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX. I'LL LEAVE IT THERE. WHEN I'M DEAD, WHEN I DON'T HAVE TO BE THE GUY YOU AND EVERYBODY ELSE THINKS I NEED TO BE, YOU CAN REVISIT YOUR DECISION.

THEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME, BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
MAYBE... MAYBE NOT. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE. ALL THAT MATTERS, WHEN THE TIME COMES--

--IS THAT YOU GO DOWN SWINGING.

I SHOULD TURN YOU IN TO THE POLICE, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

IF WE'D LET HIM GO HE WOULD'VE WALKED. MONEY. POWER. EXPENSIVE ATTORNEYS. WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE BEEN CLOSE.
YOU CAN'T JUST KILL PEOPLE--
YOU SAW WHAT HE DID--
I WOULD'VE--
YOU WOULD'VE NOTHING.

IF YOU WERE GOING TO DO SOMETHING YOU WOULD'VE DONE IT WHEN YOUR DAD WAS BEATING YOUR MOTHER--
STOP IT--
--BUT YOU WERE SOFT, LIKE YOU'RE SOFT NOW; BECAUSE WOMEN MAKE YOU SOFT, MAKE YOU HESITATE--

YEAH, YOU AND ME. WE'RE GONNA START ALL OVER...JUST GOTTA DEAL WITH THE BRAT IS ALL.
LITTLE ACCIDENT...KIDS HAVE 'EM ALL THE TIME. YEAH...GONNA HAVE A LATE TERM-- REALLY LATE TERM-- ABORTION.

WHAT THE--

AAAAAAAAAHHH!
"SOMETIMES TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT YOU HAVE TO DO THINGS WRONG. I'M WILLING TO DO THOSE THINGS. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WILLING TO DO THEM--"

--AND YOU'RE NOT.
I THINK WE NEED TO TAKE A BREAK FROM EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE, RORSCHACH. A COUPLE OF WEEKS...WE'LL SEE.
SO YOU'RE NOT CALLING THE POLICE?
"NO...AT LEAST, NOT THIS TIME. BECAUSE WE'RE ALL ENTITLED TO ONE REALLY BIG MISTAKE."
AUTO REPAIRS
CLOSED
ONE MISTAKE. RIGHT.
BUT IS IT YOURS OR MINE?

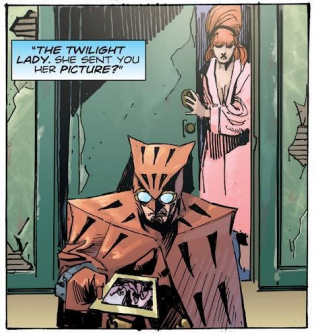
ELIZABETH...? LIZ?

I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GO OUT, GET SOME--

--DINNER...?

"HMMM. WHAT'S THIS?"
From one Night Bird to Another. Love from The Twilight Lady

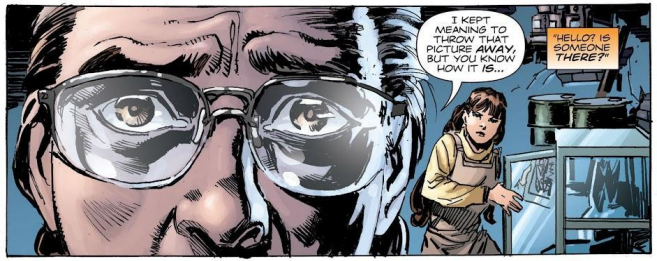
THAT? OH, THAT ISN'T ANYBODY. IT'S JUST THIS VICE QUEEN I PUT AWAY BACK IN '68. CALLED HERSELF DUSK WOMAN OR SOMETHING.


"THE TWILIGHT LADY. SHE SENT YOU HER PICTURE?"

"YEAH, WELL, I GUESS SHE HAD SORT OF A--

"-- FIXATION."

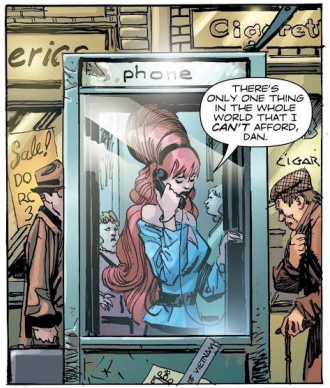
HA-HA-! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO WEAR YOUR MASK--
STOP--
YOU LOOKED SO SILLY. "I AM THE NITE OWL. FEAR ME, BABY! MOUNT ME!"
YOU'RE A VERY SICK WOMAN--
"SHE WAS A VERY SICK WOMAN."


I KEPT MEANING TO THROW THAT PICTURE AWAY, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...
"HELLO? IS SOMEONE THERE?"

--YOU'RE THERE, AREN'T YOU? WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME? WHY WON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? WHY WON'T YOU--
ARE YOU--

--WHY WON'T YOU SEE ME?
BECAUSE--
--BECAUSE I CAN AFFORD ANYTHING, DAN.

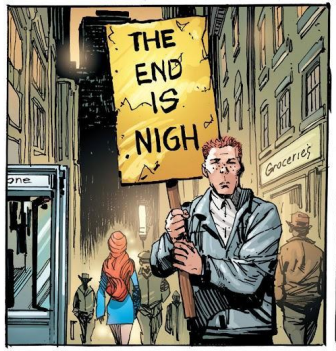
I CAN AFFORD CARS, AND JEWELS, AND SEX TOYS, AND EVERYTHING A WOMAN--
--A WOMAN IN MY PROFESSION--
--COULD EVER WANT.


phone
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IN THE WHOLE WORLD THAT I CAN'T AFFORD, DAN.
CIGAR

phone
I CAN'T AFFORD TO FALL IN LOVE.

DON'T DO THIS... I'LL FIND YOU AGAIN AND THIS TIME I WON'T LET YOU GO, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BUST YOU TO DO IT--
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, DAN DREIBERG. YOU DESERVE A GOOD WOMAN, NOT--
I LOVE YOU.
GOODBYE.

phone
KATZ'S


THE END IS NIGH
Groceries

Groceries
phone
THE END IS NIGH

END

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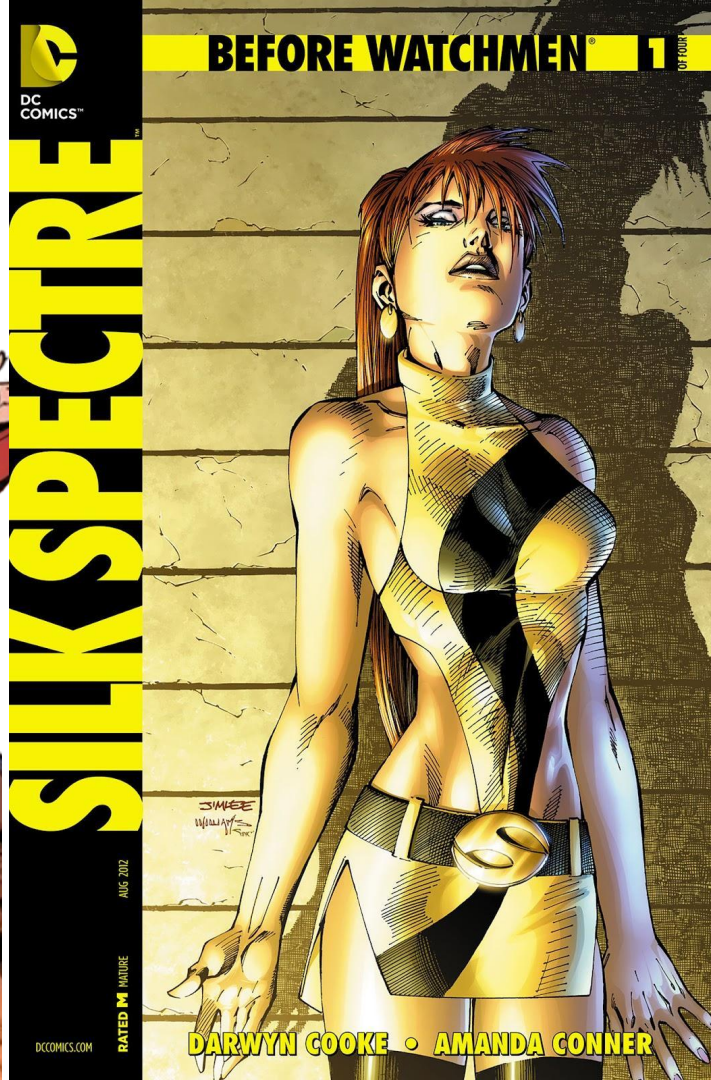
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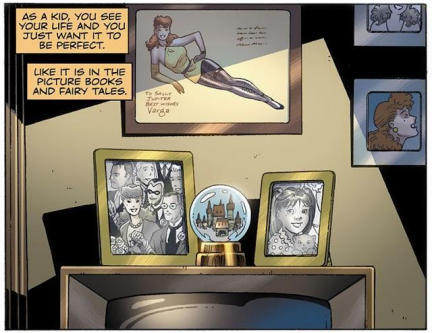
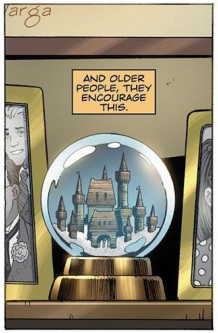

AS A KID, YOU SEE YOUR LIFE AND YOU JUST WANT IT TO BE PERFECT.
LIKE IT IS IN THE PICTURE BOOKS AND FAIRY TALES.


AND OLDER PEOPLE, THEY ENCOURAGE THIS.

THEY HIDE THINGS FROM CHILDREN. TRY TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE TRUTH.

KEEP THEM IN A PRETTY BUBBLE, WHERE NONE OF THE UGLINESS CAN REACH.

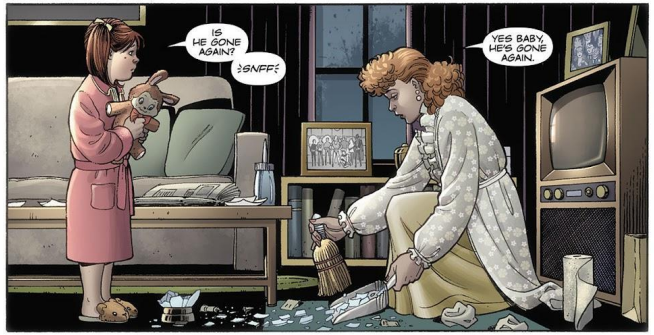
BUT KIDS ARE SMARTER THAN WE THINK.

THEY MAY NOT COMPREHEND THE WORDS, BUT THEY CAN HEAR THE WAY THEY'RE DELIVERED.

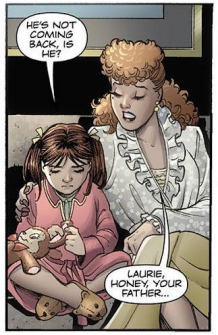
THEY TRY TO HOLD ON TO THE ILLUSION, BUT IT'S HARD TO IGNORE ALL THE HATRED AND YELLING.

ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS TURNED TOWARD THEM.
LAUREL JANE?

LAUREL JANE?


IS HE GONE AGAIN?
SNFF
YES BABY, HE'S GONE AGAIN.

BUT THIS TIME...WELL, COME SIT WITH ME, LAURIE.


HE'S NOT COMING BACK, IS HE?
LAURIE, HONEY, YOUR FATHER...

DON'T SAY THAT. HE'S NOT MY FATHER.
PLEASE DON'T START THAT AGAIN, LAURIE. HE WAS MY HUSBAND AND HE IS YOUR FATHER.

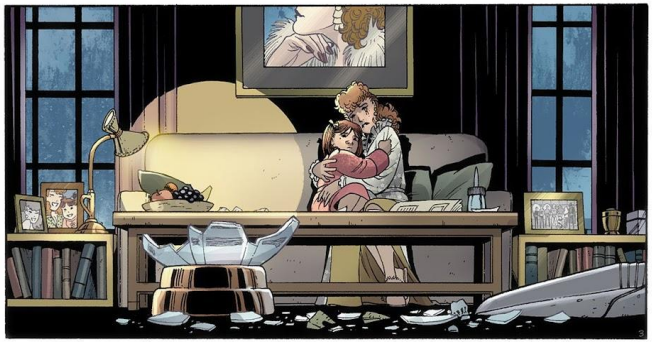
I HATE HIM.

OH SWEETIE, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO HATE. WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE OLDER AND THE WORLD GIVES YOU A GOOD REASON.

TRUST ME, IT WON'T LET YOU DOWN.

MOM?
ARE YOU GONNA BE ALL RIGHT?

WE'LL BE OKAY, MOM.



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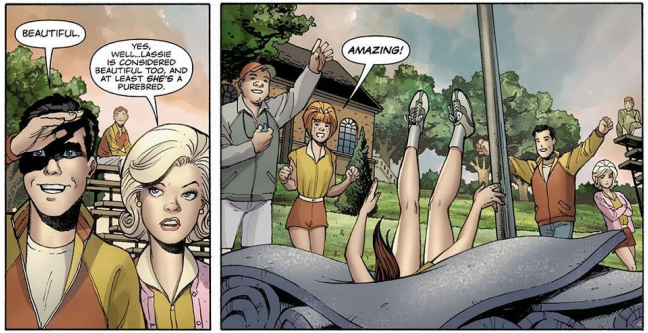

BEAUTIFUL.
YES, WELL... LASSIE IS CONSIDERED BEAUTIFUL, TOO, AND AT LEAST SHE'S A PUREBRED.
AMAZING!

BOSS JUMP, LAUR.
THANKS!

SO NOW I KNOW WHY YOUR NAME'S JUPITER.

I FIGURED IT OUT WATCHING YOU JUMP.
OH, YEAH? WHY DONTCHA LET ME IN ON IT, THEN?

'CAUSE YOU REALLY TAKE OFF AND FLY LIKE OUTER SPACE UP THERE.

HEY...
EARTH TO SPACEGIRL.

COME IN, SPACEGIRL.

SORRY. I WAS GETTING A SIGNAL FROM THE HOME PLANET.

AHA. THAT EXPLAINS WHY I NEVER SEE YOU OUT. TOO BUSY SERVING YOUR MARTIAN OVERLORDS.
THEY DO KEEP ME BUSY.

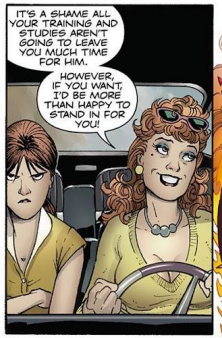
HOW ABOUT TONIGHT?
WILL THEY BE KEEPING YOU BUSY TONIGHT?
TONIGHT? I...UM...

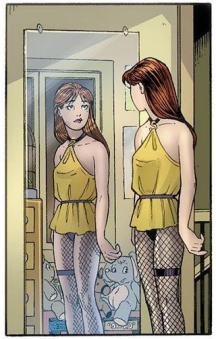
HONK HONK

OH HO. IS THAT THE HEAD MARTIAN?
SHH! THAT'S MY MOM, DIPSTICK! YOU BETTER NOT LET HER HEAR YOU SAY THAT.
LOOK, I'VE GOTTA GO.

HEY, WHAT ABOUT TONIGHT? MEET ME HERE BY THE TRACK AT NINE.
I CAN'T!
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW!

WHO IS THAT?
WHAT? OH, MY FRIEND GREG.
HE'S QUITE A LOOKER.


IT'S A SHAME ALL YOUR TRAINING AND STUDIES AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE YOU MUCH TIME FOR HIM.
HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT, I'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO STAND IN FOR YOU!



SHHHH!

MILK

--ROM OUR SPONSOR--

--A MAN, BUT WHEN THERE'S NO MAN AROUN--
--ONE OF HER BIGGEST HITS TO DATE...

--SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS AND...
Love

GUHK
RAINBOWS, EVERYTH--

GAHH
--THAT'S WONDERFUL IS WHAT I FEEL
UHFF

--E'RE TOGETHER
HUHH UHH
BRIGHTER THAN A LUCKY..

PENNY, WHEN YOU'RE HERE
HUHH HUH
..RAIN GOES, DISAPPEARS, DEAR...

..AND I FEEL SO FINE...
GUHH
--W THAT YOU ARE MINE..

MY LIFE IS SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS...
RRAAAAA!
--FRAIN GOES, SO...

UHHH
..JOIN IN, EVERYBODY..

--OLLIPOPS AND RAINBO--
NNNAH
..EVERY-THING THAT'S WONDERFUL IS

RRAAH
..SURE TO COME YOUR WAY
UUHFF
..LOVE TO STAY..

HUHH
AHUHH
--ONDERFUL IS WHAT I FEEL

YYEEEAAHH!
GHUUH
..WE'RE TOGETHER

WHUF
--UCKY PENNY WHEN YOU'RE NEAR...

AAAAH!
I FEEL SO FINE

..LOVE IS HERE TO STAAAAAYYYY..
AAAAAAA!!!
STOP!
STOP IT!!

--BE RIGHT BACK AFTER--
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

IT'S WHAT YOU WANTED, ISN'T IT?
FOR YEARS YOU'VE BEEN DRILLING INTO ME THAT I HAVE TO BE BETTER THAN YOU, SO THERE YOU GO. HAPPY NOW?
NO, I'M NOT HAPPY. YOU'RE MOUTHY AND YOUR MIND IS EVERYWHERE BUT HERE. YOU HAVE TO--

I AM SO SICK OF ALL THIS PERSECUTION! YOU CONTROL MY WHOLE LIFE!
I DON'T GET TO GO OUT, I DON'T GET TO DO ANYTHING I WANT.
ALL I DO IS TRAIN AND STUDY AND WORK SO I CAN CARRY ON YOUR NAME.

OH, EXCUSE ME. I MEAN YOUR FAKE NAME.
MAYBE EVERYBODY WILL DISH AND SAY ALL SORTS OF VULGAR THINGS ABOUT ME, TOO.

SO EASY FOR YOU TO JUDGE, ISN'T IT? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?
IF YOU HAD TO FACE JUST HALF OF WHAT I DID AT YOUR AGE, YOU'D--

LAURIE...

YOUR FACE, BABY. YOU'VE GOT A CUT THERE.
IT'S NOTHING.
--AS'E WORTH FIGHTING FO--

NEVER MIND; NOTHING. IT ISN'T VERY DEEP, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.
--OFFEE IS CRIMINAL--

I REMEMBER GETTING SCRATCHED ONCE WHEN I WAS TANGLING WITH THE FEY BLADE AND THAT DAMNED THING GOT INFECTED AND SWELLED UP SOMETHING AWFUL. IT LOOKED LIKE--
MOM! PLEASE. COOL IT.
--ILL THE PETUNIAS!

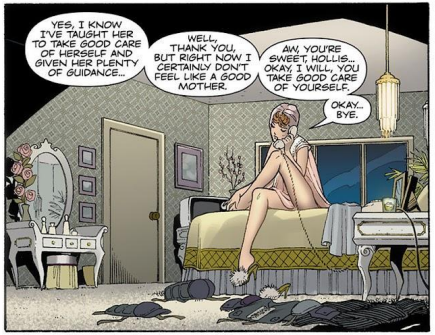
NEVER MIND WITH YOUR 'COOL'. ITS ? LET'S GET SOME DISINFECTANT ON THAT.
GOD, MOM, STOP FUSSING.
--A MAN, BUT WHEN THERE'S NO MAN AROUN--

I'M NOT MADE OF GLASS, Y'KNOW.
--EVER BITTER, NEVER WEAK..

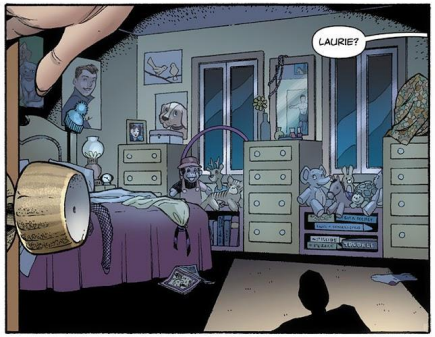
BUT HOLLIS, I JUST WORRY ABOUT HER SO MUCH. SHE'S NEVER BEEN A BACK-TALKER BEFORE, BUT LATELY..
I KNOW SHE'S AT THAT AGE, BUT I'VE GIVEN HER EVERYTHING. WHAT COULD SHE POSSIBLY HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT?

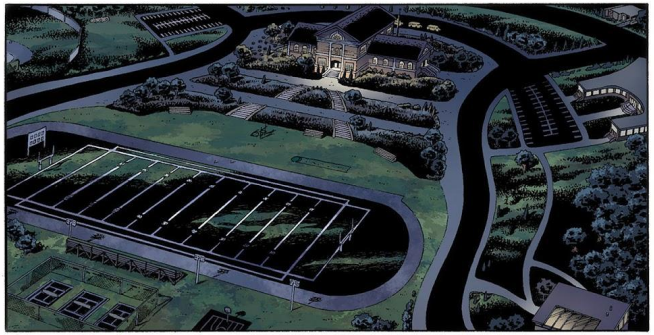
NO, SHE NEEDS TO STUDY AND TRAIN. IF SHE NEEDS A FRIEND, SHE CAN COME TALK TO ME.
NO, BUT FOR A WHILE NOW, SHE JUST ALWAYS SEEMS TO WANT TO BE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

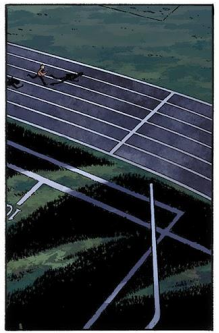
I DON'T WANT HER LACK OF FOCUS TO, Y'KNOW, CAUSE HER TO HURT HERSELF.
BUT I DON'T WANT HER TO WIND UP LIKE I DID WHEN I WAS HER AGE.


YES, I KNOW I'VE TAUGHT HER TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF HERSELF AND GIVEN HER PLENTY OF GUIDANCE...
WELL, THANK YOU, BUT RIGHT NOW I CERTAINLY DON'T FEEL LIKE A GOOD MOTHER.
AW, YOU'RE SWEET, HOLLIS... OKAY, I WILL, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF.
OKAY... BYE.

LAURIE, HONEY...


LAURIE?





YESSS!
SWEET VICTORY FOR JACKRABBIT JUPITER!
DON'T
¿HUH?
DON'T RUB IT IN.

I'VE BEEN ¿HUH? HUMBLED, M'LADY.
TOLD YOU I WAS FASTER.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE YOU GOT LICKED BY A GIRL.

STOLE THESE FROM THE OLD MAN. HE WOULD BREAK MY SKULL IF HE FOUND OUT.
YOUR DAD IS KIND OF A HARD-ASS, ISN'T HE?
HE CAN'T HELP IT. HE'S A RETIRED MARINE. TRAINED TO BE A HARD-ASS.

SOUNDS LIKE MY MOM.
YOUR MOM'S A RETIRED MARINE?
NO, DOOFUS... A HARD-ASS.

I'D TAKE A PLAIN OL' HARD-ASS OVER A MARINE ANY DAY.
SMOKE?
I...UM... SURE.
SO YOU TWO DON'T GET ALONG?

NOT REALLY. BUT HE HAS A SOLUTION FOR THAT. WHEN I TURN EIGHTEEN, HE SAYS HE'S MARCHING ME DOWN TO THE RECRUITER'S OFFICE.

SAYS THE MARINES WILL MAKE A MAN OF ME.
¿AHUH-AHUH?
THE MARINES? ¿AHUH? BUT THAT MEANS YOU'D BE...
UH HUH. THEY'LL SEND ME TO INDOCHINA. OR VIETNAM, I THINK. ONE OF THOSE.

THE OLD MAN SAYS IT'LL BE GOOD FOR M--
AAA!

AHAHAHA HAHA!
I'M ALL WET! MY DAD'LL CLOCK ME IF I COME HOME SMELLING LIKE BEER!
YEAH, WELL, YOU'D BETTER DRY UP BEFORE YOU GO BACK.

AWW, IF I'M OLD ENOUGH TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY, I CAN AT LEAST HAVE A BREW EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, EH?
WOW. VIETNAM.

WE SHOULD RUN AWAY.
FAR, FAR AWAY.

YEAH. FAR AWAY TO A STRANGE LAND. I'LL BE YOUR NOBLE PROTECTOR, M'LADY.
HOLY SMOKES.

WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THOSE... BRUISES?
MY DAD TRAINS ME IN THE BOXING RING. HE WANTS TO BE SURE I'M TOUGH ENOUGH TO HANDLE ANYTHING.
I'LL TELL YA, THOUGH, HE REALLY PACKS A WALLOP.

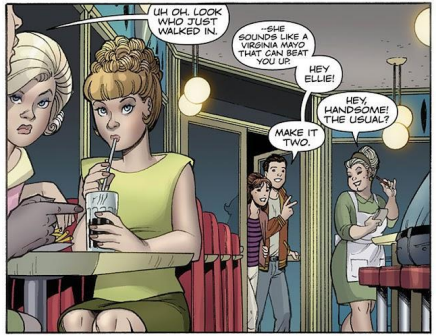
I TOLD YOU... JUST LIKE MY MOM.
YOUR MOM WANTS YOU TO BE A MARINE?
NO, SILLY! SHE TRAINS ME. SHE WATCHES TOO MUCH NEWS AND SHE'S FREAKED OUT BY RAPISTS AND KILLERS.

LIKE THAT STOCKING-STRANGLER GUY AND STUFF?
YEAH, SO SHE TRAINS ME TO BE ABLE TO DEFEND MYSELF.
SEE? WE HAVE MATCHING BRUISES!

...SAW HER RUNNING OUT OF P.E., BAWLING LIKE A BABY!
Open 7:45 Sat. & Mon.

WELL, YES, BECAUSE I TOLD HER THAT SHE AND HER QUESTIONABLE LESIONS SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL SO SHE DOESN'T CONTAMINATE THE REST OF US.

GOD, BETSY...IT'S JUST ZITS.
REALLY? ARE YOU A DOCTOR?

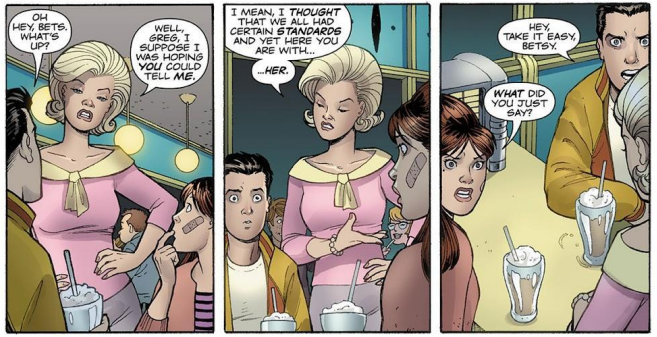

UH OH. LOOK WHO JUST WALKED IN.
--SHE SOUNDS LIKE A VIRGINIA MAYO THAT CAN BEAT YOU UP.
HEY ELLIE!
HEY, HANDSOME! THE USUAL?
MAKE IT TWO.

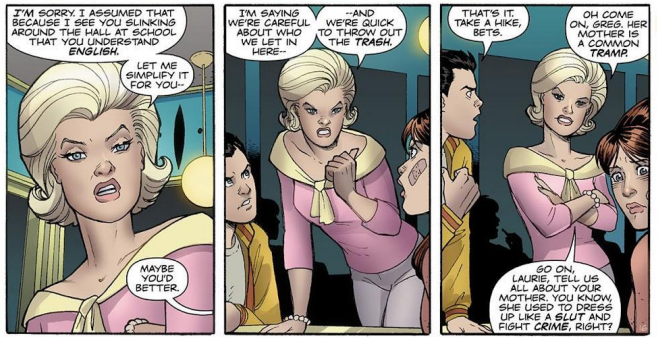
I ALMOST CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HER.
OH. UM... I DUNNO ABOUT THAT.
HOW COME?
WELL... I...MY MOM'S JUST KIND OF...

HEY, THIS IS A PRETTY COOL PLACE.
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE. OTHER THAN SCHOOL. YOU'RE PRETTY SCARCE.
I KNOW. MY MOM IS PUTTING ME ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST.

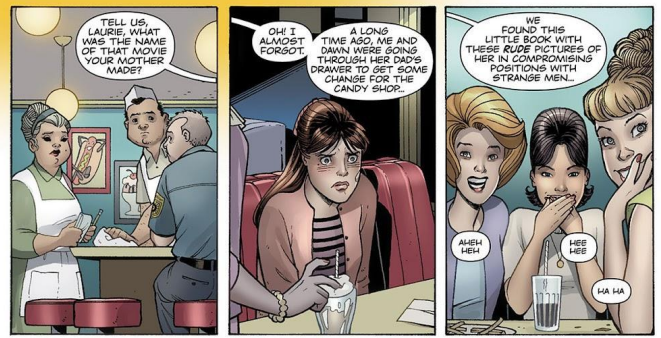
WATCH AND LEARN, LADIES.

SHE KEEPS A TIGHT LEASH ON YOU?
IT'S A CHOKER, AND BOY, IS IT EVER DOING ITS JOB.
SHE HAS THIS IDEA OF WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE, AND IT'S LIKE I DON'T GET ANY SAY.
EXACTLY. IT'S LIKE WE'RE THEIR PROPERTY OR SOMETHING.
YEAH! WHAT'S THEIR PROBLEM, ANYWAY?
THEY ALWAYS THINK THEY KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT FOR US.


OH HEY, BETS. WHAT'S UP?
WELL, GREG, I SUPPOSE I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME.
I MEAN, I THOUGHT THAT WE ALL HAD CERTAIN STANDARDS AND YET HERE YOU ARE WITH...
...HER.
HEY, TAKE IT EASY, BETSY.
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?


I'M SORRY. I ASSUMED THAT BECAUSE I SEE YOU SLINKING AROUND THE HALL AT SCHOOL THAT YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH.
LET ME SIMPLIFY IT FOR YOU--
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER.
I'M SAYING WE'RE CAREFUL ABOUT WHO WE LET IN HERE--
--AND WE'RE QUICK TO THROW OUT THE TRASH.
THAT'S IT. TAKE A HIKE, BETS.
OH COME ON, GREG. HER MOTHER IS A COMMON TRAMP.
SO ON, LAURIE, TELL US ALL ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. YOU KNOW, SHE USED TO DRESS UP LIKE A SLUT AND FIGHT CRIME, RIGHT?

I MEAN, CAN YOU IMAGINE?
DALLY with MISS SALLY
SAVAGE SALLY
BOTTOMLESS
Hit the JACKPOT with JUMPIN' JACKRIFF JUPITER
OF COURSE, THAT WAS BEFORE THE ATTENTION DRIED UP AFTER THAT SHE MOVED ON TO 'MODELING' AND A BRIEF STINT IN THE FILM INDUSTRY.


TELL US, LAURIE, WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT MOVIE YOUR MOTHER MADE?
OH! I ALMOST FORGOT.
A LONG TIME AGO, ME AND DAWN WERE GOING THROUGH HER DAD'S DRAWER TO GET SOME CHANGE FOR THE CANDY SHOP...
WE FOUND THIS LITTLE BOOK WITH THESE RUDE PICTURES OF HER IN COMPROMISING POSITIONS WITH STRANGE MEN...
AHEH HEH
HEE HEE
HA HA

BETSY...
FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.
OH, WAIT...
NOW I SEE IT!

I'VE GOT THE BLUES...I FEEL SO LONELY

I'D GIVE THE WORLD IF I COULD ONLY
MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND
:SNFF:

IT TRULY WOULD BE GRAND

I'M GONNA TELE--
LAU--

MY BABY--
NOW JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG LADY. WHERE--

'COS WHEN YOU'RE GONE--
LAUREL JANE, YOU COME BACK DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT!
I WORRY ALL DAY LONG..

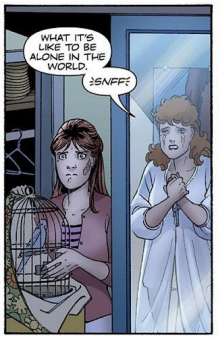
BABY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME--
WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?
WHAT DO YOU CARE? WHAT HAVE YOU EVER CARED ABOUT EXCEPT YOURSELF?

STOP TALKING NONSENSE. WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
I'M LEAVING, MOTHER. I'M GETTING AS FAR AWAY FROM YOU AS I CAN.

LAURIE, PLEASE. YOU'RE SCARING ME.
SCARING YOU? SCARING YOU?

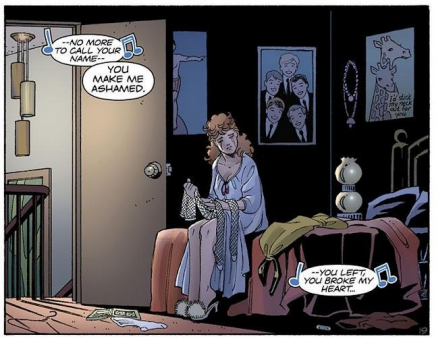
DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF? ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS YOU. ALL YOU'VE EVER DONE IS PUSH ME TO BE SOME KIND OF IMITATION OF YOU. YOU'VE NEVER CARED WHAT I WANTED.
YOU NEVER EVEN ASKED.

PLEASE, LAURIE. CALM DOWN AND TALK TO ME.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHU-WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE OUT THERE.


WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALONE IN THE WORLD.
:SNFF:

OH YEAH. POOR YOU AGAIN.
GOODBYE, MOTHER.
LAURIE--

I HATE YOU! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
THEY ALL KNOW. ALL THE KIDS KNOW WHAT YOU WERE. THEY LAUGH AT ME BECAUSE I'M YOUR DAUGHTER.
'COS YOUR MAMMA'S ALL ALONE


--NO MORE TO CALL YOUR NAME--
YOU MAKE ME ASHAMED.
--YOU LEFT. YOU BROKE MY HEART..

--RY HOUR OF THE DAY, YOU WILL HEAR ME SAY
BABY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME
LAURIE--

OH. WHAT DO YOU WANT? COME FOR ONE LAST LAUGH?

C'MON, LAURIE. I WOULDN'T DO THAT.
I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

"AFTER, LIKE, THE PUNCHING, YOU RAN OUT OF THERE PRETTY FAST."

WELL, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PITY PARTY SOMEWHERE ELSE.
HEY, I WOULDN'T PITY YOU FOR A SECOND.
THAT'S A KILLER LEFT YOU'VE GOT. MY DAD WOULD BE REALLY IMPRESSED.

"AND AFTER TONIGHT, BETSY KENSINGTON'LL PROBABLY NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN."

LOOK, I ALREADY KNOW ABOUT YOUR MOM. AT DINNER TONIGHT, I TOLD MY FOLKS ABOUT YOU AND HOW I KIND OF DIG YOU.
THEY LOOKED AT ME AS IF I'D SOCKED THEM IN THE JAW.

WELL, THEY COULDN'T WAIT TO FILL ME IN.

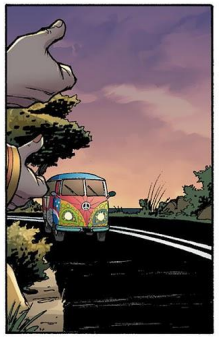
AFTER THAT, THE OLD MAN TOOK ME ASIDE AND SHOWED ME THIS.
IT'S PROBABLY WHAT BETSY WAS BLABBING ON ABOU--

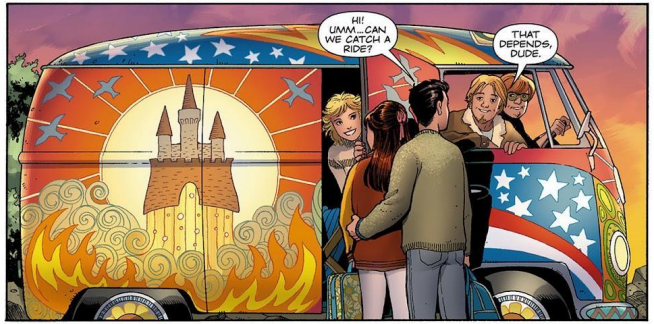
LET ME SEE THAT.
NO.

IT DOESN'T MATTER.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS BOOK. I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT MY FOLKS THINK.
I DON'T CARE WHAT BETSY KENSINGTON FLAPS HER GUMS ABOUT.
I JUST CARE ABOUT YOU.

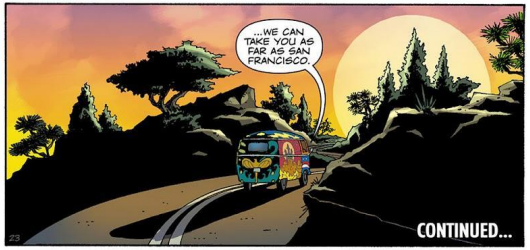
I LOVE YOU, LAURIE.

MM.





MEAN GOODBYE



Please don't walk away, pretty baby, with that look in your eyes... Don't say goodnight and mean goodbye.

Charles Partee & Joe DeAngelis

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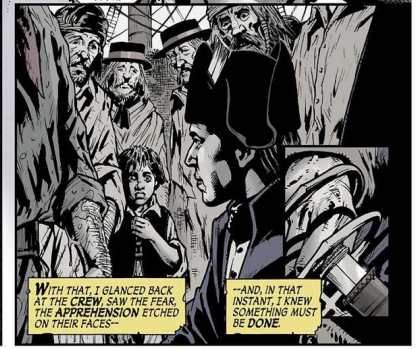
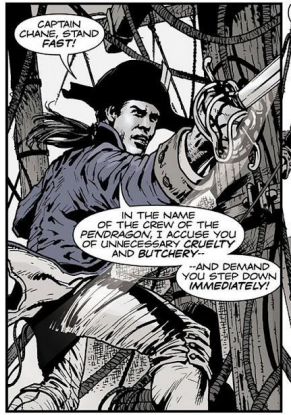
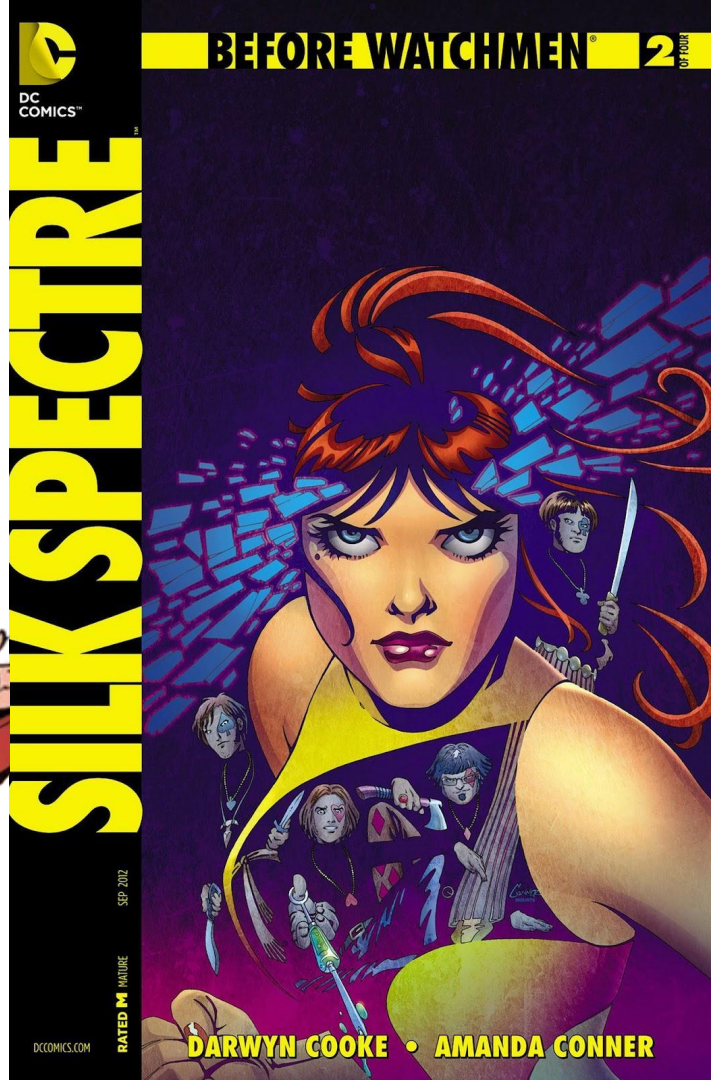
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS





TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: COMEDIAN #1!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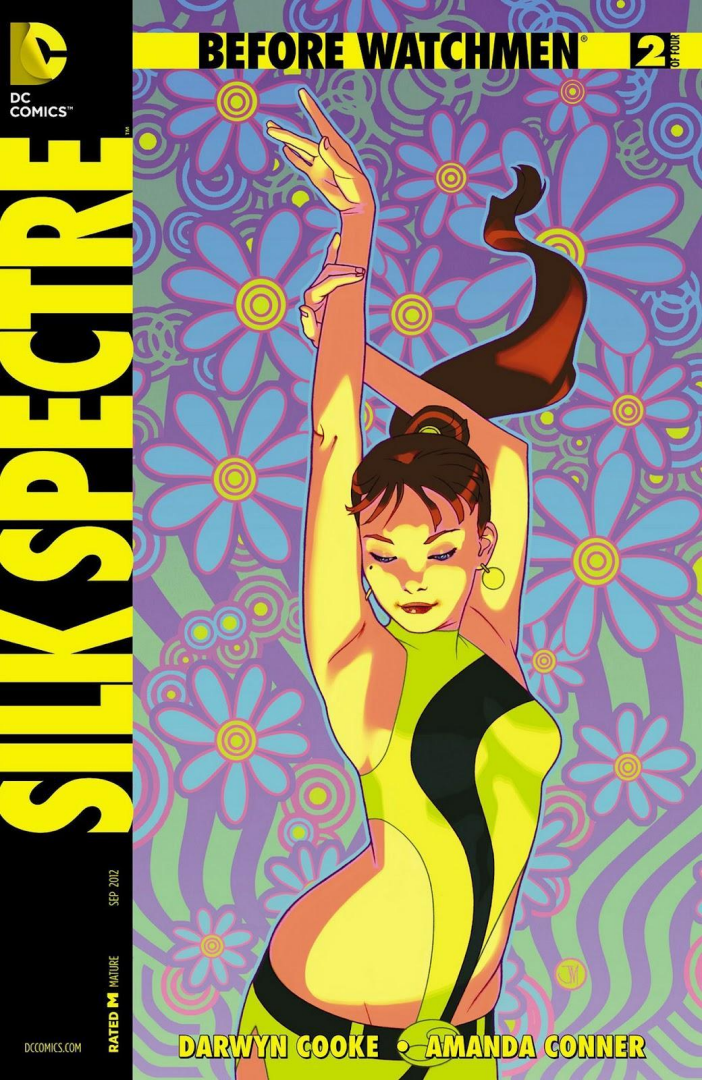
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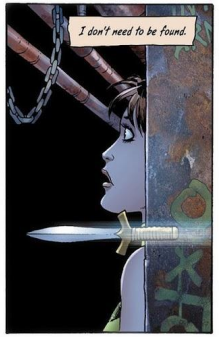
Dear Uncle Hollis:

I know you and Mom must be real worried about me.

I'm writing this to you because I want you guys to know I'm OK.

Please let Mom know that I'm in a safe place.

I really don't want her to come looking for me.


I don't need to be found.

I just need some time to figure things out.

Mom taught me so much about handling the stuff life throws at me.

She gave me everything.

I lived in a huge house with my own room and had more than most kids I know.

But I felt totally chained down.
HRRK!

I want her to stop treating me like--
QUITE THE LITTLE PRINCESS, AREN'T YOU?

AWFUL PIG-HEADED FOR A PRINCESS.
YEAH...

...I DON'T THINK MOMMY SPANKED YOU NEARLY ENOUGH.

EEEYAAAH!

You're my Uncle Hollis. You've known me since I was a baby.

I'm not doing this for kicks or to hurt Mom.

I know she went through the same thing--

--when she was my age.

Life can be really hard on your own.

And, yes, people can be really mean.

But I'm a big girl and I--

--CAN KICK YOU ALL NIGHT IF YOU WANT.

OR MAYBE I'LL JUST TURN YOUR EYE INTO A LOLLIPOP.
PLEASE... HUK--- HUK!
CAN'T BREATHE--

THERE HOW'S THAT?
GAAAH!
YOU'RE KNEELING ON MY BALLS!
I CAN KNEEL HARDER.
WHY DO YOU WANNA KILL THAT GUY?

OUR BOSS...OUR BOSS WANTS HIM GONE.
WHO'S YOUR BOSS?
NOOO...

DO YOU FEEL THAT?
BAACOMKAAA!! OKAY!
GURUSTEIN...

HIS NAME'S GURUSTEIN. HE RUNS THE SAND DOZE NIGHTCLUB.
?AHUH AHUH?

HANG ON.
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.
THANK YOU.

OH GOD, THANK YOU.
WE HAVE TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL.
NO!
NO.
I-I'M FINE, PLEASE, NO DOCTORS.
NO PIGS.

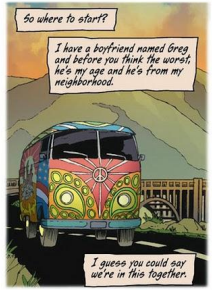
But enough with the gloom and doom.

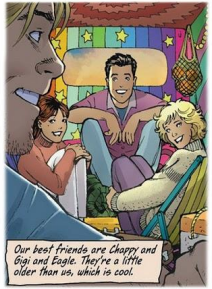
I'd rather tell you more about all the great things in my new life.

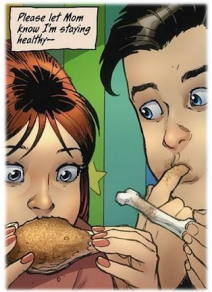
I don't really know what your parents were like, so I'm not sure if you can understand how I feel.
To be free to think for myself and make my own choices.

I just want to drink it all in.

GETTING INTO THE WORLD







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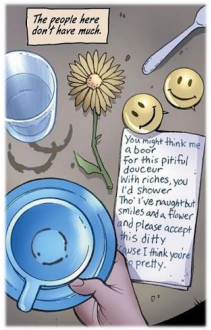
AMANDA CONNER & PAUL MOUNTS COVER • **JOSH MIDDLETON** VARIANT COVER
CAMILLA ZHANG ASSISTANT EDITOR • **CHRIS CONROY** ASSOCIATE EDITOR • **MARK CHIARELLO** EDITOR
WATCHMEN CREATED BY ALAN MOORE & DAVE GIBBONS

Of course, it's not all just fun and games.

Chappy has Greg working with him, in exchange for rent and stuff.
THE DEAD DOGS
CHECK IT OUT, MAN. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO PULL A SCREEN ON FABRIC.

THE BLUE UNICORN CAFE
HELP WANTED
I'm way more grown up than Mom thinks I am.

I even got a job.

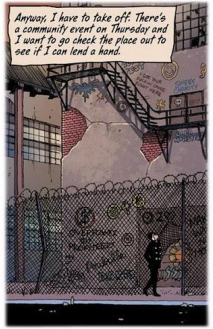

The people here don't have much.
You might think me a boor for this pitiful doucceur. With riches, you I'd shower. Tho' I've naught but smiles and a flower, and please accept this ditty. Use I think you're pretty.

But they are cultured and artistic in their own ways.
The other day I overheard some guys talking and it got me thinking.

—SO TWO AM, THIS THURSDAY AT THE MARIPOSA.
WE'RE GONNA SELL TO THIS JERK?
I might take a small night job doing my part for the community.

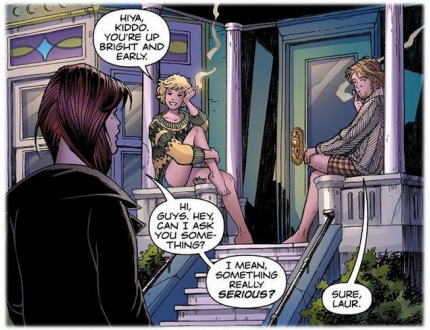
DON'T BE A SOOP. YOU KNOW INDEPENDENTS ARE NO GO.
WE TAKE HIS MONEY AND THEN MAKE AN EXAMPLE OUT OF HIM. THE BOSS WANTS A BIG MESS.

HIS EXACT WORDS WERE "MAKE IT BLOODY AND MAKE IT PUBLIC."
GROOVY.
You know, helping the less fortunate and stuff.


Anyway, I have to take off. There's a community event on Thursday and I want to go check the place out to see if I can lend a hand.

I'll write again soon. Tell Mom I'm safe and I love her.
ACID TEST

Your loving niece, Laurel Jane


HIYA, KIDDO. YOU'RE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY.
HI, GUYS. HEY. CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?
I MEAN, SOMETHING REALLY SERIOUS?
SURE, LAUR.

I KNOW WE'RE ALL ABOUT NON-VIOLENCE AND LOVE, RIGHT?
BUT IF YOU KNEW THAT SOMETHING BAD WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO SOMEONE UNLESS YOU DID SOMETHING...
Y'KNOW... SOMETHING VIOLENT...
SHOULD YOU DO IT?

OF COURSE.
ALL GREAT SOCIETAL CHANGE HAS COME AT THE HANDS OF REBELS WHO STOOD UP TO FIGHT INJUSTICE.
RIGHT ON.

WE SHOULD AVOID VIOLENT SOLUTIONS IF WE CAN, BUT NOT AT THE COST OF FREEDOM OR DIGNITY.
BACK IN A SEC. GOTTA HIT THE HEAD.

HE'S SO RIGHT.
GI, CAN YOU HELP ME WITH SOMETHING? I WOULDN'T ASK, BUT IT'S KIND OF IMPORTANT.

ANYTHING, LAURIE.
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE THIS?

I NEED IT FOR THURSDAY NIGHT.

"AND PLEASE DON'T TELL CHAPPY...
"...BUT ESPECIALLY DON'T TELL GREG."

"I DON'T KNOW, LAURIE. I DON'T WANT TO BE DISHONEST WITH EITHER OF THEM."

"PLEASE, GIGI. JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

"THIS WHOLE THING COULD BE NOTHING AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO WORRY."

AVAST, MATEY!

PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!
AAA!

{YAWN}

I COULD EAT A HORSE AND CHASE ITS RIDER.

THEN LET'S GO FIND YOU A HORSE.

Y'KNOW, BABY, THESE POLES ARE STARTING TO LOOK WALLPAPERED.
C'MON, LAUR, CHAPPY AND I WANT THE PARTY TO BE--
HEY--

WILL YA LOOK AT THAT?
ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR
HAIGHT BANK & TRUST
MAKE LOVE NOT PROFITS
END EXPLOITATION
CORPORATE GREED SURE MAKES US SORE!

WOW. EXPRESSING YOUR OPINION WITHOUT PUNCHING OR KICKING.
COULD SUCH A CRAZY IDEA WORK?
The best things in life are FREE.
MAKE LOVE!
MAKE LOVE!

HEY, KIDS. HERE TO JOIN THE MOVEMENT?
FATIMA! MAYBE NEXT TIME.
RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO FIND GREG A HORSE TO EAT.

FUCK THE MAN!
WILBY WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME HERE.
IF YOU SEE HIM, TELL HIM TO MAKE THE SCENE.
MAYBE HE'S AT THE UNICORN.

C'MON...WE CAN'T SAVE THE WORLD ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!
OH, HEY, DON'T FORGET THE PARTY.
COOL, SEE YOU THERE.

ME AN' CHAPPY SOLD NINETEEN POSTERS AND TWELVE T-SHIRTS AT THE DEAD DOGS GIG LAST NIGHT. BREAKFAST IS ON ME, SPACEGIRL.
UMM...
authentic AN RANT
BOHEMIAN TREASURES
RECORDS

YEAH... OKAY...

SAN FRAN FUCKING CISCO.
TONY B CAN HAVE THIS CESSPOOL.

SAND DOZE
SIGH
C'MON BOYS, IT'S COME TO JESUS TIME.

THESE KNOBS FLY US ALL THE WAY OUT FOR ONE BLOODY MEETIN' AN' NOW WE BEEN SITTIN' HERE FOR OVER TWO HOURS.

WE'VE BEEN FAFFIN' AROUND FOR WHAT? MY BOLLOCKS ARE GETTIN' NUMB.

RING A DING, DING, DIPSHITS.

FIRST, LET ME WELCOME YOU ALL TO SAN FRANCISCO.
IF YOU'RE HERE, YOU ALREADY KNOW WE'VE GOT A BIG PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS.

IT'S ALL THIS PEACE AND LOVE SHIT. LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR, MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR.
YOU'VE TOLD THESE KIDS OVER AND OVER NOT TO CARE ABOUT MATERIAL THINGS.

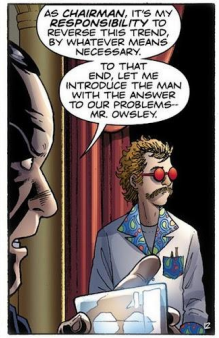
IT'S A GREAT ANGLE, BUT YOU'VE MADE IT SWING TOO BIG. CAPISCE?
WE THOUGHT ROCK AND ROLL WAS GOING TO BE TROUBLE BUT THIS FOLKIE, HIPPIE SHIT YOU GUYS ARE PEDDLING?

I MEAN, C'MON, AT LEAST ELVIS AND ALL THOSE CLOWNS TALK ABOUT CADILLACS AND MOTORCYCLES AND FANCY CLOTHES.
ALL THESE KIDS NEED TO ENJOY THE LIFESTYLE YOU'RE PUSHING IS A RADIO AND A DIRTY PONCHO.

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, THEY DON'T EVEN WEAR SHOES.
SANDALS? I MEAN, WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT? THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN WEAR SANDALS AND PULL IT OFF IS CHUCK HESTON. AM I RIGHT?

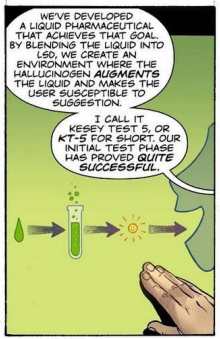
I'VE HAD TOP MEN GOING OVER THE FIGURES FOR THE LAST NINE MONTHS AND THERE'S NO DISPUTING THEM.
MAKE WITH THE CHARTS, POINDEXTER.
YES, SIR.

ALBUM SALES DOWN 35%. SINGLES, 28%.
NEVER MIND ALL THE CLOTHING AND LUNCHBOXES AND OTHER CRAP WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS IN.
THE REAL TEARJERKER IS THERE'S NO SIGN OF THIS LEVELING OFF.

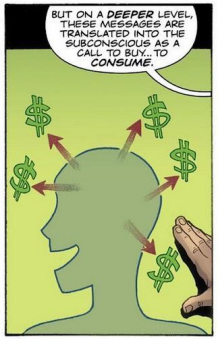

AS CHAIRMAN, IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO REVERSE THIS TREND, BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY.
TO THAT END, LET ME INTRODUCE THE MAN WITH THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS--MR. OWSLEY.

WHO IS THAT CAT?
HE'S KESEY'S PAL. REMEMBER THAT ACID WE DROPPED LAST WEEK?
OWSLEY MADE IT IN HIS LIVING ROOM.
HELLO.

THE PROBLEM IS SIMPLE-YOUR MUSIC IS GIVING YOUNG PEOPLE A RATIONAL AND COMPELLING SOCIAL REASON TO RESIST THE IMPULSE TO CONSUME.
THE SOLUTION IS EQUALLY SIMPLE-MAKE THEIR IMPULSES STRONG ENOUGH TO OVERWHELM RATIONAL THOUGHT.


WE'VE DEVELOPED A LIQUID PHARMACEUTICAL THAT ACHIEVES THAT GOAL. BY BLENDING THE LIQUID INTO LSD, WE CREATE AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE THE HALLUCINOGEN AUGMENTS THE LIQUID AND MAKES THE USER SUSCEPTIBLE TO SUGGESTION.
I CALL IT KESEY TEST 5, OR KT-5 FOR SHORT. OUR INITIAL TEST PHASE HAS PROVED QUITE SUCCESSFUL.

THIS NEXT SLIDE SHOWS WORDS AND PHRASES YOU'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH.
ON KT-5 THE SUBJECT WILL HEAR THESE WORDS AND FEEL THE POSITIVE ASSOCIATIONS THEY BRING.
Peace
TOGETHER
Love
BABY
REVOLUTION
GROOVY


BUT ON A DEEPER LEVEL, THESE MESSAGES ARE TRANSLATED INTO THE SUBCONSCIOUS AS A CALL TO BUY...TO CONSUME.

LOOK 'ERE, MATE, YA WANNA RUN THAT BY US IN THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH?
HE'S SAYIN' THE ACID WILL MAKE 'EM WANT TO BUY RECORDS.
GEAR.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE'S SAYING. WE'RE READY TO IMPLEMENT THIS NATIONWIDE BUT WE NEED A PROPER TEST.

THAT MEANS GETTING THIS SHIT INTO THE HANDS OF A LARGE GROUP OF KIDS ALL AT ONCE.
BECAUSE OF ITS UNIQUE POSITION AS THE HUB OF A NEW MUSICAL REVOLUTION, SAN FRANCISCO IS WHERE WE'LL TEST THE DRUG.

OH, COOL.
COOL, ME ARSE. I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT.

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT KINDA OF THINKING, YOU CARNABY STREET SWISH.
IF YOU'RE OUT, YOU'RE ALL THE WAY OUT.
THIS IS BULLSHIT!
TOSSER.

THE LABELS, THE STUDIOS, THE EVENT PROMOTERS ARE ALL IN. THE FIX IS IN WITH THE COPS.
IF YOU'RE OUT, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A GIG SINGING AT A KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.
YOU DIG ME?

THEY DIG, BABY, OR THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE.
BE COOL, MY BUTTERY BALLADEER. IT IS UNNECESSARY TO EMPLOY SCARE TACTICS.

HEAR ME, CATS AND KITTENS...DO NOT FEAR THIS DEVELOPMENT.
IT IS A TRANSFORMATIVE WAY TO CULTIVATE A SYMBIOSIS WITH THOSE WHO CRAVE MORE OF WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER.
AND IT PROVIDES US WITH THE SUSTENANCE WE NEED TO CONTINUALLY BESTOW UPON THE WORLD OUR VITAL MESSAGES.
HEY, BLOSSOM TOP...

WHAT IF WE DON'T WANT A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH OUR FANS?
I MEAN, IT KINDA SOUNDS LIKE MIND CONTROL TO ME.
AHH, RED...

IS IT ANY WORSE THAN THE "LIGHTNING" YOU GAVE TO THE TWO LOVELY FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD NUBILES LAST NIGHT?
DID IT NOT MAKE THEM ALL THE MORE WELCOMING TO YOU AND YOUR LIBIDINOUS OFFERINGS?

BUT INSTEAD OF THREE BECOMING ONE, IT COULD BE HUNDREDS... THOUSANDS...

THIS WONDERFUL PANACEA...
THINK OF IT AS A NEW APPROACH TO BEING OF A SINGLE MIND WITH YOUR DEVOTEES...

...A NEW WAY TO LEAVE THEM HUNGERING FOR MORE.

I'M STUFFED. THAT WAS YUMMY.
I DUNNO.
I STILL THINK IT KINDA TASTES LIKE DIRT.
DON'CHA THINK SPROUTS LOOK LIKE PINWORMS?
EWWW. YICK!

DO YOU WANNA HEAD BACK TO THE PRO--
I GNNA... GMME... CFFFFEEEE...
HUUUHH!
HEY, WILBY...
HHHUHHRRR!

WILBY!
HMMM?
FATIMA HAS BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
FA...
FATA...

FA...
I WANNA FOURTEEN COFFEE...
AN' NINE CAROB B-B-BROWNIE...
WHAT'S WITH ALL THOSE BUTTON--

HHHNNN NNHH?
WILBY!

OH GOD! WIL... WHAT'S WRONG?
AAAAAA
AAAAA
I DUNNO! HOLD HIM DOWN!

OWW! CAREFUL OF THE BUTTONS!
BUTTONS?!
WATCH OUT FOR HIS F--SUHF!
AAAAAA

YOU GOT 'IM?
YEAH...
AAAAAA
CALL AN AMBULANCE!

OH MY GOD! LAURIE! IS WILBY ALL RIGHT?
FATIMA!

HE'S OKAY. HE'S GONNA BE FINE.
GREG HUNTED US DOWN WHILE WE WERE SHOPPING.
I GOT THIS CHOICE RECORD PLAYER!
YEAH!
WHAT?

AN' LOOKIT ALL THIS OTHER COOL STUFF!
WE USED SOME OF THE RENT MONEY...
BUT ONCE MY LANDLORD HEARS THIS, HE AIN'T GONNA CARE!
AN' THESE CRYSTALS...
UM... GUYS...

GUYS!
WHAT DID YOU GUYS DO LAST NIGHT?
HUH?
WE WENT TO THE SAND DOZE. THIS GROOVY CAT GURUSTEIN GOT US SO HIGH!

WHAT?!
THAT SHIT HAD ME GONE IN MINUTES!
FATIMA! LISTEN! WIL'S IN ROOM 108.
OHMIGOD! WILBY!
JUST STAY WITH HIM 'TONIGHT, 'KAY?
'KAY.

HEY! WHERE'S GREG?
BACK AT THE HOUSE. HE'LL SEE YOU THERE!
GOOD...

'CAUSE I'M GONNA GO--

--LOOKING FOR GURUSTEIN.
HEY! WE AIN'T OPEN TILL NINE.

NO, I JUST NEED TO TALK TO HIM.
HE'S NOT IN TONIGHT... AND HE DOESN'T LIKE STRANGERS GETTING INVOLVED IN HIS LIQUID ASSETS.
HE PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S SITTING ON A BAD BATCH OF PARTY FAVORS.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT THAT'S--
THAT'S WHAT? MAKING PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS DO BIG STUPID THINGS?
HEY!
LIKE A LITTLE CHICK WANDERING INTO A FOX'S DEN.

LET'S SHOW HER WHAT FOXES DO TO TASTY LITTLE CHICKIES.

ƷOOHFƸ

GUHH!

WHAAA!
FUCKIN' BITCH

QUIT SQUIRMING, YOU COW!
AAA!

I SAID KNOCK IT OFF!
UUK

HAH! NICE TRY, SKANK!

AAA! CRAZY ƷHUKƸ BIMBO
ƷAAUUKƸ

NOW TELL ME WHERE GURUSTEIN IS!
I DUNNO ƷUKƸ HE'S AT A PRIVATE EVENT BUT HE DIDN'T SAY ƷAAHHKƸ!

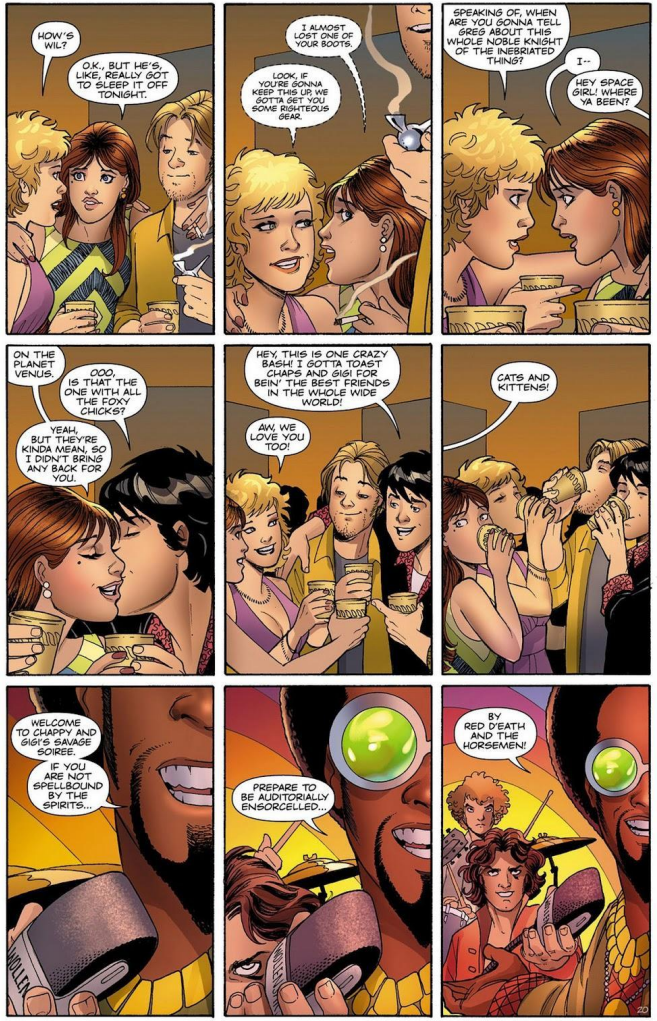
BIIIITCH!
OOOW!
I'LL POP YOUR HEADS OFF LIKE A COUPLE OF BARBIE DOLLS!
THAT DRUG REALLY FUCKED UP MY FRIEND!
DOES GURUSTEIN KNOW ABOUT THAT? WHO ELSE KNOWS?

THE ƷHHHKKƸ-- THE CHAIRMAN... I HOPE YOU FIND HIM.
HE'S GONNA CRUSH YOU, LADYBUG.

YEAH, YEAH.
JUST TELL 'EM BOTH THAT SILK SPECTRE IS LOOKING FOR HIM.
ƷAHUKƸ
ƷAHUKƸ
ƷHUHHƸ
ƷAHUHƸ

HEYA, PIGPEN...
JUST CAUGHT TWO RATS. HOW'D YOU DO TODAY?

YOU KNOW WHAT, LITTLE GUY?
I'VE JUST COME TO A HORRIBLE REALIZATION.
MY MOM WOULD BE REALLY PROUD OF ME RIGHT NOW.
RRT?
YEAH... JIM'S GOT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS...
BUT SERIOUSLY...
MUSIC IS SUPPOSED TO SOUND GOOD, NOT LOOK GOOD.
WELL, I JUST HOPE I'M LONG DEAD BY THE TIME THE STUDIOS START PICKING LOOKS OVER TALENT.
THEY'VE BEEN BANNED FROM TOURING IN AMERICA.
BUT WHY?!
THE CHAIRMAN.
LAUR!

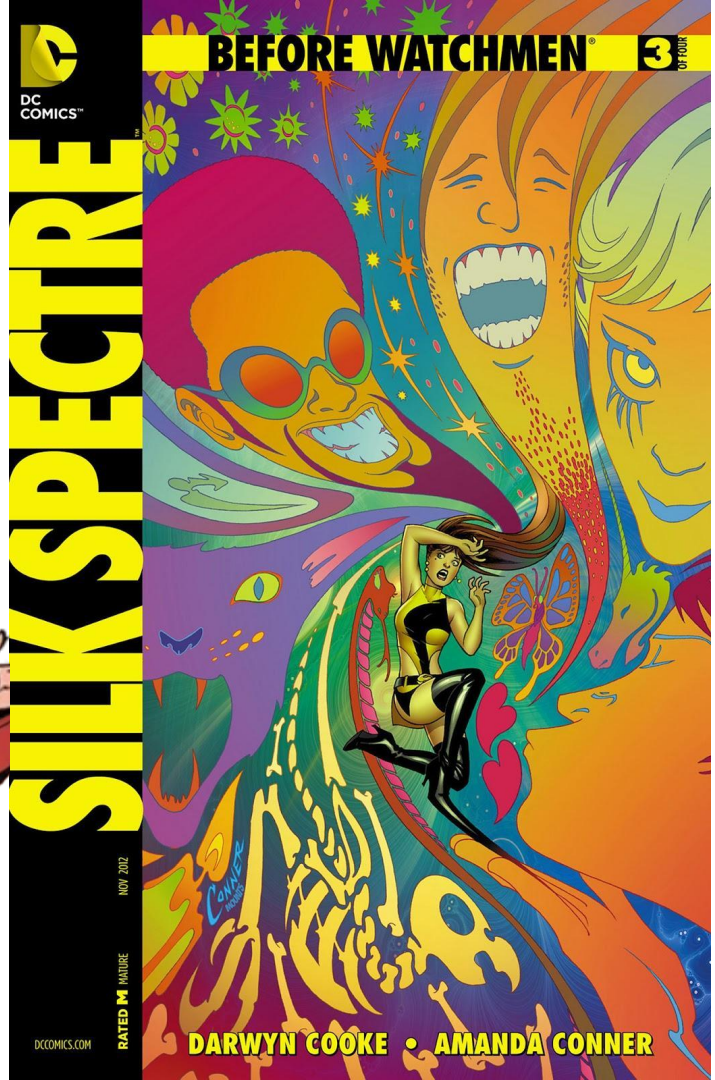

HOW'S WIL?
O.K., BUT HE'S, LIKE, REALLY GOT TO SLEEP IT OFF TONIGHT.
I ALMOST LOST ONE OF YOUR BOOTS.
LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA KEEP THIS UP, WE GOTTA GET YOU SOME RIGHTEOUS GEAR.
SPEAKING OF, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA TELL GREG ABOUT THIS WHOLE NOBLE KNIGHT OF THE INEBRIATED THING?
I--
HEY SPACE GIRL! WHERE YA BEEN?
ON THE PLANET VENUS.
OOO, IS THAT THE ONE WITH ALL THE FOXY CHICKS?
YEAH, BUT THEY'RE KINDA MEAN, SO I DIDN'T BRING ANY BACK FOR YOU.
HEY, THIS IS ONE CRAZY BASH! I GOTTA TOAST CHAPS AND GIGI FOR BEIN' THE BEST FRIENDS IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!
AW, WE LOVE YOU TOO!
CATS AND KITTENS!
WELCOME TO CHAPPY AND GIGI'S SAVAGE SOIREE.
IF YOU ARE NOT SPELLBOUND BY THE SPIRITS...
PREPARE TO BE AUDITORIALLY ENSORCELLED...
BY RED D'EATH AND THE HORSEMEN!

WHEN YOU COME HOME IN A TRANCE
IN YOUR ROOM I HEAR YOUR RANTS
WHEN YA DO THE THING YOU SHOULDN'T DO
PEEK-A-BOO, I'M WATCHIN' YOU
WHEN YOU OUGHTA BE IN SCHOOL
LEARNIN' ABOUT THE GOLDEN RULE
WOW.
THAT GUY IS SUCH A TRIP. WHO IS HE?
YOU'RE IN YOUR ROOM, I HEAR YOU MEWE
YEAH, HE'S WAY OUT, HUH?
PEEK-A-BOO, I'M WATCHIN' YOU
THAT'S GURUSTEIN.
LOOK IN THE DARK YOU SEE MY FACE
I WAS RAPPING WITH HIM FOR, LIKE, A HALF AN HOUR, AND HE WAS TELLING ME SOME REALLY HEAVY SHIT.
HERE, COME ON OVER.
YOU GOTTA MEET THAT CAT.
DON'T TRY TO HIDE BEHIND YOUR LACE
HEY GURUSTEIN! HERE'S MY LADY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.
21

GREETINGS, CHILD. YOUNG GREG'S FERVENT DECLARATIONS DO NOT DO JUSTICE TO YOUR TRUE LOVELINESS.
VERY COOL, KINDA SWEET.
I TRUST YOU FIND THE POTATIONS MOST PLEASING.
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU MY TREAT
I CAN SEE YOU, IN YOUR BIG BED
WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH ME, INSTEAD
HEY SPACEGIRL...
IT'S FUN WITH ONE, IT'S BETTER WITH TWO
YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE FREAKED THERE.
PEEK-A-BOO
DON'T WORRY...
I'M
I'M RIGHT HERE.
WATCHING
I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF
YOU
"It isn't by getting out of the world that we become enlightened, but by getting into the world."
—Ken Kesey
22

the curse of the CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE DEVIL IN THE DEEP...!
Part Seven
BY LEN WEIN & JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
I AM MORE THAN WILLING TO WORK FOR MY PASSAGE, CAPTAIN.
WHEN WE REACH THE NEAREST PORT, YOU CAN PUT ME OFF THERE AND I--
WAIT! JAMES! JAMIE, LAD, YOU SURVIVED ALBO?
IF YOU INDEED SAVED ME, THEN I OWE YOU NOT THE EDGE OF MY BLADE BUT RATHER MY OPEN HAND.
DOES HE LOOK LIKE HE SURVIVED, BOYO?
LOOK AROUND YOU, MAN. SEE THE TRUTH FOR WHAT IT IS.
THANK ME NOT SO QUICKLY, LAD.
NO MAN BOARDS THIS VESSEL HAPPILY.
THIS IS A SHIP THAT NEVER SEES PORT.
WHAT--?!
IT IS CURSED TO SAIL THE SEAS FOREVER.

YOU DO NOT FIND THIS SHIP, LADDIE-- IT FINDS YOU!
IT FINDS ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN CURSED BECAUSE OF THEIR PRIDE, THEIR GREED, THEIR AVARICE.
BUT WHAT CRIME DID I COMMIT TO BE THUS CURSED SO?
I BELIEVE THE CRIME WAS MUTINY.
BUT I WAS WORKING ONLY FOR THE GREATER GOOD--
--TRYING TO DEFEND MY FELLOW CREWMATES.
YOU CAN TELL IT TO DAVY JONES WHEN THE TIME COMES AT LAST.
IN THE MEANWHILE, BOYO, WELCOME TO THE CREW OF THE SHIP OF THE DAMNED!
WELCOME TO THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!!
FLYING DUTCHMAN
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: COMEDIAN #2!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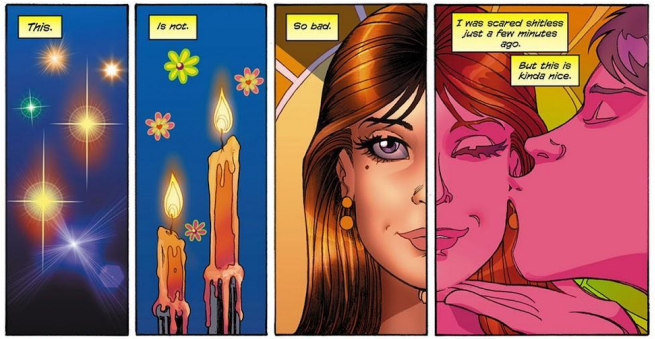
This.
Is not.
So bad.
I was scared shitless just a few minutes ago.
But this is kinda nice.

Oh, God, just look at him.
WHEN.
He just gets prettier.
YOU WERE AT THE HOSPITAL.
Every time.
FOR, LIKE, A THOUSAND HOURS.
I look at him.
I WAS STARTIN' TO MISS YOU.
AN' I WAS GETTIN' GOOD BLUE.

AND I WANTED YOU TO M...
OH NO!
Gurustein!
Ah, what am I whining about? I could pound anyone at this shindig.
If I wasn't tripping so hard.
Am I the only one who knows what an evil asshole Gurustein is?
Chappy doesn't know.
Look at him having such a blast.
Get outta there, Chaps!
They have no idea...
Run, GiGi, run!

What the hell?
They're having such a good time.
Why are they having such a good time?
Do they know something I don't know?
Maybe Gurustein isn't such a bad guy.
He is always laughing.

And he is very charming.
Not as charming as Greg, though.
Maybe I'm overreacting.
Look at him.
Everybody likes him.
Maybe he's not as evil as I think he is.

Maybe it's that Chairman guy.
Who the hell is this Chairman guy?
The only Chairman I've ever heard of.
Is that square cat.
With the gooey romantic songs.
That my mom likes so much.

Square cat.
Whoa, what?
Pigpen? You're no square.
Actually... You're a bit triangular.
Hmmm... Like, really triangular.
And your body is a fuzzy little tripod.
Try.
Pod.
How do you hunt with only three legs?
Do you even try?
My little peapod?
Aw, I DO ALL RIGHT.
Wow.
Talking animal.
I feel like a fairy tale princess.
WHAT DO YOU CATCH?
Y'KNOW. BUGS. MICE. BIRDS.
OH, COOL! I HAVE A BIRD NAMED LAMB!
OMIGOD! YOU WOULDN'T TRY TO EAT LAMB, WOULD YOU?
I DUNNO. IS HE NICE AN' FAT AN' JUICY?
HANG

NAAAWW... HE'S PRETTY AN' HE'S BLUE.
SOUNDS TASTY.
AW, GO ON... IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T GIVE YOU.
Enough.
Food.
OH NO! ENOUGH FOOD!
IS MY MOM GIVING LAMB ENOUGH FOOD?!
WHAT IF HE'S ALL FEATHERS AND BONES?!
YEAH! THANKS A LOT FOR LEAVING ME WITH THAT FUCKING HARPY!
LOOKIT ME! I'M ALL BONY AN' STARVING!
LAMBIE! I'M REALLY SORRY!
SORRY DOESN'T DISPERSE THE BIRDSEED, YOU TWAT!
WAIT... ISN'T UNCLE HOLLIS GONNA VISIT?
HE WON'T LET YOU STARVE.
YOU MEAN THE PRETEND DAD THAT YOU SEE EVERY FEW YEARS?
AW, DON'T START WITH THE DAD SHIT.
WHAT? Y'DON'T MISS LARRY?
I'LL BET YOU STILL THINK THAT BIG HOODED GOON WAS YOUR DAD.
HELL, THERE COULD BE TWENTY, FIFTY, MAYBE A HUNDRED ASSHOLES THAT ARE YOUR DAD.

STOP IT! SHUT UP YOU BONY LITTLE TWERP!
WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?
LOOKIT, I'M NOT TRYIN' TA BUST ON YOU. I'M JUST TRYIN' TA MAKE YOU THINK.
SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE?
HE CAN REALLY OPEN UP YOUR MIND.
UM, LEY.
LAMB SAID TO OPEN UP MY MIND.
WHO'S LAMB?
YOU LAMB?
YOU ONA LAMB!
ONCE YOU'VE NAILED THAT, YOU CAN REALLY LIVE IN REALITY.
Y'KNOW... IN THE NOW.
HECK, YOU MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO SEE
ALL FACETS OF REALITY AND TIME AT ONCE.
YOU GOTTA WORK ON NARROWING THE LAG BETWEEN REALITY AN' YOUR BRAIN REACTING TO IT.
WHAT?
OH, WOW. HOW DID YOU KNOW?
WELL, LISSEN UP, ONA...
YOU SEE, IT TAKES A FRACTION OF A SECOND FOR YOUR MIND TO PROCESS WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN REAL LIFE.
SO, YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY LIVING IN THE MOMENT.
WHO?
Y'KNOW. THAT BLUE CAT.
IT'S THE ACID.
MY MIND CAN PROCESS DATA MORE QUICKLY THAN NORMAL.
NOT AS FAST AS THAT BLUE CAT IN THE NEWS, BUT FAST.
FINIS!

YSEE, ONA, WOULDN'T IT BE COOL TO SIMULTANEOUSLY SEE WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, WHERE YOU'RE AT, AND WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
I DUNNO. I'M NOT SO CRAZY ABOUT WHERE I WAS.
BACK IN L.A.
HERE.
RIGHT NOW.
I CAN TAKE CARE OF THE THINGS I LOVE.
AND BE TAKEN CARE OF.
HERE.
I'M SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.
AND I LOVE THE EXCITEMENT.
OF NOT KNOWING.
WHERE I'M GOING.
I REALLY LIKE IT WHERE I AM.
NOW.
HERE.
IN SAN FRANCISCO.
WELL THEN, ONA LAMB.
YOU'VE PASSED ONE OF THE GREAT TESTS OF LIFE.
BEING HAPPY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.
AND WHERE YOU'RE AT. IS IN SAN FRANCISCO, BABY.
THE BEST PART OF THE TRIP.
IS THE TRIP.
BUT YOUR WORK IS NOT DONE.
I WANT YOU TO LIVE LIKE THE WORLD'S GONNA END...
I DUNNO.
MAYBE TOMORROW.
MAYBE IN SIX MONTHS.
MAYBE IN NINETEEN YEARS.
YOU NEED TO GET OUT OF LIFE AS OTHERS HAVE LAID IT OUT FOR YOU.
WHERE YOU CAN LEAVE THAT LIFE AND GET INTO YOUR MIND.
WHERE YOU CAN GET YOUR MIND DEEP INTO RIGHT NOW.
WHERE RIGHT NOW YOU CAN.
GET BACK TO REALITY.
WHERE.

NO ILLUSION

DARWYN COOKE & AMANDA CONNER SCRIPT
AMANDA CONNER ART
PAUL MOUNTS COLORS
CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERS

AMANDA CONNER & PAUL MOUNTS COVER • **MICHAEL & LAURA ALLRED** VARIANT COVER • **CAMILLA ZHANG** ASSISTANT EDITOR
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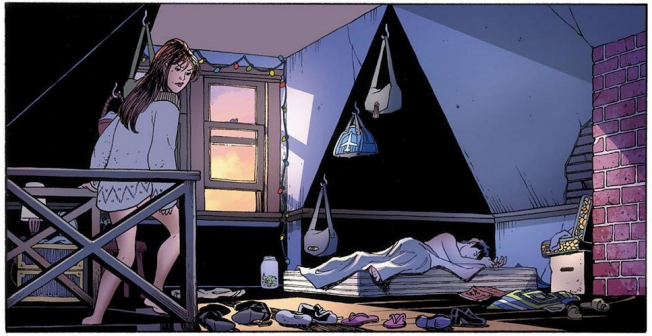
'MORNING, KIDDO. HOW 'YA FEELIN'?

UHHRRRRR...



HEY.
WHAT'S THE STORY, MORNING GLORY...

BABY?
YOU OKAY?
HEY, WAKE UP.

GREG?
BABY! WAKE UP!!

BABY... I GOTTA TELL YOU SOMETHING.
IT'S SOMETHING THAT I KIND OF HID FROM YOU AND I FEEL SO BAD FOR THAT.

TO SEE YOU HERE LIKE THIS...AND TO KNOW...TO KNOW THAT I DIDN'T SHARE EVERYTHING WITH YOU...OH, GOD, I FEEL SO HORRIBLE.

PLEASE DON'T...
¿SNFF?
PLEASE DON'T HATE ME.

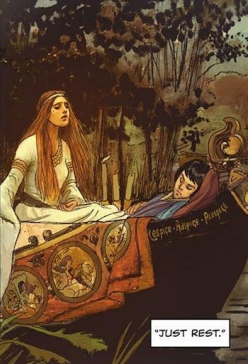
Y'SEE, BABY, I WAS SO SURE THAT I WANTED A LIFE OF MY OWN. I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK THAT MAYBE THERE'S A PART OF ME I CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM.
MY MOM... I MEAN, I KNOW SHE'S A BITCH BUT WHATEVER SHE DID, SHE PUT SOME KIND OF SPARK IN ME THAT I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD.

I CAN AVOID THE BAD THINGS IN THIS SHITTY WORLD, BUT WHEN THEY'RE IN FRONT OF ME...
...WHEN SOMEBODY IS GOING TO GET HURT...
...I MEAN, I JUST CAN'T SIT BY.

I'VE BEEN OUT AT NIGHT AS SILK SPECTRE. I KNEW GURUSTEIN WAS BAD NEWS BUT I SCREWED UP.
THIS IS ALL MY FAULT. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU FROM THE START.

MAYBE WE ¿SNFF? COULD HAVE BEEN A TEAM OR SOMETHING. WE...WE COULD HAVE LOOKED OUT FOR EACH OTHER. I'M SO SORRY, BABY.
I'M SO SORRY.

I CAN BE YOUR SIDEKICK.
OH, BABY!
YOU ARE MY SIDEKICK!
YOU ALWAYS WILL BE!
BUT FOR NOW, JUST SHHH...


"JUST REST."

HEY.
HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?
VISITING HOURS ARE OVER.

I CAN'T LEAVE.
LOOK, HE'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING WHEN YOU GET BACK.

GO HOME AND GET SOME REST.

IS HE GOING TO BE OKAY?
WE HAVE A FEW KIDS HERE THAT MUST HAVE ALL TAKEN THE SAME THING.
THEY ALL SEEM TO BE STABLE, INCLUDING YOUR BOYFRIEND.

YOU KIDS HAD BETTER TAKE IT EASY ON THOSE ACID PARTIES.
THEY COULD BE DETRIMENTAL TO YOUR HEALTH.

OMIGOD, GI, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT UP!
I KNOW I DIDN'T HAVE TO, BUT I WANTED TO.
HOW IS HE?
THEY THINK HE'S OKAY, THANK GOD.

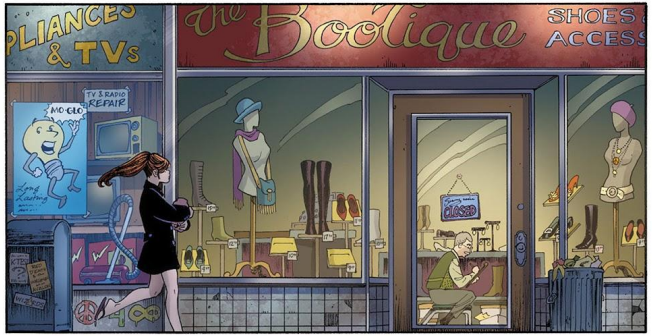
WHERE'S CHAPPY?
THE POLICE ARE HOLDING HIM FOR QUESTIONING.
OH, LAURIE, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? IT'S ALL OUR FAULT.

IF CHAPPY AND I HADN'T THROWN THAT PARTY, NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED.
DON'T SAY THAT, GIGI.

I KNOW WHO'S TO BLAME FOR THIS, AND TONIGHT I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE IT NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN.
LISTEN, I'LL SEE YOU BACK AT HOME.

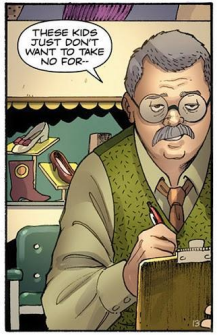
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO GURUSTEIN AND MAKE THAT SLEAZE WISH HE'D NEVER BEEN BORN.

BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO BUY SOME BOOTS.


PLIANCES & TVs
The Boolique
SHOES & ACCESS
TV & RADIO REPAIR
CLOSED

CLOSED!
GO AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE CLOSED?
BANG BANG BANG

CLOSED!
PLEASE! YOU HAVE TO LET ME IN!
WE'RE OPEN TOMORROW MORNING. COME BACK THEN!


THESE KIDS JUST DON'T WANT TO TAKE NO FOR--

KRSHH

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOU--
AAAAAH!
HELP, I'M BEING ROBBED!
HUH? NO!
I'M NOT A CRIMINAL!
I FULLY INTEND TO PAY YOU!

MY DOOR!
YOU COULDN'T WAIT 'TIL TOMORROW LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE?!
NO. I CAN'T.
I REALLY JUST HAVE TO HAVE THESE.
NOW.

YOU CRAZY KIDS BUY UP HALF MY STORE TODAY...
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING
...AND NOW THIS?!

SEE WHIZ.
MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE WATER.
WHAT WAS THAT?

HEH, JUST A JOKE, Y'KNOW?
IT MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE WATER. ALL THIS CRAZY SPENDING.
MISS?
HUH.

OH. SORRY. HERE YOU GO.
OH, MY.
IT'LL... UH...IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE A FEW DAYS TO BREAK THEM IN.
OH, I DON'T KNOW.

"I THINK I'LL BREAK THEM IN TONIGHT."

THE HARDEST PART OF THIS TYPE OF THING IS ALWAYS GETTING THE SUBJECT, WHICH IS YOU, TO UNDERSTAND...

...I MEAN, FULLY UNDERSTAND. AN' Y'KNOW, ACCEPT.

I USUALLY WOULD HAVE TO WASTE A LOT A' TIME AN' ENERGY.. Y'KNOW...
...HURTING YOU.

JUST TO GET YOU TO THE POINT WHERE YOU ACCEPT THE TRUTH.
BUT THAT TYPE OF THING TAKES A WHILE TO GET RIGHT, YOU UNDERSTAND?

I DON'T HAVE THAT KINDA TIME RIGHT NOW. I NEED YOU TO BELIEVE THAT THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THE SITUATION YOU FIND YOURSELF IN.

THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU BROUGHT DOWN HERE.

TO THE MORGUE.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND, GREG, NO ONE'S COMING TO HELP YOU.

SEE. I HEAR YOU LIKE DRUGS, GREG.

I HEAR YOU LIKE TO HAVE PARTIES WHERE YOU PASS OUT DRUGS TO TEENAGE GIRLS.

YOU HAVE REALLY FUCKED UP HERE, SON. Y'SEE, SALLY JUPITER IS A FRIEND OF MINE.
WE GO WAY BACK.

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN. FOR THAT MATTER. JUST A FUNNY COINCIDENCE, THAT.
WE WERE IN THE SHIT TOGETHER BACK IN '44.

LOOK AT ME, GREG. YOU KNOW WHO I AM, DON'T YOU?
YOU KNOW THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT ME, RIGHT?

YOU GET ONE CHANCE AT THIS OR I'LL CHOOSE FOR YOU.

SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A FAN OF DRUGS, I COULD JUST GIVE YOU THIS.
THEN I PUT YOU IN THAT DRAWER AND IT'S PROBLEM SOLVED.

OR YOU CAN TAKE A NICE AMBULANCE RIDE TO THE NAVAL HOSPITAL AND SHAPE UP FOR A LITTLE TRIP OVERSEAS.

EITHER WAY, YOU'RE NEVER GONNA SEE LAURIE JUPITER AGAIN.

YOUR CHOICE, GREG.
THE DRAWER OR DA NANG.

The
AND DOZE

Private Party
TONIGHT
Invitation
ONLY

Private Pa
TONIGH
Invitatio
ONLY

OH, WOW.

UH HUH. I'M LIKE HIS PERSONAL HEAD OF SECURITY.
WOW.

IF YOU'RE NICE ABOUT THINGS, I COULD PROBABLY GET YOU IN TO SEE HIM.
WAAOOOW.

AHEM!

JESUS.

WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO MADE THE SCENE.

I HEARD YOUR LITTLE MAN ISN'T DOING TOO WELL. WASN'T ABLE TO HANDLE MY MAGIC.
IS THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE, BABY?

YOU NEED MORE MAN THAN YOU'RE USED TO?

CRACK

BRAVO, CHICKIE.
WHAT DO YOU DO FOR AN ENCORE?

YOU.
YOU'RE MY ENCORE, YOU TWISTED OLD FUCK.

IF ONE MORE OF MY FRIENDS GETS SICK FROM THAT SHIT YOU'RE PEDDLING, I'LL COME BACK HERE AND FEED YOU YOUR BALLS.

THAT'S IT. I'M GONNA SPLIT THAT BITCH IN TWO.
EASY, BABY.
SHE'S MADE HER POINT, HAVEN'T YOU, CHICKIE?

FOR NOW.
BY THE WAY, ASSHOLE, MY NAME ISN'T "CHICKIE."

IT'S SILK SPECTRE.

I SAID SIT UP, DAMMIT.

WE'RE ALMOST DONE HERE, GREG. THERE'S ONE MORE THING YOU NEED TO DO.
WHAT?
REWRITE THIS LETTER.

YOU WANT ME TO--
COPY THAT LETTER IN YOUR OWN HAND AND SIGN IT.
B-BUT-- THIS ISN'T HOW IT IS. I CAN'T TELL LAURIE--
NO.
NO.
I CAN'T TELL LAURIE--

AAA!

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS, YOU LITTLE ASSHOLE.

NOW WRITE IT, OR I'LL PUT YOU IN THIS FUCKING DRAWER.

WRITE.

FUCKING BASTARD.
:SNIFF:

EDSON
CHILD
CHARLOTTE
PUTNEY
21

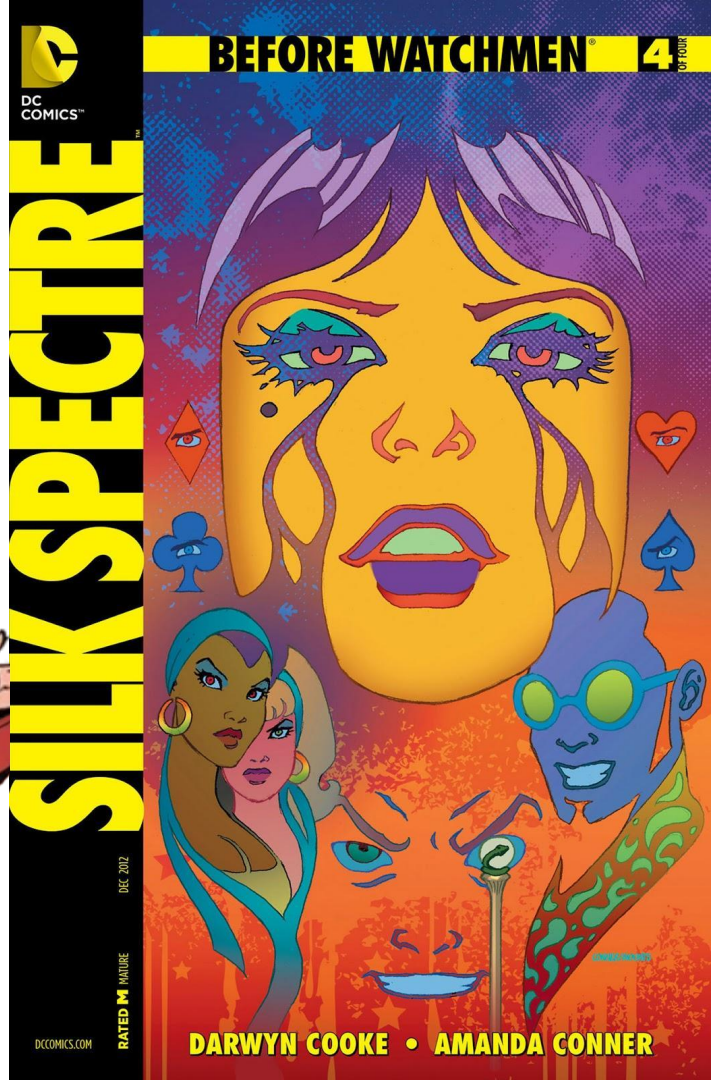
IT'S A GIRL!
IT'S A GIRL!
22

LAURIE?
C'MON, LAUR, RISE AND SHINE.
WE'VE GOT TO GO RESCUE OUR MEN.
GREG?!
HOSPITAL, SWEETIE. REMEMBER?
AND CHAPPY IS IN JAIL. WE HAVE TO GET OUR BUTTS MOVING.
OH, OH GOD, THAT'S RIGHT.
I WAS HOPING IT WAS A BAD DREAM.
JUST LET ME GET DRESSED.
RIGHT ON. I'LL MAKE SOME TOAST AND COFFEE.
?
"Dear Laurie:"
"Transfusion, Transfusion
I'm a real gone paleface and that's no illusion
I'm never never never gonna speed again
Pass the claret to me, Barrett"
—Nervous Norvus

the curse of the
CRIMSON CORSAIR
THE EVIL THAT MEN DO...!
KI KI KA. I HAVE YOU NOW, MY PET!
JU-JU LADY, SHE CLEAR YOUR MIND.
YAARGH!
Part Four
BY JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING BY SAL CIPRIANO
THE PAIN CEASED. MINE EYES DID CLEAR. THE SPIRITUAL FEAR OF SUPERNATURAL DEMONS I HAD FELT--GONE!
BUT IN PLACE OF THOSE DEMONS I SAW SOMETHING EQUALLY HORRIBLE--THE PIT OF INIQUITY THAT HELD THE WEAK AND FAILING BODIES OF GOD'S CHILDREN.
AND I HAD BEEN PLUNGED INTO ITS DEPTHS.
AS I GREW STRONGER MY COMPANIONS GREW WEAKER.
N'TUNGA, OUR FELLOW UNFORTUNATES ARE FAILING.
THE LONG DAYS YOU WERE IN FEVER, WE HAD NO FOOD, AND NOW THE WATER ALL GONE!
HEY TO YOU ABOVE! FOR THE LOVE OF OUR GOD, YOU NEED TO BRING SUCCOR TO THE UNWELL WHO LIE BELOW YOUR FEET!
<HA-- YOU ENGLISH PIG-DOG, YOU LIVE!>
ON HEARING THE TONGUE OF MY COUNTRY'S MORTAL ENEMY, SPAIN, I KNEW I WOULD GET NO HELP FROM HIS BLOODY HANDS. BUT STILL I NEEDED TO TRY!
<EVEN THOUGH YOU BE AN ENEMY, SIR, YOU MUST GIVE FOOD AND WATER SO WE CAN AT LEAST ATTEND THE SLAVERS BLOCK!>
<YOU LIVE OR DIE, I DO NOT CARE. BUT SHE--IF SHE BE NICE TO SNAKEHEAD, THEN I GIVE YOU FOOD.>
FIRE

(I SAY YOU NO, YOU FOUL BEAST!)
(ENGLISH PIG, YOU A SLAVE NOW, YOU HAVE NO VOICE, NO ONE LISTEN TO YOU-NO ONE LISTEN TO YOU ANY MORE!)
(YOU COME, SWEETMEAT, YOU COME. YOU BE GOOD TO SNAKEHEAD, YOU LIVE.)
NO... NO!
(YOU WILL COME WITH SNAKEHEAD, OR YOU DIE!)
AIIIEEE!
(I SAY NO!)
THE GREAT LEVELLER HAD ENTERED THE HELL SHIP!
(LOOK UPON THIS FACE HERE, AND BE AFEARED!)
PLAGUE!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK IN BEFORE WATCHMEN: COMEDIAN #3!

THE
BATMAN
DC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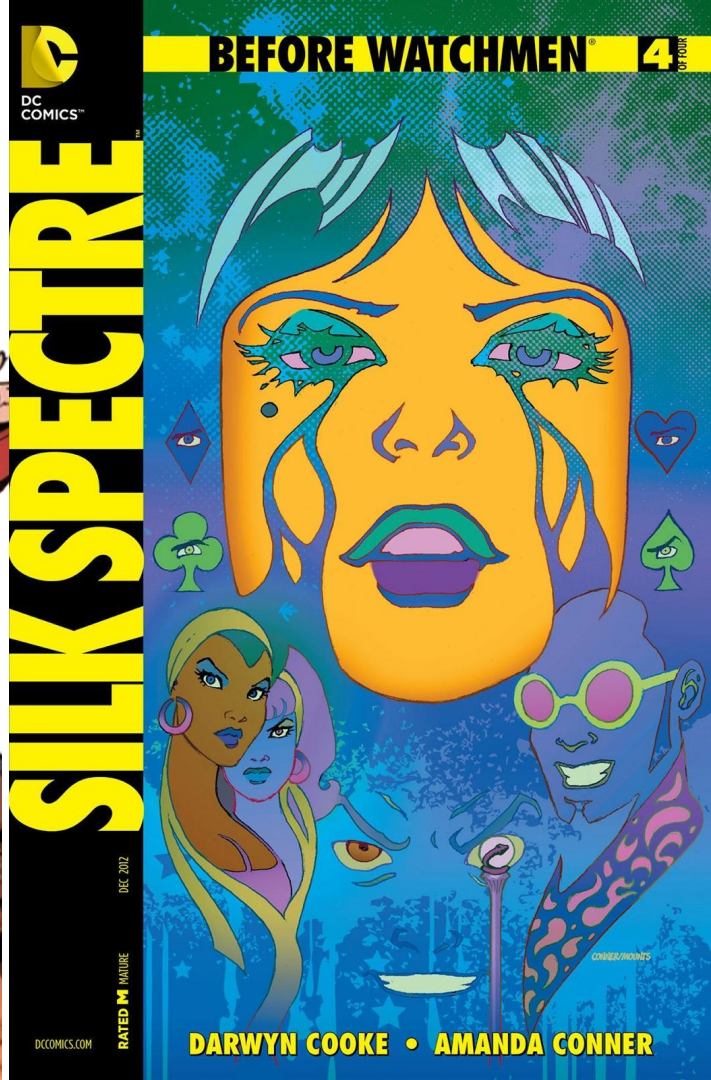
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1960

HELLO, MISSUS JUPITER. CAN LAURIE COME OUT TO PLAY?

NOW WHO, PRAY TELL, MIGHT YOU BE?
I'M SIMON. I GO TO SCHOOL WITH LAURIE.
I SEE.

AND YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH MY LAURIE?
YES MA'AM.
MA'AM?
MA'AM.

WELL LET ME TELL YOU A THING OR TWO, SCHOOLBOY SIMON.
SOME-THING ALL THE BOYS ON THIS STREET ALREADY KNOW.

LAURIE IS TRYING TO PLAY A TRICK ON YOU. SHE ONLY PRETENDS TO LIKE BOYS.
SHE'LL PRETEND SHE'S YOUR FRIEND, BUT WHEN YOU GET TO THE PARK...
WELL...
YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'LL DO?
UH UH.

FIRST, SHE'LL...

AND THEN SHE'LL PULL DOWN YOUR SHORTS SO EVERYONE CAN SEE YOUR UNDERWEAR.
I'VE SEEN HER DO IT.

SAYONARA, SIMON.

1966

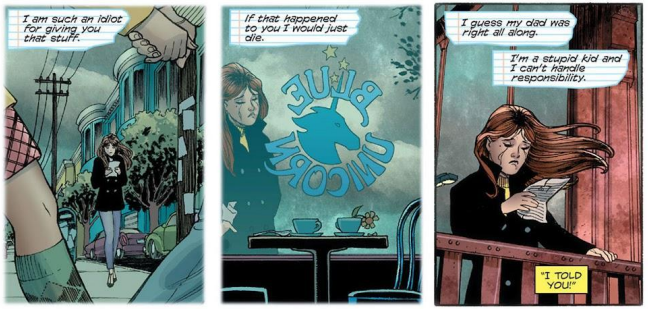
Dear Laurie,

I'm really sorry, but this has to be goodbye.

I know this isn't the best way to do this, but I don't want to fight with you.

When I woke up in the hospital, I couldn't remember much.
The doc said I'm lucky to be alive.

But the worst thing is this might've happened to you.



THE END OF THE RAINBOW

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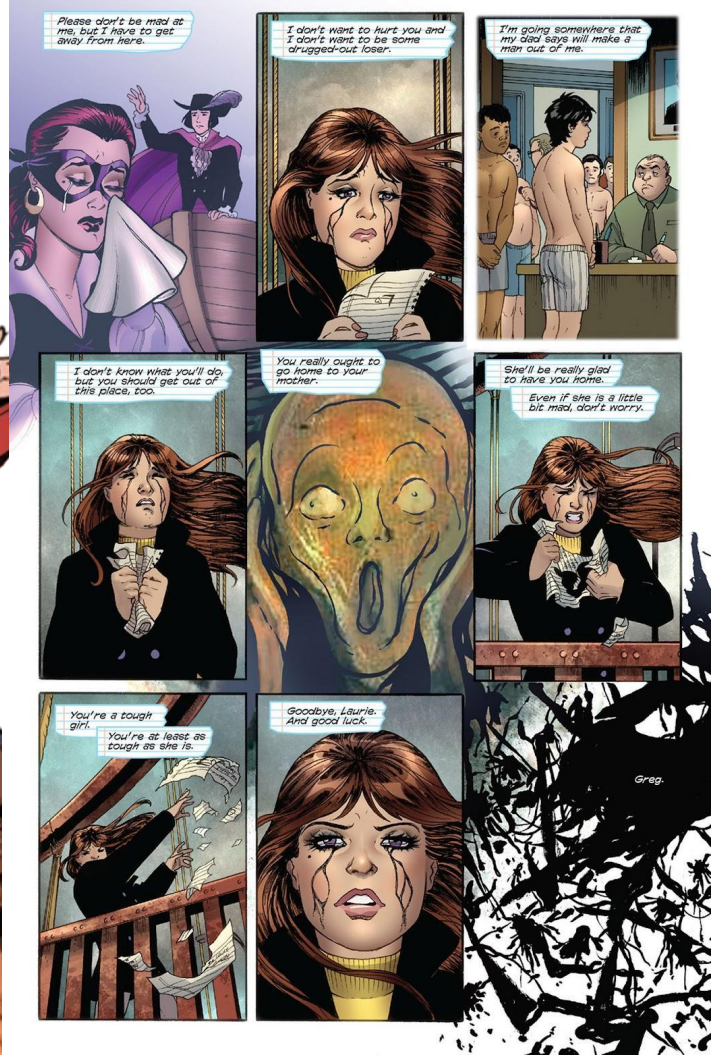


ARE YOU GETTING THIS? HE'S ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT.

HE'S LOOKING FOR THAT YELLOW-WEARING BITCH.

COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH THE OWNER?
HE ISN'T IN YET, SIR, BUT I'LL BE HAPPY TO TELL HIM YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM WHEN HE GETS IN.

MAYBE I'LL STOP BACK THIS EVENING. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.
IF THAT GUY AIN'T A PIG, I'LL EAT MY WIG.
THIS IS WHAT WE DON'T NEED.

TIME TO CLEAN HOUSE.

YOU A COP?

WELL, YES, BUT... IT'S COMPLICATED.
I'M LAURIE'S UNCLE. I JUST NEED TO KNOW IF SHE'S OKAY.

I HAVE A COLLECT CALL FROM SAN FRANCISCO. WILL YOU ACCEPT THE CHARGES?
YES.

MOM?
MOM, ARE YOU THERE?

WELL, WELL, MISS LAUREL JANE JUPITER. TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR? DID YOU RUN OUT OF MONEY?
DID MISTER WONDERFUL LEAVE YOU HIGH AND DRY?

LAURIE?
LAURIE, BABY, ANSWER ME.

WHAT IS IT, LAURIE?
ARE YOU--

--ALL RIGHT?

RINNG RINNG

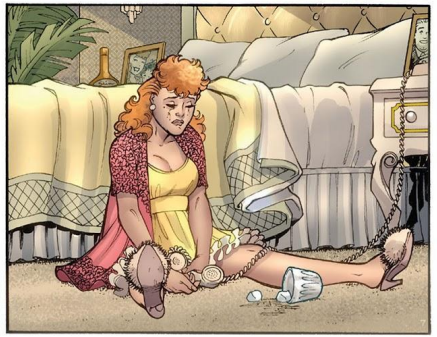
LAURIE? LAURIE?
WHAT? IT'S ME, SAL--

--IT'S HOLLIS. LOOK, I'M HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
I'VE GOT A LINE ON LAURIE AND WHERE SHE'S STAYING.
OH THANK JESUS. SHE JUST CALLED AND HUNG UP ON ME.

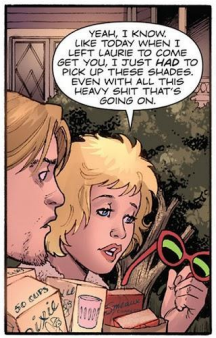
I'M WORRIED SICK, HOLLIS.
I'LL TELL YOU, SAL, IT'S LIKE ANOTHER WORLD OVER HERE.
THESE KIDS ARE WEIRD. A LOT OF TALK ABOUT DRUGS.

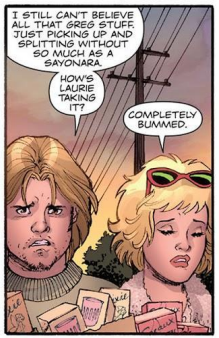
OH, HOL, JUST GO GET HER. I HAVEN'T HEARD A THING FROM THAT OTHER SON OF A BITCH.
BRING HER HOME TO ME, PLEASE.

I WILL, SAL. JUST TRY TO STAY CALM.
I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I'VE TALKED TO HER.



IT WAS FREAKY. THE WHOLE TIME THE COPS WERE GRILLING ME, I COULDN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD.
DIXIE CUPS.
I NEED TO STOCK UP ON DIXIE CUPS. HAD TO BE SURE I BOUGHT ENOUGH TO LAST.
SO WEIRD.

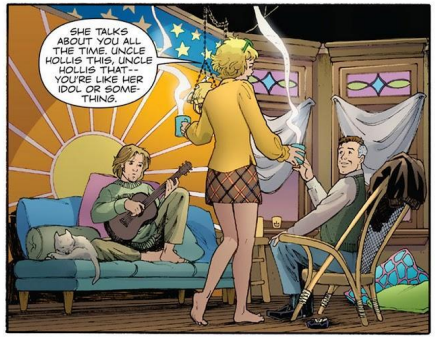

YEAH, I KNOW. LIKE TODAY WHEN I LEFT LAURIE TO COME GET YOU, I JUST HAD TO PICK UP THESE SHADES. EVEN WITH ALL THIS HEAVY SHIT THAT'S GOING ON.


I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THAT GREG STUFF. JUST PICKING UP AND SPLITTING WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SAYONARA.
HOW'S LAURIE TAKING IT?
COMPLETELY BUMMED.

SHE NEEDED SOME TIME ALONE, SO I TOLD HER WE'D SEE HER AT HO--
UH...

HI THERE. MY NAME'S HOLLIS MASON.
I'M LAURIE'S UNCLE. CAN I TALK WITH YOU A BIT?

"LISTEN, SWEETIE. I'M YOUR MOTHER. I WOULD NEVER STEER YOU WRONG.
"ALL THOSE ROMANCE COMICS. YOU'RE LIVING IN A FANTASY WORLD.
"MEN DO NOT COME IN AND SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET.
"I DON'T NEED YOU BEING STARRY-EYED.
"I NEED YOU BEING FOCUSED.
"THIS IS WHY I TEACH YOU TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
"TRUST ME. I'VE KNOWN MY SHARE OF FELLAS.
"THEY'RE ALL JUST A BUNCH OF TOMCATS.
"AND THERE'S NOT A MAN AMONG 'EM THAT WON'T MAKE YOU WANNA SCREAM.
"FIRST, THEY'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO HEAR.
"THEN THEY'LL ABANDON YOU.
"YOU'LL JUST BE ANOTHER CASTAWAY.
"YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY UTTERLY ALONE.
"THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH YOUR LIFE?"
"WELL...I...UM...I REALLY WANNA BE A ZOOKEEPER.
"OR A VET."
"OH, HONEY, I'M NOT TEACHING YOU ALL THIS SO YOU CAN SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WITH YOUR FIST SHOVED IN A DOG'S ASS."
"BUT MOM..."
"PIPE DOWN AND KICK THAT BAG."
SCREW THAT OLD BAG. SCREW GREG.
SCREW EVERYBODY.



IN A WAY, YES. WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT SALLY JUPITER?
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RAISING A DAUGHTER ON YOUR OWN? TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR A LIFE?

OH, HERE WE GO--

DON'T BOTHER WITH YOUR STORY, CHAPPY. I'VE HEARD IT A MILLION TIMES. I TAKE A LOOK AROUND THIS PLACE AND I SAY LIVE AND LET LIVE.

BUT YOU HAD A RESPONSIBILITY TO THESE GIRLS. AND THIS KID GREG, WHO'S DISAPPEARED. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KEEP THEM SAFE.
HEY, MAN--

EXACTLY.
MAN. BE ONE.

GUYS, COOL IT. WE HAVE TO KEEP IT TOGETHER.
THIS WHOLE SCENE IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOU--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

?!!

I HEAR YOU IN THERE, WHO-EVER YOU ARE.

YOU'D BETTER HOPE--

HEY, KID.

LONG TIME NO SEE.

OH MY GOD!
UNCLE HOLLIS? OH MY GOD, WHAT HAPPENED?
HELP AN OLD MAN UP, WILL YA?

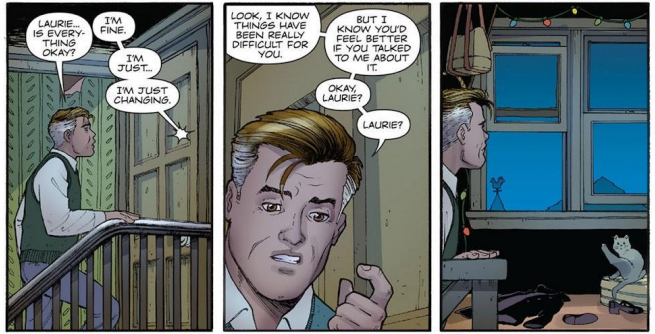
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW'D YOU FIND ME?
SLOW DOWN, ANGEL. GIMME A CHANCE HERE.

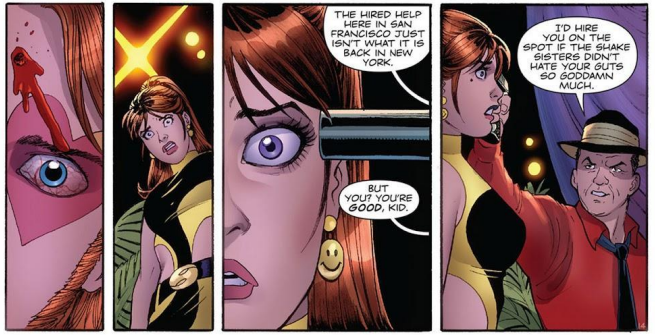
I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU.

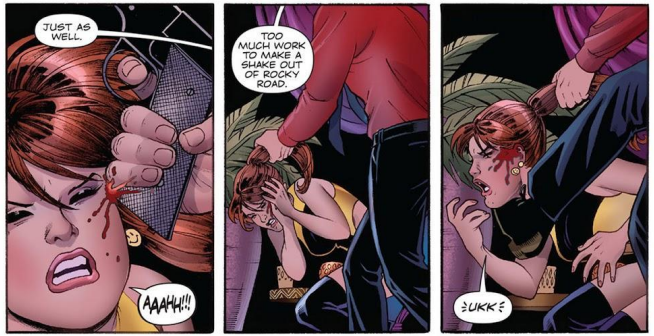
I WAS TALKING WITH YOUR FRIENDS WHEN A COUPLE CRAZY BROADS BARGED IN AND TRIED TO KILL US.
GET HER OUT OF HERE!
I HELD THEM OFF WHILE YOUR FRIENDS GOT CLEAR.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE GIRLS? THEY GOT AWAY?
GIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE SOME CREDIT.
I KNEW IT.
YOU RECOGNIZE THESE TWO?
THEY WORK FOR SOMEONE I KNOW.
OH NO!

EVERYTHING--SNIFF!
--E-EVERY-THINGS RUINED.


LAURIE. IS EVERY-THING OKAY?
I'M FINE.
I'M JUST...
I'M JUST CHANGING.
LOOK, I KNOW THINGS HAVE BEEN REALLY DIFFICULT FOR YOU.
BUT I KNOW YOU'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU TALKED TO ME ABOUT IT.
OKAY, LAURIE?
LAURIE?


THE HIRED HELP HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO JUST ISN'T WHAT IT IS BACK IN NEW YORK.
BUT YOU? YOU'RE GOOD, KID.
I'D HIRE YOU ON THE SPOT IF THE SHAKE SISTERS DIDN'T HATE YOUR GUTS SO GODDAMN MUCH.


JUST AS WELL.
AAAHH!!!

TOO MUCH WORK TO MAKE A SHAKE OUT OF ROCKY ROAD.

UKK

UH
AHUK
AHUKK

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT AN OPERATION LIKE THIS COSTS TO SET UP?!
UHNN

THAT PRICK NIXON IS RIGHT.

FUCK YOU DIRTY HIPPIES.
AHUH

FUCK YOU!

THAT'S IT, YOU LITTLE GOOZE!

I'M GONNA MAKE YOU WISH YOUR FATHER HAD JERKED OFF IN A FLOWER POT INSTEAD'A MAKIN' YOU.

GUHRRRGHKK

UKK

UHH

HUUKKK

UH
HH
HH

WHOA.

OH... UHHH...OH GOD.
HOLYSHIT! HOLYSHITHOLYSHIT! HOLYSHITHOLYSHIT! HOLYSHITHOLYSHIT! HOLYSHITHOLYSHIT! HOLYSHITHOLYSHIT! HOLYSHIT!

WELL, ONA... THAT'S A WHOLE NEW WAY TO PAINT THE BUS!

HHHLLURGH!

HEY THERE.

YOU OKAY?
IS IT DONE WITH?

LAUR?

IT'S GONNA BE OKAY, KIDDO. YOU CAN TALK TO ME.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

TIIIME IS ON MY SIDE, YES...

T!!!!ME IS ON MY SIDE, YES...
FOR YOU.

THINK OF THE BAND WHEN YOU WEAR IT.

FOR YOU.
THINK OF ME WHENEVER HE MAKES A FUNNY SMELL.

AW, GI, THIS IS SO BEAUTIFUL, BUT I JUST... I CAN'T...
IT JUST, Y'KNOW, KEEPS REMINDING ME...
I KNOW, BABY.

HERE, I MADE THIS. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT BETTER.
IT'S WAY MORE, Y'KNOW...
YOU.
OH, I LOVE IT SO MUCH.

I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH.

...ON MY SIDE, YES YES

YOU'LL COME RUNNING BACK
YOU'LL COME RUNNING BACK

YOU'LL COME RUNNING BACK
TO MEE!

YOU READY FOR THIS?

JUST STAY CLOSE IN CASE SHE STARTS THROWING THINGS.

LAURIE, DARLING.

OH THANK THE LORD YOU'RE FINALLY HOME. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW I'VE WORRIED? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE TORMENT I'VE GONE THROUGH?
SORRY, MOM.

SORRY? IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY AFTER EVERYTHING YOU'VE PUT ME--
OH, MOM, CUT THE DRAMA.

I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADY, I WILL NOT...
AND WHAT IS THIS?! YOU'RE NOT--

STOP RIGHT THERE, MOTHER.
DON'T--

STOP, MOTHER. STOP IT ALL. STOP THE ACTING. STOP TALKING.

MOM. LISTEN. WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO TALK ABOUT THIS, AND WE WILL. BUT RIGHT NOW I WANT YOU TO KNOW I LEARNED A LOT OUT THERE ON MY OWN.

ONE OF THE THINGS I LEARNED IS THAT YOU TAUGHT ME A LOT. I THINK YOU'D BE PROUD OF ME.

I MISSED YOU AND I LOVE YOU. IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME. OKAY?
OH, LAURIE--

SWEETIE, WE JUST HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE. OUT OF CALIFORNIA. THERE ARE JUST TOO MANY CRAZY PEOP--
MOM.
I NEED YOU TO HEAR THIS, MOM.

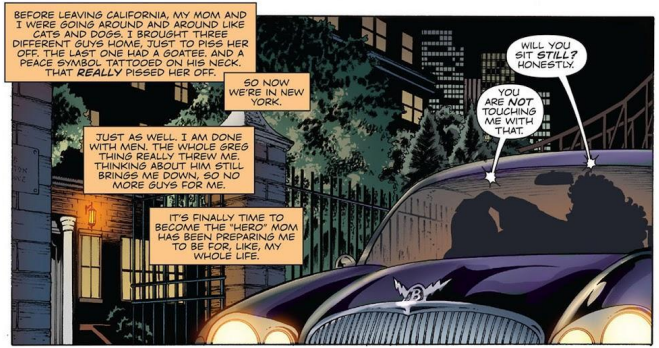
I CAN SEE THAT YOU'VE SET ME DOWN A PATH WHERE I COULD MAYBE DO SOME GOOD. NOT SAVE THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD OR ANYTHING HUGE, BUT LIKE, MAYBE LOOK OUT FOR THE PEOPLE IN MY WORLD.
I'M GOING TO DO IT. BUT I'M GOING TO DO IT MY WAY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

IT WAS A LONG DAY. I'M GOING TO TAKE A SHOWER AND UNPACK. SEE IF YOU STARVED MY BIRD.
WHAT--?

NOW JUST ONE SECOND, MISSY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR WAY?
WHAT--
QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD, SAL.

OH, HOLLIS, I'M SERIOUS. I HAVE TO GET HER BACK TO NEW YORK, BACK WITH NORMAL PEOPLE.
SAL...

IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.


BEFORE LEAVING CALIFORNIA, MY MOM AND I WERE GOING AROUND AND AROUND LIKE CATS AND DOGS. I BROUGHT THREE DIFFERENT GUYS HOME, JUST TO PISS HER OFF. THE LAST ONE HAD A GOATEE, AND A PEACE SYMBOL TATTOOED ON HIS NECK. THAT REALLY PISSED HER OFF.
SO NOW WE'RE IN NEW YORK.
JUST AS WELL. I AM DONE WITH MEN. THE WHOLE GREG THING REALLY THREW ME. THINKING ABOUT HIM STILL BRINGS ME DOWN. SO NO MORE GUYS FOR ME.
IT'S FINALLY TIME TO BECOME THE "HERO" MOM HAS BEEN PREPARING ME TO BE FOR, LIKE, MY WHOLE LIFE.
WILL YOU SIT STILL? HONESTLY.
YOU ARE NOT TOUCHING ME WITH THAT.

LAURIE, WILL YOU PLEASE GET SERIOUS? YOU HAVE TO BE AT YOUR BEST TONIGHT. FOR YOU TO HAVE BEEN INVITED--
I KNOW. I KNOW.

TRUST ME, MOTHER, I'M HONORED THE CRIMEBUSTERS HAVE INVITED ME TO THIS THING.

IS THAT SARCASM I HEAR?
MOM. RELAX. I'LL BE FINE.

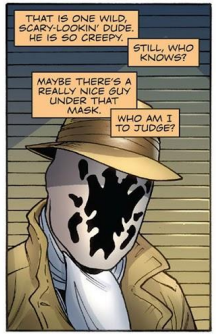
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONVINCE MOM THAT WE CAN USE THIS HERO THING TO TRY TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE ON A POLITICAL AND GLOBAL SCALE.
I SEE HOW HARD IT IS FOR HER. ALL THE EYE ROLLING AND HARPING ASIDE, SHE REALLY IS TRYING TO MEET ME HALFWAY. SO I AGREED TO TRY THIS CRIMEBUSTER THING.
FOR NOW.
ANYTHING TO CLAM HER UP.
SHE'S PRETTY PISSED THAT I'M NOT WEARING HER OLD SETUP, THOUGH.

THIS IS NOTHING LIKE SAN FRANCISCO.
BUT AT LEAST I WON'T BE STUCK LIVING WITH MY MOM.
Y'KNOW, LIKE A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE FOR, LIKE, THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS.

THERE'S MOM'S OLD BUDDY, NELSON.
SEE WHIZ, HE'S, LIKE, A LITTLE OLD AND CHUBBY TO STILL BE DRESSING LIKE THAT.

OH, THERE'S THAT REALLY SMART GUY UNCLE HOLLIS WAS TELLING ME ABOUT. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE VERY SOCIAL-MINDED.
I BET HE'S THE KIND OF GUY THAT THINKS THE WORLD CAN BE CHANGED FOR THE BETTER *WITHOUT* PUNCHING AND KICKING.

LOOK AT THAT CAT, JUST SITTIN' THERE, READING THE PAPER AND CHOMPIN' AWAY ON A CIGAR.
SOME HERO.
MORE LIKE SOMEBODY'S OLD MAN.


THAT IS ONE WILD, SCARY-LOOKIN' DUDE. HE IS SO CREEPY.
STILL, WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE THERE'S A REALLY NICE GUY UNDER THAT MASK.
WHO AM I TO JUDGE?

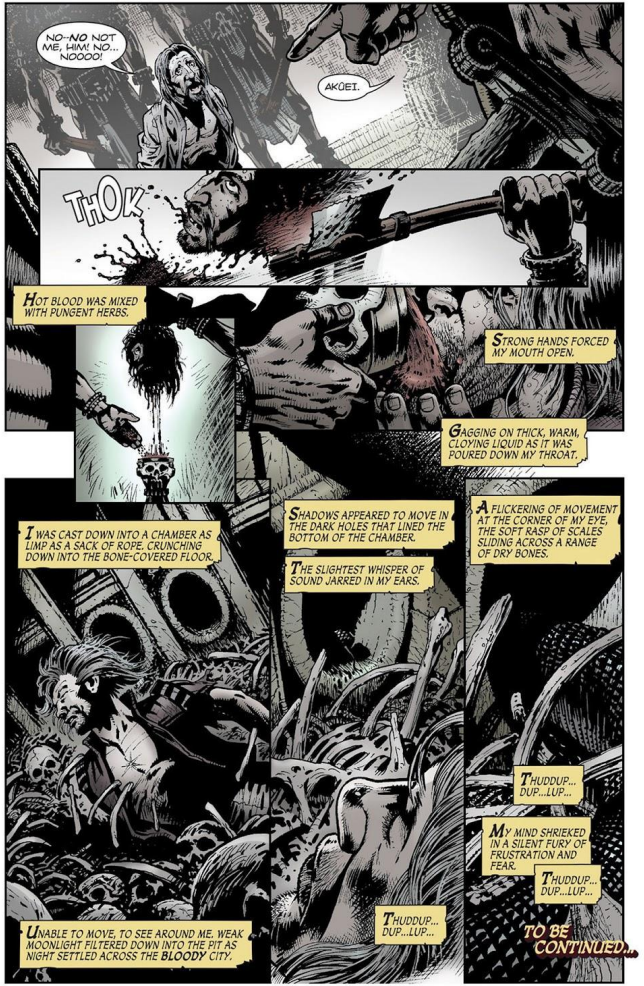
WHOA. LOOK AT BIRD-BOY.
IS THAT THE GUY THAT'S TAKING OVER FOR UNCLE HOL? WHAT IS UP WITH THE GOGGLES AND THOSE EARS?
OH, GOD, I COULD NEVER GO OUT WITH A GUY LIKE THAT.
TOTAL *SQUARE*.

YIKES. SOMETHING IS *SERIOUSLY BUGGING* THAT LADY.
WHY IS SHE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT?
WHAT THE HELL DID I EVER DO TO *HER*?

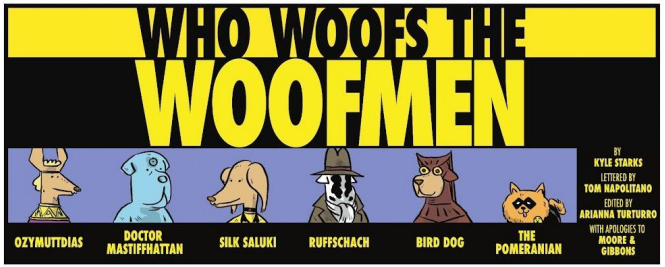
OH. *WOW*.
GET A LOAD OF *THIS* GUY. HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE CLASSICAL GREEK STATUES! BUT WITH NO HAIR. KINDA LIKE AN *OSCAR*.
HE'S SO *BIG*, AND *BEAUTIFUL*, AND *BLUE*. I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO TAKE HIM HOME.
I BET THAT WOULD *REALLY, REALLY* PISS OFF MY MOM.
LATE EDITION

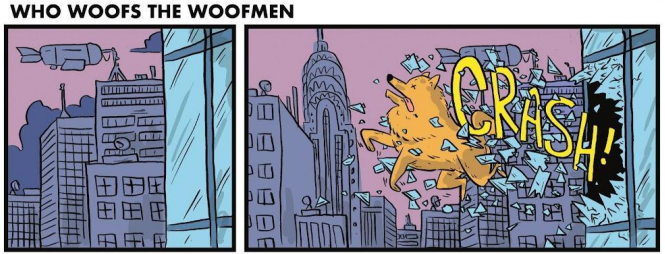
"You're the end of the rainbow, my pot of gold,
You're daddy's little girl to have and hold.
A precious gem is what you are,
You're mommy's bright and shining star."

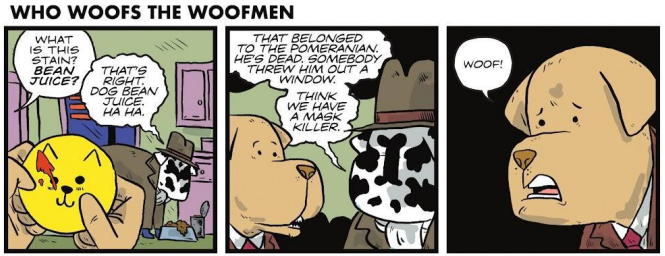
- Edward Madden

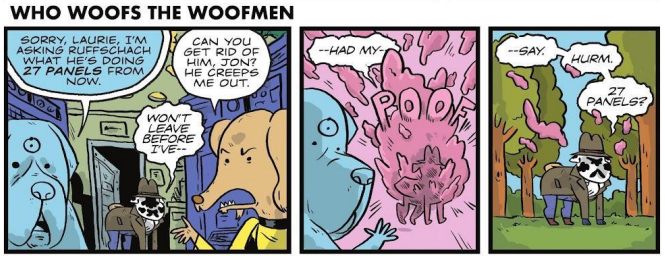

NO--NO NOT ME, HIM! NO... NOOOO!
AKOEI.
THOK
HOT BLOOD WAS MIXED WITH PUNGENT HERBS.
STRONG HANDS FORCED MY MOUTH OPEN.
GAGGING ON THICK, WARM, CLOYING LIQUID AS IT WAS POURED DOWN MY THROAT.
I WAS CAST DOWN INTO A CHAMBER AS LIMP AS A SACK OF ROPE, CRUNCHING DOWN INTO THE BONE-COVERED FLOOR.
SHADOWS APPEARED TO MOVE IN THE DARK HOLES THAT LINED THE BOTTOM OF THE CHAMBER.
THE SLIGHTEST WHISPER OF SOUND JARRED IN MY EARS.
A FLICKERING OF MOVEMENT AT THE CORNER OF MY EYE, THE SOFT RASP OF SCALES SLIDING ACROSS A RANGE OF DRY BONES.
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
MY MIND SHRIEKED IN A SILENT FURY OF FRUSTRATION AND FEAR.
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
THUDDUP... DUP...LUP...
UNABLE TO MOVE, TO SEE AROUND ME. WEAK MOONLIGHT FILTERED DOWN INTO THE PIT AS NIGHT SETTLED ACROSS THE BLOODY CITY.
TO BE CONTINUED...

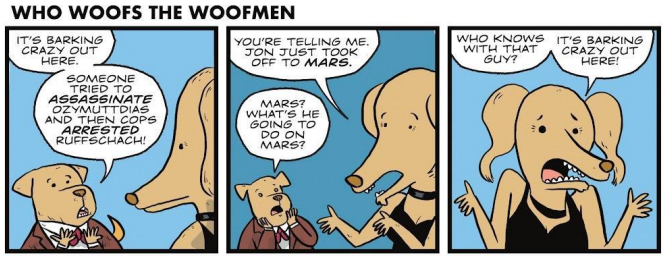
Blue Beetle
JAIME REYES IS A SUPERHERO WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT
WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS
A SAFRAN COMPANY PRODUCTION "BLUE BEETLE" XOLO MARIDUEÑA ADRIANA BARRAZA DAMIÁN ALCÁZAR RAÚL MAX TRUJILLO WITH SUSAN SARANDON AND GEORGE LOPEZ
COSTUMES DESIGNED BY MAYES C. RUDEO MUSIC BY BOBBY KRLIC MUSIC SUPERVISOR MUSE SEASON KENT PRODUCED BY CRAIG ALPERT, P.C.C. PRODUCED BY JON BILLINGTON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PAWEL POGORZELSKI
PRODUCED BY WALTER HAMADA GALEN VASSMAN GARRETT GRANT WRITTEN BY GARETH DUNNET-ALCOCER PRODUCED BY JOHN RICKARD, p.g.a. ZEV FOREMAN, p.g.a. DIRECTED BY ANGEL MANUEL SOTO
ONLY IN CINEMAS
AUGUST 18
FILMED FOR IMAX

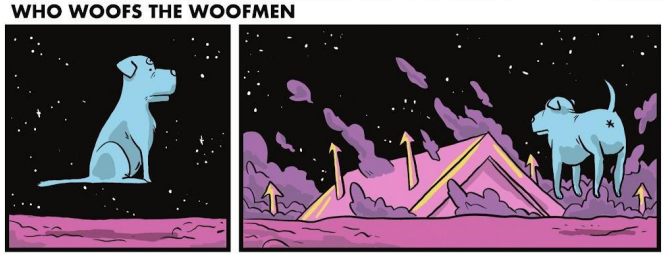

WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
BY KYLE STARKS
LETTERED BY TOM NAPOLITANO
EDITED BY ARIANNA TURTURRO
WITH APOLOGIES TO MOORE & GIBBONS
OZYMUTTDIAS
DOCTOR MASTIFFHATTAN
SILK SALUKI
RUFFSCHACH
BIRD DOG
THE POMERANIAN


WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
CRASH!


WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
WHAT IS THIS STAIN? BEAN JUICE?
THAT'S RIGHT. DOG BEAN JUICE. HA HA.
THAT BELONGED TO THE POMERANIAN. HE'S DEAD. SOMEBODY THREW HIM OUT A WINDOW.
THINK WE HAVE A MASK KILLER.
WOOF!


WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
SORRY, LAURIE, I'M ASKING RUFFSCHACH WHAT HE'S DOING 27 PANELS FROM NOW.
CAN YOU GET RID OF HIM, JON? HE CREEPS ME OUT.
WON'T LEAVE BEFORE I'VE--
--HAD MY--
POOF
--SAY.
HURM.
27 PANELS?


WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
IT'S BARKING CRAZY OUT HERE.
SOMEONE TRIED TO ASSASSINATE OZYMUTTDIAS AND THEN COPS ARRESTED RUFFSCHACH!
YOU'RE TELLING ME. JON JUST TOOK OFF TO MARS.
MARS? WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO ON MARS?
WHO KNOWS WITH THAT GUY?
IT'S BARKING CRAZY OUT HERE!


WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN

WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN
NONE OF YOU UNDERSTAND. I'M NOT LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH YOU.
YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME.
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!

WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN

WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN

WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN

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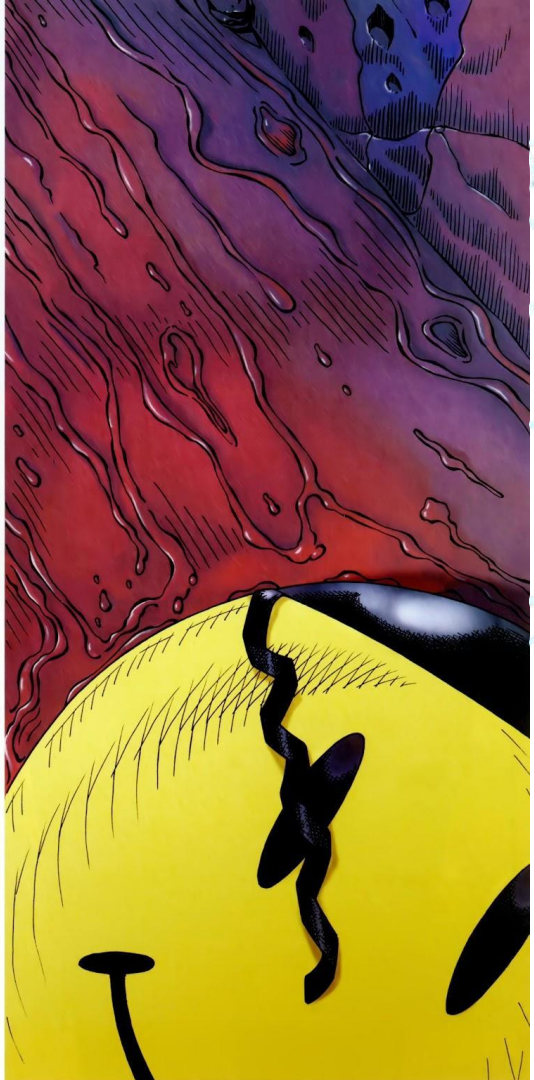
WHO WOOFS THE WOOFMEN

WATCHMENSCH



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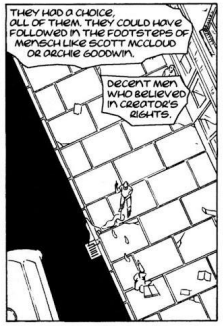
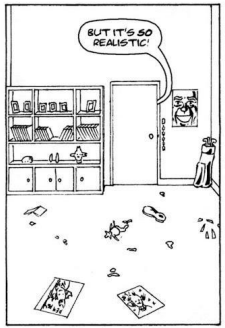
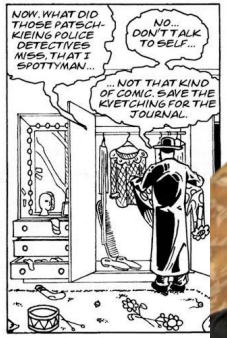


THAT WAS HIS LAST ONE, YOU OAF. SO, WHO WAS THIS GUY ANYWAY?
JUST SOME CLOWN. WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL. WE'RE A COUPLE OF NEW YORK DETECTIVES, AFTER ALL. IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE ACTUALLY IMPORTANT OR NOTHING.
I WISH WE WERE IN BALTIMORE.

LET'S GO TO A BAR AND SING POGUES SONGS.
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP WATCHING THOSE WIRE BOX SETS.


BUT IT'S SO REALISTIC!

HURMM.
ELEVATOR BROKEN.
STAIRS SMELLY.


NOW, WHAT DID THOSE PATSCHKIEING POLICE DETECTIVES MISS, THAT I SPOTTYMAN...
NO... DON'T TALK TO SELF...
...NOT THAT KIND OF COMIC. SAVE THE KVETCHING FOR THE JOURNAL.

L.E.G.
BLACK DOSSIER
MURPHOCH

HURM.

WHAT?
CHLOP.
THLUP.

SCHLORP.
LEP.
VI GAITS, DANIEL?
SPOTTYMAN..?
NO, NO, PLEASE, SIT. I LOVE IT WHEN PSYCHOPATHS BREAK INTO MY FLAT AND EAT MY KOSHER CANNED FISH WITH THEIR MOUTHS OPEN...

SOMEONE KILLED KRUSTY THE CLOWN.
I MEAN, YOU'RE NOT EVEN ACTUALLY JEWISH...
WHAT, KRUSTOFSKI?

SCHLEP... AH, YES, YOU WORKED TOGETHER, DIDN'T YOU?
WELL, BRIEFLY. AFTER OUR PARTNERSHIP HIT THE SKIDS.

DID IT INVOLVE... THE BLACK DOSSIER?
WHAT? NO, NO, THAT WAS...
THAT WAS ALL OZY'S BUSINESS.

I FOUND THESE IN KRUSTOFSKI'S APARTMENT.
BLACK DOSSIER
ARE THOSE...

AHH. AHH. AHH.
LOOK. I WENT NO FURTHER THAN HELPING SET UP THE ABC FIREWALL. THAT'S IT.

DO YOU THINK... I MIGHT BE AT RISK?
WHY SHOULDN'T YOU BE?
UNLESS YOU BUILD YOUR OWN FIREWALL... NITE NURSE.

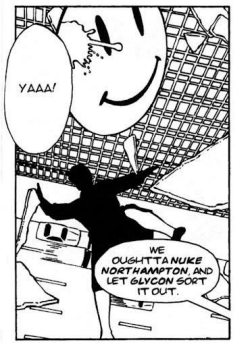
AH!... THE BLACK DOSSIER. YES. NOT MY FINEST HOUR, REALLY. THEY DIDN'T FUGGING LISTEN TO ME, YOU KNOW.

I SAID IT WOULD BE FINE FOR ALL TERRITORIES WITH JUST A FEW FUGGING WORD CHANGES HERE AND THERE, LIKE I'M USED TO THAT.

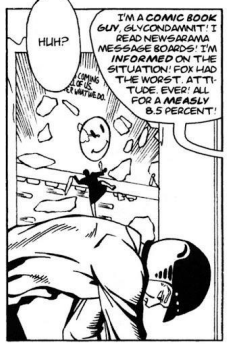
BUT KRUSTOFSKI WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME. AND WHEN BROADWAY AGREED... WHAT COULD I DO?
BROADWAY WAS INVOLVED?
BROADWAY IS ALWAYS INVOLVED.

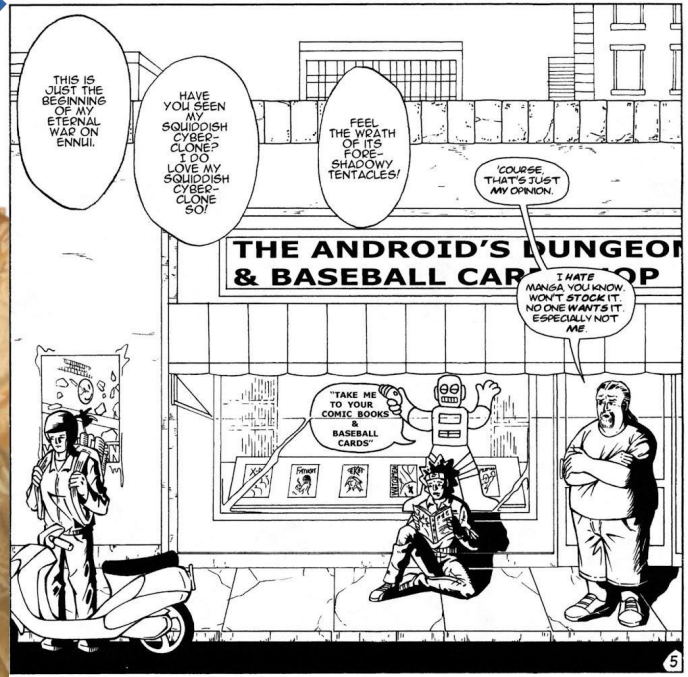
WHAT IS YOUR FUGGING INTEREST HERE, SPOTTYMAN?
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

SPOTTYMAN?
SHARON?
SOMEONE NEEDS TO TAKE BALABUSTA FOR WALKIES.
4


YAAA!
WE OUGHTTA NUKE NORTHAMPTON, AND LET GLYCON SORT IT OUT.

YEEEEE!
AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO BOYCOTT THE WOLVERINE MOVIE NOW.


HUH?
I'M A COMIC BOOK GUY, GLYCONDAMNIT! I READ NEWSARAMA MESSAGE BOARDS! I'M INFORMED ON THE SITUATION! FOX HAD THE WORST, ATTITUDE, EVER! ALL FOR A MEASLY 8.5 PERCENT!


THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF MY ETERNAL WAR ON ENNUI.
HAVE YOU SEEN MY SQUIDDISH CYBER-CLONE? I DO LOVE MY SQUIDDISH CYBER-CLONE SO!
FEEL THE WRATH OF ITS FORE-SHADOWY TENTACLES!
'COURSE THAT'S JUST MY OPINION.
THE ANDROID'S DUNGEON & BASEBALL CARD SHOP
I HATE MANGA. YOU KNOW. WON'T STOCK IT. NO ONE WANTS IT. ESPECIALLY NOT ME.
"TAKE ME TO YOUR COMIC BOOKS & BASEBALL CARDS"
5

GOOD EVENING, MR. BROADWAY.
SPOTTYMAN. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME. BUT THEN IT ALSO SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY, OR POSSIBLY TOMORROW.
I AM ALWAYS TOO BROADWAY MANHATTAN.
ALTHOUGH, FOR A WHILE I WAS 666 FIFTH AVENUE. 909 THIRD AVENUE. I WAS ALL OVER LEXINGTON AVENUE, ON THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH. AND LET'S NOT MENTION ROCKEFELLER PLAZA OR AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS...
SORRY... WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?
HRM... I BELIEVE PEOPLE CONNECTED WITH THE BLACK DOSSIER ARE DYING.
MMM. I CAN'T SEE HOW THAT COULD HAPPEN.
BROADWAY, WHO... OH, IT'S YOU.
SILK TAKER.
WAS INFORMING BROADWAY OF MY THEORY THAT LAWYERS INVOLVED WITH THE BLACK DOSSIER DEALINGS ARE BEING ASSASSINATED.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
BUT NOW I THINK...
WEREN'T YOU INVOLVED IN THE ABC FIREWALL, AS WELL AS DAN?
AND BROADWAY... YOU WERE THERE FOR WATCHMEN DEALZ? FOR VENDETTA, EVEN?
SPOTTYMAN, YOU ARE UPSETTING SILK. I WANT YOU TO LEAVE.
LEAVE WHEN PIECE HAS BEEN SAID.
SECURITY.
DC Comics
OY GEVALD!
THEN I HAVE ONE MORE PERSON TO SEE.
6
APT PUPIL
MILK
MISSING:
AAAAAAAA
DON'T... DON'T TOUCH ME. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO. I CAN KNOCK DOWN DIRECTORS WITH MY BARE HANDS!
MURPHOCH. HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER ON ALAN MOORE MOVIES FOR FOX.
OH, GODS... NO...
SO, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BLACK DOSSIER?
NOTHING. I'M JUST A PRODUCER. I WORK WITH SAWAN AND MORRISON NOW...
AAAA!
HURM.
YOU LEFT A BUSINESS CARD AT KRUSTY'S PLACE. DID YOU KILL HIM?
NO... NO... WHAT?
TELL ME EVERYTHING OR YOUR OPTIMUS TSCHATSKI WILL NO LONGER BE... PRIME.
NO, NO! PLEASE...
HE VISITED ME.
KRUSTOFSKI?
I JUST WOKE UP ONE NIGHT AND THERE HE WAS...
7

IT'S A JOKE.
S'ALL A JOKE.

I MEAN, LEMME TELL YA, WHEN I STARTED OUT, WHEN I WAS A CLERK, CLEANIN' UP THE WATCHMEN, THE V FOR VENDETTA CONTRACTS, IT WAS, LIKE, REAL EASY.
THE SMALL PRINT WAS TOUGH, YOU JUST HADDA BE TOUGHER, RIGHT?
NOT ANYMORE.

I MEAN, I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW IT WAS, HOW THE WORLD WAS, BUT THEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS PRE-EXISTING FOX CONTRACT, THIS JOKE...
YOU'RE PART OF IT, MURPHOCH OL' PAL. Y'KNOW THAT?

I MEAN, I DONE SOME BAD THINGS. I DID BAD THINGS TO CREATORS.
I SIGNED DEALS IN SOUTH AMERICA
BUT I NEVER DID ANY-THING LIKE, LIKE...

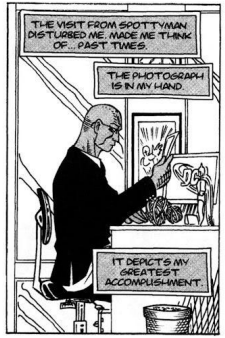
THIS BLACK DOSSIER. I MEAN, I THOUGHT I WAS THE CLOWN, Y'KNOW?
AHUHH.

SOMEBODY EXPLAIN IT TO ME.

HURM. SO... DID YOU SCHMOOZ WITH BROADWAY?
I JUST TOLD HIM... THERE COULD BE PROBLEMS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WOULD DO WITH THEM. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD LEAD TO THIS.

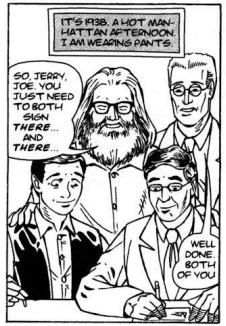
PLEASE, I'M MAKING... I'M MAKING TRANS-FORMERS 2, AND...
WAIT... TRANS-FORMERS?
YES, YES. WHY?

HUHNH. LIKED FIRST MOVIE. THOUGHT MEGATRON WAS...
FASCI-NATING.
HELL


THE VISIT FROM SCOTTYMAN DISTURBED ME. MADE ME THINK OF... PAST TIMES.
THE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN MY HAND.
IT DEPICTS MY GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

IN TWELVE SECONDS TIME, I HAVE RIPPED THE PHOTOGRAPH TO PIECES IN A FIT OF PIQUE.
TEN SECONDS NOW.

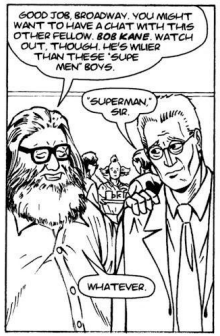
THE PHOTOGRAPH IS IN MY HAND.
THIS IS A GOOD TRICK. I SHOULD GO ON LETTERMAN. OR POSSIBLY JONATHAN ROSS.


IT'S 1938. A HOT MANHATTAN AFTERNOON. I AM WEARING PANTS.
SO, JERRY, JOE. YOU JUST NEED TO BOTH SIGN THERE... AND THERE...
WELL DONE. BOTH OF YOU

HERE'S YOUR CHECK. ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY DOLLARS.
DON'T SPEND IT ALL AT ONCE.

WE WON'T... WE WON'T.
THIS IS...

THIS IS SUPER.
WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING.
KRUSTOFSKI, GET THE MEN A COFFEE, HEY?


GOOD JOB, BROADWAY. YOU MIGHT WANT TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THIS OTHER FELLOW. BOB KANE. WATCH OUT, THOUGH. HE'S WILIER THAN THESE 'SUPE MEN' BOYS.
'SUPERMAN,' SIR
WHATEVER.

WE DO WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, MAX.
ARE YOU SURE I'M THE ONE WHO NEEDS TO BE CAREFUL, BROAD-WAY?
AND THE PAINT CAN IS FALLING.
9

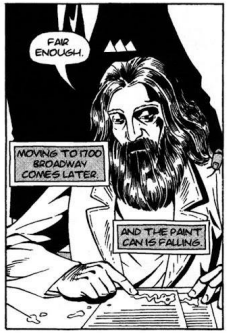
IT'S 2009. I'M LOOKING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH.
SEVEN SECONDS NOW.

IT'S 1985. ALAN MOORE IS JET LAGGED. I SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY.
JUST SIGN HERE, ALAN, AND THE MINUTE WATCHMEN IS OUT OF PRINT, YOU AND DAVE WILL GET ALL THE RIGHTS BACK.
AND HOW LONG WILL THAT BE?

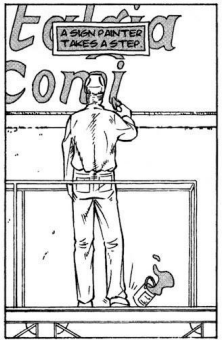
OOH... WHAT... SIX MONTHS? A YEAR?
NO COMIC HAS EVER STAYED IN PRINT THAT LONG, AND WE HAVE TO LOOK AFTER OUR CREATOR'S RIGHTS, DON'T WE?

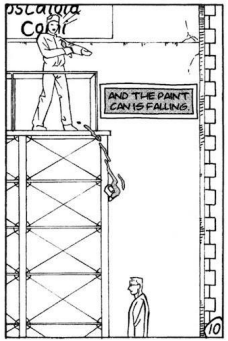
SAY, WHILE YOU'RE HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL SIGN THE V FOR VENDETTA CONTRACT, TOO...
NO PROBLEM, SO...
... WHY DO I HAVE TO USE BLOOD, AGAIN?

COMPANY POLICY. WE'RE STILL AT 666 FIFTH AVENUE, AREN'T WE?


FAIR ENOUGH.
MOVING TO 1700 BROADWAY COMES LATER.
AND THE PAINT CAN IS FALLING.

IT'S 1938. I'M HEADING HOME FROM WORK.
THE ACCIDENT IS ALMOST UPON ME NOW.


A SIGN PAINTER TAKES A STEP.


AND THE PAINT CAN IS FALLING.
10

IT'S 1988. ALAN MOORE IS SWEARING OFF DC COMICS FOREVER.
IT'S 1998. WE ARE BUYING A WEST COAST PUBLISHER.
IT'S 2000. WE ARE PULPING A COMIC.

IT'S 2001. I AM REFUSING A STORY FOR SPURIOUS REASONS.
IT'S 2006. MOORE IS PULLING THE LEAGUE.
IT'S 2007. I AM PULLING THE LEAGUE'S VINYL.

IT'S 2008. THE WATCHMEN TRAILER HITS. PEOPLE TAKE NOTICE, LIKE FOX.
IT'S 2009 AND THE WATCHMEN PREMIERE... FUNNY... IT IS UNCLEAR... SPOTTY...
AND THE PAINT CAN IS FALLING.
11

HE VISITED ME AND BROADWAY, TOO, YOU KNOW.
THAT MAN'S GOT A LOT OF FUGGING ISSUES, SILK.

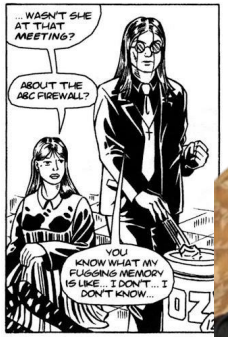
BUT WHAT DOES HE HOPE TO ACHIEVE? I MEAN, CREATORS HAVE OPTIONS NOW...
AND WASN'T HE ONE OF US? I THOUGHT SO AT THE TIME...
EXCUSE ME... OZYOSBOURNE... WOULD YOU...

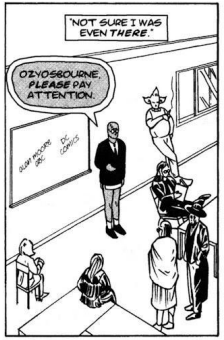
SURE, SWEETHEART...
OH, GODS...
OH, GODS. SHE'S GOT A PEN...

A SIGNED CONFESSION TO THE MURDER OF KRUSTY THE CLOWN? WHY, MR. OZYOSBOURNE...
CBS
CONFESSION
WHAT...?
No Rest for the Wicked

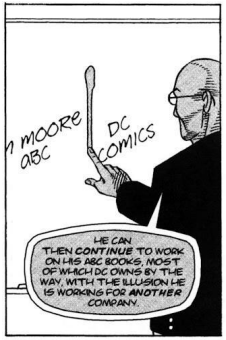
SELF DEFENSE. YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR.
JUST GET RID OF THAT CONTRACT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE SEES IT.

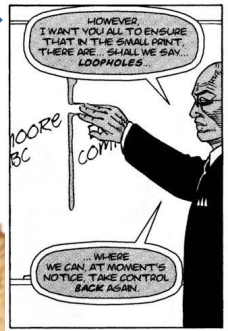
I WILL... I WILL.
WAIT. I KNOW HER...

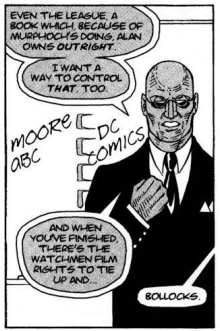

...WASN'T SHE AT THAT MEETING?
ABOUT THE ABC FIREWALL?
YOU KNOW WHAT MY FUGGING MEMORY IS LIKE... I DON'T... I DON'T KNOW...


"NOT SURE I WAS EVEN THERE."
OZYOSBOURNE. PLEASE PAY ATTENTION.

I PROPOSE WE CREATE A FIREWALL BETWEEN ALAN MOORE AND DC COMICS. HE WILL RECEIVE NO CONTACT FROM DC.


MOORE ABC
DC COMICS
HE CAN THEN CONTINUE TO WORK ON HIS ABC BOOKS, MOST OF WHICH DC OWNS BY THE WAY, WITH THE ILLUSION HE IS WORKING FOR ANOTHER COMPANY.


HOWEVER, I WANT YOU ALL TO ENSURE THAT IN THE SMALL PRINT, THERE ARE... SHALL WE SAY... LOOPHOLES...
... WHERE WE CAN, AT MOMENT'S NOTICE, TAKE CONTROL BACK AGAIN.


EVEN THE LEAGUE, A BOOK WHICH, BECAUSE OF MURPHOCLY'S DOING, ALAN OWNS OUTRIGHT.
I WANT A WAY TO CONTROL THAT, TOO.
MOORE ABC
DC COMICS
AND WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED, THERE'S THE WATCHMEN FILM RIGHTS TO TIE UP AND...
BOLLOCKS.

EXCUSE ME?
ALL THIS TALK ABOUT CREATOR'S RIGHTS, IT WON'T WASH.
FIREWALLS, OPTIONS, MEDIA RIGHTS, FAKE REVERSION CLAUSES, IT WILL ALL COME BACK TO BITE YOU.

UH, LISTEN. ME AND SPOTTYMAN HAVE MADE HEADWAY INTO THE UNION PROBLEM BY POOLING OUR EFFORTS...
AND WHAT HAPPENED? A BUNCH OF CREATORS SET UP ON THEIR OWN.
BROADWAY'S ONLY DOING WHAT'S BEST FOR EVERYONE.

SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT, DON'T YOU SEE?
SOMEBODY HAS TO SAVE THE INDUSTRY...

SO, BROADWAY, DO YOU AGREE WE DO THE WATCHMEN FILM?
I DID THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES AGO.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE MAN OF TOMORROW STORIES?

By Rich Drehburg, The Original Nite Nurse

The history between DC Comics and comics writer Alan Moore is a long and complex one. After making his name on a number of British comics, Alan Moore was hired by DC Comics editor Len Wein to write the about-to-be-cancelled "Swamp Thing" series, which he then wrote for four years, turning it into a successful horror comic for the company, bringing the artists Rick Veitch, Steve Bissette and John Totleben to greater public awareness, creating the supporting character John Constantine who would later spawn his own comic and Keanu Reeves-starring movie, and inspiring the creation of the DC mature readers line Vertigo.

Moore's success saw DC look further to the British pool of writing talent, with Grant Morrison, Jamie Delano, Neil Gaiman and Peter Milligan benefiting from the attention.

Moore continued to work on DC Comics titles such as the "Dark Knight" movie-inspiring "The Killing Joke", the Superman-saga ending "Whatever Happened To The Man Of Tomorrow", the completion of "V For Vendetta" and, of course, "Watchmen".

The contract for the last two, uniquely for the time for DC Comics, promised that the rights to the books would revert to the creators once the books were out of print. At that time, no comic book had stayed in print for more than a year or so, and Moore and his co-collaborators were happy to sign.

As the years passed, and Moore became more concerned about creator's rights, it seemed clear that the reversion wasn't going to happen. When DC sold a series of Watchmen badges or buttons that required no royalty payment because DC labeled them as "promotional items", this seemed to be the last straw for Moore.

With a number of other creators such as Frank Miller, Howard Chaykin and Marv Wolfman, Alan Moore chose to quit DC Comics over the decision to label certain comics "Recommended For Mature Readers". After concluding the "V For Vendetta" series, he would never work for DC Comics directly again.

DC Comics seemed to have learnt from this experience and when Neil Gaiman found success with the DC-owned mature readers title "Sandman", they chose to renegotiate his contract over the property, giving Gaiman a creator-participatory clause, rights of approval and respected Gaiman's decision to conclude the series when he left.

However, DC Comics was not inclined to revisit past events with Moore. Instead, as Moore found success with other companies, they chose to purchase one of his publishers, Wildstorm Comics, just as they were about to publish Moore's extensive America's Best Comics line. Moore had chosen a participatory contract for himself and his artists in exchange for a higher page rate, rather than a purely creator owned deal, and suddenly he found

that DC Comics owned the entire line, save for "The League Of Extraordinary Gentlemen". By luck, that property had already been sold as a film by Don Murphy before publication, and so the full rights to the property remained with Alan Moore and artist Kevin O'Neill.

Moore felt like DC was stalking him. He agreed to continue writing the line in exchange for a firewall system, where he would not have to deal with anyone at DC Comics. Even his checks came from a third party source set up especially for the purpose.

However not long into the run, he found he had to deal with DC. Initially over the pulping of "League Of Extraordinary Gentlemen" issue 5 which featured, jokingly, a reproduction of a genuine Victorian advert for a "Marvel Douche", a reference to rival publisher Marvel Comics, and then the refusal of a "Cobweb" episode in the series "Tomorrow Stories", featuring a story about L Ron Hubbard. Ironically a version of that same story had already appeared in another DC book "The Big Book Of Conspiracies" without fuss.

It is clear that DC publisher Paul Levitz has different criteria for content depending on whether or not the title is classed a super hero book. Levitz was happy for "Preacher" to be published from DC, but not "The Boys" - and he had many problems with "The Authority" too. However, this does give the impression of having double standards and treating Alan Moore in a different fashion to other creators.

But it would be the "V For Vendetta" movie that would cause most ructions. Moore was less than happy with movies that had been based on his creator owned work, and after he was placed in the dock over allegations of corporate plagiarism of the "Cast Of Characters" movie script, only for Fox's lawyers to settle, decided to change his position on the matter. From then on he decided that any movie based on work he didn't own, he would ask for his name to be taken off the movie and any monies paid to collaborators on the project instead. Almost immediately he was informed the movies "Constantine", "V For Vendetta" and "Watchmen" were going forward. However, he kept to his new decision and the movies were released and promoted (mostly) without his name officially attached.

But as "V For Vendetta" was being promoted, producer Joel Silver stated that Alan Moore was very excited about the Wachowski Brothers' handling of the property. Moore went ballistic. He demanded DC extract an apology from Silver, which they did not do, though they did withdraw Silver's comments from the original PR website that reported them.

Moore announced he was to conclude writing any ABC books, withdraw "League Of Extraordinary Gentlemen" from Wildstorm/DC after the "Black Dossier" volume was concluded, and cut any, and all, ties with the company. He told one reporter *"If you're going to react, you might as well overreact."*

DC then announced that due to "copyright and related issues" "The Black Dossier" would not be distributed outside of the USA, though many suspect this was a personal decision. Word from DC's legal team was that, aside from a few name changes, the book had been cleared worldwide. The book was then delayed long after it had been completed. The vinyl record was withdrawn, promised for the "Absolute" version of the comic. The record was later cancelled, and "Absolute Black Dossier" made returnable, as it was heavily overpriced and did not come with the expected script book or notations.

One Wildstorm editor caught in the cross fire, Scott Dunbier, was fired from DC and fell foul of Moore. Dave Gibbons has told people that Alan Moore has told him nor to mention the Watchmen film. Moore appeared in The Simpsons as himself, being asked to sign a copy of "Watchmen Babies: V For Vacation".

He has also of late appeared at a number of high profile signings, and has reversed his earlier stance of not signing copies of Watchmen. However, the Alan Moore curse has been blamed for Fox's decision to sue Warner over what they saw as their contractual rights to make and distribute the movie. A settlement for a cash sum, and up to 8.5% of revenue is quite a blow.

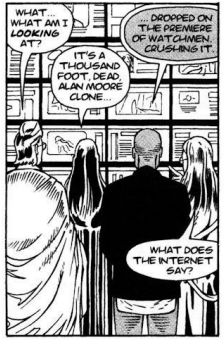
So, does DC really make wide reaching decisions based on grudges? Is Moore cut-

[continued overleaf...]

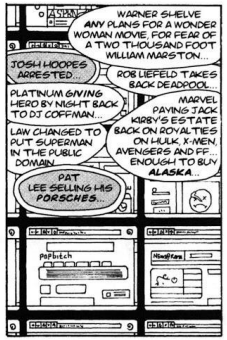
SPOTTYMAN!
NITE NURSE! SILK... TAKER!
WE'RE BREAKING YOU OUT OF JAIL!
HURM. AM VISITING A CLIENT. MOST INCONVENIENT.
OH, SORRY.
BUT WE'VE WORKED IT ALL OUT.
HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING INTERCOURSE?
WHAT?
YES. BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW. YOU WERE RIGHT. IT'S OZ/OSBOURNE. HE'S BEHIND EVERYTHING.
HE KILLED KRUSTY. HE FRAMED BROADWAY FOR MURDER. HIS INCOMPETENCE MUST HAVE BEEN ALL... AN ACT!
AH, YOU'RE ALL HERE. I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT.
AND WHY IS THAT?
OZY ON ICE
IT'S THE WATCHMEN PREMIERE TONIGHT. EVERYONE WILL BE THERE.
TELL YOUR CLIENT YOU'LL GET BACK TO HIM. WE'RE ALL OFF TO ANTARCTICA.
AND WHY IS THAT?
THEY'RE FILMING HIS NEW REALITY SHOW THERE.
HOW DO WE GET THERE?
THERE ARE TUNNELS FROM DC COMICS THAT LEAD EVERYWHERE. FOLLOW ME...
EVEN PRISONS?
WITH OUR LEGAL RECORD? OH, YES.
WE CAN GO ANYWHERE, THROUGH THE VERY GUTTERS OF THE WORLD.
HOW VERY... METATEXTUAL.
"DOCTORS, DENTISTS, ARCHITECTS..."
THE END IS NIGH
"... LAWYERS."
BUT NOT YOU! YOU KILLED KRUSTY!
AND PAINTED BROADWAY AS SOME KIND OF ANTI-CREATOR-FUELLED MURDERER!
DID I?
"IT'S ALL OVER FOX NEWS, OZY."
"YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT I'D HAVE REMEMBERED."
"HANG ON... WHAT ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO TRIED TO FRAME ME?"
WELCOME TO THE ANTARCTIC. I HOPE YOU BROUGHT THERMALS.
FOLLOW ME, ALL OF YOU.
SILK. I HAVE TO ASK... HOW COME BROADWAY ISN'T... YOU KNOW... SHRINKING?
IT'S THE PAINT. IT SET IN PLACE YEARS AGO.
WOW.
I KNOW.
COME ON, RUTTING DOGS.
LET'S FOLLOW THE HALF NAKED, OLD MAN, COVERED IN BLUE PAINT.
YOU JUST FAKED IT AND CONVENIENTLY KILLED THE WOMAN... WITH A GENETICALLY ALTERED CHIHUAHUA...
OKAY, I JUST REALIZED HOW RIDICULOUS THAT SOUNDED.
SAY, WHAT ARE THESE SCREENS?
"I'M NOT SO HOT ON THE INTERNET. I GOT SOMEONE TO PUT UP A DIFFERENT SCREEN FOR EVERY WEBSITE I WANT TO READ. PEBEP, POPBITCH, RED TUBE..."
"HEY, IS THAT THE WATCHMEN PREMIERE?"
RED CARPET WEBCAM. SHARON'S IDEA.
WHAT'S THAT BRIGHT LIGHT?
WHY IS EVERYONE SCREAMING IN AGONY?
IS TOM CRUISE SAILING TO CAMERA?

RADIO C
RADIO CITY
CHMEN
Music H
Music H
WATC
18

19


WHAT... WHAT AM I LOOKING AT?
... DROPPED ON THE PREMIERE OF WATCHMEN, CRUSHING IT!
IT'S A THOUSAND FOOT, DEAD ALAN MOORE CLONE...
WHAT DOES THE INTERNET SAY?

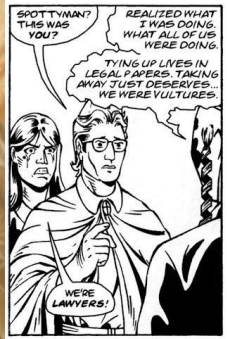
THOUSANDS DEAD. MANHATTAN DEVASTATED. WHOLE WORLD REACTING WITH HORROR.
SOMEONE SAYS IT'S ALL DC'S FAULT...
THAT'S THE INTERNET FOR YOU...
THAT... THAT IF THEY'D TREATED ALAN MOORE BETTER...


WARNER SHELVE ANY PLANS FOR A WONDER WOMAN MOVIE, FOR FEAR OF A TWO THOUSAND FOOT WILLIAM MARSTON...
JOSH HOOPES ARRESTED...
ROB LIEFELD TAKES BACK DEADPOOL...
PLATINUM GIVING HERO BY NIGHT BACK TO DJ COFFMAN...
MARVEL PAYING JACK KIRBY'S ESTATE BACK ON ROYALTIES ON HULK, X-MEN, AVENGERS AND FF... ENOUGH TO BUY ALASKA...
LAW CHANGED TO PUT SUPERMAN IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN...
PAT LEE SELLING HIS PORSCHES...
PAPBITCH
HOWTEKS

LEN WEIN COMPENSATED FOR WOLVERINE...
STEVE DITKO TO BE SAINTED BY THE VATICAN...
MIRACLEMAN GIVEN TO NEIL GAIMAN TO SORT OUT...
OZY... IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED? IS THIS WORTH THE LIVES OF SO MANY?

I CAN'T TIE MY OWN SHOE LACES, LOVE. DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE I COULD SUMMON A GIANT SIZED MAN THING?

I DID IT.
I DID IT!
W-HAT?


SPOTTYMAN? THIS WAS YOU?
REALIZED WHAT I WAS DOING. WHAT ALL OF US WERE DOING.
TYING UP LIVES IN LEGAL PAPERS. TAKING AWAY JUST DESERVES... WE WERE VULTURES.
WE'RE LAWYERS!

THOUGHT KRUSTY WOULD HELP ME...
... BUT HIS BLUSTER, ALL A BLUFF...
WORKING ON BLACK DOSSIER ALL ALONG.

WHEN HE FOUND OUT I WAS FREE-LANCING FOR FOX... GOT NASTY.

WHAT?
FOX APPRECIATED MY... PECULIAR OUTLOOK ON LIFE, REGARDING CONTRACT LAW. WAS HAPPY TO USE THEM TOO.
FIRST GOT MOORE ONTO STAND TO EXTRACT DNA. THEN SETTLED CASE.
KNEW CONTRACT LOOPHOLES SO FOX COULD SUE WARNERS OVER WATCHMEN MOVIE RIGHTS. IN RETURN, GOT USE OF SECRET FOX GENETIC LABORATORIES, AND BLACK HELICOPTERS.
THEN DISTRACT YOU ALL FROM WHAT I WAS DOING WITH SPURIOUS PLOT.
NOW EVERYONE WILL KNOW PRICE OF SCREWING CREATORS OVER. MY GUILT IS ASSUAGED.
BUT... A THOUSAND FOOT ALAN MOORE CLONE?
AKK.
WAS THAT OR SERIES OF BROADWAY-ENGINEERED NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD...
...AND WHO'D BELIEVE THAT?
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS.
HURM. SUCH CLICHÉ, BUT I COVERED TRACKS.
THE WORLD HAS CHANGED, BROADWAY. OUR TIME IS OVER. NO CREATOR WILL EVER SIGN YOUR CONTRACTS AGAIN. NO LAWYER UPHOLD THEM.
EVERY COMIC SUDDENLY CREATOR-OWNED. AS IT ALWAYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN.
AND IF YOU TELL ANYONE... WHO WILL BELIEVE YOU NOW?
GO, PUT SOME PANTS ON. HAVE A SHOWER WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.
WE'RE DONE MESCHUGGINA
HE'S GONE. QUACK. THE CAMERAS. YOU MUST HAVE RECORDED IT... SHOW IT WASN'T SOME KARMIC REVENGE.
OH, SORRY. NO ONE SAID ACTION. YOU KNOW, THESE SHOWS ARE A LOT MORE PLANNED THAN THEY LOOK.
SO, WHAT DO WE DO?
WE SAY NOTHING.
WHAT? YOU CAN'T... ¡GAK!
¡COUGH KAFFKKKGKACOUGH HACKOFFKOFF!
CHOKING, OF COURSE.
BROADWAY, YOUR OFFICES ARE DESTROYED. YOUR REPUTATION IS IN TATTERS. IF YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED, THE INTERNET WILL TEAR YOU IN HALF.
NITE IS RIGHT. WE NEED TO FIND ANOTHER LIFE.
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MUSIC?
SERIOUSLY, BEING A MUSIC LAWYER IS REALLY, REALLY EASY. CONTRACTS ARE SOLID. WE OWN EVERYTHING, AND EVERY NOW AND THEN WE SCARE SOME PIRATES!
REMOVING THEIR SPINES, I TORE THEM TO RIBBONS, BINDING THEM TOGETHER.
OCCASIONALLY, I WOULD PAUSE IN MY WORK, ENTRANCED BY THE STARTLING BANALITY OF A TATTOO OR THE ENIGMA OF BOY BAND LYRICS.
I'M IN.
ME TOO.
I'LL GET THE PAPER-WORK.
NOT ME. AFTER ALL THIS, I'VE REGAINED AN INTEREST IN COMIC BOOKS.
I THINK PERHAPS I'LL CREATE SOME.
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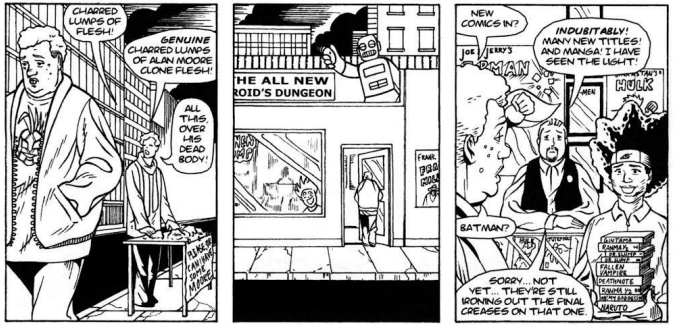
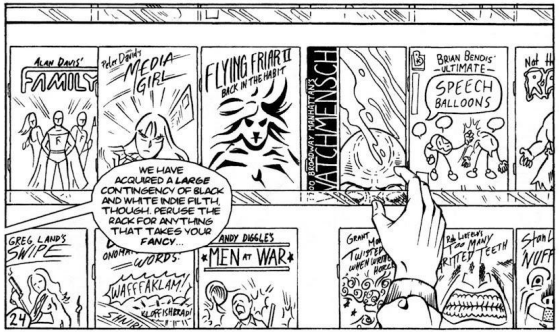




I despise the comic industry, but I will always love the comic medium.

— Alan Moore

TIME'S UP

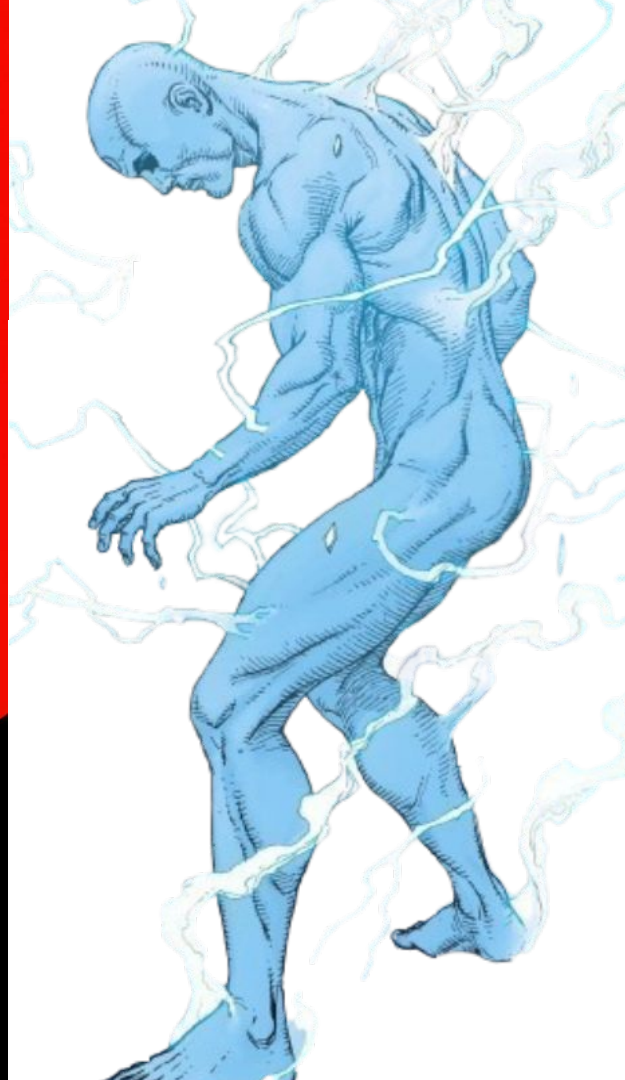
RICH JOHNSTON
writer

SIMON ROHRMÜLLER
illustrator/letterer

MATTHEW VEGA
cover colors

BRIAN KIRSTEN
publisher

BRAIN
SCAN
STUDIOS



I AM TIRED OF EARTH. THESE PEOPLE. I AM TIRED OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE TANGLE OF THEIR LIVES.

WHO WASHES THE WASHMEN

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RORSCHACH'S DAY OUT

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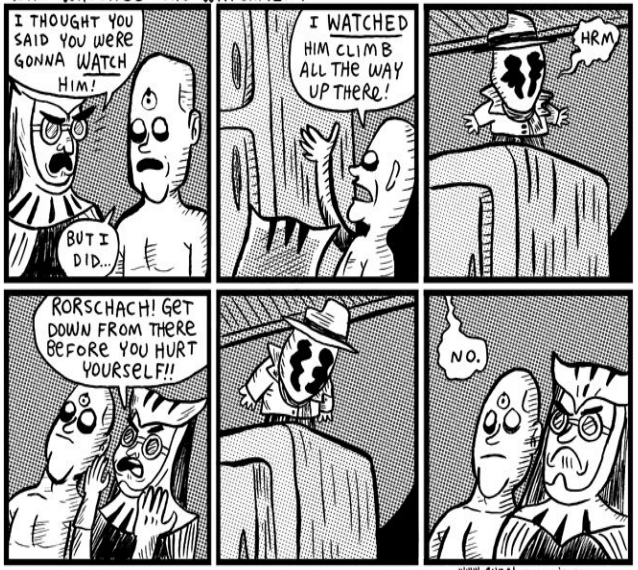
WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?



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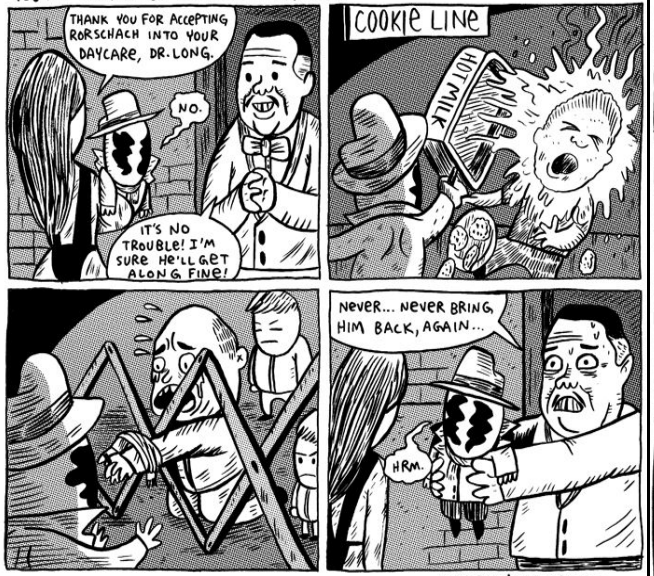
"YOU'RE LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH ME!"



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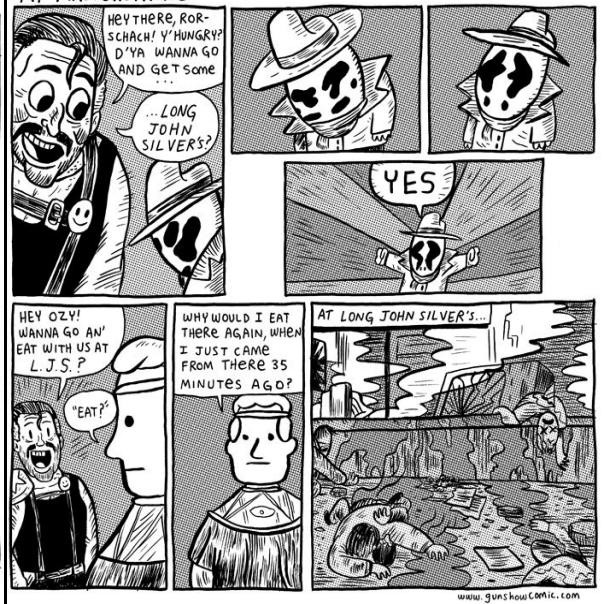
MY MASTERSTROKE



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WATCHMEN

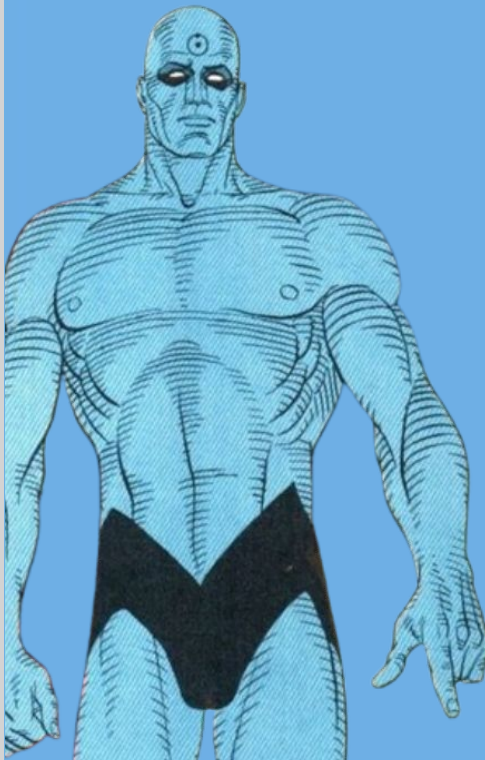
OLD
For

NITE OWL

SILK SPECTER

RORSCHACH

DOCTOR MANHATTAN



HEROES FOR HOPE